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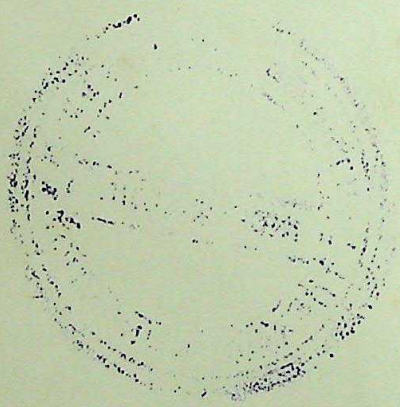
THE OATH OF THE ATHENIAN EPHEBES

"I will not dishonor these sacred arms, and I will not desert my comrade in the ranks, whoever he may be. I will defend the shrines and holy rites, whether I am alone or with company. I will hand over our country to my successors not less but greater and better than I receive it. I will heed the wise commands of the appointed magistrates, and I will obey the established laws and whatsoever other laws the democracy may agree to establish. If anyone shall try to subvert the laws or will not obey them, I will endeavor to prevent it and will defend the laws, whether I am alone or with all the other citizens. And I will respect the religion of my fathers.

"I call the following gods to witness: Agraulos, Enyalios, Ares, Zeus, Thallo, Auxo, and Hegemone."



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Greek and Roman Classics in Translation

By

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PREFACE

In offering another anthology of classical literature in translation, the editors feel that a word of explanation is in order. In the first place, the trend of modern education in the last decade or so has made it abundantly clear that if the majority of our college students are ever to become acquainted at all with the classics, they must do so through the medium of translation. At the same time, the increasing concern which has recently been expressed over the place of the humanities in a liberal education has underscored the fact that we cannot afford to allow our students to continue in total ignorance of the rich inheritance which the western world has received from classical antiquity. Hence the need for anthologies, in which the richness of this heritage may be made more readily accessible to students of varying levels and requirements. It is absolutely essential that trained classicists undertake this important and necessary task if the classics are to survive at all, even though we are agreed that all literature suffers in translation and that many important values of a literary masterpiece can only be apprehended by reading in the original.

The present anthology is adapted from the editors' larger volumes, *Greek Literature in Translation* and *Latin Literature in Translation,* but sufficient changes have been made in the contents to produce virtually a new book, not a mere condensation of the two previous volumes. This book is offered in the hope of filling the needs of colleges which can afford to devote only one semester to a combination of Greek and Roman literature in translation. In such a course, the editors believe, the emphasis should be placed on a smaller number of the great authors of antiquity rather than on an extensive but superficial survey of all classical literature. For this reason, the bulk of the present volume is devoted to fourteen major authors: from Homer the reader will find five complete books of the *Iliad* and seven from the *Odyssey*; there is one complete play from each of the great Greek dramatists; history is represented by Herodotus and Thucydides; in philosophy, there is a large amount of Plato, including about one third of the *Republic,* and selections from Aristotle's *Ethics, Politics,* and *Poetics*; from Latin literature the editors have chosen one complete play of Terence to represent Roman drama, parts of Lucretius' great poem on Nature, a number of varied works from the hand of Cicero, four complete books of Vergil's *Aeneid,* and a selection from the various poetic works of Horace. A goodly number of other authors are represented by shorter extracts, especially in the section devoted to Greek Poetry, where an attempt has been made to give a fairly wide sampling of this form in a limited space. The editors have had, in planning the contents of the volume, the advantage of the experience and advice of the staff of the Classics Department at Brooklyn College, who have given such a one-term course in Greek and Latin litera-

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ture; we wish particularly to express our thanks to Dr. Meyer Reinhold for his many valuable suggestions and criticisms. The editors, of course, assume full responsibility for any sins of omission in the choice of selections; no anthology can possibly include all the favorite passages of each reader, and the editors' problem was made doubly difficult in the case of the present work because of the proverbial richness of classical literature and the strict limitation of size placed upon the volume.

The arrangement of the selections in this book follows the system adopted in the editors' previous anthologies: the Greek authors are arranged, for reasons which the editors have explained fully in the Preface to *Greek Literature in Translation*, in categories, and the selections within the categories are placed in chronological order. In the case of the Roman authors such an arrangement was not found to be feasible, since some of the writers (e.g., Cicero and Horace) would have to be placed in several categories. In order to make the volume as useful as possible for the college student and the general reader, the editors have prepared two short surveys of the historical background of Greek and Roman civilization; they hope that these introductions, all too brief as they are, will give the reader enough historical information to enable him to relate the literary masterpieces of Greece and Rome to the ages in which they were produced.

Although the volume has been prepared with the needs of college classes in mind, the editors hope that it will be of interest to the adult, general reader as well. The combination of Greek and Roman authors in one volume should reveal that classical antiquity forms a unified though developing culture, whose contribution to the ideas and institutions of the western world can hardly be overestimated. The vital message of Greek humanism was absorbed, adapted, and transmitted to western Europe by the Romans; and the characteristic features of Greco-Roman thought were fused with the conceptions of the Hebraic-Christian tradition at the end of the ancient world to effect the synthesis of Hellenism and Hebraism which is the core of most of our modern humanistic thinking. Thus, through a study of these great, living documents the reader will find a valuable introduction to the understanding of our own civilization, as well as a full-length picture of the rich heritage of the Greek and Roman literary genius.

In the editing of the present volume, Mr. Murphy was mainly responsible for preparing the Greek section, Mr. Guinagh for the Latin section; and Mr. Oates acted in a consultative and advisory capacity throughout. In conclusion, the editors wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Robert L. Straker of Longmans, Green and Company for his patient and invaluable assistance in the preparation of this work.

C. T. M.
K. G.
W. J. O.

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INTRODUCTION

Greek Civilization

Every work of literary art can be approached in two essentially different ways. In the first place, we can consider it as a timeless or universal entity, view it, so to speak, *sub specie aeternitatis.* Works which are destined to last for many centuries, to charm and instruct successive generations of readers, must transcend the limits of their times and appeal to readers of ages far different from their own. This quality of universality, the ability to depict and interpret what is essential and permanent in human experience, is, of course, what makes a work of art a "classic." Secondly, every work of literature can be treated as an historical document; since every writer, as a human being, lives in space and time, his physical environment and the history of his age must contribute something to his view of life and hence to the meaning and purpose of his art. Works of art are not produced in a vacuum, and often the historical background of a masterpiece will enable us to interpret its significance more fully; conversely, a knowledge of works of art will often help us to understand better the history of the age which produced them.

In practice, neither of these two approaches is sufficient in itself. The reader who wishes to judge intelligently and critically will always be aware of both means of apprehending the work of art. In this anthology the separate introductions will be mainly devoted to a systematic, or non-historical interpretation of the several authors. It has seemed advisable, therefore, to gather together in this introduction a number of remarks on the history, economics, political organization, religious experience, and social life of the ancient Greeks. Despite its brevity, such an introduction will, the editors hope, provide the beginner and the general reader with an outline of the minimum historical background needed to understand the great masterpieces of Greek literature. The student who is interested in more detail would do well to consult the general bibliographies at the end of the volume.

It will be helpful first to note a few facts about the physical nature of Greece — the physical environment which affected the political and economic life of the ancient Greeks in many ways. The first and most striking feature of the Greek peninsula is its rugged, mountainous nature: barren and precipitous mountains loom up from the water's edge to a height of several thousand feet. Communication within Greece has always been difficult; there are no navigable rivers, and the mountain ranges tend to divide the country into isolated compartments. In addition, the waters around Greece are filled with many small islands. These facts help to

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GREECE AND ASIA MINOR

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explain the political organization of Greece in ancient times into very small units. The soil of most of the land is thin, and only about one fifth of it is arable; the rest consists of uplands and barren hillsides, suitable for vines, olive trees, or for pasturing goats. As a result, from very early times Greece has been unable to produce a sufficient food supply for its inhabitants. The Greeks therefore early turned to the sea for communication and trade. The eastern side of the peninsula has numerous good harbors, and the Aegean Sea is dotted with islands, all within easy sailing distance one from another, which have been occupied by Greek settlers since the prehistoric age. The Greeks were always conscious of the sea, and their poets note both its beauty and its dangers.

The climate of Greece is mild, but not tropical; summers are hot and very dry — scarcely any rain falls from May to September. Heavy rains occur in the autumn; in winter the weather is unsettled, although there are enough sunny days to keep one's thoughts and daily activities out of doors. Snow and heavy frosts are rare on the plains. As a result, the Greeks spent most of their time in the open air, and their habits and living arrangements were those of a people to whom cold and bad weather were merely unpleasant interludes.

In what follows, the history of ancient Greece has been divided, for the sake of convenience, into the following periods:

1. The Prehistoric Age (*ca.* 2000-1100 B.C.)
2. The Dark Ages (*ca.* 1100-750 B.C.)
3. The Classical Age (*ca.* 750-323 B.C.)
   (a) Archaic Period to 500 B.C.
   (b) The Fifth Century
   (c) The Fourth Century, to 323 B.C.
4. The Hellenistic Age (323-146 B.C.)

Since Greek is an Indo-European language, the Greek-speaking peoples were not aboriginal in the Balkan Peninsula; for whatever may have been the original home of the Indo-European groups, we know at least that it was not Greece. On the other hand, not all the people who lived in Greece in historic times were necessarily descended from the Indo-European invaders; the evidence suggests that even in very early historic times the people whom we call Greeks were a mixture of different races or stocks. The account given below summarizes the recent theories on the origin of these "Greeks," *i.e.*, the inhabitants of Greece in the historic period. These theories are based on archaeological and linguistic evidence, and on a critical examination of the Greeks' own version of their past, the legends and myths of their Heroic Age.

Greek-speaking peoples probably began to arrive in Greece as early as 2000 B.C., and gradually spread over the entire peninsula during the second millennium B.C. They came from the north or

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northwest, and found Greece occupied by a group of "Mediterranean peoples" whom they gradually absorbed or displaced. Most of what we know of this prehistoric period is the fruit of the archaeological discoveries of the past seventy years. The excavations of Heinrich Schliemann at Troy and Mycenae marked an epoch in the study of Greek history; for they revealed that a rich and highly advanced civilization had existed in Greece nearly a thousand years before the great Classical Age. Further, in 1899 Sir Arthur Evans' discoveries at Cnossus in Crete demonstrated that this Mycenaean civilization of the mainland had its origins in Crete. The evidence seems to show that from *ca.* 2000 B.C. there was a flourishing civilization in the Aegean area, which was centered on the island of Crete and is usually associated with the name of Minos, the legendary sea-king of Crete. This Minoan civilization was remarkable for its lively art, its wealth, and its attention to physical comfort. The magnificent, rambling palaces (from which the Greeks may have derived their legend of the labyrinth) rose to a height of several stories and were equipped with a relatively modern system of plumbing. In their frescoes and their vase-paintings the Minoans liked to portray the marine life they knew so well, or scenes from their daily activities, such as bull-baiting, games, religious rites, or hunting. In ivory, metals, and precious stones they did exquisite artistic work. They also developed a system of writing, which is still undeciphered. All the remains of the Minoan culture convey the impression of a rich and gifted people.

About 1600 B.C. the Greeks, who had been infiltrating into the mainland, came in contact with this Minoan Civilization and became "Cretanized," especially in Southern and Central Greece. Some of the main centers of the resultant Mycenaean Civilization were Mycenae, Tiryns, and Argos in the Argolid; Sparta, Corinth, and Pylos in the Peloponnesus; and Athens, Thebes, and Orchomenus in Central Greece. It is possible that along with their cultural influence the Cretans established some sort of political domination over the mainland. At any rate, there is practically no distinction between the Mycenaean Civilization and the later Minoan Civilization on Crete: the same types of pottery, modes of dress, and system of writing are found in both regions. It should be noted, however, that the Mycenaean palaces were more simple than the complicated, rambling Cretan structures, and that they were enclosed by huge and carefully constructed walls; apparently war was constant on the mainland, as scenes from the vases show.

About 1400 B.C. the palaces of Crete were sacked and burned by unknown invaders; the great palace at Cnossus was only partially rebuilt and reoccupied, and the whole Cretan civilization suffered a blow from which it never recovered. It seems not unlikely that the blow was dealt by the Greeks of the mainland, the heirs of the Minoan Culture. At any rate, the Mycenaean Civilization reaped most of the benefits from the fall of Crete and reached its greatest

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prosperity in the following two centuries. The palace at Mycenae was rebuilt and enlarged, and the magnificent Tholos-Tombs (the so-called "Bee-Hive Tombs") were constructed in this period. At the same time the Achaeans (as these Mycenaean Greeks are often called) took to the sea on a large scale; we hear of their raids on Egypt, and the records of the Hittites mention an Achaean king, or feudal overlord, who was powerful enough to make occasional attacks on Asia Minor. This flourishing civilization and the so-called Heroic Age of Greece came to an end about 1150 B.C. as a result of a series of shocks or attacks from the north and northwest, a process which is called the Dorian Invasions, the arrival in Greece of the last of the Greek stocks to enter. The civilization of the Greek lands suffers a sharp retrogression: crude geometric ware replaces the highly developed Mycenaean pottery; the use of writing disappears and when it reappears we find a new method, the alphabet borrowed from the Phoenicians. Everything suggests an age of general poverty. The recollection of this period in the Greek traditional records becomes hazy, and we usually speak of it as the Greek Dark Ages. When materials for Greek history again become available, we find the Greek peoples grouped as they were to remain throughout the Classical Age: Dorians or Northwest Greeks in the Peloponnesus, except in Arcadia, where a pre-Dorian stock survived; an Attic-Ionic group in Attica, Euboea, and the neighboring islands; and Dorians mixed with Aeolians in Central Greece and in Thessaly. In addition, the islands of the Aegean and the western shore of Asia Minor were occupied by various Greek stocks, who probably migrated under pressure of the invading Dorians.

Before we trace the history of the Greeks further, a few words must be said about life in the Heroic Age and under the patriarchal monarchies of the Dark Ages.* The characteristic political organizations of the age were the clan, or family, and the larger group called the tribe; at the head of the tribe stood a monarch whose position depended largely on his own prowess and abilities. A group of nobles, the heads of the most important clans, were closely associated with the king and acted as his Council, to debate and settle affairs which affected the welfare of the group. A rudimentary Assembly of the common folk was occasionally summoned to hear the decisions of the chiefs. We gather that the nobles constantly struggled with the king for control of the group, and eventually reduced the monarch to their own level, making the office of "king" an elective position. By the end of the Dark Ages most of Greece was ruled by aristocracies.

The economic basis of this world was mainly agricultural; there was still sufficient land for grazing and for the growing of cereal

* The reader can easily fill in the details to illustrate this short sketch for himself by observing carefully the situation as pictured in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

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grains. Industry was in a primitive stage, and trade was practically indistinguishable from piracy. Although in this society everyone worked and kings might labor in the fields beside their farmhands, none the less war was the chief concern and the highest activity of the nobles. War was a source of both honor and profit: in return for bearing the brunt of the fighting, the nobles carried off the lion's share of the booty. Piracy, which closely resembled warfare, also added to their wealth and was not considered dishonorable. In fact, there is some reason to believe that the historical Trojan War was a large-scale raid by the Achaean sea-raiders who had been attracted by the wealth of the flourishing city on the Hellespont.

In peacetime the nobles amused themselves by athletic contests and huge banquets, with plenty of meat (which was rare in the diet of classical Greece) and wine. Entertainment was provided by singers or bards, and in such a society there developed the epic poetry which culminated in the magnificent poems of Homer. It is noteworthy that in this age freeborn women entered into the social life with considerable freedom and were treated with great respect. The unit of all life, social, economic, and political, was the clan or family (in Greek, *genos*). Real property belonged to the clan: the individual merely used it, or his share of the clan's holdings, during his lifetime, and after his death it reverted to the clan. Theoretically, the head of the family had the power of life and death over his group; and only the clan could guarantee safety to the individual. If a man was attacked from without, his clan protected him; if he was murdered, his clan tracked down the murderer and exacted vengeance from him—his life or blood money. If a murder was committed within the clan, the clan judged the guilty and solemnly ejected him from the group. Such an outcast lived a wretched existence: every man's hand was against him, and he might be killed with impunity. Unable to hold property (which still belonged to the clans), he might eke out a precarious existence as a hired man working for his keep, as a wandering beggar, or as a rower on shipboard. In picturing the early age of Greece we must not forget this class of homeless, tribeless outcasts, whose position was well-nigh desperate. Not until the development of commerce and industry and the weakening of the power of the clans could their lot improve.

As Greece emerges from the Dark Ages, we immediately note a change taking place in the political organization, a change which results in the most characteristic institution of Greek political life, namely the city-state (in Greek, *polis*). Originally the Greeks lived in villages, groups of the same clan near one another and close to the land on which they worked. In times of war these small, unfortified villages were abandoned to the enemy, while their owners took refuge in the mountains or in some walled enclosure on a hilltop, the citadel of the district. Each village was in effect self-

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governing, although connected by blood ties and religious ceremonies with neighboring hamlets; and all the villages in a certain district might be subject to the overlordship of some great king. The formation of a city-state means essentially the giving up of local self-government or autonomy of these hamlets in order to establish a central government of the district at the citadel, or *polis*. In many small city-states the farmer-citizens came in from the country to live under the citadel, riding or walking back and forth to their farms every day, as Greek peasants still do today; in larger states, however, many farmers remained in villages or *demes* * near their land, but had to come to the city to exercise their civic and political rights. It is well to remember that these city-states were in origin agricultural communities, not commercial or religious centers; and many of them remained communities of farmers throughout their history. The development of the city-states began in the Dark Ages and was complete in most districts by the middle of the eighth century, although some backward parts of Greece (*e.g.*, Arcadia and Aetolia) remained organized in villages and tribes until the end of the Classical Age. In general, the purposes behind this change in Greek life seem to have been a desire for security and a need for congenial society; the Greeks have always been a gregarious folk. The nobles in particular must have wished to live near the palace of the king on the citadel, and we suppose that they came in first. At any rate, the formation of the Greek city-state with all its peculiarities is mainly the work of the Greek aristocracy.

In considering the distinctive features of the Greek city-state, we must first note the small size of these independent, sovereign states; we tend to think of Athens, with the territory of Attica, and Sparta as typical, but Athens and Sparta were by Greek standards abnormally large. The plain of Boeotia, which is roughly the same size as Attica, was divided in historic times into eleven separate states. No doubt physical considerations helped to keep the Greeks divided into small units, but it is important to understand that this limitation in size was also imposed by the political system of the city-state itself. For example, all the adult male citizens had to be able to gather together in one meeting place (out of doors) and to hear the speakers there. Smallness is *essential* to the city-state, not an accidental quality. We can best picture to ourselves the nature of these tiny states by imagining a small town in America as an independent nation — let us say, any town of 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. As a sovereign, independent nation it must have its own army (a navy, too, if it lies on the seacoast), and a foreign policy to deal with the neighboring towns. All serious-minded citizens would be sure to attend the regular meetings of the Assembly, or town meeting, of the entire citizen-body; and the annual election of officers would become truly national in significance. In short,

* See the Glossary.

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such a town would absorb all the feelings of loyalty, local pride, and patriotism which we now spread over city, state, and nation.

The Greek city-state also demanded other loyalties from its citizens: because of its compact and closely knit structure it formed not only a political but also a social order; that is, the state, through legislation or public pressure, set the norms of conduct and morals. A Greek had surprisingly little "private life" according to our standards: the state might regulate his marriage, how his children were brought up and educated, what he ate, how much silver plate he might own, even how much he might spend on his funeral. In addition, the state also formed the religious order; becoming a citizen meant becoming a member of the official, state church. Many religious officials were elected by the citizens in the same way as the political magistrates, and most organized entertainment and cultural activities (such as dances, the theater, or musical performances) formed part of the state's religious festivals. The Greek city-state, then, meant a great deal to its members and was the object of an intense, jealous loyalty; as a result, there was almost constant warfare between these minute but independent states. At the same time partisanship within the state was keen and at times broke out in violent revolutions. The citizens were very much like the members of a large and not always happy family; and this fact helps to account for the intensely personal nature of the abuse in Old Comedy or the invective of the orators. And as in a family, membership in the citizen-body was generally restricted to those who were born into it; Greek states had no regular procedure for the voluntary naturalization of immigrants or their descendants. Outsiders were granted citizenship only by special legislation passed for separate individuals or groups, usually for notable services to the state; and if a citizen of Thebes came and settled in Athens as a *metic* (a foreigner "living with us"), not only did he remain a foreigner, but so did all his descendants, even though born in Athens.

Although the city-state was largely the creation of the aristocracy, in the end it was the nobles who lost most by the development of a strong, central government. For naturally enough, the state gained its strength at the expense of the clans and various kin-groups through which the nobles had formerly controlled the life of the tribal group. For example, the state took over the trial and punishment of homicides, thus putting an end to the primitive blood feuds between clans and guaranteeing to the accused a fair trial before a tribunal of the state. Furthermore, in early times citizenship had been restricted to those who were members in a *phratry* (one of the kin-groups, usually translated as a "blood-brotherhood"); now, as the city-state developed, citizenship was opened to all children of citizen-parents upon registration of the child in the parents' *deme* or district.

This gradual breakdown of the aristocratic control in the sev-

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enth and sixth centuries was hastened almost everywhere by the rise of strong and dominating individuals who seized control of the government and established themselves as tyrants. In modern usage, the word tyrant, as applied to Greek history, means a man who seized the supreme power in the state by extralegal methods and who maintained himself in power by force and intimidation; many such "tyrants" were benevolent despots, not necessarily cruel or tyrannical in the popular sense of the word. They usually appear as friends of the debtor class among the farmers, as champions of the landless poor and the new commercial and industrial classes in the cities; in short, they used every kind of support to combat the domination of the landholding aristocrats. Once in power they rewarded their supporters by giving them lands, which they confiscated from the nobles, and by encouraging the interests of the common folk, such as trade and industry. In the long run, these so-called tyrants of the seventh and sixth centuries assisted greatly in the development of Greek civilization: they strengthened the power of the city-state, built magnificent public works, promoted colonization and trade, established or embellished the great religious festivals, and encouraged literature and art. Yet, despite these services, the age of the tyrants was short and few managed to establish dynasties; usually the tyranny ends in the second or third generation, with the forcible ejection of the tyrant and the establishment of a constitutional government, either democracy or oligarchy (*i.e.*, control of the government by the wealthy); in some "moderate oligarchies" full civic rights were limited to those who could afford to equip themselves as hoplites, or heavy-armed infantrymen. In Sicily and other outlying sections of the Greek world, tyrants also appear in the fifth and fourth centuries; but these men are primarily military dictators, called into being by the pressure of the Carthaginian and other barbarians on the Greek settlers in these regions.

The tyrants clearly reveal the spirit of their age, the first great age of *individualism* in European history. Everywhere the Greek man began to emerge from the anonymity of life in the kin-groups and to find a meaning and a value in himself as an individual. This change of emphasis is noticeable not only in political and social life but also in the poetry of the period. The characteristic poetry of the aristocratic age was epic, and the works of Homer are the finest and the most lasting achievement of the Greek aristocratic period. Homer is the most objective of poets: he never mentions himself, and he keeps his feelings and his personality in the background; his business is to relate the heroic deeds of the semi-divine ancestors of the noble clans in his audience. But with Hesiod (eighth century) we first find a poet who tells us frankly about himself, and about a century later we come upon one of the most striking individualists in Greek literature, the poet Archilochus, whose chief subject-matter was himself. He tells us with the

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utmost candor of his likes and dislikes, his private feuds, his life as a soldier of fortune; and he took a positive delight in flouting the aristocratic code of honor. From the time of Archilochus to the early fifth century is the great age of Greek *lyric,* that is, personal, subjective, and individualistic poetry. Such poets as Alcaeus, Sappho, and Anacreon in lyric, or Solon and Mimnermus in elegiac poetry, sing of their own feelings — their love affairs, their political beliefs, their hopes and private desires, with an engaging lack of reserve. As the same time the development of the city-states fostered the growth of *choral lyric;* processionals, hymns, and other songs of worship were performed at the various civic religious festivals. Even in this more stately and impersonal type of lyric the poet frequently mentions himself, or utters his own sentiments in the form of a bit of inspired advice to his fellow citizens.

Besides epic poetry and the institutions of the city-state, the Greeks also inherited from their aristocratic age (1) a definite ideal of life; (2) the national, or Panhellenic, games; and (3) their orthodox religious beliefs. A few words may be said here on each of these subjects.

(1) The Greek ideal of the fitting life for the man with advantages, *i.e.,* the gentleman, appears first in Homer and spread with his poetry all over the Greek world; this idea may be summed up in the Greek phrase for a gentleman, *viz., kalos kai agathos,* a man who exhibits beauty or grace in appearance or conduct, and nobility or bravery in action, especially on the field of battle. To attain to such an ideal, leisure was needed — not idleness, but freedom from economic pressure and from the necessity of spending all or most of one's time earning a living. The aristocrats, of course, took this for granted; but even in later times the characteristic Greek word for business is *ascholia,* lack of leisure; and one of the notable features of the Athenian democracy was the attempt to give the ordinary citizens some of the advantages of the "leisure class." Leisure was desired, first of all, to enable the individual to fulfill properly his time-consuming duties as a citizen; but from early times it was also devoted to "gymnastics" and "music," *i.e.,* the training of the body by regular sports and exercises in the open air, and the training of the mind and character by learning and singing the works of the poets. It has been suggested that the physical fitness of the Greeks, which was the product of their attention to gymnastics, explains the long period of Greek supremacy in the eastern Mediterranean; at any rate, the Greeks noted with surprise and scorn the softness of some of their oriental captives.

(2) We may connect with this emphasis on physical training the rise of the great Panhellenic Games in the seventh and sixth centuries. Athletic contests had long been a favorite activity of the nobles, and now regular contests at stated intervals became a feature of Greek life. The earliest and most famous of these was the

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Olympic Festival, in honor of Zeus, Pelops, and Heracles, held at Olympia in Elis. The later Greeks ascribed the origin of the games to Heracles and supposed that they had been revived by the Spartan lawgiver Lycurgus in 776 B.C.; this is the date of the First Olympiad, and lists of victors were made up going back to this date. The modern view, however, is that the games, although certainly very old as a local festival, did not attain national significance until the end of the seventh century. The principal contests consisted of foot races of various lengths, wrestling, boxing, and the pentathlon; chariot races and horse races were added in the seventh century. The prize of victory was a simple wreath of wild olive, but other and more substantial rewards usually awaited the victor at home. The contestants had to be Greeks and had to undergo a month's severe training at Olympia before the contests. The festival was held every four years in the first month of the summer; during this time a holy truce was proclaimed throughout the Greek world, allowing contestants and spectators from all corners of the Greek world to travel in peace to the sacred precinct. As a result, these games, and the other Panhellenic festivals which were modeled on the Olympic games, gave the Greeks a feeling of unity and solidarity which was otherwise lacking in their chaotic political relationships. The three other national games were the Pythian, celebrated at Delphi, in which musical contests played a prominent part; the Isthmian, at Corinth, and the Nemean. The importance which was placed on these festivals by the Greeks, especially by the nobles, who dominated the games for many centuries, is shown by the poetry of Pindar, perhaps the greatest lyric poet of Greece; the four books of his work which have survived to us are all odes in honor of the aristocratic victors in these Panhellenic games.

(3) Although it is extremely dangerous to generalize about so complex a subject as Greek religion, we are safe in saying that the principal features of Greek mythology and religion were established during the aristocratic age, especially by the poetry of Homer and Hesiod. In the following brief account we must limit ourselves to those features of religion which all the Greeks shared; but the reader must bear in mind that there were also many local religious manifestations and that many of the Greek gods who were worshipped all over the Greek world might also enjoy a special and exclusive worship from the citizens of a particular state; for example, only Athenian citizens might worship the Athena Poliouchos of Athens, the special divinity and protectress of the city, although all Greeks recognized Athena as a mighty goddess and joined in her worship elsewhere. Furthermore, Greek religion is complicated by the fact that the great divinities recognized by the Greeks tended to absorb or become identified with local gods wherever the Greeks settled; consequently Artemis, the chaste huntress-goddess, appears also as Artemis of the Ephesians, the many-breasted mother-goddess, or divinity of fertility of Asia

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Minor, and as a savage Scythian goddess in the Crimea, who was propitiated by human sacrifice.

The chief gods of the Olympic Pantheon were not, for the Greeks, the primeval deities, coexistent with the universe; rather they were themselves generated from earlier divine powers, being the third generation from the first of the gods, Ouranos (Heaven) and Gê (Mother Earth). The children of Heaven and Earth were the Titans, who, led by Kronos, overthrew Ouranos and ruled in his place; Kronos was in turn overthrown by his children, Zeus and his brothers, who thus established the dynasty of the Olympians. The chief gods of the Olympian household, as we meet them in Homer, are Zeus (Jupiter *), king of gods and men; Hera (Juno), his sister and wife; and Poseidon (Neptune), his brother—all of the older generation; and the following children of Zeus: Athena (Minerva), Phoebus Apollo, Artemis (Diana), Hermes (Mercury), Aphrodite (Venus), Ares (Mars), and Hephaestus (Vulcan). Here we must assume that the reader is sufficiently familiar with the chief attributes and functions of these important divinities, or can readily find out about them in any handbook of classical mythology. Besides these gods, who are portrayed in Homer as members of a quarrelsome and often ridiculous family, there are two other important names in the Olympic Pantheon: Demeter (Ceres) and Dionysus (Bacchus), whose special place in Greek religion will be described later. The Greeks also recognized countless other divinities: gods of rivers, trees, and other objects in the natural world; deified abstractions, like Panic, Rout, Peace, or Harmony; and most important, certain powers of the underworld (known technically as Chthonic deities) like the Furies, Hekate, and Hades, who are dread powers to be propitiated and avoided at all costs. All in all, the Greeks lived in a god-filled world; a multitude of divine powers surrounded them and entered into their every activity; yet it is a notable fact that they were, for the most part, relatively free from superstition and the domination of religious taboos and hindrances in their life and thought.

The worship of these gods required no special priest or sacerdotal caste; any individual might address his prayers directly to the god of his choice. Although certain specialized rites needed technical knowledge, so that priests, soothsayers, and diviners appear frequently in Greek life, none the less Greece was on the whole free from the influence of a priestly caste such as dominated the peoples of the Orient. Prayers for the family were naturally offered by the head of the family, those for the state by the head of the state, either the king or (in a republican form of government) by some magistrate, who often had the honorary title of "King."

* Although the Roman gods, whose names are here given in parentheses, are by no means exact equivalents of the Greek divinities, yet the Romans early identified their gods with the Greek gods who most nearly resembled them. Therefore it has seemed advisable to give these Roman counterparts to suggest quickly to the reader the powers and functions of the less familiar Greek divinities.

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The most characteristic form of worship involved sacrifices as well as prayer: an animal was slain and certain parts were burnt on the altar as an offering to the gods, while the rest of the victim was cooked and eaten by the participants. The origin of this act seems to lie in the belief that the gods fed on the meat, or the smoke of the burning offering. In the case of sacrifices to gods of the underworld, the victim was usually burned entire: one did not invite the dread Chthonic powers to share one's meal. Other sacrifices besides animals are frequently mentioned: we hear of fruits, cakes, and vegetables as offerings, and the wine poured on the ground in a libation may be considered as the god's portion.

Frequently the purpose of religious rites was to learn the will of the gods or to discover the future. Divination, as this is called, was practised by various means: by the examination of the entrails of a sacrificial victim, by interpretation of dreams, or from the flight of birds. Most important of all were the oracles, direct pronouncements of the gods concerning the divine will and the future. The most famous oracles were those given by Zeus at Dodona and in the Libyan desert at the shrine of Zeus-Ammon, and those of Apollo at Delphi. At any of these places the worshipper might approach the shrine of the god and request a response from the priests in charge. At Delphi Apollo spoke through the mouth of the Pythian priestess, in hexameter verses which were often obscure and lent themselves to more than one interpretation; the most famous example is the oracle of the "wooden walls" given to the Athenians in 480 B.C. None the less, the priests of Apollo at Delphi exerted a tremendous influence on the political life of the sixth and early fifth centuries.

With all its multiplicity of gods, divine powers, and rituals, the orthodox Olympian religion failed to give a sense of personal union between god and worshipper; and it lacked a clear and generally accepted theology, which could give the ordinary man a sense of the meaning and value of his worship or could explain his relationship with the divinity. In addition, the worship of the Olympian gods provided no comfort for man when he contemplated death: though a man might honor the gods with prayer and sacrifice and live a righteous life in accordance with the dictates of heaven, he attained no personal immortality thereby. A cheerless, shadowy existence in Hades awaited all; indeed, it can hardly be called an existence, since only an image, a pale shadow of the man remained. As a result, Greek religion had great difficulty in maintaining any close connection with morality. Two other religious developments of Greece helped somewhat to fill these gaps: *viz.*, the Dionysiac cults and the Mysteries. Both of these developments, being competitors to the somewhat more aristocratic Olympian cult, were fostered and often given official sanction in the state by the tyrants. Dionysus, who appears as the god of fertility, symbolic of the processes of rebirth and growth

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in nature, and particularly as the god of wine, was worshipped with various rites of an orgiastic nature; in some forms, the slaughtered victim was thought of as symbolizing, or as actually being, the god himself, and the worshipper who ate of the victim received the god into himself. In general the rites of Dionysus aimed at producing in the participant a state of ecstasy, so that each might feel himself in mystic union with the godhead. It should be noted that from some form of these ecstatic Dionysiac rites both tragedy and comedy were developed.

The Mystery cults also aimed at producing a state of ecstasy and religious fervor in the worshippers. A "mystery religion," in brief, is a form of worship in which only the initiated (in Greek, *mystæ*) may participate; the neophyte, or candidate for admission, was subjected to some form of purification and to an elaborate rite of initiation. Once admitted to the rites, the initiate saw and heard certain things which might not be revealed to outsiders. The most famous of such cults were the Eleusinian Mysteries, at Eleusis in Attica. The divinities worshipped here were Demeter, the goddess of grain, and her daughter Kore, or Persephone. Apparently the rites made use of the famous myth of Persephone in the underworld to symbolize the cycle of death and rebirth in the natural world, and the initiates were likewise assured of a rebirth and a blessed existence after death. This assurance of immortality, together with the psychological effects of the purification rites, apparently had a deep and lasting moral effect on the character of the *mystae;* and classical writers invariably mention the Mysteries with respect and reverence.

The period from the end of the eighth to the middle of the sixth centuries saw a tremendous expansion of the Greeks over the Mediterranean area. This is the great age of colonization, which we must now consider. The colonizing movement was not confined to any particular city or group of cities, and its causes were deep-rooted in the situation of Greece in the eighth and seventh centuries. The chief cause was economic: Greece was becoming overpopulated and could no longer feed its inhabitants. The economy of the country was still based on agriculture, and the iniquitous system of landholding, which concentrated most of the productive land in the hands of a few noble clans, aggravated the situation. What the Greek colonist was looking for when he set sail from his homeland was a bit of land of his own; accordingly, the land in the proposed colony was usually allotted to the colonists before they left home. The underlying cause of the colonizing movement, then, was economic; but in typical Greek fashion, the external, moving cause became political: the nobles saw in colonization a means of relieving political pressure at home by draining off the excess population, especially malcontents and ambitious, overdaring spirits. Hence the movement was organized

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and directed by aristocrats; and it took careful organization in the homeland to ensure the success of a proposed colony: the group of settlers had to be strong enough to drive out or enslave the natives of the chosen territory; this in turn meant a military organization under a strong leader — a noble, naturally enough — who was in sole control until the settlement was firmly established. In addition, the colonies maintained close and lasting ties with their mother-cities, ties of a political and religious nature.

It is impossible to list here even the most important of these Greek settlements or to outline the affiliations of the various colonies with the motherland. The most active cities in the movement were Corinth, Megara, the cities of Euboea, and Miletus; and the areas covered included the coast of Thrace; the shores of the Hellespont and the Bosporus, where the Megarians founded, among other colonies, Byzantium (later Constantinople); the shores of the Black Sea, where Miletus is said to have founded ninety colonies; Egypt, where the Greeks established Naucratis, a training center at the mouth of the Nile, and Cyrene; Sicily, and Italy, as far north as Naples; and finally several colonies on the southern coast of France, of which the most famous was Massilia (Marseilles). The colonies in Sicily and Italy were particularly important and flourishing: Syracuse, Akragas, Tarentum, Croton, Rhegium, Locri — to name but a few — were cities of such power and wealth as could hardly be dreamed of in the motherland. Here the Greeks found plenty of good land, more fertile than the thin soil they had left behind, and an abundance of other natural resources, as well as opportunities for trade with the natives of the area. Greek settlements crowded thick upon one another in this area; and here the Romans first came in contact with the Greeks and the rich cultural traditions of Hellas which so profoundly affected their later development.

By about 550 B.C. the colonizing movement was practically at an end. In part, the activity of the Greeks had provoked a reaction of the native populations, and by the end of the sixth century the outer parts of the Greek world were on the defensive: in the east the rising power of the Persian Empire had engulfed the Greeks in Asia Minor, while the western Greeks were opposed by a strong coalition of Etruscans and Carthaginians. Furthermore, the iniquities of the land system in Greece proper had been largely corrected by the activities of the tyrants, who generally confiscated the large estates of the nobles and redistributed the land in small lots. Finally, the Greek homeland now found itself able to support a larger population through the development of trade and industry; a growth which was greatly accelerated by the colonizing movement itself. Although the earlier colonists were primarily in search of land, they were not slow to recognize and use the new opportunities for trade which their settlements offered them. In their new territories they found many of the

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raw materials which the homeland lacked; they shipped these back to Greece, together with the foods (especially cereal grains) which the mother country so sorely needed; in return the homeland shipped out olive-oil, wines, and manufactures, especially pottery. There was a conscious effort on the part of the Greek cities to develop industry for this purpose; we hear, for example, that Solon and Pisistratus encouraged foreign craftsmen to settle in Attica, in order to provide articles for export. Once the Greeks discovered the commercial advantages of the new settlements, they established many colonies primarily for the purpose of trading: of these the most important were the many trading posts of Miletus on the Black Sea, and the common Greek emporium at Naucratis in Egypt.

The colonizing movement thus changed profoundly the economic life of Greece, and provided a firm basis of material welfare for the great cultural age that followed. The Greeks now had access to an adequate food supply, since they could import the cereal grains (wheat and barley), which formed the basis of their diet, in abundance from Sicily, the Black Sea region, and perhaps from Egypt; and their growing industries provided exports to send out in exchange for food and raw materials (especially metals and timber).

It will be convenient to outline here very briefly the economic life of the Greeks before we enter upon the connected history of the fifth and fourth centuries.

Agriculture was the most ancient and hence the most respectable occupation in Greece; the nobles and the philosophers took it for granted that it was the only honorable activity for a free man. But by the end of the sixth century the day of vast estates, held by noble clans, was over; except for Laconia and Thessaly, Greece proper was a land of small farms: at Athens, for example, it has been estimated that a farm of about fifty to seventy-five acres would suffice to put a man in the highest property-class. Furthermore, in most Greek cities, and particularly in the democracies, the majority of the citizens were farmers. Only a small part of the land was sown to grain: most of the soil was unsuited for cereals and it was more economical to import grain and to raise other crops. The Greek farmer grew principally vegetables, vines, and olives; wine and olive-oil (which the ancients used for cooking, washing, and lighting) were among the principal exports of the mainland. The poor uplands served for grazing goats and sheep, thus providing a supply of wool for clothing; and pigs might be raised almost anywhere, thus assuring a small amount of meat; but cattle-raising on a large scale was almost impossible and beef was rare in the ordinary diet. The productivity of the soil was not high, since natural fertilizer was scarce; as a result grain fields were left fallow every second or third season; more

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modern methods, involving crop rotation, appear in the fourth century. Although the small farmer's lot was never very prosperous, he managed fairly well during the fifth century, especially in Attica; in the fourth century, however, after the devastation of the Peloponnesian War, things were much harder and we notice the gradual pauperization of the rural populace.

In practically all Greek states ownership of land was restricted to the citizens; therefore men who chose to live in a foreign city (*metics,* as they were called) turned to industry and trade. Athens in particular encouraged foreign craftsmen to settle in Attica to build up industries, and in the fifth century there were about 40,000 such metics in Attica.* The number and variety of industries in the fifth and fourth centuries are startling: we hear of potters, masons, metal workers, fullers, makers of armaments and of farm implements, etc., and we gain the impression that a considerable part of the total population lived by industrial work of some sort. We must not suppose that Greek industry, for all its importance, was industry on a large scale; most manufacturing was done in small workshops, with a master and several assistants. Further, most workers were artisans or craftsmen, not mere factory workers who performed the same operation endlessly or reproduced the same object without variation. Each product received a personal touch and even humble pots for wine and oil have a distinction which makes them minor works of art. The only industries which needed large numbers of unskilled workers were mining and quarrying; in these the hard physical tasks were done by gangs of slaves.

Communication overland in Greece was so difficult and expensive that to all intents and purposes trade meant sea-borne traffic; and an immense amount of shipping was required to keep up the steady flow of food and raw materials into Greece and of wine, oil, and manufactures out to the colonies and foreign markets. There were huge profits to be made from this trade: we gather that one or two successful voyages might make a small fortune. We may also gain some impression of the volume of trade from the statement that in the month of September, 340 B.C. the Athenian fleet convoyed two hundred and thirty merchant vessels from the Bosporus to Athens. Once again we must guard against thinking in terms of modern large shipping companies; most of this trade was in the hands of individual shipowners. The *naukleros* owned his own ship and acted as its captain; he bought his cargo outright, sold it abroad for the best price he could get, and then bought a return load. He was thus both a shipper and a wholesale importer. Often he lacked the capital to purchase his cargo; he might then seek a loan, and in the fourth century there was a

* The population of Attica in 431 B.C. as estimated by M. N. Tod in the *Cambridge Ancient History* (vol. V, ch. 1) may be useful here: there were 150-175,000 citizens (including women and children), 35-40,000 metics, and 80-100,000 slaves.

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flourishing business in "bottomry" loans. The growth of Greek banking was, in fact, forced by the international trade; the money-changer, who was needed wherever foreigners did business, gradually developed into the large-scale banker of the fourth century.

In the sixth century Corinth and Miletus led the way in the development of international trade, Corinth in the west and Miletus in the Black Sea. After the destruction of Miletus by the Persians in 494 B.C., the leading commercial cities were Corinth, Aegina, and Athens. Aegina in turn succumbed to the rivalry of Athens, and by the middle of the fifth century Athens was challenging Corinth in the west. The great Emporium at the Piraeus, the port of Athens, received goods from all quarters of the known world; the Athenians used their sea power to force merchant ships to put in to the Piraeus, thus ensuring their supply of food and timber. They regulated strictly the trade in grains, and also imposed a two per cent duty on goods entering the Emporium; this last measure was for revenue, not for protection. Apart from this the state interfered very little in trade and business, even to further the interests of her own citizens; Athens in fact guaranteed foreigners a fair trial in commercial disputes.

Although the ancients could hardly imagine life without slavery, in the economic life of the classical age the slaves played a smaller part than is commonly supposed. Outside Laconia, Thessaly, and Sicily, where serfs tilled huge estates for their masters, agriculture made little use of slave labor; on a small farm it was cheaper to hire a free worker just for the harvesting than to feed a slave the year round. Most industry, being of the small, handicraft type, did not involve the exclusive use of slave labor; the typical workshop might consist of the master, several free assistants (including apprentices), and a few slaves for the menial tasks. Only mining and quarrying depended entirely on slave labor, as we have noted. In democracies the number of slaves was smaller than used to be supposed; and a large proportion of these slaves was engaged in household tasks — *i.e.*, they were consumers, not producers, of wealth. The popular belief that the free population of ancient Greece lived on the production of a large slave population is demonstrably false, at least for the democratic states.

In considering wages and prices we must keep in mind the fact that the value of money fell greatly during the period we are considering, as Greece changed from a natural to a money economy. From the end of the sixth to the end of the fourth centuries prices increased by a factor of four to six; wages also increased, but not in proportion to prices. At the end of the fifth century a drachma * a day was considered a living wage. In the same period, according to modern estimates, a single man could just about live on 120 dr. a year: his food might cost 50 to 60 dr. a year, and 60 dr. more would easily cover his other expenses. A

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man and wife could live on 180 dr., since the wife's food was the only additional expense, and a family of four on 260 to 280 dr. Obviously, if a drachma for a day's work was a living wage, citizens did not expect to work every day: there were about sixty holidays a year, on which they might attend religious festivals or other entertainments, and they were also expected to give up several working days a month to attend to the city's business. In general, the metics at Athens got rich, but the ordinary citizen was content to get along in moderate circumstances, or even just a few steps ahead of starvation. The Greeks paid for their high level of cultural and intellectual achievement by accepting a very low standard of living in material comforts.

At the beginning of the fifth century two states rise to a position of prominence and dominate Greek history for almost two centuries; these two states, Sparta and Athens, seemed destined for leadership because of the size of their territories and the vigorous character of their citizens. Sparta had by this time developed its peculiar institutions of what can best be called military socialism. The Dorian conquerors of the Laconian valley had forced the previous inhabitants into the position of serfs; and to assure every Spartan of enough land to live on they had seized the neighboring plain of Messenia in the eighth century. Every citizen received from the state a large plot of land, tilled for him by *helots* (serfs), who were required to pay him a stated amount of produce every year; this lot was inalienable and passed to his son, so that theoretically no Spartan could be reduced to poverty. The return from this property guaranteed each citizen freedom from economic pressure and the chance to devote all his time to the state. But the helots outnumbered the Spartans by about fifteen to one; they were intensely bitter: Xenophon tells us that they would gladly have eaten the Spartans raw, and there were several serious revolts. As a result, the Spartans turned themselves into an armed camp; surrounded by a hostile population, they devoted all their energies to keeping the helots down, and were always reluctant to use their army outside the Peloponnesus. The male citizens spent all their time in military training, which began at the age of seven and lasted till sixty. All Spartans, kings, nobles, and commons alike, were shoved down into the ranks by the leveling process of an iron military discipline. Naturally, the Spartan army became the finest in Greece; and thanks to this military superiority, during the sixth century the Spartans became the leaders of an alliance, the Peloponnesian League, which included all the Peloponnesus (except Argos), as well as Megara and Boeotia in Central Greece. It must be added that the price Sparta paid for this military supremacy was high: she abandoned all cultural and intellectual pursuits. In the great age of Greece, there are no Spartan poets, men of letters, philosophers, artists, or scientists.

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At Athens, in contrast, the position of the ordinary citizen had gradually been raised during the sixth century, and in 511 B.C., with the expulsion of the tyrant Hippias, a democratic constitution was established. The detailed measures by which Athens became a full democracy cannot be discussed here; enough to say that every citizen in Athens was assured a voice in the government, first through his vote in the sovereign Assembly; second, through the representative from his *deme* in the Council; and third, through the juries, which were drawn from all classes of the citizen-body. Furthermore, after 487 B.C. almost all offices except military commands were filled by lot, so that any citizen might be called on to serve the state in some important capacity. In general, the Athenians attempted to make available to all the citizens most of the political and social advantages of the upper classes.

Under the leadership of these two states the Greeks met the attack of Persia at the opening of the fifth century. During the sixth century the Persians, an Indo-European people of unusual vigor and ability, had become the rulers of Asia; under the leadership of Cyrus the Great they gained control of Media, overthrew the Lydian Empire, conquered Babylon, and (under Cambyses) seized Egypt. The conquest of Lydia brought them into contact with the Greeks of Asia Minor, who had already been subjected to the domination of Croesus, king of the Lydian Empire (see Herodotus, Book I, pp. 327-334 below); the Persians now reduced the Greek cities and made them subject to the Great King. Except for collecting tribute, levying contingents for their navy, and supporting tyrants in the cities, the Persians did not interfere greatly in the life of the Greeks, and it must be admitted that the Asiatic Greeks enjoyed considerable material prosperity under the Persian control. None the less they chafed under what they considered a barbarian despotism and in 499 B.C. there was a general revolt. This Ionian Revolt, as it is called, failed to free the Asiatic Greeks, and managed to embroil Athens with Persia; for the Athenians sent aid to the Greeks in Asia and participated in a raid on Sardis, the capital of the satrapy of Lydia. As a result, in 490 B.C. the Persians sent a punitive expedition to Greece. This is the beginning of the Persian Wars, a struggle which occupied a large part of Greece for the next forty years. This is not the place to retell the story of this famous contest: Herodotus, who saw in the wars the climax of a long struggle between East and West, has told the tale once and for all; the reader will find comments on the military campaigns together with the selections from Herodotus in this volume. Here we may pass lightly over the details of the war to concentrate on the meaning and results for Greece.

The Athenian victory at Marathon gave the city tremendous prestige in Greece, and the new democracy was greatly strengthened. But Marathon was won by the heavy-armed infantry; the final clash with Persia, which many foresaw, was bound to be

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fought on sea as well as on land, and Athens as yet had no navy worth mentioning. The development of Athens as a sea power was mainly the work of an astute and far-sighted statesman, Themistocles; in 493 he had persuaded the Athenians to begin fortifying the natural harbor of the Piraeus. His policy was temporarily abandoned, because of the influence of Miltiades, who was convinced that the Greek hoplite could always defeat the light-armed Persian on land. But in 487, after the death of Miltiades, the Athenians suffered several humiliating reverses at sea from the navy of Aegina, with whom they had waged intermittent warfare since 498; they were therefore easily persuaded to build up their fleet, and the sudden acquisition of a large sum of money from the silver mines at Laurion provided the means. Between 483 and 480 nearly two hundred warships were built; these ships formed over half of the allied Greek fleet which faced the Persians at Salamis.

The invasion of 480 B.C. was no mere punitive expedition; the vast preparations of Xerxes were obviously aimed at the complete subjugation of all Greece. The plan of the Persians was a joint invasion, by land and by sea; fleet and army were to keep in close touch and to act together. The coalition of Greek states that met the attack consisted of all the cities south of the Isthmus of Corinth (except Argos, who would not submit to Spartan leadership), and Athens, Megara, Plataea, and a few small states of Central Greece. Since it was found impracticable to defend Northern Greece, most of the northern states were forced to join the Persian side. The allies were under the military leadership of Sparta, but Athens contributed the largest contingent of ships, and the general strategy for the campaign of 480 was that of her leading general, Themistocles. After the temporary setback at Thermopylae, and the sack of Athens by the barbarians, the campaign ended in the complete defeat of the Persian navy at Salamis. But the defeat had not quite the result the Greeks expected: although the Persian navy withdrew, the land army remained. After wintering in Thessaly, the Persians returned to the attack in 479, and Attica was again occupied by the enemy. In the summer the allied Greek army took the field with a force of nearly 100,000 men, led by the Spartan Pausanias. This supreme effort of the united Greeks was crowned with success at Plataea in Boeotia, where a great battle took place, one of the decisive battles of history: the Persians marched back to Asia Minor and never entered Greece again. During the period of the land campaign, the Greek fleet sailed over to Asia Minor and destroyed the rest of the Persian fleet at Mycale; the Ionians once more revolted from Persia, and together with the Athenians began a series of campaigns which ultimately freed the Hellespont and the coast of western Asia Minor from Persian domination for several generations.

The results of this decisive victory were far-reaching and immensely significant for the history of Europe: the Greeks, having

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vindicated their liberties against Oriental despotism, were left free to develop to its height the civilization from which our Western world has evolved. The success of the great national enterprise gave a tremendous impetus to the Greek creative spirit; with unbounded pride and self-confidence they faced the future: for a small and relatively poor people, who had, as they believed, defeated the unlimited resources of the East, no future enterprise seemed impossible. In short, the fifth century reaped the fruits of Marathon and Salamis in every branch of life. Finally, one of the most significant results of the war was the rise of Athens to the position of the most powerful state in the Greek world. We must now trace the history of this rise through its two phases: in the first, Athens was the acknowledged leader of a voluntary confederation, the Delian League; in the second phase, Athens turned her allies into subjects and became the ruler of an unwilling empire.

The Delian League was formed in 478, when the eastern Greeks asked the Athenians to assume the leadership in their war to free the Greek cities in Asia Minor. Each state in the League bound itself to supply a military contingent for the war, or to contribute a fixed sum of money to equip and man the fleet. The generals of the allied forces were to be Athenians. The League had a common treasury on the island of Delos, a religious center especially revered by all Ionians; and there was a council of representatives which met occasionally to discuss general policies. Many members preferred to contribute money rather than to provide and man their own warships; the sum of these contributions was set at 460 talents a year, and was used to build ships for the Athenian navy. Thus Athens rapidly became overwhelmingly powerful in the League; but it must be remembered that the decision to contribute money instead of ships rested originally with the individual states; many chose this method in order to release their own citizens from the burdens of naval service and to free their energies for trade, which flourished greatly under the protection of the League.

The original League included the Greek cities in Asia Minor and the adjacent islands, the towns around the Hellespont and a few in Thrace, most of the Cyclades, and Euboea. Under the able military leadership of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, the League scored a number of successes against Persia, culminating in a crushing victory at Eurymedon in Cyprus (*ca.* 469 B.C.). At this moment it seemed to some members of the League that the war with Persia was over, and two of the larger states tried to withdraw. But Athens refused to allow these states to secede: the withdrawal of several important members might lead to a general dissolution of the League, and the war was not in fact ended; and the states outside the League would enjoy its protection with no trouble or expense to themselves. The rest of the League backed this position of Athens: the seceding states were forced back into the Confederacy and reduced to tributary, or dependent, status. This was one of the

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first important steps which enabled Athens to turn the League into an Empire.

While Cimon led the allied forces against Persia, Themistocles dominated the political scene at home. Against the wishes of Sparta, the walls of Athens were rebuilt and the fortification of the Piraeus was completed. Themistocles turned his energies to enlarging the fleet and to making Athens the leading power in Greece. Eventually his policy led to a clash with Cimon and the more conservative group which he represented: Cimon's policy called for friendly relations with Sparta, which was to be conceded the dominant position in Greece on land, and for a vigorous prosecution of the war with Persia. Themistocles, on the other hand, was willing to come to terms with Persia, once the enemy was driven from the Aegean, in order to leave Athens free to combat Sparta. Themistocles' measures to increase the power of the fleet were unpopular with the conservatives, since the result was to increase the political importance of the landless poor who rowed the warships. For these reasons Themistocles' opponents brought about his ostracism * (*ca.* 471 B.C.). Ten years later Cimon came to grief on his pro-Spartan policy, and Ephialtes and Pericles, two rising politicians of the more radical democratic faction, managed to get rid of him by ostracism also. Shortly thereafter Ephialtes was murdered and Pericles was left as leader of the state. The thirty years that follow (460-430) are the Age of Pericles, the golden age of Athens.

In domestic matters Pericles strengthened the democracy by increasing the powers of the representative Council and the popular courts; at the same time he extended the opportunity for active participation in politics to all citizens, even to the poorest, by providing indemnities (*i.e.,* a small payment, usually equal to a day's wages) for all service to the state. By this measure democracy was made a reality for all classes of the citizen-body. In the realm of foreign affairs Pericles continued the war with Persia, which he had inherited from his predecessors. But at the same time he undertook a struggle with Sparta and her allies on the Greek mainland; by diplomacy and force he extended the Athenian Empire over most of Central Greece, including Megara, Boeotia, Locris, and Phocis; he also obtained alliances with Argos and Thessaly. The result was an open war with the Peloponnesian League — the so-called First Peloponnesian War, *ca.* 459-446; and for a while Athens was committed to fighting a war on two fronts, against Persia in the East and against the Peloponnesians and their allies in Greece. These struggles put a burden on Athens' manpower which she was ill-equipped to bear; an Athenian fleet of over two hundred ships was lost in Egypt supporting a native insurrection against Persia (454 B.C.), and a united effort of the Peloponnesian League and some of Athens' unwilling allies (Euboea in particular) in 447 forced

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Pericles to abandon his attempt to build a land empire for Athens. By the terms of the Peace of 446/5 B.C. Athens kept her empire over the islands and Asia Minor, but gave up all her recent acquisitions on the Greek mainland. At about the same time some sort of agreement was made with Persia (the so-called Peace of Callias, 448/7 B.C.), and Athens and her empire entered upon a brief period of peace and prosperity (446-431). Pericles now turned the energies of the citizens and the tribute from the allies to beautifying Athens: from this period come many of the magnificent buildings on the Acropolis, such as the Parthenon and the Propylaea, as well as many other notable buildings throughout Attica.

Thus Pericles adorned Athens in a way that befitted her position as the cultural capital of Greece.* Together with her commanding position in the political world of the Greeks went an unchallenged supremacy in the realm of the spirit: thinkers and teachers from all corners of the Greek world flocked to Athens to teach and to deliver their message. As a result, from about 450 B.C. to the end of the Classical Age, Greek literature means essentially Athenian literature, works written by Athenians or by other Greeks in Athens. Drama reached its perfection in the masterpieces of the Athenian poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; philosophy, which began in Ionia, became naturalized in Athens in the persons of Socrates and Plato; Thucydides the Athenian became the greatest historian of the ancient world; and oratory, although it began in Sicily, is represented for us solely by the Athenian orators.

It may seem at first glance that the Athenians of this age — and the Greeks in general — lived a life of ease and leisure, thinking high thoughts and spending most of their time in long conversations with Socrates. But a further consideration will show that this view is far from true: actually what characterized the Athenians of the great age is their intense activity and their amazing versatility. In the first place, the economic system under which they lived forced almost all of them to devote some time to earning a living: apart from the aristocracy, the mass of the citizen-body worked their own small plots of land or toiled in the numerous small industries and businesses in Athens and the Piraeus. Under the Periclean system of indemnities, service to the state paid a small sum; but this work was intermittent, since most offices could be held only once, and at the end of his year of service the magistrate retired to private life for a while. The one great exception, service on the popular juries, tended to become a sort of dole for the old and infirm.

Secondly, between the ages of eighteen and sixty, every male citizen was required in time of war to serve in the army or navy. If he held a certain minimum of property, he had to equip himself as a heavy-armed hoplite; the poorer citizens rowed in the fleet,

* The famous Funeral Oration in Thucydides (pp. 408-413) reveals most clearly what Pericles wanted the city of Athens to mean to its citizens.

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for which they received a small fee. Fortunately, the usual campaigning season was short (about May to September), and most Greek land campaigns ended in a month or two, after which the soldiers returned to harvest their crops or to pick up their business where they had left it. Naval campaigns might last longer, and during the years of constant warfare in the fifth century the Athenians got plenty of practice; as a result they developed a superbly trained fleet, which was never defeated on the open sea.

Furthermore, the Athenian was expected to devote a large amount of his time and energy to political activities. All adult males were expected to attend the meetings of the Assembly, which met regularly about four times a month; and there was a strong incentive to attend often enough to become familiar with the routine procedure of the Assembly, for any citizen over thirty might be chosen by lot to serve for a year on the Council of Five Hundred. The duties of this Council included preparing business for the Assembly, and one of the Councillors was picked each day (also by lot) to preside over the daily meetings of the Council and over the Assembly too, if it happened to convene on his day. Since a citizen could serve as a Councillor only twice in his lifetime, and as presiding officer only once in his year, a large number of citizens must have been called upon to fulfill this important function. Most of the other offices (several hundred in number) were also filled by lot; and indeed, this peculiar, democratic institution assumes as a basic principle that for the ordinary purposes of government one citizen is as good as another.

In addition, every citizen was expected to plead his own case in court, if he had any legal business. Although a man might consult his friends, or even get someone to write a speech for him, in the fifth century there were no professional lawyers, and once a case came before a magistrate the parties to the suit were on their own. Finally, most citizens had an intimate acquaintance with the theater and choral dances; for the choruses in the dramatic and dithyrambic contests were ordinary Athenian citizens. It has been estimated that well over a thousand men and boys took part every year in some form of choral and theatrical activity, so that the Athenian audience at the great dramatic festivals was made up in large part of ex-performers.

Such was the versatility of the average Athenian, and it appears that the citizens educated themselves up to the exacting requirements of their public life. And yet the educational system was extremely simple and would seem to a modern quite inadequate. Although the state apparently required all citizens to give their sons a minimum of education, all teaching was in the hands of private individuals. At about the age of seven an Athenian boy was sent to a teacher of letters (the *grammatistês*), where he learned the rudiments of reading and writing. Apparently all citizens of Athens got so much education: the whole democratic system assumed a

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literate citizen-body. After learning his letters the boy went on to the study of the poets: the chief texts were Homer, Hesiod, the gnomic poets, and some of the lyric poets. Since books were rare most of what was learned was committed to memory. The poetry was studied from two points of view: first and foremost it was considered as moral training; the traditional moral wisdom of the ancient poets was supposed to mould the character of the potential citizen. At the same time, this poetry imparted what little factual knowledge the student learned, e.g., history, geography, or mythology. It is doubtful whether any arithmetic or geometry was taught in the elementary schools, at least before the fourth century; and the Greek boy studied no language except his own. Many boys went to a special music teacher to learn to play the lyre and to sing the lyric poems in the traditional Greek harmonies. Physical training was also in the hands of a special teacher, the *paidotribes,* or trainer of boys, who taught at the palaistra; here boys learned running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, and the javelin-throw. Here also there was a decided emphasis on character-training and on propriety or modesty in deportment.*

Two further developments completed the education of Athenian boys: at eighteen the young man reached his majority and was enrolled as a citizen in his father's *deme*. He then joined the corps of the *Ephebi,* young men of eighteen and nineteen, who received instruction and drill in military matters and performed garrison duty in the Piraeus and on the frontiers of Attica. Finally, in the second half of the fifth century, young men might secure higher education by studying with the Sophists. These wandering scholars, with their encyclopedic knowledge, which they delighted to exhibit in show speeches, almost performed the function of a modern university; wherever they went, well-to-do young men flocked to them and paid high fees for the privilege of listening to them. Some, like the polymath Hippias, professed to teach every branch of learning; but most of them concentrated on training in "political virtue," *i.e.,* the qualities and skills which will enable a man to act efficiently and successfully in public life. From this point of view, the basic subject which they all taught was rhetoric, or public speaking.

It will be noticed that this entire educational process was for boys only. What training girls got was imparted at home; no doubt some of them learned to read and write, but in general their training was in "domestic science"—spinning, weaving, sewing, and household management. The Spartan system was, in this point, a refreshing contrast to the Athenian practice: at Sparta, up to a certain point, boys and girls received the same training, even though the training was aimed solely at producing sturdy bodies and sound discipline. It is probable that most Spartan citizens were illiterate.

* See the magnificent description of the "old education" in the speech of the Just Discourse in Aristophanes' *Clouds* (pp. 310-311).

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The daily and private life of the average Athenian may be described briefly at this point, particularly insofar as it differs from modern life. We may here assume that except in Sparta, whose peculiar institutions have already been mentioned, private life in other Greek states differed but little from that in Athens.

The typical Greek private house was small and unpretentious, merely a few rooms about an open court; we hear occasionally of a second story. The most important room was the *andron,* or men's dining room; there was also a special part of the house reserved for the women of the family. The Greek man spent as much of his time as possible out of doors, and for this reason wasted little or no effort on improving his private dwelling; even the richest men in Athens were usually content with very modest homes. Clothing too was of the utmost simplicity: a loose-fitting garment, called the *chiton,* was worn next to the skin; it was made of wool or linen, and it left the arms bare; on men it fell to the knee, on women to the ankles. Over this might be draped a large, clumsy garment called the *himation,* or outer cloak; most men needed but one such garment for a lifetime. Sandals were worn in the winter, but men customarily went barefooted during the milder seasons. Food was equally simple: except at sacrifices, when animals were slain and eaten, the principal source of nourishment was cereal grain (called *sitos*), eaten either as bread or porridge. Anything taken in addition to this at a meal was called the *opson,* originally meaning boiled meat, but later denoting anything eaten as a relish with bread. The *opson* might consist of a bit of meat, especially pork sausage; fish, in which the Athenians delighted; cheese, usually from goats or sheep; or a vegetable. Olive oil served for butter and cooking fats, honey for sugar. The only drink was wine, which was usually mixed with water; references to drinking straight or unmixed wine at parties are meant to suggest the utmost in abandoned revelry.

The day of an average citizen, when there were no public festivals to attend and no civic duties to perform, might go something like this: upon rising, at dawn or earlier, he ate a simple breakfast of bread dipped in wine. An hour or so was then spent in exercising or in calling on friends. After this, our Athenian probably went to the Agora, where the business life of the city was carried on: here were the shops, banks, law courts, and barbershops (the favorite resort of idlers). Craftsmen went, of course, to their workshops, which usually were part of their dwellings. About noon the first meal of the day was eaten, the *ariston,* a simple repast that was often enjoyed out of doors or in one of the colonnades around the Agora. Since most of the day's business was finished in the morning, the afternoon was a time of leisure; this time was not used for a siesta, as is the custom in hot climates today; one might go to one of the public baths or to the gymnasium to exercise, or do the family marketing. The main meal of the day, the *deipnon,* was

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taken about sunset; this might be eaten with the family, or one might have an invitation to a dinner party at a friend's house; in case there were guests at dinner, the women of the family did not eat with the men.

The reader will notice how small a part women played in the life of this age; the seclusion of respectable women in Greece has almost an oriental air. As usual, Sparta is an exception: there girls and young men mingled freely, and the wife and mother was a respected and influential member of the community. But elsewhere in Greece, especially in Attica and Ionia, a respectable woman did not know any men outside her own family. The wife was often treated as a superior kind of housekeeper; she did not meet her husband's friends, she seldom went out of the house, and she never appeared on the street unattended. Her education was meager and she was usually unable to share her husband's intellectual life. Legally her position was somewhat better: her husband was required to give surety for the dowry she brought him, and she might divorce him for mistreatment and return with her dowry to her father's family. In general, however, she was expected to be under the care and guidance of some man: a widow either returned to her father, or remained with her husband's family as the responsibility of the male next-of-kin.

It must not be supposed that these restrictions on women mean that the Greeks despised women and had no interest in them as individuals. The great heroines of Greek tragedy show the high regard in which they were held, and Attic gravestones record many instances of deep and lasting family affection. In fact, the position of women in ancient Greece did not differ very much from their position in certain European countries today. Finally, the intellectual heights to which women of this age might rise, if given an opportunity, are revealed by the amazing careers of some of the *hetairae,* or courtesans. These women acted as professional entertainers and companions, and tradition tells of the famous Aspasia, friend and mistress of the great Pericles, who lived on an intellectual and social level with the best minds of Athens. We may suppose that the Greeks suffered a considerable loss by spending so much of their time out of the home that they failed to encourage their wives and other respectable women to develop their natural capacities to an equally high level.

The ever-growing power of Athens in the Greek world was ended by the deadly Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.), a struggle which not only destroyed the material basis of the Athenian supremacy but also largely undermined the ideological foundations of the Periclean democracy. The happy versatility of the Athenian citizen disappeared and the fourth century became an age of specialization. The idea that the state was the center and focus of man's entire activity began to decay: man as a "political animal" was

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ultimately replaced by man as an "economic animal." Never again were the Greeks to find the happy balance between the rights of the citizen as an individual and the claims of the commonwealth. Finally, the political power of Athens in the fifth century had been matched by her unchallenged supremacy in cultural pursuits; never again was the political leader of Greece also the cultural center: Sparta, Thebes, and Macedon were all culturally backward or retarded. It thus appears that with the passing of Athenian supremacy the Greeks lost their great chance for a unified nation under progressive leadership; and the Peloponnesian War takes on the aspect of a national catastrophe of the first magnitude.

The causes of the war were manifold and have been variously emphasized by different historians. Thucydides, whose history is our main source for the events of the war, states that the underlying cause was the Spartan jealousy of the growing power of Athens. Modern writers have tended to emphasize the economic motives, especially Athens' commercial rivalry with Megara and Corinth, both allied to Sparta. Furthermore, the Athenian Empire itself contained serious faults and the allied cities had several legitimate grievances against Athens, who constantly interfered with the internal affairs of the allies and affronted the Greek desire for absolute freedom and autonomy in their cities; the Spartans gained considerable popularity with the slogan, "Freedom for the Greeks," which was their avowed war aim in 431. Consequently the conflict rapidly became an ideological war: in almost every city the oligarchs favored Sparta, the democratic elements Athens; these feelings at times flared up into bitter revolutions, which called forth the gloomy, penetrating observations of Thucydides on the psychology of revolutions (see pp. 417-420).

The war was brought on by a series of incidents, relatively unimportant in themselves, concerning an Athenian alliance with Corcyra, and the revolt of Potidaea. Taken as a whole the war falls into three phases: (1) the Archidamian War (431-421 B.C.), ending with the Peace of Nicias; (2) the years of the uneasy peace (421-413), ending with the Athenian disaster in Sicily; (3) the Decelean or Ionian War (413-404), ending with the Spartan victory over the Athenian fleet at Aegospotami and the consequent reduction of Athens. The details of the struggle can best be studied in connection with the readings from Thucydides; here a few remarks on the larger aspects of the war will suffice.

In the first phase of the war the main forces of the two combatant powers never came to grips, for the strategy of Pericles called for abandoning Attica to the yearly invasions of the Peloponnesians without a fight; the population of Attica, with most of their movable possessions, flocked into Athens, the Piraeus, and the space between the Long Walls which joined Athens to her harbor. The Athenians were to maintain their control of the sea, importing their food supply, to keep a firm hold on the allies, and to make

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frequent raids on the Peloponnesus; at the same time, Pericles warned them against attempting any new conquests. Whether this purely defensive strategy would have worn out Sparta in the long run is an open question. At any rate, the terrible plague, which struck the overcrowded city in 430 B.C., greatly reduced the manpower of Athens and cost her the life of Pericles himself (died 429). His successors forgot his admonition to avoid new commitments and undertook various measures to enlarge the Athenian sphere of domination, especially in the west; in the end the Athenians overtaxed their resources and nearly lost their hold on the Thracian coast. During most of these years (427-422) they were directed by the demagogue Cleon, an ardent and vigorous imperialist; upon his death at Amphipolis the more moderate party gained control at Athens, and concluded a peace with Sparta, more or less on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*. Several of the more important allies of Sparta, however, refused to sign the peace; with them Athens maintained a mere *de facto* armistice.

The years of the uneasy peace which followed were filled with diplomatic maneuvers on both sides, centered mainly about the state of Argos, which dreamed of replacing Sparta as the leader of the Peloponnesus. The Athenians, urged on by the brilliant but unstable Alcibiades, supported Argos and made an alliance with her; and in 418 B.C. a great battle was fought at Mantinea in Arcadia between the Spartans and the Argives with their allies. The result was a decisive victory for Sparta which at one stroke restored her prestige in Greece; Argos now abandoned her alliance with Athens for an alliance with Sparta, and all the rest of the Peloponnesus followed suit. Athens was left isolated: though still at peace with Sparta, she had openly fought against her at Mantinea; with the powerful states of Boeotia and Corinth she had a mere truce. And yet in this situation she outraged Greek sentiment by her unprovoked attack on Melos, on which Thucydides wrote a bitter commentary in the so-called Melian Dialogue (see pp. 420-426); and she entered upon the grandiose venture in Sicily, which ended in complete disaster.* The war in Greece broke out again in 413 with the Spartan occupation of Decelea, a fortress in Attica, and for the next ten years Attica was subject to constant enemy action.

The last phase of the war began with a wholesale revolt of the Athenian allies; to support this revolt the Spartans needed a fleet and money to pay the rowers. At this point Persia re-entered the scene of Aegean politics and offered to supply the needed money in return for a Spartan recognition of the Persians' ancient claim to the Greek cities in Asia Minor. The Athenians, faced by this formidable combination, in desperate financial straits, and suffering from the staggering losses of the Sicilian Expedition, should have

* For the details of the Sicilian Expedition, see the selection from Thucydides on pp. 426-438.

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succumbed swiftly; yet meeting every emergency with vigorous and resolute measures, they managed to hold out for nine more years; and in spite of an internal revolution in 411, they even regained some of their lost empire. But in the end one shattering defeat brought ruin to Athens: the fleet was caught on shore at Aegospotami in the Hellespont and destroyed. Stripped of her fleet and unable to get food, Athens was starved into surrender. The terms of the peace were simple: Athens lost all her empire and her fleet, and became a subject-ally of Sparta; the Long Walls and the fortifications of the Piraeus were destroyed. In addition, an oligarchical government was imposed on the defeated city; this government, the so-called Thirty Tyrants, was overthrown the following year and Sparta made no further attempts to control the internal politics of Athens.

The history of the next sixty years is one of great confusion, and Greek affairs rapidly reached a crisis which was only partially resolved by the Macedonian intervention. The political revolutions of the late fifth century had been accompanied by an intellectual revolution, which was largely the result of the teaching of the Sophists. The great Sophist Protagoras had introduced relativism into ethics with his famous dictum, "Man is the measure of all things," and his successors reached the inevitable corollary in politics, "Might makes Right." Old concepts of the divine source of law and the sanctity of agreements were called into question; and in the sphere of Greek interstate politics force seemed likely to become the only ultimate principle. At the same time the war had destroyed the old equilibrium of forces between Sparta and Athens; accordingly, the events of the first half of the fourth century were mainly concerned with re-establishing some sort of balance of power. In playing this dangerous game the Greek city-states finally destroyed themselves.

The Spartans fell heir to the Athenian Empire; far from freeing the cities, they established garrisons and subjected them to a strict control. The Greeks found that they had merely exchanged masters, and the new master was worse, for the Spartans were by nature incapable of dealing with free men outside Laconia. It will be recalled that the Spartans had won the war by selling out the Greek cities in Asia Minor to the Persians; at first they tried to nullify this dishonorable bargain by undertaking a new war against Persia to free these Asiatic Greeks. But in 395 matters in Greece reached a crisis: two of Sparta's allies, Corinth and Thebes, now attacked her, and Athens joined in the war that followed (the Corinthian War, 395-387 B.C.). As a result, Sparta finally came to terms with Persia; and the Great King dictated a peace for the Greeks, the infamous Peace of Antalcidas, which ceded the Greeks in Asia Minor to Persia, and declared all other Greek cities free and independent. The Peace was backed by a threat of war against all who refused to accept it. Sparta acted as the executor of the

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Peace in Greece, interfering harshly and arbitrarily in the affairs of the other cities, and breaking up leagues or alliances which seemed to threaten her interests. The general feeling of the Greeks was that they had suffered a national humiliation, and one of the leading ideas of the fourth century now began to appear, the dream of a united Greek crusade against Persia. But for the time being, the Greeks vented their anger on Sparta, the partner of Persia. In 378 the Athenians formed a new league, the avowed purpose of which was to "force the Lacedaemonians to allow the Greeks to enjoy peace in freedom and independence." Through this league (The Second Delian Confederacy) Athens restored in part her old maritime empire and became once more the dominant sea power in the Aegean. In the meantime war with Sparta broke out again, and in 371 Thebes crushed the Spartans at the battle of Leuctra. The Spartan domination was completely destroyed: the Peloponnesian League broke up, Thebes restored the independence of Messenia (since the eighth century a Spartan possession), and the whole Peloponnesus broke up into its component parts, with resultant anarchy and confusion. The Thebans now tried to assume the leadership of Greece, but Athens, alarmed at the growing power of her northern neighbor, formed an alliance with Sparta. The Theban domination was only partial and was never uncontested; she lost her only first-rate statesman and general, Epaminondas, at the battle of Mantinea in 361 B.C., and her influence in Greek affairs gradually diminished. After 360 there is no single dominating power in Greece.

The center of historical interest now shifts to the northern kingdom of Macedon, and we can consider the rest of the history of this period in connection with the rise of this nation to supreme power in Greece. Macedon was a backward region, still organized in tribes, and governed by a monarchy which in many features recalls the old patriarchal monarchies of Homeric times. Despite the jibes of Demosthenes, however, the Macedonian people and kings were probably Greeks; and the more enlightened kings had made some efforts to introduce the higher civilization of the other Greeks into the country. In 359 B.C. the royal power came into the hands of Philip II, one of the most astute politicians and skilful generals in Greek history; early in his career he determined to make his nation a ruling power in Greece. His first step was to reduce to submission the barbarian Paeonian and Illyrian tribes which harassed his borders. Next he turned eastward to the Thracian coast both to secure an outlet to the sea (an objective of all Macedonian kings) and to gain control of the rich gold mines of Thrace. Hence we find him seizing in rapid succession Amphipolis (357), Pydna (356), Potidaea, and Methone (353). These operations brought him into conflict with Athens, who was allied with Pydna and Methone and still hoped to regain Amphipolis, which had been lost in 424. The Athenians, however, could do little about it: during these

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years (357-354) they were occupied with a revolt of their most powerful allies, Chios, Rhodes, and Byzantium, who succeeded in leaving the confederacy; thus the second Delian League split up. Although officially at war with Philip, the Athenians were unable to take vigorous measures against him; like most Greek city-states in the fourth century they relied on mercenary armies; these cost money and they had no money to spare for military purposes. Demosthenes, who now appears in history as the great opponent of Philip, realized this and for years hammered away at two fundamental proposals: the citizens must serve in person in the field, and surpluses in the budget should be used for the war.

In the meantime, Philip turned to Thessaly, which he brought under his control in 352; he would then have moved into Central Greece to punish the Phocians, who had seized the temple at Delphi and were at war with the Amphictyonic League*; but the Athenians acted with resolution and occupied the pass at Thermopylae. Philip immediately marched back to Thrace, where he subdued the Thracian king; he was now in a position to move against the vital Athenian possessions in the Chersonese, which covered the grain route from the Black Sea. During these same years he built a fleet, and his marauders attacked the Athenian grain ships and even raided the coasts of Euboea and Attica.

Philip next moved against Olynthus (349-8), the last remaining independent power in northern Greece. Athens, spurred on by Demosthenes, sent help, but it was too late; Olynthus was taken and completely destroyed. Athens was financially exhausted by the long war and now negotiated a peace, the Peace of Philocrates (346), by the terms of which each side kept what it held at the moment. After the Peace was signed Philip led his army into Central Greece as the champion of the Amphictyonic League and crushed the Phocians, much to the chagrin of the Athenians who had supported Phocis and hoped (somewhat unreasonably) that the Peace would include the Phocians too. Philip received the Phocians' seat on the Amphictyonic Council and thus gained a permanent place in the affairs of Central Greece.

During the next few years Demosthenes and the anti-Macedonian party in Athens worked vigorously to strengthen the resources of the city and to form a Panhellenic union against Philip. When the final clash with Philip came (340-338) Athens was joined by a large number of allies, including her former enemy, Thebes. This alliance, which ended the Theban cooperation with Philip, was Demosthenes' crowning achievement in diplomacy, and in his speech in defense of his policies, *On the Crown,* he dwells on this success with justifiable pride (see pp. 660-675). None the less, Philip with his superbly trained and experienced Macedonian army crushed the allies in the battle of Chaeronea (338 B.C.), and the old

* See AMPHICTYONIC in the Glossary.

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Greek world of completely independent, small city-states received its deathblow. Philip summoned all the Greek states to join a new Hellenic Confederacy; but although he astutely made every effort to conciliate Greek sentiment by keeping up the pretense of sovereign member-states, actually the Macedonian king was virtual master of the League. All the states joined except Sparta, and Philip now announced his resolve to carry out the favorite dream of fourth-century idealists, a Panhellenic war against Persia. But Philip did not live to carry out these plans; in the prime of his life he was struck down by an assassin (336), as the result of a sordid palace intrigue, and his plans were carried out by his son, Alexander the Great.

Perhaps no figure in history has so stirred men's imagination as this youthful conqueror; only the smallest part of his truly fabulous career can be told here.* Although only twenty when he came to the throne, he showed himself equal to all emergencies: he subdued the rebellious Illyrian and Thracian tribes on his borders, then descended on Greece to crush a revolt of his Greek allies. In 334 he crossed the Hellespont to open the long-heralded crusade against Persia; all his Greek allies sent contingents to his army, but the core of his forces was the superb Macedonian heavy infantry and cavalry. In a series of whirlwind campaigns he overran Asia Minor, defeated the main Persian army at Issus, seized the seacoast of Syria, and invaded Egypt, where the native population hailed him as a deliverer; here he founded Alexandria and visited the oracle of Zeus Ammon in the desert—a visit that prepared the way for his later claim to divine honors. In 331 he headed for Mesopotamia and the heart of the Persian Empire; a final great battle (Gaugamela) crushed the Persians and by the spring of 330 the huge Persian Empire was under Alexander's control. Darius, the last Persian king, was killed by his own generals, and Alexander assumed the title of the Great King. His further campaigns, which carried him as far east as India, need not be described here; it should be noted, however, that they were undertaken partly to subdue rebellious satraps in Bactria and elsewhere, partly to secure the eastern frontiers of his Empire. The picture of Alexander weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer belongs to romance, not to history.

To sum up Alexander's achievement and significance, apart from his military exploits: in the first place, we should note that his conquests went far beyond the wildest dreams of the Greeks; they hoped merely to drive the Persians from Asia Minor and to open up lands there for Greek settlers. Instead, they found themselves involved in a world-shattering movement, whereby the overlordship

* The reader is urged to consult the two excellent chapters by W. W. Tarn in the *Cambridge Ancient History* (vol. VI, ch. 12 and 13) for an accurate modern account of the career and significance of Alexander.

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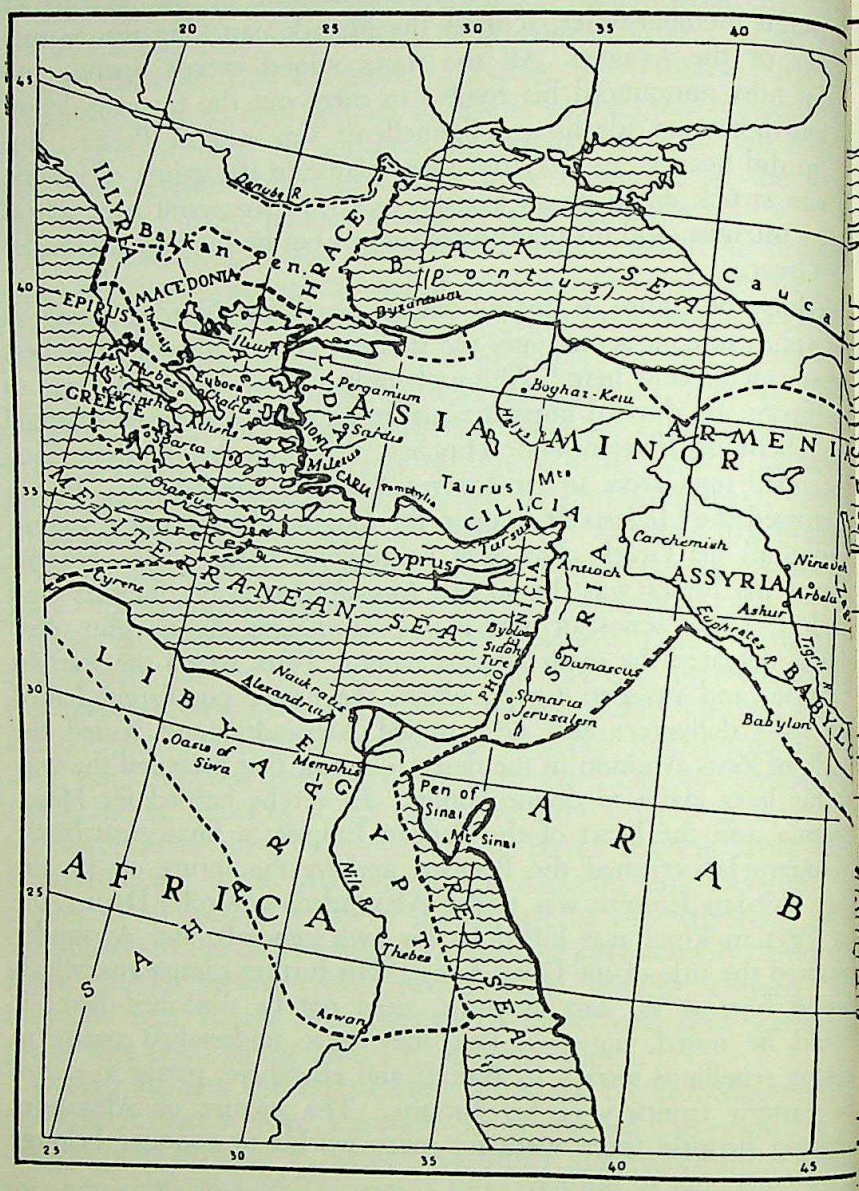

THE EMPI

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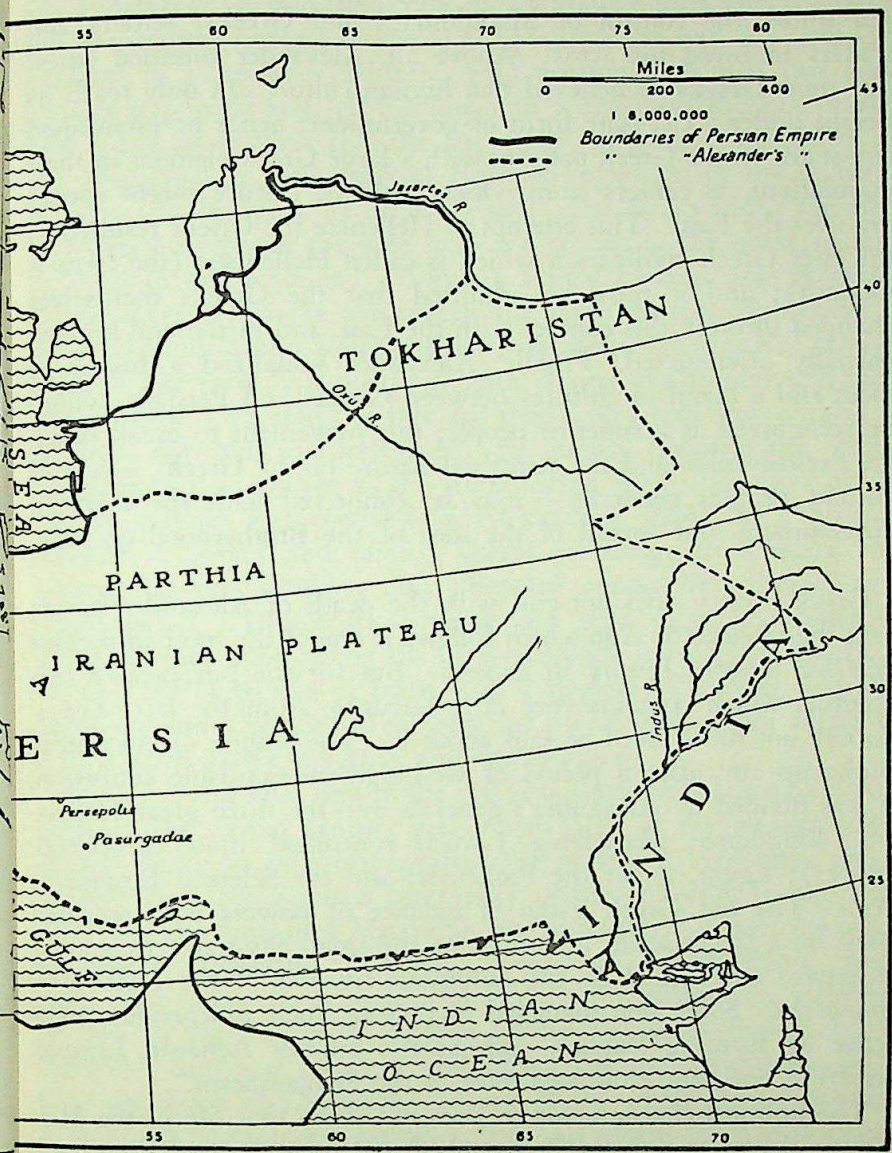

ANDER THE GREAT

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of most of the Near and Middle East passed from the Persians to the Greeks. Untold wealth came into their hands, and countless opportunities for trade and exploitation were opened up to them. For Alexander reorganized as he conquered: Persian satrapies were put under the control of Macedonians and Greeks; settlers and traders followed his army. Above all, Alexander founded cities: like most Greeks he believed that human culture can only reach its height under a city-state form of government; hence he established city-states on the Greek pattern, with a large Greek element in their populations, as centers from which Hellenic culture might spread out over the East. This attempt to Hellenize the Orient resulted in the later Greek civilization which is called Hellenistic (the term is modern); and it must be admitted that the Greeks themselves changed through this contact with the East, and in the end became partially orientalized. Finally, Alexander visualized a fusion of races and a blend of cultures between Greeks and Persians, whom he recognized as a superior people; this movement to break down the exclusiveness and the parochial nature of the Greeks — and of ancient peoples generally — may be connected with the eventual development and spread of the idea of the Brotherhood of Man.

Greek history does not end with the death of Alexander in 323 B.C.; the Hellenistic Age which follows is one of the most important eras for western history in general. But for the purposes of this volume, which contains very little literature from the later Greek period, not much need be said about it. The empire of Alexander broke up and after a period of well-nigh indescribable confusion, it was divided by Alexander's generals into the three great Hellenistic kingdoms: Macedonia (which controlled most of Greece proper); Egypt, under the Ptolemies; and the Seleucid Empire in Asia. The old Greek game of balance of powers now repeated itself on a larger scale; in this game the small city-states were used as pawns or crushed by the ambitious rivalries of the Hellenistic monarchs. Some few managed to prolong their independent existence by forming leagues, such as the famous Achaean League, which at one time embraced most of the Peloponnesus.

The political chaos, however, does not mean that life in the Hellenistic Age was universally wretched and unattractive. For many individuals it was an age of considerable prosperity; particularly in Asia and in Egypt the Greeks provided for themselves very well indeed. The Greek homeland shared to some extent in the prosperity: the surplus population was drained off to the new conquests, the Hellenistic kings always needed Greek mercenaries, and they gave frequent donations to the old cities of Greece and Asia Minor. Most of the wealth, however, was concentrated in the hands of the upper classes, and the gap between the very rich and the very poor widened greatly. Greece was still unable to produce enough food, and the specter of starvation haunted the land; as a result, the ugly

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practice of infanticide, or the exposure of infants, especially girls, became more and more prevalent.

With the weakening of the ties between the citizen and the state, the individual became the center of attention. This fact underlies the two ethical systems of the age, Epicureanism and Stoicism; in contrast to Plato and Aristotle, who assume that man can only achieve happiness and self-fulfilment in a city-state, the Epicureans and Stoics set as their goal the happiness and inner tranquillity of the individual as such, separate from or regardless of the political organization in which he finds himself. The Stoics added the idea of Cosmopolitanism: the wise man is a citizen of the universe, and all men in the inhabited world are fellow citizens and brothers.

The literature of the age reflects the same general conditions: it is individualistic, and addressed not to a particular group of fellow-citizens, like early lyric poetry or Attic drama, but to educated men everywhere. One result of this was that poetry was now written to be read, not sung or performed. In literary histories the whole period is usually known as the Alexandrian Age, since most of the literary activity was centered in Alexandria; there the Ptolemies founded a library and offered liberal patronage to scholars and writers. In this scholarly and cloistered atmostphere there developed special characteristics which are still called Alexandrian wherever they appear: the use of superfluous learning in poetry, a striving for perfection of form with a neglect of content and significance, and a decided preference for the shorter, minor forms of poetry, such as the epigram and the epyllion.

The final and fatal step in the political game of balance of power came in the second century B.C., when some of the weaker states invited Rome to intervene against the powerful Hellenistic monarchs; where the Romans came they usually stayed.* In 146 they took over the control of Macedonia and mainland Greece; the other Hellenistic kingdoms retained a nominal independence until some time later: the Kingdom of Pergamum became the Province of Asia in 133 B.C., the Kingdom of the Seleucids (Syria) fell to Pompey's conquest in 65-63, and Egypt became a province in 30 after the death of Cleopatra, the last of the Hellenistic monarchs. It must not be supposed, however, that this means the end of Greek culture, or that a purely Roman civilization then superseded Hellenism. The Romans were tremendously impressed with Greek culture and eagerly strove to import it and naturalize it at Rome. The result was a fusion of cultures, the Greco-Roman civilization, which lasted until the end of the ancient world. The great figures of Latin literature — Lucretius, Vergil, Catullus, and Horace — are the best representatives of this composite culture. To this new civilization the Greeks contributed the inspiration, the forms, and most of the leading ideas; the Romans contributed vitality and a

* The details of the Roman conquest of the Greek East will be found in the Introduction to the Latin section of this volume; see below, pp. 688-691.

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new sense of purpose. They also imposed, by their military might, a kind of peace and order which, though sadly needed in the chaotic eastern world, eventually led to the stagnation and decay of the ancient world.

CHARLES T. MURPHY

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GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION

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HOMER

[Date Unknown]

Greek literature is unique in that the first works appearing in its chronology, the epics of Homer, are virtually the finest monuments in letters which the Greek tradition produced. The so-called Homeric age falls roughly between the thirteenth and the ninth centuries B.C. For this epoch, part of which lies within the last years of the Minoan-Mycenaean civilization and the rest within the limits of the so-called Greek Dark Ages, we have two sources of information, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* and evidence derived from archaeology. By using these two sources in combination, scholars have attempted to reconstruct the essential character of that age. The results of such investigations have thrown great light on the interpretation of the Homeric poems, although many of the emergent problems have never been definitely solved.

One of these problems concerns the authorship of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. We can indicate here only in brief the nature of this question. In antiquity the various inconsistencies in the poems did not cause individuals like Plato or Horace to doubt that Homer was an individual poet who composed the two epics, nor in antiquity was there any general disposition to doubt the historicity of the poems. However, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries studies in the rise and development of saga poetry led scholars to advance the thesis that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had grown gradually out of poetry of folk origin and were handed down and increased by the oral tradition of bards and roving minstrels. This view of multiple authorship has had many supporters. The advances in archaeology, stimulated at first by the brilliant career of Schliemann in the nineteenth century, have enabled us to define with some precision the extent to which the poems reflect history. More recently, however, literary criticism has emphasized the extraordinary unity and artistic perfection which are to be found in the poems. This literary approach indicates that a single poet must have imposed artistic unity upon the epics, although he was, to be sure, considerably indebted to an oral poetic tradition. Consequently the tendency in recent years among scholars has been to accept in some form a theory of single authorship.

Even though the problem of authorship will always be debated, it seems safe to conclude that the poems themselves reflect the main outlines of an actually existing social structure. It resembled a feudal society with "barons" ruling over large estates. Government was carried on by a council of these chiefs according to traditional unwritten laws, and their rulings were communicated to the people in general assemblies. Beyond doubt some "barons" were more powerful than others, as we can gather from Agamemnon's

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leadership of the Greek expedition. Although the common m did not possess much significance in the social structure, s amongst the leaders there was a rudimentary democratic spi Each leaders had a modicum of independence and could spe freely in the council, while the commander-in-chief was to intents and purposes bound by the decisions of the council.

The epics of Homer have held their place in the front rank western tradition not only because of their structural excellence also because of the universal scope of their content. One need o review what critics from the time of antiquity have seen in Hom in order to realize the extent of his range. Homer has been garded as the first great dramatist, particularly in his manipulati of plot and in his characterizations. The Greeks themselves call him the first historian. Quintilian, the great theorist of oratory Rome, examined Homer's speeches and maintained that he had covered all the essential principles of oratory. Military experts re his accounts of battles and agree that Homer possessed a knowle of tactics. Anyone who is acquainted with the sea and with sh realizes that Homer in the *Odyssey* is delineating something which he himself had a wide experience. His references to world of external nature reveal great keenness of observation. N can we overlook Homer's mastery of the simile, in which he exhi an almost unrivaled excellence of the poetic imagination. In a tion to these qualities, Homer established once and for all the fo of epic poetry and all the regular devices and the technique of epic tradition. Among these are, of course, the divine machin the device of plunging the reader *in medias res* at the outset of poem, and the effective use of retrospective narrative.

Combined with all these other powers Homer's most not achievement is his view of man. It would be difficult to deny the poet attributes dignity to man, despite the fact that Hom man is controlled in his behavior by the force of convention and the interference of the gods, who are often capricious. Never less, man is conceived not merely as a puppet of the gods bu an individual who possesses free will and who is responsible for actions. The tragedy of Achilles is ample evidence for this po Achilles' free choices have involved him in a situation which res in the death of his closest friend and the loss of his own perso honor. The hero ultimately comes to realize the consequence his deeds in the last book of the *Iliad,* where the whole Hom view of life and of man is expressed most powerfully. W Priam pleads with Achilles to ransom the body of his slain Hector, Achilles gains sufficient stature to realize not only his position but also that of the bereaved Trojan king. The *Ody* does not contain as profound an interpretation of human lif does the *Iliad,* yet centuries of readers have admired its narr excellence, its poetic unity and variety. Here more than in

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Iliad we have the story for the story's sake, which, withal at its own level, reflects the same attitude toward life which is found in the *Iliad*.

The selections from the two epics will give the reader a grasp of the essential structure of each poem. It is hoped, however, that the remaining books will be read in order to obtain a knowledge of Homer in his entirety, for his comprehensiveness is the closest analogue in Greek literature to the all-embracing poetry of Shakespeare.

[The following two paragraphs present a brief resumé of the events which precede the *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* the reader who has some knowledge of Greek mythology may very well omit them.

Although Homer himself mentions as the cause of the Trojan War merely the abduction of Helen by Paris, later writers add a great amount of mythological detail: at the wedding of Peleus and Thetis the goddess Eris (Discord) threw in among the guests the famous golden apple inscribed "For the fairest." Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite each claimed the honor, and the decision was left to Paris, son of the Trojan king Priam; aroused by Aphrodite's promise of the fairest woman in the world for his wife, Paris awarded her the apple and with her help sailed to Sparta, where he persuaded Helen, wife of King Menelaus, to elope with him; he also took back to Troy a large amount of Menelaus' treasure. This violation of the sacred laws of hospitality brought disaster to Troy; the Greeks, led by Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus, raised a vast armament and set out to attack Troy. One important legend tells how the Greek forces were detained at Aulis by contrary winds until Calchas, the Greek seer, forced Agamemnon to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia to appease the wrath of Artemis. The story of the *Iliad* begins in the tenth year of the siege of Troy; the poetic tradition knows almost nothing of the first nine years. The Greeks, unable to take Troy by storm, had occupied themselves mainly with raids on nearby cities; in two such raids they secured as booty the maidens, Chryseis and Briseis, who were responsible for the quarrel and the wrath of Achilles which is the central theme of the *Iliad*.

At the opening of the *Odyssey* ten years have elapsed since the fall of Troy, Achilles, Ajax, Paris, and many other notable warriors in the *Iliad* died in the fighting. Troy was taken by the famous stratagem of the Wooden Horse. The Greek chieftains returned home, to various fates: Agamemnon was killed by Aegisthus, his wife's lover; Menelaus and Helen, after seven years of wanderings, finally reached Sparta in safety. Only Odysseus has not come home; after the adventures which he relates in books IX-XII he was tossed up by the sea on the isle of the nymph Calypso, where he has been living for the past seven years. In the meantime, the noble youths of Ithaca decided that Odysseus was dead and tried to force his wife Penelope to choose a new husband. For three years she put them off by the famous device of "Penelope's Web," but the suitors have now discovered her trick and are pressing her for a decision; they meet daily at the house of Odysseus to entertain themselves and feast at Odysseus' expense. Odysseus' son Telemachus, a youth of about twenty, is unable to handle the situation.]

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THE ILIAD

BOOK I

How Agamemnon and Achilles fell out at the siege of Troy; a Achilles withdrew himself from battle, and won from Zeus a pledge th his wrong should be avenged on Agamemnon and the Achaians.

Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles Peleus' son, the ruinous wra that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled dow into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to a prey to dogs and all winged fowls; and so the counsel of Ze wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first stri parted Atreides king of men and noble Achilles.

Who then among the gods set the twain at strife and variance Even the son of Leto and of Zeus; for he in anger at the king se a sore plague upon the host, that the folk began to perish, becau Atreides had done dishonour to Chryses the priest. For he h come to the Achaians' fleet ships to win his daughter's freedom, a brought a ransom beyond telling; and bare in his hands the fil of Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff; and made his pra unto all the Achaians, and most of all to the two sons of Atre orderers of the host: "Ye sons of Atreus and all ye well-grea Achaians, now may the gods that dwell in the mansions of Olym grant you to lay waste the city of Priam, and to fare happily hom ward; only set ye my dear child free, and accept the ransom in r erence to the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then all the other Achaians cried assent, to reverence the pr and accept his goodly ransom; yet the thing pleased not the hear Agamemnon son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away, and l stern charge upon him, saying: "Let me not find thee, old m amid the hollow ships, whether tarrying now or returning ag hereafter, lest the staff and fillet of the god avail thee naught. A her will I not set free; nay, ere that shall old age come on her in house, in Argos, far from her native land, where she shall ply loom and serve my couch. But depart, provoke me not, that th mayest the rather go in peace."

So said he, and the old man was afraid and obeyed his word, fared silently along the shore of the loud-sounding sea. Then w that aged man apart and prayed aloud to king Apollo, whom L of the fair locks bare: "Hear me, god of the silver bow, that sta est over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might Smintheus! If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes, o ever I burnt to thee fat flesh of thighs of bulls or goats, fulfil t this my desire; let the Danaans pay by thine arrows for my tear

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him, and ca down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And the arrows clan

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upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like to night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships, and let an arrow fly; and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow. First did he assail the mules and fleet dogs, but afterward, aiming at the men his piercing dart, he smote; and the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude.

Now for nine days ranged the god's shafts through the host; but on the tenth Achilles summoned the folk to assembly, for in his mind did goddess Hera of the white arms put the thought, because she had pity on the Danaans when she beheld them perishing. Now when they had gathered and were met in assembly, then Achilles fleet of foot stood up and spake among them: "Son of Atreus, now deem I that we shall return wandering home again — if verily we might escape death — if war at once and pestilence must indeed ravage the Achaians. But come, let us now inquire of some soothsayer or priest, yea, or an interpreter of dreams — seeing that a dream too is of Zeus — who shall say wherefore Phoebus Apollo is so wroth, whether he blame us by reason of vow or hecatomb; if perchance he would accept the savour of lambs or unblemished goats, and so would take away the pestilence from us."

So spake he and sate him down; and there stood up before them Kalchas son of Thestor, most excellent far of augurs, who knew both things that were and that should be and that had been before, and guided the ships of the Achaians to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phoebus Apollo bestowed on him. He of good intent made harangue and spake amid them: "Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me tell the wrath of Apollo, the king that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak; but do thou make covenant with me, and swear that verily with all thy heart thou wilt aid me both by word and deed. For of a truth I deem that I shall provoke one that ruleth all the Argives with might, and whom the Achaians obey. For a king is more of might when he is wroth with a meaner man; even though for the one day he swallow his anger, yet doth he still keep his displeasure thereafter in his breast till he accomplish it. Consider thou, then, if thou wilt hold me safe."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and spake to him: "Yea, be of good courage, speak whatever soothsaying thou knowest; for by Apollo dear to Zeus, him by whose worship thou, O Kalchas, declarest thy soothsaying to the Danaans, no man while I live and behold light on earth shall lay violent hands upon thee amid the hollow ships; no man of all the Danaans, not even if thou mean Agamemnon, that now avoweth him to be greatest far of the Achaians."

Then was the noble seer of good courage, and spake: "Neither by reason of a vow is he displeased, nor for any hecatomb, but for his priest's sake to whom Agamemnon did despite, and set not his daughter free and accepted not the ransom; therefore hath the Fardarter brought woes upon us, yea, and will bring. Nor will he ever remove the loathly pestilence from the Danaans till we have

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given the bright-eyed damsel to her father, unbought, unransome and carried a holy hecatomb to Chryse; then might we propitia him to our prayer."

So said he and sate him down, and there stood up before the the hero son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, sore displeased and his dark heart within him was greatly filled with anger, an his eyes were like flashing fire. To Kalchas first spake he with loo of ill: "Thou seer of evil, never yet hast thou told me the thing th is pleasant. Evil is ever the joy of thy heart to prophesy, but neve yet didst thou tell any good matter nor bring it to pass. And no with soothsaying thou makest harangue among the Danaans, ho that the Far-darter bringeth woes upon them because, forsooth, would not take the goodly ransom of the damsel Chryseis, seein I am the rather fain to keep her own self within mine house. Ye I prefer her before Klytaimnestra my wedded wife; in no wise is sh lacking beside her, neither in favour nor stature, nor wit nor skil Yet for all this will I give her back, if that is better; rather would see my folk whole than perishing. Only make ye me ready a pri of honour forthwith, lest I alone of all the Argives be disprize which thing beseemeth not; for ye all behold how my prize is d parting from me."

To him then made answer fleet-footed goodly Achilles: "Mo noble son of Atreus, of all men most covetous, how shall the gre hearted Achaians give thee a meed of honour? We know naug of any wealth of common store, but what spoil soe'er we took fro captured cities hath been apportioned, and it beseemeth not to b all this back from the folk. Nay, yield thou the damsel to the go and we Achaians will pay thee back threefold and fourfold, if ev Zeus grant us to sack some well-walled town of Troyland."

To him lord Agamemnon made answer and said: "Not in th wise, strong as thou art, O godlike Achilles, beguile thou me b craft; thou shalt not outwit me nor persuade me. Dost thou wis that thou mayest keep thy meed of honour, for me to sit idle bereavement, and biddest me give her back? Nay, if the gre hearted Achaians will give me a meed suited to my mind, that t recompense be equal—but if they give it not, then I myself will and take a meed of honour, thine be it or Aias', or Odysseus' that will take unto me; wroth shall he be to whomsoever I come. B for this we will take counsel hereafter; now let us launch a bla ship on the great sea, and gather picked oarsmen, and set therein hecatomb, and embark Chryseis of the fair cheeks herself, and one of our counsellors be captain, Aias or Idomeneus or good Odysseus, or thou, Peleides, most redoubtable of men, to do sacrifi for us and propitiate the Far-darter."

Then Achilles fleet of foot looked at him scowling and said: "A me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how sha any Achaian hearken to thy bidding with all his heart, be it to go journey or to fight the foe amain? Not by reason of the Troja spearmen came I hither to fight, for they have not wronged m

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never did they harry mine oxen nor my horses, nor ever waste my harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of men; seeing there lieth between us long space of shadowy mountains and sounding sea; but thee, thou shameless one, followed we hither to make thee glad, by earning recompense at the Trojans' hands for Menelaos and for thee, thou dog-face! All this thou reckonest not nor takest thought thereof; and now thou threatenest thyself to take my meed of honour, wherefor I travailed much, and the sons of the Achaians gave it me. Never win I meed like unto thine, when the Achaians sack any populous citadel of Trojan men; my hands bear the brunt of furious war, but when the apportioning cometh then is thy meed far ampler, and I betake me to the ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I have fought to weariness. Now will I depart to Phthia, seeing it is far better to return home on my beaked ships; nor am I minded here in dishonour to draw thee thy fill of riches and wealth."

Then Agamemnon king of men made answer to him: "Yea, flee, if thy soul be set thereon. It is not I that beseech thee to tarry for my sake; I have others by my side that shall do me honour, and above all Zeus, lord of counsel. Most hateful art thou to me of all kings, fosterlings of Zeus; thou ever lovest strife and wars and fightings. Though thou be very strong, yet that I ween is a gift to thee of God. Go home with thy ships and company and lord it among thy Myrmidons; I reck not aught of thee nor care I for thine indignation; and this shall be my threat to thee: seeing Phoebus Apollo bereaveth me of Chryseis, her with my ship and my company will I send back; and mine own self will I go to thy hut and take Briseis of the fair cheeks, even that thy meed of honour, that thou mayest well known how far greater I am than thou, and so shall another hereafter abhor to match his words with mine and rival me to my face."

So said he, and grief came upon Peleus' son, and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided in counsel, whether to draw his keen blade from his thigh and set the company aside and so slay Atreides, or to assuage his anger and curb his soul. While yet he doubted thereof in heart and soul, and was drawing his great sword from his sheath, Athene came to him from heaven, sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera, whose heart loved both alike and had care for them. She stood behind Peleus' son and caught him by his golden hair, to him only visible, and of the rest no man beheld her. Then Achilles marvelled, and turned him about, and straightway knew Pallas Athene; and terribly shone her eyes. He spake to her winged words, and said: "Why now art thou come hither, thou daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon son of Atreus? Yea, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass: by his own haughtiness shall he soon lose his life."

Then the bright-eyed goddess Athene spake to him again: "I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt

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hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Hera that loveth you twain alike and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea in threefold measure, by reason of this despite; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and said to her: "Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth at heart; for so is the better way. Whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken."

He said, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the great sword back into the sheath, and was not disobedient to the saying of Athene; and she forthwith was departed to Olympus, to the other gods in the palace of aegis-bearing Zeus.

Then Peleus' son spake again with bitter words to Atreus' son, and in no wise ceased from anger: "Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer, never didst thou take courage to arm for battle among thy folk or to lay ambush with the princes of the Achaians; that to thee were even as death. Far better booteth it, forsooth, to seize for thyself the meed of honour of every man through the wide host of the Achaians that speaketh contrary to thee. Folk-devouring king! seeing thou rulest men of naught; else were this despite, thou son of Atreus, thy last. But I will speak my word to thee, and swear a mighty oath therewith: verily by this staff that shall no more put forth leaf or twig, seeing it hath for ever left its trunk among the hills, neither shall it grow green again because the axe hath stripped it of leaves and bark; and now the sons of the Achaians that exercise judgment bear it in their hands, even they that by Zeus' command watch over the traditions — so shall this be a mighty oath in thine eyes — verily shall longing for Achilles come hereafter upon the sons of the Achaians one and all; and then wilt thou in no wise avail to save them, for all thy grief, when multitudes fall dying before manslaying Hector. Then shalt thou tear thy heart within thee for anger that thou didst in no wise honour the best of the Achaians."

So said Peleides and dashed to earth the staff studded with golden nails, and himself sat down; and over against him Atreides waxed furious. Then in their midst rose up Nestor, pleasant of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from whose tongue flowed discourse sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men already had he seen perish, that had been of old time born and nurtured with him in goodly Pylos, and he was king among the third. He of good intent made harangue to them and said: "Alas, of a truth sore lamentation cometh upon the land of Achaia. Verily Priam would be glad and Priam's sons, and all the Trojans would have great joy of heart, were they to hear all this tale of strife between you twain that are chiefest of the Danaans in counsel and chiefest in battle. Nay, hearken to me; ye are younger both than

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I. Of old days held I converse with better men even than you, and never did they make light of me. Yea, I never beheld such warriors, nor shall behold, as were Peirithoos and Dryas shepherd of the host and Kaineous and Exadios and godlike Polyphemos [and Theseus son of Aigeus, like to the immortals]. Mightiest of growth were they of all men upon the earth; mightiest they were and with the mightiest fought they, even the wild tribes of the mountain caves, and destroyed them utterly. And with these held I converse, being come from Pylos, from a distant land afar; for of themselves they summoned me. So I played my part in fight; and with them could none of men that are now on earth do battle. And they laid to heart my counsels and hearkened to my voice. Even so hearken ye also, for better is it to hearken. Neither do thou, though thou art very great, seize from him his damsel, but leave her as she was given at the first by the sons of the Achaians to be a meed of honour; nor do thou, son of Peleus, think to strive with a king, might against might; seeing that no common honour pertaineth to a sceptred king to whom Zeus apportioneth glory. Though thou be strong, and a goddess mother bare thee, yet his is the greater place, for he is king over more. And thou, Atreides, abate thy fury; nay, it is even I that beseech thee to let go thine anger with Achilles, who is made unto all the Achaians a mighty bulwark of evil war."

Then lord Agamemnon answered and said: "Yea verily, old man, all this thou sayest is according unto right. But this fellow would be above all others, he would be lord of all and king among all and captain to all; wherein I deem none will hearken to him. Though the immortal gods made him a spearman, do they therefore put revilings in his mouth for him to utter?"

Then goodly Achilles brake in on him and answered: "Yea, for I should be called coward and man of naught, if I yield to thee in every matter, howsoe'er thou bid. To others give now thine orders, not to me [play master; for thee I deem that I shall no more obey]. This, moreover, will I say to thee, and do thou lay it to thy heart. Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee nor any other; ye gave and ye have taken away. But of all else that is mine beside my fleet black ship, thereof shalt thou not take anything or bear it away against my will. Yea, go to now, make trial, that all these may see; forthwith thy dark blood shall gush about my spear."

Now when the twain had thus finished the battle of violent words, they stood up and dissolved the assembly beside the Achaian ships. Peleides went his way to his huts and trim ships with Menoitios' son and his company; and Atreides launched a fleet ship on the sea, and picked twenty oarsmen therefor, and embarked the hecatomb for the god, and brought Chryseis of the fair cheeks and set her therein; and Odysseus of many devices went to be their captain.

So these embarked and sailed over the wet ways; and Atreides bade the folk purify themselves. So they purified themselves, and

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cast the defilements into the sea and did sacrifice to Apollo, even unblemished hecatombs of bulls and goats, along the shore of the unvintaged sea; and the sweet savour arose to heaven eddying amid the smoke.

Thus were they busied throughout the host; but Agamemnon ceased not from the strife wherewith he threatened Achilles at the first; he spake to Talthybios and Eurybates that were his heralds and nimble squires: "Go ye to the tent of Achilles Peleus' son, and take Briseis of the fair cheeks by the hand and lead her hither; and if he give her not, then will I myself go, and more with me, and seize her; and that will be yet more grievous for him."

So saying he sent them forth, and laid stern charge upon them. Unwillingly went they along the beach of the unvintaged sea, and came to the huts and ships of the Myrmidons. Him found they sitting beside his hut and black ship; nor when he saw them was Achilles glad. So they in dread and reverence of the king stood, and spake to him no word, nor questioned him. But he knew in his heart, and spake to them: "All hail, ye heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, come near; ye are not guilty in my sight, but Agamemnon that sent you for the sake of the damsel Briseis. Go now, heaven-sprung Patroklos, bring forth the damsel, and give them her to lead away. Moreover, let the twain themselves be my witness before the face of the blessed gods and mortal men, yea and of him, that king untoward, against the day when there cometh need of me hereafter to save them all from shameful wreck. Of a truth he raveth with baleful mind, and hath not knowledge to look before and after, that so his Achaians might battle in safety beside their ships."

So said he, and Patroklos hearkened to his dear comrade, and led forth from the hut Briseis of the fair cheeks, and gave them her to lead away. So these twain took their way back along the Achaians' ships, and with them went the woman all unwilling. Then Achilles wept anon, and sat him down apart, aloof from his comrades on the beach of the grey sea, gazing across the boundless main; he stretched forth his hands and prayed instantly to his dear mother: "Mother, seeing thou didst of a truth bear me to so brief span of life, honour at the least ought the Olympian to have granted me, even Zeus that thundereth on high; but now doth he not honour me, no, not one whit. Verily Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon, hath done me dishonour; for he hath taken away my meed of honour and keepeth her of his own violent deed."

So spake he weeping, and his lady mother heard him as she sate in the sea-depths beside her aged sire. With speed arose she from the grey sea, like a mist, and sate her before the face of her weeping son, and stroked him with her hand, and spake and called on his name: "My child, why weepest thou? What sorrow hath entered into thy heart? Speak it forth, hide it not in thy mind, that both may know it."

Then with heavy moan Achilles fleet of foot spake to her: "Thou

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knowest it; why should I tell this to thee that knowest all! We had fared to Thebe, the holy city of Eëtion, and laid it waste and carried hither all the spoils. So the sons of the Achaians divided among them all aright; and for Atreides they set apart Chryseis of the fair cheeks. But Chryses, priest of Apollo the Far-darter, came unto the fleet ships of the mail-clad Achaians to win his daughter's freedom, and brought a ransom beyond telling, and bare in his hands the fillet of Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff, and made his prayer unto all the Achaians, and most of all to the two sons of Atreus, orderers of the host. Then all the other Achaians cried assent, to reverence the priest and accept his goodly ransom; yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away and laid stern charge upon him. So the old man went back in anger; and Apollo heard his prayers, seeing he loved him greatly, and he aimed against the Argives his deadly darts. So the people began to perish in multitudes, and the god's shafts ranged everywhither throughout the wide host of the Achaians. Then of full knowledge the seer declared to us the oracle of the Far-darter. Forthwith I first bade propitiate the god; but wrath gat hold upon Atreus' son thereat, and anon he stood up and spake a threatening word, that hath now been accomplished. Her the glancing-eyed Achaians are bringing on their fleet ship to Chryse, and bear with them offerings to the king; and the other but now the heralds went and took from my hut, even the daughter of Briseus, whom the sons of the Achaians gave me. Thou therefore, if indeed thou canst, guard thine own son; betake thee to Olympus and beseech Zeus by any deed or word whereby thou ever didst make glad his heart. For oft have I heard thee proclaiming in my father's halls and telling that thou alone amid the immortals didst save the son of Kronos, lord of the storm-cloud, from shameful wreck, when all the other Olympians would have bound him, even Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. Then didst thou, O goddess, enter in and loose him from his bonds, having with speed summoned to high Olympus him of the hundred arms whom gods call Briareus, but all men call Aigaion; for he is mightier even than his father — so he sate him by Kronion's side rejoicing in his triumph, and the blessed gods feared him withal and bound not Zeus. This bring thou to his remembrance and sit by him and clasp his knees, if perchance he will give succour to the Trojans; and for the Achaians, hem them among their ships' sterns about the bay, given over to slaughter; that they may make trial of their king, and that even Atreides, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may perceive his blindness, in that he honoured not at all the best of the Achaians."

Then Thetis weeping made answer to him: "Ah me, my child, why reared I thee, cursed in my motherhood? Would thou hadst been left tearless and griefless amid the ships, seeing thy lot is very brief and endureth no long while; but now art thou made short-lived alike and lamentable beyond all men; in an evil hour I bare thee in our halls. But I will go myself to snow-clad Olympus to

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tell this thy saying to Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, if perchance he may hearken to me. But tarry thou now amid thy fleet-faring ships, and continue wroth with the Achaians, and refrain utterly from battle: for Zeus went yesterday to Okeanos, unto the noble Ethiopians for a feast, and all the gods followed with him; but on the twelfth day will he return to Olympus, and then will I fare to Zeus' palace of the bronze threshold, and will kneel to him and think to win him."

So saying she went her way and left him there, vexed in spirit for the fair-girdled woman's sake, whom they had taken perforce despite his will: and meanwhile Odysseus came to Chryse with the holy hecatomb. When they were now entered within the deep haven, they furled their sails and laid them in the black ship, and lowered the mast by the forestays and brought it to the crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring stones and made fast the hawsers, and so themselves went forth on to the sea-beach, and forth they brought the hecatomb for the Far-darter Apollo, and forth came Chryseis withal from the seafaring ship. Then Odysseus of many counsels brought her to the altar and gave her into her father's arms, and spake unto him: "Chryses, Agamemnon king of men sent me hither to bring thee thy daughter, and to offer to Phoebus a holy hecatomb on the Danaans' behalf, wherewith to propitiate the king that hath now brought sorrow and lamentation on the Argives."

So saying he gave her to his arms, and he gladly took his dear child; and anon they set in order for the god the holy hecatomb about his well-builded altar; next washed they their hands and took up the barley meal. Then Chryses lifted up his hands and prayed aloud for them: "Hearken to me, god of the silver bow that standest over Chryse and holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might; even as erst thou heardest my prayer, and didst me honour, and mightily afflictedst the people of the Achaians, even so now fulfil me this my desire; remove thou from the Danaans forthwith the loathly pestilence."

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Now when they had prayed and sprinkled the barley meal, first they drew back the victims' heads and slaughtered them and flayed them and cut slices from the thighs and wrapped them in fat, making a double fold, and laid raw collops thereon, and the old man burnt them on cleft wood and made libation over them of gleaming wine; and at his side the young men in their hands held five-pronged forks. Now when the thighs were burnt and they had tasted the vitals, then sliced they all the rest and pierced it through with spits, and roasted it carefully, and drew all off again. So when they had rest from the task and had made ready the banquet, they feasted, nor was their heart aught stinted of the fair banquet. But when they had put away from them the desire of meat and drink, the young men crowned the bowls with wine, and gave each man his portion after the drink-offering had been poured into the cups.

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So all day long worshipped they the god with music, singing the beautiful paean, the sons of the Achaians making music to the Far-darter; and his heart was glad to hear. And when the sun went down and darkness came on them, they laid them to sleep beside the ship's hawsers; and when rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the child of morning, then set they sail for the wide camp of the Achaians; and Apollo the Far-darter sent them a favouring gale. They set up their mast and spread the white sails forth, and the wind filled the sail's belly and the dark wave sang loud about the stem as the ship made way, and she sped across the wave, accomplishing her journey. So when they were now come to the wide camp of the Achaians, they drew up their black ship to land high upon the sands, and set in line the long props beneath her; and themselves were scattered amid their huts and ships.

But he sat by his swift-faring ships, still wroth, even the heaven-sprung son of Peleus, Achilles fleet of foot; he betook him neither to the assembly that is the hero's glory, neither to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and for battle.

Now when the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then the gods that are for ever fared to Olympus all in company, led of Zeus. And Thetis forgat not her son's charge, but rose up from the sea-wave, and at early morn mounted up to great heaven and Olympus. There found she Kronos' son of the far-sounding voice sitting apart from all on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. So she sat before his face and with her left hand clasped his knees, and with her right touched him beneath his chin, and spake in prayer to king Zeus son of Kronos: "Father Zeus, if ever I gave thee aid amid the immortal gods, whether by word or deed, fulfil thou this my desire: do honour to my son, that is doomed to earliest death of all men: now hath Agamemnon king of men done him dishonour, for he hath taken away his meed of honour and keepth her of his own violent deed. But honour thou him, Zeus of Olympus, lord of counsel; grant thou victory to the Trojans the while, until the Achaians do my son honour and exalt him with recompense."

So spake she; but Zeus the cloud-gatherer said no word to her, and sat long time in silence. But even as Thetis had clasped his knees, so held she by him clinging, and questioned him yet a second time: "Promise me now this thing verily, and bow thy head thereto; or else deny me, seeing there is naught for thee to fear; that I may know full well how I among all gods am least in honour."

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer, sore troubled, spake to her: "Verily it is a sorry matter, if thou wilt set me at variance with Hera, whene'er she provoketh me with taunting words. Even now she upbraideth me ever amid the immortal gods, and saith that I aid the Trojans in battle. But do thou now depart again, lest Hera mark aught; and I will take thought for these things to fulfil them. Come now, I will bow my head to thee, that thou mayest be of good courage; for that, of my part, is the surest token amid the

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immortals; no word of mine is revocable nor false nor unfulfilled when the bowing of my head hath pledged it."

Kronion spake, and bowed his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympus quake.

Thus the twain took counsel and parted; she leapt therewith into the deep sea from glittering Olympus, and Zeus fared to his own palace. All the gods in company arose from their seats before their father's face; neither ventured any to await his coming, but they stood up all before him. So he sate him there upon his throne; but Hera saw, and was not ignorant how that the daughter of the Ancient of the sea, Thetis the silver-footed, had devised counsel with him. Anon with taunting words spake she to Zeus the son of Kronos: "Now who among the gods, thou crafty of mind, hath devised counsel with thee? It is ever thy good pleasure to hold aloof from me and in secret meditation to give thy judgments, nor of thine own good will hast thou ever brought thyself to declare unto me the thing thou purposest."

Then the father of gods and men made answer to her: "Hera, think not thou to know all my sayings; hard they are for thee, even though thou art my wife. But whichsoever it is seemly for thee to hear, none sooner than thou shall know, be he god or man. Only when I will to take thought aloof from the gods, then do not thou ask of every matter nor make question."

Then Hera the ox-eyed queen made answer to him. "Most dread son of Kronos, what word is this thou hast spoken? Yea, surely of old I have not asked thee nor made question, but in very quietness thou devisest all thou wilt. But now is my heart sore afraid lest thou have been won over by silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Ancient of the sea, for she at early morn sat by thee and clasped thy knees. To her I deem thou gavest a sure pledge that thou wilt do honour to Achilles, and lay many low beside the Achaians' ships."

To her made answer Zeus the cloud-gatherer: "Lady, Good lack! ever art thou imagining, nor can I escape thee; yet shalt thou in no wise have power to fulfil, but wilt be the further from my heart; that shall be even the worse for thee. And if it be so, then such must my good pleasure be. Abide thou in silence and hearken to my bidding, lest all the gods that are in Olympus keep not off from thee my visitation, when I put forth my hands unapproachable against thee."

He said, and Hera the ox-eyed queen was afraid, and sat in silence, curbing her heart; but throughout Zeus' palace the gods of heaven were troubled. Then Hephaistos the famed craftsman began to make harangue among them, to do kindness to his dear mother, white-armed Hera: "Verily this will be a sorry matter, neither any more endurable, if ye twain thus fight for mortals' sakes, and bring wrangling among the gods; neither will there any more be joy of the goodly feast, seeing that evil triumpheth. So I give

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counsel to my mother, though herself is wise, to do kindness to our dear father Zeus, that our father upbraid us not again and cast the banquet in confusion. What if the Olympian, the lord of the lightning, will to dash us from our seats! for he is strongest far. Nay, approach thou him with gentle words, then will the Olympian forthwith be gracious unto us."

So speaking he rose up and set in his dear mother's hand the twy-handled cup, and spake to her: "Be of good courage, mother mine, and endure, though thou art vexed, lest I behold thee, that art so dear, chastised before mine eyes, and then shall I not be able for all my sorrow to save thee; for the Olympian is a hard foe to face. Yea, once ere this, when I was fain to save thee, he caught me by my foot and hurled me from the heavenly threshold; all day I flew, and at the set of sun I fell in Lemnos, and little life was in me. There did the Sintian folk forthwith tend me for my fall."

He spake, and the white-armed goddess Hera smiled, and smiling took the cup at her son's hand. Then he poured wine to all the other gods from right to left, ladling the sweet nectar from the bowl. And laughter unquenchable arose amid the blessed gods to see Hephaistos bustling through the palace.

So feasted they all day till the setting of the sun; nor was their soul aught stinted of the fair banquet, nor of the beauteous lyre that Apollo held, and the Muses singing alternately with sweet voice.

Now when the bright light of the sun was set, these went each to his own house to sleep, where each one had his palace made with cunning device by famed Hephaistos the lame god; and Zeus the Olympian, the lord of lightning, departed to his couch where he was wont of old to take his rest, whenever sweet sleep visited him. There went he up and slept, and beside him was Hera of the golden throne.

[tr. Lang, Leaf, Myers]

[The next day, at the instigation of Zeus, Agamemnon leads the Greek forces out for a general engagement. An attempt is made to settle the war by single combat between Menelaus and Paris, but Aphrodite rescues Paris as he is being defeated, and Menelaus is wounded by an arrow treacherously shot by one of the Trojans. A general battle follows, in which the Greeks are at first successful; Aphrodite and Ares intervene to rally the Trojans, but are wounded and driven off the field by Athene and Diomedes.]

BOOK VI

How Diomedes and Glaukos being about to fight, were known to each other, and parted in friendliness. And how Hector returning to the city bade farewell to Andromache his wife.

So was the dread fray of Trojans and Achaians left to itself, and the battle swayed oft this way and that across the plain, as they aimed against each other their bronze-shod javelins, between Simoeis and the streams of Xanthos.

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First Aias son of Telamon, bulwark of the Achaians, brake a battalion of the Trojans and brought his comrades salvation, smiting a warrior that was chiefest among the Thracians, Eussoros' son Akamas the goodly and great. Him first he smote upon his thick-crested helmet-ridge and drave into his forehead, so that the point of bronze pierced into the bone; and darkness shrouded his eyes.

Then Diomedes of the loud war-cry slew Axylos Teuthranos' son that dwelt in stablished Arisbe, a man of substance dear to his fellows; for his dwelling was by the roadside and he entertained all men. Howbeit of all these was there then not one to meet the foe before his face and save him from fell destruction; but Diomedes took the life of both of them, even of him and Kalesios his squire that now was the driver of his chariot; so passed both below the earth.

And Euryalos slew Dresos and Opheltios, and followed after Aisepos and Pedasos whom erst the fountain-nymph Abarbarea bare to noble Boukolion. Now Boukolion was son of proud Laomedon, his eldest born, begotten of a mother unwedded; and as he tended his flocks he had converse with the nymph in love, and she conceived and bare twin sons. And lo, the strength of these and their glorious limbs Mekisteus' son unstrung, and stripped the armour from their shoulders. And stubborn Polypoites slew Astyalos, and Odysseus with spear of bronze laid low Pidytes of Perkote, and so did Teukros to goodly Aretaon. Then was Ableros killed by the glistening spear of Antilochos, Nestor's son, and Elatos by Agamemnon king of men; beside the banks of fair-flowing Satnioeis dwelt he in steep Pedasos. And Leïtos the warrior caught Phylakos, as he fled; and Eurypylos slew Melanthios.

Now did Menelaos of the loud war-cry take Adrestos alive; for his horses took flight across the plain, and stumbling in a tamarisk bough brake the curved car at the pole's foot; so they themselves fared towards the city where the rest were fleeing in rout, and their lord rolled from out the car beside the wheel, prone in the dust upon his face. Then came Atreus' son Menelaos to his side bearing his far-shadowing spear. Thereat Adrestos caught him by his knees and besought him: "Take me captive, thou son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom; many a treasure is stored up in my father's rich palace, bronze and gold and smithied iron; thereof would my father yield thee ransom beyond the telling, if he but heard that I am alive at the ships of the Achaians."

So spake he, and moved the spirit in his breast. And now had he forthwith given him to his squire to lead him to the Achaians' fleet ships, but that Agamemnon came running to meet him, and spake a word of chiding to him: "Good Menelaos, why art thou so careful of the foeman? Have then such good deeds been wrought thee in thy house by Trojans? Of them let not one escape sheer destruction at our hands, not even the man-child that the mother beareth in her womb; let not even him escape, but all perish together out of Ilios, uncared for and unknown."

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So spake the hero and turned his brother's mind with righteous persuasion; so with his hand he thrust the hero Adrestos from him, and lord Agamemnon smote him in the flank, and he was overthrown, and Atreus' son set his heel upon his chest and plucked forth his ashen spear.

Then Nestor called to the Argives with far-reaching shout: "My friends, Danaan warriors, men of Ares' company, let no man now take thought of spoils to tarry behind, that he may bring the greatest burden to the ships; but let us slay the foemen. Thereafter shall ye at your ease also strip of their spoil the dead corpses about the plain."

So spake he and stirred the spirit and soul of every man. Now had the Trojans been chased again by the Achaians, dear to Ares, up into Ilios, in their weakness overcome, but that Priam's son Helenos, far best of augurs, stood by Aineias' side and Hector's, and spake to them: "Aineias and Hector, seeing that on you lieth the task of war in chief of Trojans and Lykians, because for every issue ye are foremost both for fight and counsel, stand ye your ground, and range the host everywhither to rally them before the gates, ere yet they fall fleeing in their women's arms, and be made a rejoicing to the foe. Then when ye have aroused all our battalions we will abide here and fight the Danaans, though in sore weariness; for necessity presseth us hard: but thou, Hector, go into the city, and speak there to thy mother and mine; let her gather the aged wives to bright-eyed Athene's temple in the upper city, and with her key open the doors of the holy house; and let her lay the robe, that seemeth to her the most gracious and greatest in her hall and far dearest unto herself, upon the knees of beauteous-haired Athene; and vow to her to sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if she will have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children. So may she perchance hold back Tydeus' son from holy Ilios, the furious spearman, the mighty deviser of rout, whom in good sooth I deem to have proved himself mightiest of the Achaians. Never in this wise feared we Achilles, prince of men, who they say is born of a goddess; nay, but he that we see is beyond measure furious; none can match him for might."

So spake he, and Hector disregarded not his brother's word, but leapt forthwith from his chariot in his armour to earth, and brandishing two sharp spears passed everywhere through the host, rousing them to battle, and stirred the dread war-cry. So they were rallied and stood to face the Achaians, and the Argives gave ground and ceased from slaughter, and deemed that some immortal had descended from starry heaven to bring the Trojans succour, in such wise rallied they. Then Hector called to the Trojans with far-reaching shout: "Oh high-souled Trojans and ye far-famed allies, quit you like men, my friends, and take thought of impetuous courage, while I depart to Ilios and bid the elders of the council and our wives pray to the gods and vow them hecatombs."

So saying Hector of the glancing helm departed, and the black

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hide beat on either side against his ankles and his neck, even the rim that ran uttermost about his bossed shield.

Now Glaukos son of Hippolochos and Tydeus' son met in the mid-space of the foes, eager to do battle. Thus when the twain were come nigh in onset on each other, to him first spake Diomedes of the loud war-cry: "Who art thou, noble sir, of mortal men? For never have I beheld thee in glorious battle ere this, yet now hast thou far outstripped all men in thy hardihood, seeing thou abidest my far-shadowing spear. Luckless are the fathers whose children face my might. But if thou art some immortal come down from heaven, then will not I fight with heavenly gods. Nay moreover even Dryas' son mighty Lykurgos was not for long when he strove with heavenly gods, he that erst chased through the goodly land of Nysa the nursing-mothers of frenzied Dionysos; and they all cast their wands upon the ground, smitten with murderous Lykurgos' ox-goad. Then Dionysos fled and plunged beneath the salt sea-wave, and Thetis took him to her bosom, affrighted, for a mighty trembling had seized him at his foe's rebuke. But with Lykurgos the gods that live at ease were wroth, and Kronos' son made him blind, and he was not for long, because he was hated of all the immortal gods. So would neither I be fain to fight the blessed gods. But if thou art of men that eat the fruit of the field, come nigh, that anon thou mayest enter the toils of destruction."

Then Hippolochos' glorious son made answer to him: "Great-hearted Tydeides, why enquirest thou of my generation? Even as are the generations of leaves such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again, when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men one putteth forth and another ceaseth. Yet if thou wilt, have thine answer, that thou mayest well know our lineage, whereof many men have knowledge. There is a city Ephyre in the heart of Argos, pasture land of horses, and there dwelt Sisyphos that was craftiest of men, Sisyphos son of Aiolos; and he begat a son, even Glaukos, and Glaukos begat noble Bellerophon. To him the gods granted beauty and lovely manhood; but Proitos in his heart devised ill for him, and being mightier far drave him from the land of the Argives, whom Zeus had made subject to his sceptre. Now Proitos' wife, goodly Anteia, lusted after him, to have converse in secret love, but no whit prevailed she, for the uprightness of his heart, on wise Bellerophon. Then spake she lyingly to king Proitos: "Die, Proitos, or else slay Bellerophon, that would have converse in love with me against my will." So spake she, and anger gat hold upon the king at that he heard. To slay him he forbare, for his soul had shame of that; but he sent him to Lykia, and gave him tokens of woe, graving in a folded tablet many deadly things, and bade him shew these to Anteia's father, that he might be slain. So fared he to Lykia by the blameless convoy of the gods. Now when he came to Lykia and the stream of

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Xanthos, then did the king of wide Lykia honour him with all his heart; nine days he entertained him and killed nine oxen. And when on the tenth day rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, then he questioned him and asked to see what token he bare from his son-in-law, even Proitos. Now when he had received of him Proitos' evil token, first he bade him slay Chimaira the unconquerable. Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion, and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat; and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire. And her he slew, obedient to the signs of heaven. Next fought he with the famed Solymi; this, said he, was the mightiest battle of warriors wherein he entered. And thirdly he slew the Amazons, women peers of men. And as he turned back therefrom, the king devised another cunning wile; he picked from wide Lykia the bravest men, and set an ambush. But these returned nowise home again; for noble Bellerophon slew them all. So when the king now knew that he was the brave offspring of a god, he kept him there, and plighted him his daughter, and gave him the half of all the honour of his kingdom; moreover the Lykians meted him a domain pre-eminent above all, fair with vineyards and tilth to possess it. And his wife bare wise Bellerophon three children, Isandros and Hippolochos and Laodameia. With Laodameia lay Zeus the lord of counsel, and she bare godlike Sarpedon, the warrior with arms of bronze. But when even Bellerophon came to be hated of all the gods, then wandered he alone in the Aleian plain, devouring his own soul, and avoiding the paths of men; and Isandros his son was slain by Ares insatiate of battle, as he fought against the famed Solymi, and his daughter was slain in wrath of gold-gleaming Artemis. [But Hippolochos begat me, and of him do I declare me to be sprung; he sent me to Troy and bade me very instantly to be ever the best and to excel all other men, nor put to shame the lineage of my fathers that were of noblest blood in Ephyre and in wide Lykia. This is the lineage and blood whereof I avow myself to be.]

So said he, and Diomedes of the loud war-cry was glad. He planted his spear in the bounteous earth and with soft words spake to the shepherd of the host: "Surely then thou art to me a guest-friend of old times through my father: for goodly Oineus of yore entertained noble Bellerophon in his halls and kept him twenty days. Moreover they gave each the other goodly gifts of friendship; Oineus gave a belt bright with purple, and Bellerophon a gold twy-handled cup, the which when I came I left in my palace. But of Tydeus I remember naught, seeing I was yet little when he left me, what time the Achaian host perished at Thebes. Therefore now am I to thee a dear guest-friend in midmost Argos, and thou in Lykia, whene'er I fare to your land. So let us shun each other's spears, even amid the throng; Trojans are there in multitudes and famous allies for me to slay, whoe'er it be that God vouchsafeth me and my feet overtake; and for thee are there Achaians in multitude,

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to slay whome'er thou canst. But let us make exchange of arms between us, that these also may know how we avow ourselves to be guest-friends by lineage."

So spake the twain, and leaping from their cars clasped each the other by his hand, and pledged their faith. But now Zeus son of Kronos took from Glaukos his wits, in that he made exchange with Diomedes Tydeus' son of golden armour for bronze, the price of five score oxen for the price of nine.

Now when Hector came to the Skaian gates and to the oak-tree, there came running round about him the Trojans' wives and daughters, enquiring of sons and brethren and friends and husbands. But he bade them thereat all in turn pray to the gods; but sorrow hung over many.

But when he came to Priam's beautiful palace, adorned with polished colonnades — and in it were fifty chambers of polished stone, builded hard by one another, wherein Priam's sons slept beside their wedded wives; and for his daughters over against them on the other side within the courtyard were twelve roofed chambers of polished stone builded hard by one another, wherein slept Priam's sons-in-law beside their chaste wives — then came there to meet him his bountiful mother, leading with her Laodike, fairest of her daughters to look on; and she clasped her hand in his, and spake, and called upon his name: "My son, why hast thou left violent battle to come hither? Surely the sons of the Achaians — name of evil! — press thee hard in fight about thy city, and so thy spirit hath brought thee hither, to come and stretch forth thy hands to Zeus from the citadel. But tarry till I bring thee honey-sweet wine, that thou mayest pour libation to Zeus and all the immortals first, and then shalt thou thyself also be refreshed if thou wilt drink. When a man is awearied wine greatly maketh his strength to wax, even as thou art awearied in fighting for thy fellows."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Bring me no honey-hearted wine, my lady mother, lest thou cripple me of my courage and I be forgetful of my might. Moreover I have awe to make libation of gleaming wine to Zeus with hands unwashen; nor can it be in any wise that one should pray to the son of Kronos, god of the storm-cloud, all defiled with blood and filth. But go thou to the temple of Athene, driver of the spoil, with offerings, and gather the aged wives together; and the robe that seemeth to thee the most gracious and greatest in thy palace, and dearest unto thyself, that lay thou upon the knees of beauteous-haired Athene, and vow to her to sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if she will have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children. So may she perchance hold back Tydeus' son from holy Ilios, the furious spearman, the mighty deviser of rout. So go thou to the temple of Athene, driver of the spoil; and I will go after Paris, to summon him, if perchance he will hearken to my voice. Would that the earth forthwith might swallow him up! The Olympian fostered him to be a sore bane to

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the Trojans and to great-hearted Priam, and to Priam's sons. If I but saw him going down to the gates of death, then might I deem that my heart had forgotten its sorrow."

So said he, and she went unto the hall, and called to her handmaidens, and they gathered the aged wives throughout the city. Then she herself went down to her fragrant chamber where were her embroidered robes, the work of Sidonian women, whom godlike Alexandros himself brought from Sidon, when he sailed over the wide sea, that journey wherein he brought home high-born Helen. Of these Hekabe took one to bear for an offering to Athene, the one that was fairest for adornment and greatest, and shone like a star, and lay nethermost of all. Then went she her way and the multitude of aged wives hasted after her.

Now when they came to the temple of Athene in the citadel, fair-cheeked Theano opened them the doors, even Kisseus' daughter, wife of horse-taming Antenor; for her the Trojans had made priestess of Athene. Then lifted they all their hands to Athene with lamentation: and fair-cheeked Theano took the robe and laid it on the knees of beauteous-haired Athene, and lifted up her voice and prayed to the daughter of great Zeus: "Lady Athene, saviour of the city, fair among goddesses, break now Diomedes' spear, and grant moreover that himself may fall prone before the Skaian gates; that we may sacrifice thee now forthwith in thy temple twelve sleek kine, that have not felt the goad, if thou wilt have mercy on the city and the Trojans' wives and little children." So spake she praying, but Pallas Athene denied the prayer.

So were these praying to the daughter of great Zeus; and Hector was come to Alexandros' fair palace, that himself had builded with them that were most excellent carpenters then in deep-soiled Troyland; these made him his chamber and hall and courtyard hard by to Priam and Hector, in the upper city. There entered in Hector dear to Zeus, and his hand bare his spear, eleven cubits long: before his face glittered the bronze spear-point, and a ring of gold ran round about it. And he found Paris in his chamber busied with his beauteous arms, his shield and breastplate, and handling his curved bow; and Helen of Argos sate among her serving-women and appointed brave handiwork for her handmaidens. Then when Hector saw him he rebuked him with scornful words: "Good sir, thou dost not well to cherish this rancour in thy heart. The folk are perishing about the city and high wall in battle, and for thy sake the battle-cry is kindled and war around this city; yea thyself wouldest thou fall out with another, didst thou see him shrinking from hateful war. Up then, lest the city soon be scorched with burning fire."

And godlike Alexandros answered him: "Hector, since in measure thou chidest me and not beyond measure, therefore will I tell thee; lay thou it to thine heart and hearken to me. Not by reason so much of the Trojans, for wrath and indignation, sate I me in my chamber, but fain would I yield me to my sorrow. Even now my

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wife hath persuaded me with soft words, and urged me into battle; and I moreover, even I, deem that it will be better so; for victory shifteth from man to man. Go to then, tarry awhile, let me put on my armour of war; or else fare thou forth, and I will follow; and I think to overtake thee."

So said he, but Hector of the glancing helm answered him not a word. But Helen spake to him with gentle words: "My brother, even mine that am a dog, mischievous and abominable, would that on the day when my mother bare me at the first, an evil storm-wind had caught me away to a mountain or a billow of the loud-sounding sea, where the billow might have swept me away before all these things came to pass. Howbeit, seeing the gods devised all these ills in this wise, would that then I had been mated with a better man that felt dishonour and the multitude of men's reproachings. But as for him, neither hath he now sound heart, nor ever will have; thereof deem I moreover that he will reap the fruit. But now come, enter in and sit thee here upon this bench, my brother, since thy heart chiefly trouble hath encompassed, for the sake of me, that am a dog, and for Alexandros' sin; on whom Zeus bringeth evil doom, that even in days to come we may be a song in the ears of men that shall be hereafter."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Bid me not sit, Helen, of thy love; thou wilt not persuade me. Already my heart is set to succour the men of Troy, that have great desire for me that am not with them. But rouse thou this fellow, yea let himself make speed, to overtake me yet within the city. For I shall go into mine house to behold my housefolk and my dear wife, and infant boy; for I know not if I shall return home to them again, or if the gods will now overthrow me at the hands of the Achaians."

So spake Hector of the glancing helm and departed; and anon he came to his well-stablished house. But he found not white-armed Andromache in the halls; she with her boy and fair-robed handmaiden had taken her stand upon the tower, weeping and wailing. And when Hector found not his noble wife within, he came and stood upon the threshold, and spake amid the serving-women: "Come tell me now true, my serving-women. Whither went white-armed Andromache forth from the hall? Hath she gone out to my sisters or unto my brothers' fair-robed wives, or to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women propitiate the awful goddess?"

Then a busy housedame spake in answer to him: "Hector, seeing thou straitly chargest us tell thee true, neither hath she gone out to any of thy sisters or thy brothers' fair-robed wives, neither to Athene's temple, where all the fair-tressed Trojan women are propitiating the awful goddess; but she went to the great tower of Ilios, because she heard the Trojans were hard pressed, and great victory was for the Achaians. So hath she come in haste to the wall, like unto one frenzied; and the nurse with her beareth the child."

So spake the housedame, and Hector hastened from his house back

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by the same way down the well-builded streets. When he had passed through the great city and was come to the Skaian gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came his dear-won wife, running to meet him, even Andromache daughter of great-hearted Eëtion, Eëtion that dwelt beneath wooded Plakos, in Thebe under Plakos, and was king of the men of Kilikia; for his daughter was wife to bronze-harnessed Hector. So she met him now, and with her went the handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Skamandrios, but all the folk Astyanax; for only Hector guarded Ilios. So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. "Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will the Achaians all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never more will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. Moreover I have no father nor lady mother: my father was slain of goodly Achilles, for he wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gated Thebe, and slew Eëtion; yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burnt him in his inlaid armour and raised a barrow over him; and all about were elm-trees planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the selfsame day went within the house of Hades; for fleet-footed goodly Achilles slew them all amid their kine of trailing gait and white-fleeced sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath wooded Plakos, her brought he hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free; but in her father's halls was she smitten by the Archer Artemis. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig-tree, where best the city may be scaled and the wall is assailable. Thrice came thither the most valiant that are with the two Aiantes and famed Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus' valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them on."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Moreover mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea of a surety I know this in heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam

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of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans here after not so much trouble me neither Hekabe's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from fount Messeis or Hypereia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter, and fresh grief will be thine for lack of such an husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thraldom. But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horse-hair crest that he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top. Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it, all gleaming, upon the earth; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods, "O Zeus and all ye gods, vouchsafe ye that this my son may likewise prove even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great king of Ilios. Then may men say of him, 'Far greater is he than his father' as he returneth home from battle; and may he bring with him blood-stained spoils from the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart be glad."

So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife's arms; and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully. And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name: "Dear one, I pray thee be not of oversorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house and see to thine own tasks, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaidens ply their work; but for war shall men provide and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios."

So spake glorious Hector, and took up his horse-hair crested helmet; and his dear wife departed to her home oft looking back, and letting fall big tears. Anon she came to the well-stablished house of man-slaying Hector, and found therein her many handmaidens and stirred lamentation in them all. So bewailed they Hector, while yet he lived, within his house: for they deemed that he would no more come back to them from battle, nor escape the fury of the hands of the Achaians.

Neither lingered Paris long in his lofty house, but clothed on him his brave armour, bedight with bronze, and hasted through the city

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trusting to his nimble feet. Even as when a stalled horse, full-fed at the manger, breaketh his tether and speedeth at the gallop across the plain, being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing stream, exultingly; and holdeth his head on high, and his mane floateth about his shoulders, and he trusteth in his glory, and nimbly his limbs bear him to the haunts and pasturage of mares; even so Priam's son Paris, glittering in his armour like the shining sun, strode down from high Pergamos laughingly, and his swift feet bare him. Forthwith he overtook his brother noble Hector, even as he was on the point to turn him away from the spot where he had dallied with his wife. To him first spake godlike Alexandros: "Sir, in good sooth I have delayed thee in thine haste by my tarrying, and came not rightly as thou badest me."

And Hector of the glancing helm answered him and said: "Good brother, no man that is rightminded could make light of thy doings in fight, seeing thou art strong: but thou art wilfully remiss and hast no care; and for this my heart is grieved within me, that I hear shameful words concerning thee in the Trojans' mouths, who for thy sake endure much toil. But let us be going; all this will we make good hereafter, if Zeus ever vouchsafe us to set before the heavenly gods that are for everlasting the cup of deliverance in our halls, when we have chased out of Troy-land the well-greaved Achaians."

[tr. Lang, Leaf, Myers]

[The day's battle ends with an inconclusive single combat between Hector and Ajax. The next day is spent in burial of the dead, and the Greeks build a wall to protect their beached ships. When the battle is resumed on the day following this, Zeus begins to fulfil his promise to Thetis, and the Trojans are everywhere so successful that at the end of the day they encamp on the field instead of retiring to Troy for the night.]

BOOK IX

How Agamemnon sent an embassage to Achilles, beseeching him to be appeased; and how Achilles denied him.

Thus kept the Trojans watch; but the Achaians were holden of heaven-sent panic, handmaid of palsying fear, and all their best were stricken to the heart with grief intolerable. Like as two winds stir up the main, the home of fishes, even the north wind and the west wind that blow from Thrace, coming suddenly; and the dark billow straightway lifteth up its crest and casteth much tangle out along the sea; even so was the Achaians' spirit troubled in their breast.

But Atreides was stricken to the heart with sore grief, and went about bidding the clear-voiced heralds summon every man by name to the assembly, but not to shout aloud; and himself he toiled amid the foremost. So they sat sorrowful in assembly, and Agamemnon stood up weeping like unto a fountain of dark water that from a beetling cliff poureth down its black stream; even so with deep

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groaning he spake amid the Argives and said: "My friends, leaders and captains of the Argives, Zeus son of Kronos hath bound me with might in grievous blindness of soul; hard of heart is he, for that erewhile he promised and gave his pledge that not till I had laid waste well-walled Ilios should I depart, but now hath planned a cruel wile, and biddeth me return in dishonour to Argos with the loss of many of my folk. Such meseemeth is the good pleasure of most mighty Zeus that hath laid low the heads of many cities, yea and shall lay low; for his is highest power. So come, even as I shall bid let us all obey; let us flee with our ships to our dear native land, for now shall we never take wide-wayed Troy."

So said he, and they all held their peace and kept silence. Long time were the sons of the Achaians voiceless for grief, but at the last Diomedes of the loud war-cry spake amid them and said: "Atreides, with thee first in thy folly will I contend, where it is just, O king, even in the assembly; be not thou wroth therefor. My valour didst thou blame in chief amid the Danaans, and saidst that I was no man of war but a coward; and all this know the Argives both young and old. But the son of crooked-counselling Kronos hath endowed thee but by halves; he granted thee to have the honour of the sceptre above all men, but valour he gave thee not, wherein is highest power. Sir, deemest thou that the sons of the Achaians are thus indeed cowards and weaklings as thou sayest? But and if thine own heart be set on departing, go thy way; the way is before thee and thy ships stand beside the sea, even the great multitude that followed thee from Mykene. But all the other flowing-haired Achaians will tarry here until we lay waste Troy. Nay, let them too flee on their ships to their dear native land; yet will we twain, even I and Sthenelos, fight till we attain the goal of Ilios; for in God's name are we come."

So said he, and all the sons of the Achaians shouted aloud, applauding the saying of horse-taming Diomedes. Then knightly Nestor arose and said amid them: "Tydeides, in battle art thou passing mighty, and in council art thou best among thine equals in years; none of all the Achaians will make light of thy word nor gainsay it; but thou hast not made a full end of thy words. Moreover thou art a young man indeed, and mightest even be my son, my youngest-born; yet thou counsellest prudently the princes of the Achaians, because thou speakest according unto right. But lo, I that avow me to be older than thou will speak forth and expound everything; neither shall any man despise my saying, not even the lord Agamemnon. A tribeless, lawless, homeless man is he that loveth bitter civil strife. Howbeit now let us yield to black night and make ready our meal; and let the sentinels bestow them severally along the deep-delved fosse without the wall. This charge give I to the young men; and thou, Atreides, lead then the way, for thou art the most royal. Spread thou a feast for the councillors, that is thy place and seemly for thee. Thy huts are full of wine that the ships of the Achaians bring thee by day from Thrace across

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the wide sea; all entertainment is for thee, being king over many. In the gathering of many shalt thou listen to him that deviseth the most excellent counsel; sore need have all the Achaians of such as is good and prudent, because hard by the ships our foemen are burning their watch-fires in multitude; what man can rejoice thereat? This night shall either destroy or save the host."

So said he, and they gladly hearkened to him and obeyed. Forth sallied the sentinels in their harness, around Thrasymedes Nestor's son, shepherd of the host, and Askalaphos and Ialmenos son of Ares, and Meriones and Aphareus and Deïpyros and Kreion's son noble Lykomedes. Seven were the captains of the sentinels, and with each went fivescore young men bearing their long spears in their hands; and they took post midway betwixt fosse and wall, and kindled a fire and made ready each man his meal.

Then Atreides gathered the councillors of the Achaians, and led them to his hut, and spread before them an abundant feast. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer that lay before them. And when they had put away from them the desire of meat and drink, then the old man first began to weave his counsel, even Nestor, whose rede of old time was approved the best. He of good intent spake to them and said: "Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon king of men, in thy name will I end and with thy name begin, because thou art king over many hosts, and to thy hand Zeus hath entrusted sceptre and law, that thou mayest take counsel for thy folk. Thee therefore more than any it behoveth both to speak and hearken, and to accomplish what another than thou may say, when his heart biddeth him speak for profit: wheresoever thou leadest all shall turn on thee, so I will speak as meseemeth best. No other man shall have a more excellent thought than this that I bear in mind from old time even until now, since the day when thou, O heaven-sprung king, didst go and take the damsel Briseis from angry Achilles' hut by no consent of ours. Nay, I right heartily dissuaded thee; but thou yieldedst to thy proud spirit, and dishonouredest a man of valour whom even the immortals honoured; for thou didst take and keepest from him his meed of valour. Still let us even now take thought how we may appease him and persuade him with gifts of friendship and kindly words."

And Agamemnon king of men answered and said to him: "Old sir, in no false wise hast thou accused my folly. Fool was I, I myself deny it not. Worth many hosts is he whom Zeus loveth in his heart, even as now he honoureth this man and destroyeth the host of the Achaians. But seeing I was a fool in that I yielded to my sorry passion, I will make amends and give a recompense beyond telling. In the midst of you all I will name the excellent gifts; seven tripods untouched of fire, and ten talents of gold and twenty gleaming caldrons, and twelve stalwart horses, winners in the race, that have taken prizes by their speed. No lack-wealth were that man, neither undowered of precious gold, whose substance were as great as the prizes my whole-hooved steeds have borne me off. And

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seven women will I give, skilled in excellent handiwork, Lesbian whom I chose me from the spoils the day that he himself took stab lished Lesbos, surpassing womankind in beauty. These will I giv him, and with them shall be she whom erst I took from him, eve the daughter of Briseus; moreover I will swear a great oath tha never I went up into her bed nor had with her converse as is th wont of mankind, even of men and women. All these things sha be set straightway before him; and if hereafter the gods grant u to lay waste the great city of Priam, then let him enter in when w Achaians be dividing the spoil, and lade his ship full of gold an bronze, and himself choose twenty Trojan women, the fairest tha there be after Helen of Argos. And if we win to the richest o lands, even Achaian Argos, he shall be my son and I will hold hi in like honour with Orestes, my stripling boy that is nurtured in a abundance. Three daughters are mine in my well-builded hal Chrysothemis and Laodike and Iphianassa; let him take of the which he will, without gifts of wooing, to Peleus' house; and I wi add a great dower such as no man ever yet gave with his daughte And seven well-peopled cities will I give him, Kardamyle an Enope and grassy Hire and holy Pherai and Antheia deep in mead and fair Aipeia and Pedasos land of vines. And all are nigh to th salt sea, on the uttermost border of sandy Pylos; therein dwell me abounding in flocks and kine, men that shall worship him like god with gifts, and beneath his sway fulfil his prosperous ord nances. All this will I accomplish so he but cease from wrat Let him yield; Hades I ween is not to be softened neither overcom and therefore is he hatefullest of all gods to mortals. Yea, let hi be ruled by me, inasmuch as I am more royal and avow me to b the elder in years."

Then knightly Nestor of Gerenia answered and said: "Most no ble son of Atreus, Agamemnon king of men, now are these gif not lightly to be esteemed that thou offerest king Achilles. Com therefore, let us speed forth picked men to go with all haste to th hut of Peleus' son Achilles. Lo now, whomsoever I appoint l them consent. First let Phoinix dear to Zeus lead the way, an after him great Aias and noble Odysseus; and for heralds let Odi and Eurybates be their companions. And now bring water for ou hands, and bid keep holy silence, that we may pray unto Zeus th son of Kronos, if perchance he will have mercy upon us."

So said he, and spake words that were well-pleasing unto a Forthwith the heralds poured water on their hands, and the youn men crowned the bowls with drink and gave each man his portio after they had poured the libation in the cups. And when they ha made libation and drunk as their heart desired, they issued for from the hut of Agamemnon son of Atreus. And knightly Nest of Gerenia gave them full charge, with many a glance to each, an chiefest to Odysseus, how they should essay to prevail on Peleu noble son.

So the twain went along the shore of the loud-sounding sea, mak

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ing instant prayer to the earth-embracer, the Shaker of the Earth, that they might with ease prevail on Aiakides' great heart. So they came to the huts and ships of the Myrmidons, and found their king taking his pleasure of a loud lyre, fair, of curious work, with a silver cross-bar upon it; one that he had taken from the spoils when he laid Eëtion's city waste. Therein he was delighting his soul, and singing the glories of heroes. And over against him sate Patroklos alone in silence, watching till Aiakides should cease from singing. So the twain came forward, and noble Odysseus led the way, and they stood before his face; and Achilles sprang up amazed with the lyre in his hand, and left the seat where he was sitting, and in like manner Patroklos when he beheld the men arose. Then Achilles fleet of foot greeted them and said: "Welcome; verily ye are friends that are come — sore indeed is the need — even ye that are dearest of the Achaians to me even in my wrath."

So spake noble Achilles and led them forward, and made them sit on settles and carpets of purple; and anon he spake to Patroklos being near: "Bring forth a greater bowl, thou son of Menoitios; mingle stronger drink, and prepare each man a cup, for dearest of men are these that are under my roof."

So said he, and Patroklos hearkened to his dear comrade. He cast down a great fleshing-block in the fire-light, and laid thereon a sheep's back and a fat goat's, and a great hog's chine rich with fat. And Automedon held them for him, while Achilles carved. Then he sliced well the meat and pierced it through with spits, and Menoitios' son, that godlike hero, made the fire burn high. Then when the fire was burned down and the flame waned, he scattered the embers and laid the spits thereover, resting them on the spit-racks, when he had sprinkled them with holy salt. Then when he had roasted the meat and apportioned it in the platters, Patroklos took bread and dealt it forth on the table in fair baskets, and Achilles dealt the meat. And he sate him over against godlike Odysseus by the other wall, and bade his comrade Patroklos do sacrifice to the gods; so he cast the first-fruits into the fire. Then put they forth their hands to the good cheer lying before them. And when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, Aias nodded to Phoinix. But noble Odysseus marked it, and filled a cup with wine and pledged Achilles: "Hail, O Achilles! The fair feast lack we not either in the hut of Agamemnon son of Atreus neither now in thine; for feasting is there abundance to our heart's desire, but our thought is not for matters of the delicious feast; nay, we behold very sore destruction, thou fosterling of Zeus, and are afraid. Now is it in doubt whether we save the benched ships or behold them perish, if thou put not on thy might. Nigh unto ships and wall have the high-hearted Trojans and famed allies pitched their camp, and kindled many fires throughout their host, and ween that they shall no more be withheld but will fall on our black ships. And Zeus son of Kronos sheweth them signs upon the right by lightning, and Hector greatly exulteth in his might and rageth furi-

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ously, trusting in Zeus, and recketh not of god nor man, for mighty madness hath possessed him. He prayeth bright Dawn to shine forth with all speed, for he hath passed his word to smite off from the ships the ensigns' tops, and to fire the hulls with devouring flame, and hard thereby to make havoc of the Achaians confounded by the smoke. Therefore am I sore afraid in my heart lest the gods fulfil his boastings, and it be fated for us to perish here in Troyland, far from Argos pasture-land of horses. Up then! if thou art minded even at the last to save the failing sons of the Achaians from the war-din of the Trojans. Thyself shalt have grief hereafter, and when the ill is done is there no way to find a cure therefor; in good time rather take thou thought to ward the evil day from the Danaans. Friend, surely to thee thy father Peleus gave commandment the day he sent thee to Agamemnon forth from Phthia: 'My son, strength shall Athene and Hera give thee if they will; but do thou refrain thy proud soul in thy breast, for gentlemindedness is the better part; and withdraw from mischievous strife, that so the Argives may honour thee the more, both young and old.' Thus the old man charged thee, but thou forgettest. Yet cease now at the last, and eschew thy grievous wrath; Agamemnon offereth thee worthy gifts, so thou wilt cease from anger. Lo now, hearken thou to me, and I will tell thee all the gifts that in his hut Agamemnon promised thee: seven tripods untouched of fire, and ten talents of gold and twenty gleaming caldrons and twelve stalwart horses winners in the race, that have taken prizes by their speed. No lack wealth were that man, neither undowered of precious gold, whose substance were as great as the prizes Agamemnon's steeds have borne him off. And seven women will he give, skilled in excellent handiwork, Lesbians whom he chose him from the spoils the day that thou thyself tookest Lesbos, surpassing womankind in beauty. These will he give thee, and with them shall be she whom erst he took from thee, even the daughter of Briseus; moreover he will swear a great oath that never he went up into her bed nor had with her converse as is the wont of mankind, O king, even of men and women. All these things shall be set straightway before thee: and if hereafter the gods grant us to lay waste the great city of Priam, then enter thou in when we Achaians be dividing the spoil and lade thy ship full of gold and bronze, and thyself choose twenty Trojan women, the fairest that there be after Helen of Argos. And if we win to the richest of lands, even Achaian Argos, thou shalt be his son and he will hold thee in like honour with Orestes, his stripling boy that is nurtured in all abundance. Three daughters are his in his well-builded hall, Chrysosthemis and Laodike and Iphianassa; take thou of them which thou wilt, without gifts of wooing to Peleus' house; and he will add a great dower such as no man ever yet gave with his daughter. And seven well-peopled cities will he give thee, Kardamyle and Enope and grassy Hire and holy Pherai and Antheia deep in meads, and fair Aipeia and Pedasos land of vines. And all are nigh to the sea, on the uttermost border

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of sandy Pylos; therein dwell men abounding in flocks and kine, men that shall worship thee like a god with gifts, and beneath thy sway fulfil thy prosperous ordinances. All this will he accomplish so thou but cease from wrath. But and if Agamemnon be too hateful to thy heart, both he and his gifts, yet have thou pity on all the Achaians that faint throughout the host; these shall honour thee as a god, for verily thou wilt earn exceeding great glory at their hands. Yea now mightest thou slay Hector, for he would come very near thee in his deadly madness, because he deemeth that there is no man like unto him among the Danaans that the ships brought hither."

And Achilles fleet of foot answered and said unto him: "Heaven-sprung son of Laertes, Odysseus of many wiles, in openness must I now declare unto you my saying, even as I am minded and as the fulfilment thereof shall be, that ye may not sit before me and coax this way and that. For hateful to me even as the gates of hell is he that hideth one thing in his heart and uttereth another: but I will speak what meseemeth best. Not me, I ween, shall Agamemnon son of Atreus persuade, nor the other Danaans, seeing we were to have no thank for battling with the foemen ever without respite. He that abideth at home hath equal share with him that fighteth his best, and in like honour are held both the coward and the brave; death cometh alike to the untoiling and to him that hath toiled long. Neither have I any profit for that I endured tribulation of soul, ever staking my life in fight. Even as a hen bringeth her unfledged chickens each morsel as she winneth it, and with herself it goeth hard, even so I was wont to watch out many a sleepless night and pass through many bloody days of battle, warring with folk for their women's sake. Twelve cities of men have I laid waste from ship-board, and from land eleven, I do you to wit, throughout deep-soiled Troy-land; out of all these took I many goodly treasures and would bring and give them all to Agamemnon son of Atreus, and he staying behind amid the fleet ships would take them and portion out some few but keep the most. Now some he gave to be meeds of honour to the princes and the kings, and theirs are left untouched; only from me of all the Achaians took he my darling lady and keepeth her — let him sleep beside her and take his joy! But why must the Argives make war on the Trojans? why hath Atreides gathered his host and led them hither? is it not for lovely-haired Helen's sake? Do then the sons of Atreus alone of mortal men love their wives? surely whatsoever man is good and sound of mind loveth his own and cherisheth her, even as I too loved mine with all my heart, though but the captive of my spear. But now that he hath taken my meed of honour from mine arms and hath deceived me, let him not tempt me that know him full well; he shall not prevail. Nay, Odysseus, let him take counsel with thee and all the princes to ward from the ships the consuming fire. Verily without mine aid he hath wrought many things, and built a wall and dug a fosse about it wide and deep, and

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set a palisade therein; yet even so can he not stay murderous Hector's might. But so long as I was fighting amid the Achaians, Hector had no mind to array his battle far from the wall, but scarce came unto the Skaian gates and to the oak-tree; there once he awaited me alone and scarce escaped my onset. But now, seeing I have no mind to fight with noble Hector, I will to-morrow do sacrifice to Zeus and all the gods, and store well my ships when I have launched them on the salt sea — then shalt thou see, if thou wilt and hast any care therefor, my ships sailing at break of day over Hellespont, the fishes' home, and my men right eager at the oar; and if the great Shaker of the Earth grant me good journey, on the third day should I reach deep-soiled Phthia. There are my great possessions that I left when I came hither to my hurt; and yet more gold and ruddy bronze shall I bring home hence, and fair-girdled women and grey iron, all at least that were mine by lot; only my meed of honour hath he that gave it me taken back in his despitefulness, even lord Agamemnon son of Atreus. To him declare ye everything even as I charge you, openly, that all the Achaians likewise may have indignation, if haply he hopeth to beguile yet some other Danaan, for that he is ever clothed in shamelessness. Verily not in my face would he dare to look, though he have the front of a dog. Neither will I devise counsel with him nor any enterprise, for utterly he hath deceived me and done wickedly; but never again shall he beguile me with fair speech — let this suffice him. Let him begone in peace; Zeus the lord of counsel hath taken away his wits. Hateful to me are his gifts, and I hold him at a straw's worth. Not even if he gave me ten times, yea twenty, all that now is his, and all that may come to him otherwhence, even all the revenue of Orchomenos or Egyptian Thebes where the treasure-houses are stored fullest — Thebes of the hundred gates, whence sally forth two hundred warriors through each with horses and chariots — nay, nor gifts in number as sand or dust; not even so shall Agamemnon persuade my soul till he have paid me back all the bitter despite. And the daughter of Agamemnon son of Atreus will I not wed, not were she rival of golden Aphrodite for fairness and for handiwork matched bright-eyed Athene — not even then will I wed her; let him choose him of the Achaians another that is his peer and is more royal than I. For if the gods indeed preserve me and I come unto my home, then will Peleus himself seek me a wife. Many Achaian maidens are there throughout Hellas and Phthia, daughters of princes that ward their cities; whomsoever of these I wish will I make my dear lady. Very often was my high soul moved to take me there a wedded wife, a help meet for me, and have joy of the possessions that the old man Peleus possesseth. For not of like worth with life hold I even all the wealth that men say was possessed of the well-peopled city of Ilios in days of peace gone by, before the sons of the Achaians came; neither all the treasure that the stone threshold of the archer Phoebus Apollo encompasseth in rocky Pytho. For kine and goodly flocks are to be had for the

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harrying, and tripods and chestnut horses for the purchasing; but to bring back man's life neither harrying nor earning availeth when once it hath passed the barrier of his lips. For thus my goddess mother telleth me, Thetis the silver-footed, that twain fates are bearing me to the issue of death. If I abide here and besiege the Trojans' city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame shall be imperishable; but if I go home to my dear native land, my high fame is taken from me, but my life shall endure long while, neither shall the issue of death soon reach me. Moreover I would counsel you all to set sail homeward, seeing ye shall never reach your goal of steep Ilios; of a surety far-seeing Zeus holdeth his hand over her and her folk are of good courage. So go your way and tell my answer to the princes of the Achaians, even as is the office of elders, that they may devise in their hearts some other better counsel, such as shall save them their ships and the host of the Achaians amid the hollow ships: since this counsel availeth them naught that they have now devised, by reason of my fierce wrath. But let Phoinix now abide with us and lay him to rest, that he may follow with me on my ships to our dear native land to-morrow, if he will; for I will not take him perforce."

So spake he, and they all held their peace and were still, and marvelled at his saying; for he denied them very vehemently. But at the last spake to them the old knight Phoinix, bursting into tears, because he was sore afraid for the ships of the Achaians: "If indeed thou ponderest departure in thy heart, glorious Achilles, and hast no mind at all to save the fleet ships from consuming fire, because that wrath hath entered into thy heart; how can I be left of thee, dear son, alone thereafter? To thee did the old knight Peleus send me the day he sent thee to Agamemnon forth from Phthia, a stripling yet unskilled in equal war and in debate wherein men wax pre-eminent. Therefore sent he me to teach thee all these things, to be both a speaker of words and a doer of deeds. So would I not be left alone of thee, dear son, not even if god himself should take on him to strip my years from me, and make me fresh and young as in the day when first I left Hellas the home of fair women, fleeing from strife against my father Amyntor son of Ormenos: for he was sore angered with me by reason of his lovely-haired concubine, whom he ever cherished and wronged his wife my mother. So she besought me continually by my knees to go in first unto the concubine, that the old man might be hateful to her. I hearkened to her and did the deed; but my sire was ware thereof forthwith and cursed me mightily, and called the dire Erinyes to look that never should any dear son sprung of my body sit upon my knees; and the gods fulfilled his curse, even Zeus of the underworld and dread Persephone. [Then took I counsel to slay him with the keen sword; but some immortal stayed mine anger, bringing to my mind the people's voice and all the reproaches of men, lest I should be called a father-slayer amid the Achaians.] Then would my soul no more be refrained at all within my breast

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to tarry in the halls of mine angered father. Now my fellows and my kinsmen came about me with many prayers, and refrained me there within the halls, and slaughtered many goodly sheep and shambling kine with crooked horns; and many swine rich with fat were stretched to singe over the flames of Hephaistos, and wine from that old man's jars was drunken without stint. Nine nights long slept they all night around my body; they kept watch in turn, neither were the fires quenched, one beneath the colonnade of the fenced courtyard and another in the porch before the chamber doors. But when the tenth dark night was come upon me, then burst I my cunningly fitted chamber doors, and issued forth and overleapt the courtyard fence lightly, unmarked of watchmen and handmaidens. Then fled I far through Hellas of wide lawns, and came to deep-soiled Phthia, mother of flocks, even unto king Peleus; and he received me kindly and cherished me as a father cherisheth his only son, his stripling heir of great possessions; and he made me rich and gave much people to me, and I dwelt in the uttermost part of Phthia and was king over the Dolopians. Yea, I reared thee to this greatness, thou godlike Achilles, with my heart's love; for with none other wouldest thou go unto the feast, neither take meat in the hall, till that I had set thee upon my knees and stayed thee with the savoury morsel cut first for thee, and put the wine-cup to thy lips. Oft hast thou stained the doubtlet on my breast with sputtering of wine in thy sorry helplessness. Thus I suffered much with thee and much I toiled, being mindful that the gods in nowise created any issue of my body; but I made thee my son, thou godlike Achilles, that thou mayest yet save me from grievous destruction. Therefore, Achilles, rule thy high spirit; neither beseemeth it thee to have a ruthless heart. Nay, even the very gods can bend, and theirs withal is loftier majesty and honour and might. Their hearts by incense and reverent vows and drink-offering and burnt-offering men turn with prayer, so oft as any transgresseth and doeth sin. Moreover Prayers of penitence are daughters of great Zeus, halting and wrinkled and of eyes askance, that have their task withal to go in the steps of Sin. For Sin is strong and fleet of foot, wherefore she far out-runneth all prayers, and goeth before them over all the earth making men fall, and Prayers follow behind to heal the harm. Now whosoever reverenceth Zeus' daughters when they draw near, him they greatly bless and hear his petitions; but when one denieth them and stiffly refuseth, then depart they and make prayer unto Zeus the son of Kronos that sin may come upon such an one, that he may fall and pay the price. Nay, Achilles, look thou too that there attend upon the daughters of Zeus the reverence that bendeth the heart of all men that be right-minded. For if Atreides brought thee not gifts and foretold thee not more hereafter, but were ever furiously wroth, then I were not he that should bid thee cast aside thine anger and save the Argives, even in their sore need of thee. But now he both offereth thee forthwith many gifts, and promiseth thee more here-

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after, and hath sent heroes to beseech thee, the best men chosen throughout the host of the Achaians and that to thyself are dearest of the Argives; dishonour not thou their petition nor their journey hither; though erst it were no wrong that thou wast wroth. Even in like manner have we heard the fame of those heroes that were of old, as oft as furious anger came on any; they might be won by gifts and prevailed upon by speech. This tale have I in mind of old time and not of yesterday, even as it was; and I will tell it among you that all are friends. The Kuretes fought and the staunch Aitolians about the city of Kalydon, and slew one another, the Aitolians defending lovely Kalydon, the Kuretes eager to lay it waste in war. For Artemis of the golden throne had brought a plague upon them, in wrath that Oineus offered her not the harvest first-fruits on the fat of his garden land; for all the other gods had their feast of hecatombs, and only to the daughter of great Zeus offered he not, whether he forgat or marked it not; and therein sinned he sore in his heart. So the Archer-goddess was wroth and sent against him a creature of heaven, a fierce wild boar, white-tusked, that wrought sore ill continually on Oineus' garden land; many a tall tree laid he low utterly, even root and apple blossom therewith. But him slew Meleagros the son of Oineus, having gathered together from many cities huntsmen and hounds; for not of few men could the boar be slain, so mighty was he; and many an one brought he to the grievous pyre. But the goddess made much turmoil over him and tumult concerning the boar's head and shaggy hide, between the Kuretes and great-hearted Aitolians. Now so long as Meleagros dear to Ares fought, so long it went ill with the Kuretes, neither dared they face him without their city walls, for all they were very many. But when Meleagros grew full of wrath, such as swelleth the hearts of others likewise in their breasts, though they be wise of mind, then in anger of heart at his dear mother Althaia he tarried beside his wedded wife, fair Kleopatra, daughter of Marpessa fair-ankled daughter of Euenos, and of Ides that was strongest of men that were then upon the earth; he it was that took the bow to face the king Phoebus Apollo for sake of the fair-ankled damsel. And she was called Alkyone of her father and lady mother by surname in their hall, because her mother in the plight of the plaintive halcyon-bird wept when the far-darter Phoebus Apollo snatched her away. By her side lay Meleagros, brooding on his grievous anger, being wroth by reason of his mother's curses: for she, grieved for her brethren's death, prayed instantly to the gods, and with her hands likewise beat instantly upon the fertile earth, calling on Hades and dread Persephone, while she knelt upon her knees and made her bosom wet with tears, to bring her son to death; and Erinnys that walketh in darkness, whose heart knoweth not ruth, heard her from Erebos. Now was the din of foemen about their gates quickly risen, and a noise of battering of towers; and the elders of the Aitolians sent the best of the god's priests and besought him to

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come forth and save them, with promise of a mighty gift; to wit, they bade him, where the plain of lovely Kalydon was fattest, to choose him out of a fair demesne of fifty plough-gates, the half thereof vine-land and the half open plough-land, to be cut from out the plain. And old knightly Oineus prayed him instantly, and stood upon the threshold of his high-roofed chamber, and shook the morticed doors to beseech his son; him too his sisters and his lady mother prayed instantly — but he denied them yet more — instantly too his comrades prayed, that were nearest him and dearest of all men. Yet even so persuaded they not his heart within his breast, until his chamber was now hotly battered and the Kuretes were climbing upon the towers and firing the great city. Then did his fair-girdled wife pray Meleagros with lamentation, and told him all the woes that come on men whose city is taken; the warriors are slain, and the city is wasted of fire, and the children and the deep-girdled women are led captive of strangers. And his soul was stirred to hear the grievous tale, and he went his way and donned his glittering armour. So he saved the Aitolians from the evil day, obeying his own will; but they paid him not now the gifts many and gracious; yet nevertheless he drave away destruction. But be not thine heart thus minded, neither let heaven so guide thee, dear son; that were a hard thing, to save the ships already burning. Nay, come for the gifts; the Achaians shall honour thee even as a god. But if without gifts thou enter into battle the bane of men, thou wilt not be held in like honour, even though thou avert the fray."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and said to him: "Phoinix my father, thou old man fosterling of Zeus, such honour need I in no wise; for I deem that I have been honoured by the judgment of Zeus, which shall abide upon me amid my beaked ships as long as breath tarrieth in my body and my limbs are strong. Moreover I will say this thing to thee and lay thou it to thine heart; trouble not my soul by weeping and lamentation, to do the pleasure of warrior Atreides; neither beseemeth it thee to cherish him, lest thou be hated of me that cherish thee. It were good that thou with me shouldst vex him that vexeth me. Be thou king even as I, and share my sway by halves, but these shall bear my message. So tarry thou here and lay thee to rest in a soft bed, and with break of day will we consider whether to depart unto our own, or to abide."

He spake, and nodded his brow in silence unto Patroklos to spread for Phoinix a thick couch, that the others might bethink them to depart from the hut with speed. Then spake to them Aias, Telamon's godlike son, and said: "Heaven-sprung son of Laertes, Odysseus of many wiles, let us go hence; for methinks the purpose of our charge will not by this journey be accomplished; and we must tell the news, though it be no wise good, with all speed unto the Danaans, that now sit awaiting. But Achilles hath wrought his proud soul to fury within him — stubborn man, that recketh naught of his comrades' love, wherein we worshipped him

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beyond all men amid the ships — unmerciful! Yet doth a man accept recompense of his brother's murderer or for his dead son; and so the man-slayer for a great price abideth in his own land, and the kinsman's heart is appeased, and his proud soul, when he hath taken the recompense. But for thee, the gods have put within thy breast a spirit implacable and evil, by reason of one single damsel. And now we offer thee seven damsels, far best of all, and many other gifts besides; entertain thou then a kindly spirit, and have respect unto thine home; because we are guests of thy roof, sent of the multitude of Danaans, and we would fain be nearest to thee and dearest beyond all other Achaians, as many as there be."

And Achilles fleet of foot made answer and said to him: "Aias sprung of Zeus, thou son of Telamon, prince of the folk, thou seemest to speak all this almost after mine own mind; but my heart swelleth with wrath as oft as I bethink me of those things, how Atreides entreated me arrogantly among the Argives, as though I were some worthless sojourner. But go ye and declare my message; I will not take thought of bloody war until that wise Priam's son, noble Hector, come to the Myrmidons' huts and ships, slaying the Argives, and smirch the ships with fire. But about mine hut and black ship I ween that Hector, though he be very eager for battle, shall be refrained."

So said he, and they took each man a two-handled cup, and made libation and went back along the line of ships; and Odysseus led the way. And Patroklos bade his fellows and handmaidens spread with all speed a thick couch for Phoinix; and they obeyed and spread a couch as he ordained, fleeces and rugs and fine flock of linen. Then the old man laid him down and tarried for bright Dawn. And Achilles slept in the corner of the morticed hut, and by his side lay a woman that he brought from Lesbos, even Phorbas' daughter fair-cheeked Diomede. And on the other side Patroklos lay, and by his side likewise fair-girdled Iphis, whom noble Achilles gave him at the taking of steep Skyros, the city of Enyeus.

Now when those were come unto Atreides' huts, the sons of the Achaians stood up on this side and on that, and pledged them in cups of gold, and questioned them; and Agamemnon king of men asked them first: "Come now, tell me, Odysseus full of praise, thou great glory of the Achaians; will he save the ships from consuming fire, or said he nay, and hath wrath yet hold of his proud spirit?"

And steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him: "Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon king of men, he yonder hath no mind to quench his wrath, but is yet more filled of fury, and spurneth thee and thy gifts. He biddeth thee take counsel for thyself amid the Argives, how to save the ships and folk of the Achaians. And for himself he threateneth that at break of day he will launch upon the sea his trim well-benched ships. Moreover he said that he would counsel all to sail for home, because ye now shall never reach your goal of steep Ilios; surely far-seeing Zeus holdeth his hand over her and her folk are of good courage. Even so said he, and here are

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also these to tell the tale that were my companions, Aias and the two heralds, both men discreet. But the old man Phoinix laid him there to rest, even as Achilles bade him, that he may follow with him on his ships to his dear native land to-morrow, if he will; for he will not take him perforce."

So said he, and they all held their peace and were still, marvelling at his saying, for he harangued very vehemently. Long were the sons of the Achaians voiceless for grief, but at the last Diomedes of the loud war-cry spake amid them: "Most noble son of Atreus, Agamemnon king of men, would thou hadst never besought Peleus' glorious son with offer of gifts innumerable; proud is he at any time, but now hast thou yet far more encouraged him in his haughtiness. Howbeit we will let him bide, whether he go or tarry; hereafter he shall fight, whenever his heart within him bideth and god arouseth him. Come now, even as I shall say let us all obey. Go ye now to rest, full to your hearts' desire of meat and wine, wherein courage is and strength; but when fair rosy-fingered Dawn appeareth, array thou with all speed before the ships thy folk and horsemen, and urge them on; and fight thyself amid the foremost."

So said he, and all the princes gave assent, applauding the saying of Diomedes tamer of horses. And then they made libation and went every man to his hut, and there laid them to rest and took the boon of sleep.

[tr. LANG, LEAF, MYERS]

[During the night Odysseus and Diomedes make a raid on the Trojan camp; they slay a Trojan spy, Dolon, and capture the horses of Rhesus, a king of the Thracians.

The Greeks continue the battle without Achilles. In the third great battle that fills up the next day, the Trojans win their greatest success: while most of the major Greek heroes are wounded and out of the fray, Hector breaks through the wall of the Greeks and throws fire on one of the Greek ships. This marks the high point of the Trojan advance. Patroklos now enters the battle out of pity for the Greeks; clad in the armour of Achilles and leading the Myrmidons, he drives the Trojans back to the walls of Troy, where he is slain by Apollo and Hector. Hector strips him of his armour, but his body is rescued by Menelaus and Ajax, as the day ends.

Achilles, overcome with remorse and rage at the death of his friend, decides to enter the fray and seek revenge on Hector, although his mother warns him that his own death is fated straightway after Hector. During the night Hephaistos makes new armour for Achilles, and the next morning Agamemnon and Achilles are publicly reconciled. Achilles then leads the host forth to battle and after a series of superhuman feats drives the Trojans back to the city-walls. All the Trojans except Hector manage to enter the gates while Achilles is pursuing Apollo who has taken on the form of Agenor to divert his attack.]

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BOOK XXII

How Achilles fought with Hector, and slew him, and brought his body to the ships.

Thus they throughout the city, scared like fawns, were cooling their sweat and drinking and slaking their thirst, leaning on the fair battlements, while the Achaians drew near the wall, setting shields to shoulders. But Hector deadly fate bound to abide in his place, in front of Ilios and the Skaian gates. Then to the son of Peleus spake Phoebus Apollo: "Wherefore, son of Peleus, pursuest thou me with swift feet, thyself being mortal and I a deathless god? Thou hast not even yet known me, that I am a god, but strivest vehemently. Truly thou regardest not thy task among the affliction of the Trojans whom thou affrightedst, who now are gathered into the city, while thou hast wandered hither. Me thou wilt never slay, for I am not subject unto death."

Then mightily moved spake unto him Achilles fleet of foot: "Thou hast baulked me, Far-darter, most mischievous of all the gods, in that thou hast turned me hither from the wall: else should full many yet have bitten the dust or ever within Ilios had they come. Now hast thou robbed me of great renown, and lightly hast saved them, because thou hadst no vengeance to fear thereafter. Verily I would avenge me on thee, had I but the power."

Thus saying toward the city he was gone in pride of heart, rushing like some victorious horse in a chariot, that runneth lightly at full speed over the plain; so swiftly plied Achilles in his feet and knees. Him the old man Priam first beheld as he sped across the plain, blazing as the star that cometh forth at harvest-time, and plain seen his rays shine forth amid the host of stars in the darkness of night, the star whose name men call Orion's Dog. Brightest of all is he, yet for an evil sign is he set, and bringeth much fever upon hapless men. Even so on Achilles' breast the bronze gleamed as he ran. And the old man cried aloud and beat upon his head with his hands, raising them on high, and with a cry called aloud beseeching his dear son; for he before the gates was standing, all hot for battle with Achilles. And the old man spake piteously unto him, stretching forth his hands: "Hector, beloved son, I pray thee await not this man alone with none beside thee, lest thou quickly meet thy doom, slain by the son of Peleus, since he is mightier far, a merciless man. Would the gods loved him even as do I! then quickly would dogs and vultures devour him on the field — thereby would cruel pain go from my heart — the man who hath bereft me of many valiant sons, slaying them and selling them captive into far-off isles. Ay even now twain of my children, Lykaon and Polydoros, I cannot see among the Trojans that throng into the fastness, sons whom Laothoë bare me, a princess among women. If they be yet alive amid the enemy's host, then will we ransom them with bronze and gold, for there is store within, for much goods gave the old man

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famous Altes to his child. If they be dead, then even in the house of Hades shall they be a sorrow to my soul and to their mother, even to us who gave them birth, but to the rest of the folk a briefer sorrow, if but thou die not by Achilles' hand. Nay, come within the wall, my child, that thou preserve the men and women of Troy, neither give great triumph to the son of Peleus, and be thyself bereft of sweet life. Have compassion also on me, the helpless one, who still can feel, ill-fated; whom the father, Kronos' son, will bring to nought by a grievous doom in the path of old age, having seen full many ills, his sons perishing and his daughters carried away captive, and his chambers laid waste and infant children hurled to the ground in terrible war, and his sons' wives dragged away by the ruinous hands of the Achaians. Myself then last of all at the street door will ravening dogs tear, when some one by stroke or throw of the sharp bronze hath bereft my limbs of life—even the dogs I reared in my halls about my table and to guard my door, which then having drunk my blood, maddened at heart shall lie in the gateway. A young man all beseemeth, even to be slain in war, to be torn by the sharp bronze and lie on the field; though he be dead yet is all honourable to him, whate'er be seen: but when dogs defile the hoary head and hoary beard and the secret parts of an old man slain, this is the most piteous thing that cometh upon hapless men."

Thus spake the old man, and grasped his hoary hairs, plucking them from his head, but he persuaded not Hector's soul. Then his mother in her turn wailed tearfully, loosening the folds of her robe, while with the other hand she showed her breast; and through her tears spake to him winged words: "Hector, my child, have regard unto this bosom and pity me, if ever I gave thee consolation of my breast. Think of it, dear child, and from this side of the wall drive back the foe, nor stand in front to meet him. He is merciless; if he slay thee it will not be on a bed that I or thy wife wooed with many gifts shall bewail thee, my own dear child, but far away from us by the ships of the Argives will swift dogs devour thee."

Thus they with wailing spake to their dear son, beseeching him sore, yet they persuaded not Hector's soul, but he stood awaiting Achilles as he drew nigh in giant might. As a serpent of the mountains upon his den awaiteth a man, having fed on evil poisons, and fell wrath hath entered into him, and terribly he glareth as he coileth himself about his den, so Hector with courage unquenchable gave not back, leaning his shining shield against a jutting tower. Then sore troubled he spake to his great heart: "Ay me, if I go within the gates and walls, Polydamas will be first to bring reproach against me, since he bade me lead the Trojans to the city during this ruinous night, when noble Achilles arose. But I regarded him not, yet surely it had been better far. And now that I have undone the host by my wantonness, I am ashamed before the men of Troy and women of trailing robes, lest at any time some worse man than I shall say: 'Hector by trusting his own might un-

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did the host.' So will they speak; then to me would it be better far to face Achilles and either slay him and go home, or myself die gloriously before the city. Or what if I lay down my bossy shield and my stout helm, and lean my spear against the wall, and go of myself to meet noble Achilles and promise him that Helen, and with her all possessions that Alexandros brought in hollow ships to Troy, the beginning of strife, we will give to the sons of Atreus to take away, and therewithal to divide in half with the Achaians all else that this city holdeth: and if thereafter I obtain from the Trojans an oath of the Elders that they will hide nothing but divide all in twain [whatever wealth the pleasant city hold within]? But wherefore doth my heart debate thus? I might come unto him and he would not pity or regard me at all, but presently slay me unarmed as it were but a woman, if I put off my armour. No time is it now to dally with him from oak-tree or from rock, like youth with maiden, as youth and maiden hold dalliance one with another. Better is it to join battle with all speed: let us know upon which of us twain the Olympian shall bestow renown."

Thus pondered he as he stood, but nigh on him came Achilles, peer of Enyalios warrior of the waving helm, brandishing from his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all around the bronze on him flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the Sun as he ariseth. And trembling seized Hector as he was aware of him, nor endured he to abide in his place, but left the gates behind him and fled in fear. And the son of Peleus darted after him, trusting in his swift feet. As a falcon upon the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth fleetly after a trembling dove; and she before him fleëth, while he with shrill screams hard at hand still darteth at her, for his heart urgeth him to seize her; so Achilles in hot haste flew straight for him, and Hector fled beneath the Trojans' wall, and plied swift knees. They past the watch-place and wind-waved wild fig-tree sped ever, away from under the wall, along the waggon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing springs, where two fountains rise that feed deep-eddying Skamandros. The one floweth with warm water, and smoke goeth up therefrom around as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth like cold hail or snow or ice that water formeth. And there beside the springs are broad washing-troughs hard by, fair troughs of stone, where wives and fair daughters of the men of Troy were wont to wash bright raiment, in the old time of peace, before the sons of the Achaians came. Thereby they ran, he flying, he pursuing. Valiant was the flier but far mightier he who fleetly pursued him. For not for beast of sacrifice or for an ox-hide were they striving, such as are prizes for men's speed of foot, but for the life of horse-taming Hector was their race. And as when victorious whole-hooved horses run rapidly round the turning-points, and some great prize lieth in sight, be it a tripod or a woman, in honour of a man that is dead, so thrice around Priam's city circled those twain with flying feet, and all the gods were gazing on them. Then

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among them spake first the father of gods and men: "Ay me, a man beloved I see pursued around the wall. My heart is woe for Hector, who hath burnt for me many thighs of oxen amid the crests of many-folded Ida, and other times on the city-height; but now is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet round Priam's town. Come, give your counsel, gods, and devise whether we shall save him from death or now at last slay him, valiant though he be, by the hand of Achilles Peleus' son."

Then to him answered the bright-eyed goddess Athene: "O Father, Lord of the bright lightning and the dark cloud, what is this thou hast said? A man that is a mortal, doomed long ago by fate, wouldst thou redeem back from ill-boding death? Do it, but not all we other gods approve."

And unto her in answer spake cloud-gathering Zeus: "Be of good cheer, Trito-born, dear child: not in full earnest speak I, and I would fain be kind to thee. Do as seemeth good to thy mind, and draw not back."

Thus saying he roused Athene, that already was set thereon, and from the crests of Olympus she darted down.

But after Hector sped fleet Achilles chasing him vehemently. And as when on the mountains a hound hunteth the fawn of a deer, having started it from its covert, through glens and glades, and if it crouch to baffle him under a bush, yet scenting it out the hound runneth constantly until he find it; so Hector baffled not Peleus' fleet-footed son. Oft as he set himself to dart under the well-built walls over against the Dardanian gates, if haply from above they might succour him with darts, so oft would Achilles gain on him and turn him toward the plain, while himself he sped ever on the city-side. And as in a dream one faileth in chase of a flying man — the one faileth in his flight and the other in his chase — so failed Achilles to overtake him in the race, and Hector to escape. And thus would Hector have avoided the visitation of death, had not this time been utterly the last wherein Apollo came nigh to him who nerved his strength and his swift knees. For to the host did noble Achilles sign with his head, and forbade them to hurl bitter darts against Hector, lest any smiting him should gain renown, and he himself come second. But when the fourth time they had reached the springs, then the Father hung his golden balances, and set therein two lots of dreary death, one of Achilles, one of horse-taming Hector, and held them by the midst and poised. Then Hector's fated day sank down, and fell to the house of Hades, and Phoebus Apollo left him. But to Peleus' son came the bright-eyed goddess Athene, and standing near spake to him winged words: "Now verily, glorious Achilles dear to Zeus, I have hope that we twain shall carry off great glory to the ships for the Achaians, having slain Hector, for all his thirst for fight. No longer is it possible for him to escape us, not even though far-darting Apollo should travail sore, grovelling before the Father, aegis-bearing Zeus. But

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do thou now stand and take breath, and I will go and persuade this man to confront thee in fight."

Thus spake Athene, and he obeyed, and was glad at heart, and stood leaning on his bronze-pointed ashen-spear. And she left him and came to noble Hector, like unto Deiphobos in shape and in strong voice, and standing near spake to him winged words: "Dear brother, verily fleet Achilles doth thee violence, chasing thee round Priam's town with swift feet: but come let us make a stand and await him on our defence."

Then answered her great Hector of the glancing helm: "Deiphobos, verily aforetime wert thou far dearest of my brothers, whom Hekabe and Priam gendered, but now methinks I shall honour thee even more, in that thou hast dared for my sake, when thou sawest me, to come forth of the wall, while the others tarry within."

Then to him again spake the bright-eyed goddess Athene: "Dear brother, of a truth my father and lady mother and my comrades around besought me much, entreating me in turn, to tarry there, so greatly do they all tremble before him; but my heart within was sore with dismal grief. And now fight we with straight-set resolve and let there be no sparing of spears, that we may know whether Achilles is to slay us and carry our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he might be vanquished by thy spear."

Thus saying Athene in her subtlety led him on. And when they were come nigh in onset on one another, to Achilles first spake great Hector of the glancing helm: "No longer, son of Peleus, will I fly thee, as before I thrice ran round the great town of Priam, and endured not to await thy onset. Now my heart biddeth me stand up against thee; I will either slay or be slain. But come hither and let us pledge us by our gods, for they shall be best witnesses and beholders of covenants: I will entreat thee in no outrageous sort, if Zeus grant me to outstay thee, and if I take thy life, but when I have despoiled thee of thy glorious armour, O Achilles, I will give back thy dead body to the Achaians, and do thou the same."

But unto him with grim gaze spake Achilles fleet of foot: "Hector, talk not to me, thou madman, of covenants. As between men and lions there is no pledge of faith, nor wolves and sheep can be of one mind, but imagine evil continually against each other, so is it impossible for thee and me to be friends, neither shall be any pledge between us until one or other shall have fallen and glutted with blood Ares, the stubborn god of war. Bethink thee of all thy soldiership: now behoveth it thee to quit thee as a good spearman and valiant man of war. No longer is there way of escape for thee, but Pallas Athene will straightway subdue thee to my spear; and now in one hour shalt thou pay back for all my sorrows for my friends whom thou hast slain in the fury of thy spear."

He said, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled. And noble Hector watched the coming thereof and avoided it; for with

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his eye on it he crouched, and the bronze spear flew over him, and fixed itself in the earth; but Pallas Athene caught it up and gave it back to Achilles, unknown of Hector shepherd of hosts. Then Hector spake unto the noble son of Peleus: "Thou hast missed, so nowise yet, godlike Achilles, hast thou known from Zeus the hour of my doom, though thou thoughtest it. Cunning of tongue art thou and a deceiver in speech, that fearing thee I might forget my valour and strength. Not as I flee shalt thou plant thy spear in my reins, but drive it straight through my breast as I set on thee, if God hath given thee to do it. Now in thy turn avoid my spear of bronze; O that thou mightst take it all into thy flesh! Then would the war be lighter to the Trojans, if but thou wert dead, for thou art their greatest bane."

He said, and poised his long-shadowed spear and hurled it, and smote the midst of the shield of Peleus' son, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector was wroth that his swift weapon had left his hand in vain, and he stood downcast, for he had no second ashen spear. And he called with a loud shout to Deiphobos of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear, but he was nowise nigh. Then Hector knew the truth in his heart, and spake and said: "Ay me, now verily the gods have summoned me to death. I deemed the warrior Deiphobos was by my side, but he is within the wall, and it was Athene who played me false. Now therefore is evil death come very nigh me, not far off, nor is there way of escape. This then was from of old the pleasure of Zeus and of the far-darting son of Zeus, who yet before were fain to succour me: but now my fate hath found me. At least let me not die without a struggle or ingloriously, but in some great deed of arms whereof men yet to be born shall hear."

Thus saying he drew his sharp sword that by his flank hung great and strong, and gathered himself and swooped like a soaring eagle that darteth to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or crouching hare. So Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles made at him, for his heart was filled with wild fierceness, and before his breast he made a covering with his fair graven shield, and tossed his bright four-plated helm; and round it waved fair golden plumes [that Hephaistos had set thick about the crest]. As a star goeth among stars in the darkness of night, Hesperos, fairest of all stars set in heaven, so flashed there forth a light from the keen spear Achilles poised in his right hand, devising mischief against noble Hector, eyeing his fair flesh to find the fittest place. Now for the rest of him his flesh was covered by the fair bronze armour he stripped from strong Patroklos when he slew him, but there was an opening where the collar bones coming from the shoulders clasp the neck, even at the gullet, where destruction of life cometh quickliest; there, as he came on, noble Achilles drave at him with his spear, and right through the tender neck went the point. Yet the bronze-weighted ashen spear clave not the windpipe, so that he might yet speak words of answer to

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his foe. And he fell down in the dust, and noble Achilles spake exultingly: "Hector, thou thoughtest, whilst thou wert spoiling Patroklos, that thou wouldst be safe, and didst reck nothing of me who was afar, thou fool. But away among the hollow ships his comrade, a mightier far, even I, was left behind, who now have unstrung thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds tear foully, but his funeral shall the Achaians make."

Then with faint breath spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm: "I pray thee by thy life and knees and parents leave me not for dogs of the Achaians to devour by the ships, but take good store of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and lady mother shall give to thee, and give them home my body back again, that the Trojans and Trojans' wives give me my due of fire after my death."

But unto him with grim gaze spake Achilles fleet of foot: "Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely is there none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring ten or twenty fold ransom and here weigh it out, and promise even more, not even were Priam Dardanos' son to bid pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly."

Then dying spake unto him Hector of the glancing helm: "Verily I know thee and behold thee as thou art, nor was I destined to persuade thee; truly thy heart is iron in thy breast. Take heed now lest I draw upon thee wrath of gods, in the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo slay thee, for all thy valour, at the Skaian gate."

He ended, and the shadow of death came down upon him, and his soul flew forth of his limbs and was gone to the house of Hades, wailing her fate, leaving her vigour and youth. Then to the dead man spake noble Achilles: "Die: for my death, I will accept it whensoever Zeus and the other immortal gods are minded to accomplish it."

He said, and from the corpse drew forth his bronze spear, and set it aside, and stripped the bloody armour from the shoulders. And other sons of Achaians ran up around, who gazed upon the stature and marvellous goodliness of Hector. Nor did any stand by but wounded him, and thus would many a man say looking toward his neighbour: "Go to, of a truth far easier to handle is Hector now than when he burnt the ships with blazing fire." Thus would many a man say, and wound him as he stood hard by. And when fleet noble Achilles had despoiled him, he stood up among the Achaians and spake winged words: "Friends, chiefs and counsellors of the Argives, since the gods have vouchsafed us to vanquish this man who hath done us more evil than all the rest together, come let us make trial in arms round about the city, that we may know somewhat of the Trojans' purpose, whether since he hath fallen they will forsake the citadel, or whether they are minded to abide, albeit Hector is no more. But wherefore doth my heart

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debate thus? There lieth by the ships a dead man unbewailed, unburied, Patroklos; him will I not forget, while I abide among the living and my knees can stir. Nay if even in the house of Hades the dead forget their dead, yet will I even there be mindful of my dear comrade. But come, ye sons of the Achaians, let us now, singing our song of victory, go back to the hollow ships and take with us our foe. Great glory have we won; we have slain the noble Hector, unto whom the Trojans prayed throughout their city, as he had been a god."

He said, and devised foul entreatment of noble Hector. The tendons of both feet behind he slit from heel to ankle-joint, and thrust therethrough thongs of ox-hide, and bound him to his chariot leaving his head to trail. And when he had mounted the chariot and lifted therein the famous armour, he lashed his horses to speed and they nothing loth flew on. And dust rose around him that was dragged, and his dark hair flowed loose on either side, and in the dust lay all his once fair head, for now had Zeus given him over to his foes to entreat foully in his own native land.

Thus was his head all grimed with dust. But his mother when she beheld her son, tore her hair and cast far from her her shining veil, and cried aloud with an exceeding bitter cry. And piteously moaned his father, and around them the folk fell to crying and moaning throughout the town. Most like it seemed as though all beetling Ilios were burning utterly in fire. Scarcely could the folk keep back the old man in his hot desire to get him forth of the Dardanian gates. For he besought them all, casting himself down in the mire, calling on each man by his name: "Hold, friends, and though you love me leave me to get me forth of the city alone and go unto the ships of the Achaians. Let me pray this accursed horror-working man, if haply he may feel shame before his age fellows and pity an old man. He also hath a father such as I am, Peleus, who begat and reared him to be a bane of Trojans — and most of all to me hath he brought woe. So many sons of mine hath he slain in their flower — yet for all my sorrow for the rest I mourn them all less than this one alone, for whom my sharp grief will bring me down to the house of Hades — even Hector. Would that he had died in my arms; then would we have wept and wailed our fill, his mother who bore him to her ill hap, and I myself."

Thus spake he wailing, and all the men of the city made moan with him. And among the women of Troy, Hekabe led the wild lament: "My child, ah, woe is me! wherefore should I live in my pain, now thou art dead, who night and day wert my boast through the city, and blessing to all, both men and women of Troy throughout the town, who hailed thee as a god, for verily an exceeding glory to them wert thou in thy life: — now death and fate have overtaken thee."

Thus spake she wailing. But Hector's wife knew not as yet, for no true messenger had come to tell her how her husband abode without the gates, but in an inner chamber of the lofty house she

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was weaving a double purple web, and broidering therein manifold flowers. Then she called to her goodly-haired handmaids through the house to set a great tripod on the fire, that Hector might have warm washing when he came home out of the battle — fond heart, and was unaware how, far from all washings, bright-eyed Athene had slain him by the hand of Achilles. But she heard shrieks and groans from the battlements, and her limbs reeled, and the shuttle fell from her hands to earth. Then again among her goodly-haired maids she spake: "Come two of ye this way with me that I may see what deeds are done. It was the voice of my husband's noble mother that I heard, and in my own breast my heart leapeth to my mouth and my knees are numbed beneath me: surely some evil thing is at hand against the children of Priam. Would that such word might never reach my ear! yet terribly I dread lest noble Achilles have cut off bold Hector from the city by himself and chased him to the plain and ere this ended his perilous pride that possessed him, for never would he tarry among the throng of men but ran out before them far, yielding place to no man in his hardihood."

Thus saying she sped through the chamber like one mad, with beating heart, and with her went her handmaidens. But when she came to the battlements and the throng of men, she stood still upon the wall and gazed, and beheld him dragged before the city: — swift horses dragged him recklessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaians. Then dark night came on her eyes and shrouded her, and she fell backward and gasped forth her spirit. From off her head she shook the bright attiring thereof, frontlet and net and woven band, and veil, the veil that golden Aphrodite gave her on the day when Hector of the glancing helm led her forth of the house of Eëtion, having given bride-gifts untold. And around her thronged her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives, who held her up among them, distraught even to death. But when at last she came to herself and her soul returned into her breast, then wailing with deep sobs she spake among the women of Troy: "O Hector, woe is me! to one fate then were we both born, thou in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebe under woody Plakos, in the house of Eëtion, who reared me from a little one — ill-fated sire of cruel-fated child. Ah, would he had begotten me not. Now thou to the house of Hades beneath the secret places of the earth departest, and me in bitter mourning thou leavest a widow in thy halls: and thy son is but an infant child — son of unhappy parents, thee and me — nor shalt thou profit him, Hector, since thou art dead, neither he thee. For even if he escape the Achaians' woful war, yet shall labour and sorrow cleave unto him hereafter, for other men shall seize his lands. The day of orphanage sundereth a child from his fellows, and his head is bowed down ever, and his cheeks are wet with tears. And in his need the child seeketh his father's friends, plucking this one by cloak and that by coat, and one of them that pity him holdeth his cup a little to his mouth, and

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moisteneth his lips, but his palate he moisteneth not. And some child unorphaned thrusteth him from the feast with blows and taunting words, 'Out with thee! no father of thine is at our board. Then weeping to his widowed mother shall he return, even Astyanax, who erst upon his father's knee ate only marrow and fat flesh of sheep; and when sleep fell on him and he ceased from childish play, then in bed in his nurse's arms he would slumber softly nested, having satisfied his heart with good things; but now that he hath lost his father he will suffer many ills, Astyanax—that name the Trojans gave him, because thou only wert the defence of their gates and their long walls. But now by the beaked ships, far from thy parents, shall coiling worms devour thee when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest naked; yet in these halls lieth raiment of thine, delicate and fair, wrought by the hands of women. But verily all these will I consume with burning fire—to thee no profit, since thou wilt never lie therein, yet that this be honour to thee from the men and the women of Troy."

Thus spake she wailing, and the women joined their moan.

[tr. LANG, LEAF, MYERS]

[The next two days are filled with the funeral of Patroklos and with funeral games in his honour.]

BOOK XXIV

How the body of Hector was ransomed, and of his funeral.

Then the assembly was broken up, and the tribes were scattered to betake them each to their own swift ships. The rest bethought them of supper and sweet sleep to have joy thereof; but Achilles wept, remembering his dear comrade, nor did sleep that conquereth all take hold on him, but he kept turning him to this side and to that, yearning for Patroklos' manhood and excellent valour, and all the toils he achieved with him and the woes he bare, cleaving the battles of men and the grievous waves. As he thought thereon he shed big tears, now lying on his side, now on his back, now on his face; and then anon he would arise upon his feet and roam wildly beside the beach of the salt sea. Nor would he be unaware of the Dawn when she arose over the sea and shores. But when he had yoked the swift steeds to his car he would bind Hector behind his chariot to drag him withal; and having thrice drawn him round the barrow of the dead son of Menoitios he rested again in his hut and left Hector lying stretched on his face in the dust. But Apollo kept away all defacement from his flesh, for he had pity on him even in death, and covered him all with his golden aegis, that Achilles might not tear him when he dragged him.

Thus Achilles in his anger entreated noble Hector shamefully; but the blessed gods when they beheld him pitied him, and urged the clear-sighted slayer of Argus to steal the corpse away. So to all the others seemed it good, yet not to Hera or Poseidon or the bright

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eyed Maiden, but they continued as when at the beginning sacred Ilios became hateful to them, and Priam and his people, by reason of the sin of Alexandros in that he contemned those goddesses when they came to his steading, and preferred her who brought him deadly lustfulness. But when the twelfth morn from that day arose, then spake among the Immortals Phoebus Apollo: "Hard of heart are ye, O gods, and cruel. Hath Hector never burnt for you thigh-bones of unblemished bulls and goats? Now have ye not taken heart to rescue even his corpse for his wife to look upon and his mother and his child and his father Priam and his people, who speedily would burn him in the fire and make his funeral. But fell Achilles, O gods, ye are fain to abet, whose mind is nowise just nor the purpose in his breast to be turned away, but he is cruelly minded as a lion that in great strength and at the bidding of his proud heart goeth forth against men's flocks to make his meal; even thus Achilles hath cast out pity, neither hath he shame, that doth both harm and profit men greatly. It must be that many a man lose even some dearer one than was this, a brother of the same womb born or perchance a son; yet bringeth he his wailing and lamentation to an end, for an enduring soul have the Fates given unto men. But Achilles after bereaving noble Hector of his life bindeth him behind his horses and draggeth him around the tomb of his dear comrade: not, verily, is that more honourable or better for him. Let him take heed lest we wax wroth with him, good man though he be, for in his fury he is entreating shamefully the senseless clay."

Then in anger spake unto him white-armed Hera: "Even thus mightest thou speak, O Lord of the silver bow, if ye are to give equal honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is but a mortal and was suckled at a woman's breast, but Achilles is child of a goddess whom I myself bred up and reared and gave to a man to be his wife, even to Peleus who was dearest of all men to the Immortals' heart. And all ye gods came to her bridal, and thou among them wert feasting with thy lyre, O lover of ill company, faithless ever."

Then to her in answer spake Zeus who gathereth the clouds: "Hera, be not wroth utterly with the gods: for these men's honour is not to be the same, yet Hector also was dearest to the gods of all mortals that are in Ilios. So was he to me at least, for nowise failed he in the gifts I loved. Never did my altar lack seemly feast, drink-offering and the steam of sacrifice, even the honour that falleth to our due. But verily we will say no more of stealing away brave Hector, for it cannot be hidden from Achilles, for his mother abideth ever nigh to him night and day. But I were fain that some one of the gods would call Thetis to come near to me, that I may speak unto her a wise word, so that Achilles may take gifts from Priam and give Hector back."

Thus spake he, and airy-footed Iris sped forth upon the errand and between Samothrace and rocky Imbros leapt into the black sea, and the waters closed above her with a noise. And she sped to the bottom like a weight of lead that mounted on horn of a field-ox

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goeth down bearing death to ravenous fishes. And she found Thetis in a hollow cave; about her sat gathered other goddesses of the sea, and she in their midst was wailing for the fate of her noble son who must perish in deep-soiled Troy, far from his native land. And standing near, fleet-footed Iris spake to her: "Rise, Thetis; Zeus of immortal counsels calleth thee."

And to her made answer Thetis the silver-footed goddess: "Wherefore biddeth me that mighty god? I shrink from mingling among the Immortals, for I have countless woes at heart. Yet go I, nor shall his word be in vain, whatsoever he saith."

Thus having said the noble goddess took to her a dark-hued robe, no blacker raiment was there found than that. Then she went forth, and wind-footed swift Iris led the way before her, and around them the surge of the sea was sundered. And when they had come forth upon the shore they sped up to heaven, and found the far-seeing son of Kronos, and round him sat gathered all the other blessed gods that are for ever. Then she sat down beside father Zeus, and Athene gave her place. And Hera set a fair golden cup in her hand and cheered her with words, and Thetis drank, and gave back the cup. Then began speech to them the father of gods and men: "Thou art come to Olympus, divine Thetis, in thy sorrow, with violent grief at thy heart; I know it of myself. Nevertheless will I tell thee wherefore I called thee hither. Nine days hath dispute arisen among the Immortals concerning the corpse of Hector and Achilles waster of cities. Fain are they to send clear-sighted Argeïphontes to steal the body away, but now hear what glory I accord herein to Achilles, that I may keep through time to come thy honour and good will. Go with all speed to the host and bear to thy son my bidding. Say to him that the gods are displeased at him, and that I above all Immortals am wroth, because with furious heart he holdeth Hector at the beaked ships and hath not given him back, if haply he may fear me and give Hector back. But I will send Iris to great-hearted Priam to bid him go to the ships of the Achaians to ransom his dear son, and carry gifts to Achilles that may gladden his heart."

Thus spake he, and Thetis the silver-footed goddess was not disobedient to his word, and sped darting upon her way down from the peaks of Olympus. And she came to her son's hut; there found she him making grievous moan, and his dear comrades round were swiftly making ready and furnishing their early meal, and a sheep great and fleecy was being sacrificed in the hut. Then his lady mother sate her down close beside him, and stroked him with her hand and spake to him by his name: "My child, how long with lamentation and woe wilt thou devour thine heart, taking thought of neither food nor rest? good were even a woman's embrace, for not long shalt thou be left alive to me; already death and forceful fate are standing nigh thee. But hearken forthwith unto me, for I am the messenger of Zeus to thee. He saith that the gods are displeased at thee, and that himself above all Immortals is wroth

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because with furious heart thou holdest Hector at the beaked ships and hast not given him back. But come restore him, and take ransom for the dead."

Then to her in answer spake fleet-footed Achilles: "So be it: whoso bringeth ransom let him take back the dead, if verily with heart's intent the Olympian biddeth it himself."

So they in the assembly of the ships, mother and son, spake to each other many winged words. But the son of Kronos thus bade Iris go to holy Ilios: "Go forth, fleet Iris, leave the abode of Olympus and bear my message within Ilios to great-hearted Priam that he go to the ships of the Achaians and ransom his dear son and carry gifts to Achilles that may gladden his heart; let him go alone, and no other man of the Trojans go with him. Only let some elder herald attend on him to guide the mules and smooth-wheeled waggon and carry back to the city the dead man whom noble Achilles slew. Let not death be in his thought nor any fear; such guide will we give unto him, even the slayer of Argus, who shall lead him until his leading bring him to Achilles. And when he shall have led him within the hut, neither shall Achilles himself slay him nor suffer any other herein, for not senseless is he or unforeseeing or wicked, but with all courtesy he will spare a suppliant man."

Thus spake he, and airy-footed Iris sped forth upon the errand. And she came to the house of Priam, and found therein crying and moan. His children sitting around their father within the court were bedewing their raiment with their tears, and the old man in their midst was close wrapped all over in his cloak; and on his head and neck was much mire that he had gathered in his hands as he grovelled upon the earth. And his daughters and his sons' wives were wailing throughout the house, bethinking them of all those valiant men who had lost their lives at the hands of the Argives and were lying low. And the messenger of Zeus stood beside Priam and spake softly unto him, and trembling came upon his limbs: "Be of good cheer in thy heart, O Priam son of Dardanos, and be not dismayed for anything, for no evil come I hither to forebode to thee, but with good will. I am the messenger of Zeus to thee, who, though he be afar off, hath great care and pity for thee. The Olympian biddeth thee ransom noble Hector and carry gifts to Achilles that may gladden his heart: go thou alone, let none other of the Trojans go with thee. Only let some elder herald attend on thee to guide the mules and the smooth-wheeled waggon to carry back to the city the dead man whom noble Achilles slew. Let not death be in thy thought, nor any fear; such guide shall go with thee, even the slayer of Argus, who shall lead thee until his leading bring thee to Achilles. And when he shall have led thee into the hut, neither shall Achilles himself slay thee nor suffer any other herein, for not senseless is he or unforeseeing or wicked, but with all courtesy he will spare a suppliant man."

Thus having spoken fleet Iris departed from him; and he bade

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his sons make ready the smooth-wheeled mule waggon, and bind the wicker carriage thereon. And himself he went down to his fragrant chamber, of cedar wood, high-roofed, that held full many jewels: and to Hekabe his wife he called and spake: "Lady, from Zeus hath an Olympian messenger come to me, that I go to the ships of the Achaians and ransom my dear son, and carry gifts to Achilles that may gladden his heart. Come tell me how seemeth it to thy mind, for of myself at least my desire and heart bid me mightily to go thither to the ships and enter the wide camp of the Achaians."

Thus spake he, but his wife lamented aloud and made answer unto him: "Woe is me, whither is gone thy mind whereby afore time thou wert famous among stranger men and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaians to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain full many of thy brave sons? of iron verily is thy heart. For if he light on thee and behold thee with his eyes, a savage and ill-trusted man is this and he will not pity thee, neither reverence thee at all. Nay, now let us sit in the hall and make lament afar off. Even thus did forceful Fate erst spin for Hector with her thread at his beginning when I bare him, even I that he should glut fleet-footed dogs, far from his parents, in the dwelling of a violent man whose inmost vitals I were fain to fasten and feed upon; then would his deed against my son be paid again to him, for not playing the coward was he slain of him, but championing the men and deep-bosomed women of Troy, neither bethought he him of shelter or of flight."

Then to her in answer spake the old man godlike Priam: "Stay me not, for I am fain to go, neither be thyself a bird of ill boding in my halls, for thou wilt not change my mind. Were it some other and a child of earth that bade me this, whether some seer or of the priests that divine from sacrifice, then would we declare it false and have no part therein; but now, since I have heard the voice of the goddess myself and looked upon her face, I will go forth, and her word shall not be void. And if it be my fate to die by the ships of the mail-clad Achaians, so would I have it; let Achilles slay me with all speed, when once I have taken in my arms my son, and have satisfied my desire with moan."

He spake, and opened fair lids of chests wherefrom he chose twelve very goodly women's robes and twelve cloaks of single fold and of coverlets a like number and of fair sheets, and of doublets thereupon. And he weighed and brought forth talents of gold ten in all, and two shining tripods and four caldrons, and a goblet exceeding fair that men of Thrace had given him when he went thither on an embassy, a chattel of great price, yet not that even did the old man grudge from his halls, for he was exceeding fain in heart to ransom his dear son. Then he drave out all the Trojans from the colonnade, chiding them with words of rebuke: "Begone ye that dishonour and do me shame! Have ye no mourning of your own at home that ye come to vex me here? Think ye it

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small thing that Zeus Kronos' son hath given me this sorrow, to lose him that was the best man of my sons? Nay, but ye too shall feel it, for easier far shall ye be to the Achaians to slay now he is dead. But for me, ere I behold with mine eyes the city sacked and wasted, let me go down into the house of Hades."

He said, and with his staff chased forth the men, and they went forth before the old man in his haste. Then he called unto his sons, chiding Helenos and Paris and noble Agathon and Pammon and Antiphonos, and Polites of the loud war-cry, and Deiphobos and Hippothoos and proud Dios; nine were they whom the old man called and bade unto him: "Haste ye, ill sons, my shame; would that ye all in Hector's stead had been slain at the swift ships! Woe is me all unblest, since I begat sons the best men in wide Troy-land, but none of them is left for me to claim, neither godlike Mestor, nor Troilos with his chariot of war, nor Hector who was a god among men, neither seemed he as the son of a mortal man but of a god: — all these hath Ares slain, and here are my shames all left to me, false-tongued, light-heeled, the heroes of the dance, plunderers of your own people's sheep and kids. Will ye not make me ready a wain with all speed, and lay all these thereon, that we get us forward on our way?"

Thus spake he, and they fearing their father's voice brought forth the smooth-running mule chariot, fair and new, and bound the body thereof on the frame; and from its peg they took down the mule yoke, a boxwood yoke with knob well fitted with guiding-rings; and they brought forth the yoke-band of nine cubits with the yoke. The yoke they set firmly on the polished pole on the rest at the end thereof, and slipped the ring over the upright pin, which with three turns of the band they lashed to the knob, and then belayed it close round the pole and turned the tongue thereunder. Then they brought from the chamber and heaped on the polished wain the countless ransom of Hector's head, and yoked strong-hooved harness mules, which on a time the Mysians gave to Priam, a splendid gift. But to Priam's car they yoked the horses that the old man kept for his use and reared at the polished crib.

Thus in the high palace were Priam and the herald letting yoke their cars, with wise thoughts at their hearts, when nigh them came Hekabe sore at heart, with honey-sweet wine in her right hand in a golden cup that they might make libation ere they went. And she stood before the horses and spake a word to Priam by name: "Lo now make libation to father Zeus and pray that thou mayest come back home from among the enemy, since thy heart speedeth thee forth to the ships, though fain were I thou wentest not. And next pray to Kronion of the Storm-cloud, the god of Ida, that beholdeth all Troy-land beneath, and ask of him a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that is dearest of all birds to him and of mightiest strength, to appear upon thy right, that seeing the sign with thine own eyes thou mayest go in trust thereto unto the ships of the fleet-horsed Danaans. But if far-seeing Zeus shall not grant unto

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thee his messenger, I at least shall not bid thee on to go amon the ships of the Achaians how fain soever thou mayest be."

Then answered and spake unto her godlike Priam: "Lady, I wi not disregard this hest of thine, for good it is to lift up hands t Zeus, if haply he will have pity."

Thus spake the old man, and bade a house-dame that served hi pour pure water on his hands; and she came near to serve hi with water in a ewer to wash withal. And when he had washe his hands he took a goblet from his wife: then he stood in the mid of the court and prayed and poured forth wine as he looked up t heaven, and spake a word aloud: "Father Zeus that bearest swa from Ida, most glorious and most great, grant that I find welcom and pity under Achilles' roof, and send a bird of omen, even th swift messenger that is dearest of all birds to thee and of mightie strength, to appear upon the right, that seeing this sign with mi own eyes I may go trusting therein unto the ships of the flee horsed Danaans."

Thus spake he praying, and Zeus of wise counsels hearkene unto him, and straightway sent forth an eagle, surest omen o winged birds, the dusky hunter called of men the Black Eag Wide as the door, well locking, fitted close, of some rich man high-roofed hall, so wide were his wings either way; and he ap peared to them speeding on the right hand above the city. An when they saw the eagle they rejoiced and all their hearts were gl within their breasts.

Then the old man made haste to go up into his car, and dra forth from the doorway and the echoing portico. In front th mules drew the four-wheeled wain, and wise Idaios drave them; be hind came the horses which the old man urged with the lash a speed along the city: and his friends all followed lamenting lou as though he were faring to his death. And when they were com down from the city and were now on the plain, then went bac again to Ilios his sons and marriage kin. But the two coming for upon the plain were not unbeheld of far-seeing Zeus. But he looke upon the old man and had compassion on him, and straightw spake unto Hermes his dear son: "Hermes, since unto thee esp cially is it dear to companion men, and thou hearest whomsoev thou wilt, go forth and so guide Priam to the hollow ships of th Achaians that no man behold or be aware of him, among all th Danaans' host, until he come to the son of Peleus."

Thus spake he, and the Messenger, the slayer of Argus, was n disobedient unto his word. Straightway beneath his feet he bou on his fair sandals, golden, divine, that bare him over the wet s and over the boundless land with the breathings of the wind. An he took up his wand wherewith he entranceth the eyes of such m as he will, and others he likewise waketh out of sleep: this did th strong slayer of Argus take in his hand, and flew. And quick came he to Troy-land and the Hellespont, and went on his way

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semblance as a young man that is a prince, with the new down on his chin, as when the youth of men is the comeliest.

Now the others, when they had driven beyond the great barrow of Ilios, halted the mules and horses at the river to drink; for darkness was come down over the earth. Then the herald beheld Hermes from hard by, and marked him, and spake and said to Priam: "Consider, son of Dardanos; this is matter of prudent thought. I see a man, methinks we shall full soon be rent in pieces. Come, let us flee in our chariot, or else at least touch his knees and entreat him that he have mercy on us."

Thus spake he, and the old man was confounded, and he was dismayed exceedingly, and the hair on his pliant limbs stood up, and he stood still amazed. But the Helper came nigh of himself and took the old man's hand, and spake and questioned him: "Whither, father, dost thou thus guide these horses and mules through the divine night, when other mortals are asleep? Hadst thou no fear of the fierce-breathing Achaians, thy bitter foes that are hard anigh thee? If one of them should espy thee carrying such treasures through the swift black night, what then would be thy thought? Neither art thou young thyself, and thy companion here is old, that ye should make defence against a man that should assail thee first. But I will nowise harm thee, yea I will keep any other from thy hurt: for the similitude of my dear father I see in thee."

And to him in answer spake the old man, godlike Priam: "Even so, kind son, are all these things as thou sayest. Nevertheless hath some god stretched forth his hand even over me in that he hath sent a wayfarer such as thou to meet me, a bearer of good luck, by the nobleness of thy form and semblance; and thou art wise of heart and of blessed parents art thou sprung."

And to him again spake the Messenger, the slayer of Argus: "All this, old sire, hast thou verily spoken aright. But come say this and tell me truly whether thou art taking forth a great and goodly treasure unto alien men, where it may abide for thee in safety, or whether by this ye are all forsaking holy Ilios in fear; so far the best man among you hath perished, even thy son; for of battle with the Achaians abated he never a jot."

And to him in answer spake the old man, godlike Priam: "Who art thou, noble sir, and of whom art born? For meetly hast thou spoken of the fate of my hapless son."

And to him again spake the Messenger, the slayer of Argus: "Thou art proving me, old sire, in asking me of noble Hector. Him have I full oft seen with mine eyes in glorious battle, and when at the ships he was slaying the Argives he drave thither, piercing them with the keen bronze, and we stood still and marvelled thereat, for Achilles suffered us not to fight, being wroth against Atreus' son. His squire am I, and came in the same well-wrought ship. From the Myrmidons I come, and my father is Polyktor. Wealthy is he, and an old man even as thou, and six other sons

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hath he, and I am his seventh. With the others I cast lots, and it fell to me to fare hither with the host. And now am I come from the ships to the plain, for at day-break the glancing-eyed Achaians will set the battle in array around the town. For it chafeth them to be sitting here, nor can the Achaian lords hold in their fury for the fray."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him, saying: "If verily thou art a squire of Achilles Peleus' son, come tell me all the truth, whether still my son is by the ships, or whether ere now Achilles hath riven him limb from limb and cast him to the dogs."

Then to him again spake the Messenger the slayer of Argus: "Old sire, not yet have dogs or birds devoured him, but there lieth he still by Achilles' ship, even as he fell, among the huts, and the twelfth morn now hath risen upon him, nor doth his flesh corrupt at all, neither worms consume it, such as devour men slain in war. Truly Achilles draggeth him recklessly around the barrow of his dear comrade so oft as divine day dawneth, yet marreth he him not; thou wouldst marvel if thou couldst go see thyself how dewy fresh he lieth, and is washed clean of blood, nor anywhere defiled; and all his wounds wherewith he was stricken are closed; howbeit many plunged their points in him. So careful are the blessed gods of thy son, though he be but a dead corpse, for they held him dear at heart."

Thus spake he, and the old man rejoiced, and answered him, saying: "My son, it is verily a good thing to give due offerings withal to the Immortals, for never did my child — if that child indeed I had — forget in our halls the gods who inhabit Olympus. Therefore have they remembered this for him, albeit his portion is death. But come now take from me this goodly goblet, and guard me myself and guide me, under Heaven, that I may come unto the hut of Peleus' son."

Then spake unto him again the Messenger the slayer of Argus: "Thou art proving me, old sire, who am younger than thou, but thou wilt not prevail upon me, in that thou biddest me take gifts from thee without Achilles' privity. I were afraid and shamed at heart to defraud him, lest some evil come to pass on me hereafter. But as thy guide I would go even unto famous Argos, accompanying thee courteously in swift ship or on foot. Not from scorn of thy guide would any assail thee then."

Thus spake the Helper, and leaping on the chariot behind the horses he swiftly took lash and reins into his hands, and breathed brave spirit into horses and mules. But when they were come to the towers and trench of the ships, there were the sentinels just busying them about their supper. Then the Messenger, the slayer of Argus, shed sleep upon them all, and straightway opened the gates and thrust back the bars, and brought within Priam and the splendid gifts upon his wain. And they came to the lofty hut of the son of Peleus, which the Myrmidons made for their king and hewed therefor timber of the pine, and thatched it with downy

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thatching-rush that they mowed in the meadows, and around it made for him their lord a great court with close-set palisades; and the door was barred by a single bolt of pine that three Achaians wont to drive home, and three drew back that mighty bar — three of the rest, but Achilles by himself would drive it home. Then opened the Helper Hermes the door for the old man, and brought in the splendid gifts for Peleus' fleet-footed son, and descended from the chariot to the earth and spake aloud: "Old sire, I that have come to thee am an immortal god, even Hermes, for my father sent me to companion thee on thy way. But now will I depart from thee nor come within Achilles' sight; it were cause of wrath that an immortal god should thus show favour openly unto mortals. But thou go in and clasp the knees of Peleus' son and entreat him for his father's sake and his mother's of the lovely hair and for his child's sake that thou mayest move his soul."

Thus Hermes spake, and departed unto high Olympus. But Priam leapt from the car to the earth, and left Idaios in his place; he stayed to mind the horses and mules; but the old man made straight for the house where Achilles dear to Zeus was wont to sit. And therein he found the man himself, and his comrades sate apart: two only, the hero Automedon and Alkimos, of the stock of Ares, were busy in attendance; and he was lately ceased from meat, even from eating and drinking: and still the table stood beside him. But they were unaware of great Priam as he came in, and so stood he anigh and clasped in his hands the knees of Achilles, and kissed his hands, terrible, man-slaying, that slew many of Priam's sons. And as when a grievous curse cometh upon a man who in his own country hath slain another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some rich man, and wonder possesseth them that look on him — so Achilles wondered when he saw godlike Priam, and the rest wondered likewise, and looked upon one another. Then Priam spake and entreated him, saying: "Bethink thee, O Achilles like to gods, of thy father that is of like years with me, on the grievous pathway of old age. Him haply are the dwellers round about entreating evilly, nor is there any to ward from him ruin and bane. Nevertheless while he heareth of thee as yet alive he rejoiceth in his heart, and hopeth withal day after day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I, I am utterly unblest, since I begat sons the best men in wide Troy-land, but declare unto thee that none of them is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaians came; nineteen were born to me of one mother, and concubines bare the rest within my halls. Now of the more part had impetuous Ares unstrung the knees, and he who was yet left and guarded city and men, him slewest thou but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake come I unto the ships of the Achaians that I may win him back from thee, and I bring with me untold ransom. Yea, fear thou the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, even me, bethinking thee of thy father. Lo, I am yet more piteous than he, and have braved what none other man on

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earth hath braved before, to stretch forth my hand toward the face of the slayer of my sons."

Thus spake he, and stirred within Achilles desire to make lament for his father. And he touched the old man's hand and gently moved him back. And as they both bethought them of their dead, so Priam for man-slaying Hector wept sore as he was fallen before Achilles' feet, and Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroklos, and their moan went up throughout the house. But when noble Achilles had satisfied him with lament, and the desire thereof departed from his heart and limbs, straightway he sprang from his seat and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard, and spake unto him winged words and said: "Ah hapless! many ill things verily thou hast endured in thy heart. How durst thou come alone to the ships of the Achaians and to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain full many of thy brave sons? of iron verily is thy heart. But come then set thee on a seat and we will let our sorrows lie quiet in our hearts, for all our pain for no avail cometh of chill lament. This is the lot the gods have spun for miserable men, that they should live in pain; yet themselves are sorrowless. For two urns stand upon the floor of Zeus filled with his evil gifts, and one with blessings. To whomsoever Zeus whose joy is in the lightning dealeth a mingled lot, that man chanceth now upon ill and now again on good, but to whom he giveth but of the bad kind him he bringeth to scorn, and evil famine chaseth him over the goodly earth, and he is a wanderer honoured of neither gods nor men. Even thus to Peleus gave the gods splendid gifts from his birth, for he excelled all men in good fortune and wealth, and was king of the Myrmidons, and mortal though he was the gods gave him a goddess to be his bride. Yet even on him God brought evil, seeing that there arose to him no offspring of princely sons in his halls, save that he begat one son to an untimely death. Neither may I tend him as he groweth old since very far from my country I am dwelling in Troy-land, to vex thee and thy children. And of thee, old sire, we have heard how of old time thou wert happy, even how of all that Lesbos, seat of Makar, boundeth to the north thereof and Phrygia farther up and the vast Hellespont — of all these folk, men say, thou wert the richest in wealth and in sons, but after that the Powers of Heaven brought this bane on thee, ever are battles and man-slayings around thy city. Keep courage, and lament not unabatingly in thy heart. For nothing wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither shalt thou bring him back to life or ever some new evil come upon thee."

Then made answer unto him the old man, godlike Priam: "Bid me not to a seat, O fosterling of Zeus, so long as Hector lieth uncared for at the huts, but straightway give him back that I may behold him with mine eyes; and accept thou the great ransom that we bring. So mayest thou have pleasure thereof, and come unto thy native land, since thou hast spared me from the first."

Then fleet-footed Achilles looked sternly upon him and said: "No

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longer chafe me, old sire; of myself am I minded to give Hector back to thee, for there came to me a messenger from Zeus, even my mother who bare me, daughter of the Ancient One of the Sea. And I know, O Priam, in my mind, nor am unaware that some god it is that hath guided thee to the swift ships of the Achaians. For no mortal man, even though in prime of youth, would dare to come among the host, for neither could he escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bolt of our doors. Therefore now stir my heart no more amid my troubles, lest I leave not even thee in peace, old sire, within my hut, albeit thou art my suppliant, and lest I transgress the commandment of Zeus."

Thus spake he, and the old man feared, and obeyed his word. And the son of Peleus leapt like a lion through the door of the house, not alone, for with him went two squires, the hero Automedon and Alkimos, they whom above all his comrades Achilles honoured, save only Patroklos that was dead. They then loosed from under the yoke the horses and mules, and led in the old man's crier-herald and set him on a chair, and from the wain of goodly felloes they took the countless ransom set on Hector's head. But they left two robes and a well-spun doublet, that Achilles might wrap the dead therein when he gave him to be carried home. And he called forth handmaids and bade them wash and anoint him when they had borne him apart, so that Priam should not look upon his son, lest he should not refrain the wrath at his sorrowing heart when he should look upon his son, and lest Achilles' heart be vexed thereat and he slay him and transgress the commandment of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had thrown over it a fair robe and a doublet, then Achilles himself lifted it and laid it on a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it onto the polished waggon. Then he groaned aloud and called on his dear comrade by his name: "Patroklos, be not vexed with me if thou hear even in the house of Hades that I have given back noble Hector unto his dear father, for not unworthy is the ransom he hath given me, whereof I will deal to thee again thy rightful share."

Thus spake noble Achilles, and went back into the hut, and sate him down on the cunningly-wrought couch whence he had arisen by the opposite wall, and spake a word to Priam: "Thy son, old sire, is given back as thou wouldest and lieth on a bier, and with the break of day thou shalt see him thyself as thou carriest him. But now bethink we us of supper. For even faired-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, she whose twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons. The sons Apollo, in his anger against Niobe, slew with arrows from his silver bow, and the daughters archer Artemis, for that Niobe matched herself against fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess bare but twain but herself many children: so they though they were but twain destroyed the others all. Nine days they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for Kronion turned the folk to stones. Yet

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on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them, and she then bethought her of meat, when she was wearied out with weeping tears. And somewhere now among the cliffs, on the lonely mountains, even on Sipylos, where they say are the couching-places of nymphs that dance around Acheloös, there she, albeit a stone, broodeth still over her troubles from the gods. But come let us too, noble father, take thought of meat, and afterward thou shalt mourn over thy dear son as thou carriest him to Ilios; and many tears shall be his due."

Thus spake fleet Achilles, and sprang up, and slew a pure white sheep, and his comrades skinned and made it ready in seemly fashion, and divided it cunningly and pierced it with spits, and roasted it carefully and drew all off. And Automedon took bread and served it on a table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt out the flesh. And they stretched forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put off the desire of meat and drink, then Priam son of Dardanos marvelled at Achilles to see how great he was and how goodly, for he was like a god to look upon. And Achilles marvelled at Priam son of Dardanos, beholding his noble aspect and hearkening to his words. But when they had gazed their fill upon one another, then first spake the old man, godlike Priam, to Achilles: "Now presently give me whereon to lie, fosterling of Zeus, that of sweet sleep also we may now take our fill at rest: for never yet have mine eyes closed beneath their lids since at thy hands my son lost his life, but I continually mourn and brood over countless griefs, grovelling in the courtyard-close amid the mire. Now at last have I tasted bread and poured bright wine down my throat, but till now I had tasted nought."

He said, and Achilles bade his comrades and handmaids to set a bedstead beneath the portico, and to cast thereon fair shining rugs and spread coverlets above and thereon to lay thick mantles to be a clothing over all. And the maids went forth from the inner hall with torches in their hands, and quickly spread two beds in haste. Then with bitter meaning said fleet-footed Achilles unto Priam: "Lie thou without, dear sire, lest there come hither one of the counsellors of the Achaians, such as ever take counsel with me by my side, as custom is. If any of such should behold thee through the swift black night, forthwith he might haply tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and thus would there be delay in giving back the dead. But come say this to me and tell it true, how many days' space thou art fain to make funeral for noble Hector, so that for so long I may myself abide and may keep back the host."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him saying: "If thou art verily willing that I accomplish noble Hector's funeral, by doing as thou sayest, O Achilles, thou wilt do me grace. For thou knowest how we are pent within the city, and wood from the mountain is far to fetch, and the Trojans are much in fear. Nine days will we make moan for him in our halls, and on the tenth we will hold funeral and the folk shall feast, and on the eleventh we will make

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a barrow over him, and on the twelfth we will do battle if need be."

Then again spake the fleet noble Achilles unto him saying: "All this, O ancient Priam, shall be as thou biddest; for I will hold back the battle even so long a time as thou tellest me."

Thus speaking he clasped the old man's right hand at the wrist, lest he should be anywise afraid at heart. So they in the forepart of the house laid them down, Priam and the herald, with wise thoughts at their hearts, but Achilles slept in a recess of the firm-wrought hut, and beside him lay fair-cheeked Briseis.

Now all other gods and warriors lords of chariots slumbered all night, by soft sleep overcome. But not on the Helper Hermes did sleep take hold as he sought within his heart how he should guide forth king Priam from the ships unespied of the trusty sentinels. And he stood above his head and spake a word to him: "Old sire, no thought then hast thou of any evil, seeing thou yet sleepest among men that are thine enemies, for that Achilles spared thee. Truly now hast thou won back thy dear son, and at great price. But for thy life will thy sons thou hast left behind be offering threefold ransom, if but Agamemnon Atreus' son be aware of thee, and aware be all the Achaians."

Thus spake he, and the old man feared, and roused the herald. And Hermes yoked the horses and mules for them, and himself drave them lightly through the camp, and none was aware of them.

But when they came to the ford of the fair-flowing river, [even eddying Xanthos, begotten of immortal Zeus,] then Hermes departed up to high Olympus, and Morning of the saffron robe spread over all the earth. And they with wail and moan drave the horses to the city, and the mules drew the dead. Nor marked them any man or fair-girdled woman until Kassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up upon Pergamos, was aware of her dear father as he stood in the car, and the herald that was crier to the town. Then beheld she him that lay upon the bier behind the mules, and thereat she wailed and cried aloud throughout all the town: "O men and women of Troy, come ye hither and look upon Hector, if ever while he was alive ye rejoiced when he came back from battle, since great joy was he to the city and all the folk."

Thus spake she, nor was man or woman left within the city, for upon all came unendurable grief. And near the gates they met Priam bringing home the dead. First bewailed him his dear wife and lady mother, as they cast them on the fair-wheeled wain and touched his head; and around them stood the throng and wept. So all day long unto the setting of the sun they had lamented Hector in tears without the gate, had not the old man spoken from the car among the folk: "Give me place for the mules to pass through; hereafter ye shall have your fill of wailing, when I have brought him unto his home."

Thus spake he, and they parted asunder and gave place to the wain. And the others when they had brought him to the famous house, laid him on a fretted bed, and set beside him minstrels lead-

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ers of the dirge, who wailed a mournful lay, while the women made moan with them. And among the women white-armed Andromache led the lamentation, while in her hands she held the head of Hector slayer of men: "Husband, thou art gone young from life, and leavest me a widow in thy halls. And the child is yet but a little one, child of ill-fated parents, thee and me; nor methinks shall he grow up to manhood, for ere then shall this city be utterly destroyed. For thou art verily perished who didst watch over it, who guardedst it and keptest safe its noble wives and infant little ones. These soon shall be voyaging in the hollow ships, yea and I too with them, and thou, my child, shalt either go with me unto a place where thou shalt toil at unseemly tasks, labouring before the face of some harsh lord, or else some Achaian will take thee by the arm and hurl thee from the battlement, a grievous death, for that he is wroth because Hector slew his brother or father or son, since full many of the Achaians at Hector's hands have bitten the firm earth. For no light hand had thy father in the grievous fray. Therefore the folk lament him throughout the city, and woe unspeakable and mourning hast thou left to thy parents, Hector, but with me chiefliest shall grievous pain abide. For neither didst thou stretch thy hands to me from a bed in thy death, neither didst speak to me some memorable word that I might have thought on evermore as my tears fall night and day."

Thus spake she wailing, and the women joined their moan. And among them Hekabe again led the loud lament: "Hector, of all my children far dearest to my heart, verily while thou wert alive dear wert thou to the gods, and even in thy doom of death have they had care for thee. For other sons of mine whom he took captive would fleet Achilles sell beyond the unvintaged sea unto Samos and Imbros and smoking Lemnos, but when with keen-edged bronze he had bereft thee of thy life he was fain to drag thee oft around the tomb of his comrade, even Patroklos whom thou slewest, yet might he not raise him up thereby. But now all dewy and fresh thou lies in our halls, like one on whom Apollo, lord of the silver bow, hath descended and slain him with his gentle darts."

Thus spake she wailing, and stirred unending moan. Then thirdly Helen led their sore lament: "Hector, of all my brethren of Troy far dearest to my heart! Truly my lord is godlike Alexandros who brought me to Troy-land — would I had died ere then. For this is now the twentieth year since I went thence and am gone from my own native land, but never yet heard I evil or despiteful word from thee; nay, if any other haply upbraided me in the palace-halls, whether brother or sister of thine or brother's fair-robed wife, or thy mother — but thy father is ever kind to me as he were my own — then wouldst thou soothe such with words and refrain them, by the gentleness of thy spirit and by thy gentle words. Therefore bewail I thee with pain at heart, and my hapless self with thee, for no more is any left in wide Troy-land to be my friend and kind to me, but all men shudder at me."

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Thus spake she wailing, and therewith the great multitude of the people groaned. But the old man Priam spake a word among the folk: "Bring wood, men of Troy, unto the city, and be not anywise afraid at heart of a crafty ambush of the Achaians; for this message Achilles gave me when he sent me from the black ships, that they should do us no hurt until the twelfth morn arise."

Thus spake he, and they yoked oxen and mules to wains, and quickly then they flocked before the city. So nine days they gathered great store of wood. But when the tenth morn rose with light for men, then bare they forth brave Hector, weeping tears, and on a lofty pyre they laid the dead man, and thereon cast fire.

But when the daughter of Dawn, rosy-fingered Morning, shone forth, then gathered the folk around glorious Hector's pyre. First quenched they with bright wine all the burning, so far as the fire's strength went, and then his brethren and comrades gathered his white bones lamenting, and big tears flowed down their cheeks. And the bones they took and laid in a golden urn, shrouding them in soft purple robes, and straightway laid the urn in a hollow grave and piled thereon great close-set stones, and heaped with speed a barrow, while watchers were set everywhere around, lest the well-greaved Achaians should make onset before the time. And when they had heaped the barrow they went back, and gathered them together and feasted right well in noble feast at the palace of Priam, Zeus-fostered king.

Thus held they funeral for Hector tamer of horses.

[tr. LANG, LEAF, MYERS]

THE ODYSSEY

BOOK I

In a Council of the Gods, Poseidon absent, Pallas procureth an order for the restitution of Odysseus; and appearing to his son Telemachus, in human shape, adviseth him to complain of the Wooers before the Council of the people, and then go to Pylos and Sparta to inquire about his father.

Tell me, Muse, of that man, so ready at need, who wandered far and wide, after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy, and many were the men whose towns he saw and whose mind he learnt, yea, and many the woes he suffered in his heart upon the deep, striving to win his own life and the return of his company. Nay, but even so he saved not his company, though he desired it sore. For through the blindness of their own hearts they perished, fools, who devoured the oxen of Helios Hyperion: but the god took from them their day of returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, whencesoever thou hast heard thereof, declare thou even unto us.

Now all the rest, as many as fled from sheer destruction, were

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at home, and had escaped both war and sea, but Odysseus only, craving for his wife and for his homeward path, the lady nymph Calypso held, that fair goddess, in her hollow caves, longing to have him for her lord. But when now the year had come in the courses of the seasons, wherein the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca, not even there was he quit of labours, not even among his own; but all the gods had pity on him save Poseidon, who raged continually against godlike Odysseus, till he came to his own country. Howbeit Poseidon had now departed for the distant Ethiopians, the Ethiopians that are sundered in twain, the uttermost of men, abiding some where Hyperion sinks and some where he rises. There he looked to receive his hecatomb of bulls and dams, there he made merry sitting at the feast, but the other gods were gathered in the halls of Olympian Zeus. Then among them the father of gods and men began to speak, for he bethought him in his heart of noble Aegisthus, whom the son of Agamemnon, far-famed Orestes, slew. Thinking upon him he spake out among the Immortals:

"Lo you now, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods! For of us they say comes evil, whereas they even of themselves, through the blindness of their own hearts, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as of late Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to him the wedded wife of the son of Atreus and killed her lord on his return, and that with sheer doom before his eyes since we had warned him by the embassy of Hermes the keen sighted, the slayer of Argos, that he should neither kill the man nor woo his wife. For the son of Atreus shall be avenged at the hand of Orestes, so soon as he shall come to man's estate and long for his own country. So spake Hermes, yet he prevailed not on the heart of Aegisthus, for all his good will; but now hath he paid one price for all."

And the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, answered him, saying: "O father, our father Cronides, throned in the highest, that man assuredly lies in a death that is his due; so perish likewise all who work such deeds! But my heart is rent for wise Odysseus, the hapless one, who far from his friends this long while suffereth affliction in a seagirt isle, where is the navel of the sea, a woodland isle and therein a goddess hath her habitation, the daughter of the wizard Atlas, who knows the depths of every sea, and himself upholds the tall pillars which keep earth and sky asunder. His daughter it is that holds the hapless man in sorrow: and ever with soft and guileful tales she is wooing him to forgetfulness of Ithaca. But Odysseus yearning to see if it were but the smoke leap upward from his own land, hath a desire to die. As for thee, thine heart regardeth it not at all, Olympian! What! did not Odysseus by the ships of the Argives make thee free offering of sacrifice in the wide Trojan land? Wherefore wast thou then so wroth with him, O Zeus?"

And Zeus the cloud-gatherer answered her, and said: "My child,

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what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Yea, how should I forget divine Odysseus, who in understanding is beyond mortals and beyond all men hath done sacrifice to the deathless gods, who keep the wide heaven? Nay, but it is Poseidon, the girdler of the earth, that hath been wroth continually with quenchless anger for the Cyclops' sake whom he blinded of his eye, even godlike Polyphemus whose power is mightiest amongst all the Cyclôpes. His mother was the nymph Thoösa, daughter of Phorcys, lord of the unharvested sea, and in the hollow caves she lay with Poseidon. From that day forth Poseidon the earth-shaker doth not indeed slay Odysseus, but driveth him wandering from his own country. But come, let us here one and all take good counsel as touching his returning, that he may be got home; so shall Poseidon let go his displeasure, for he will in no wise be able to strive alone against all, in despite of all the deathless gods."

Then the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, answered him, and said: "O father, our father Cronides, throned in the highest, if indeed this thing is now well pleasing to the blessed gods, that wise Odysseus should return to his own home, let us then speed Hermes the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, to the island of Ogygia. There with all speed let him declare to the lady of the braided tresses our unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, that so he may come to his home. But as for me I will go to Ithaca that I may rouse his son yet the more, planting might in his heart, to call an assembly of the long-haired Achaeans and speak out to all the wooers who slaughter continually the sheep of his thronging flocks, and his kine with trailing feet and shambling gait. And I will guide him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos to seek tidings of his dear father's return, if peradventure he may hear thereof and that so he may be had in good report among men."

She spake and bound beneath her feet her lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, and bare her alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And she seized her doughty spear, shod with sharp bronze, weighty and huge and strong, wherewith she quells the ranks of heroes with whomsoever she is wroth, the daughter of the mighty sire. Then from the heights of Olympus she came glancing down, and she stood in the land of Ithaca, at the entry of the gate of Odysseus, on the threshold of the courtyard, holding in her hand the spear of bronze, in the semblance of a stranger, Mentes the captain of the Taphians. And there she found the lordly wooers: now they were taking their pleasure at draughts in front of the doors, sitting on hides of oxen, which themselves had slain. And of the henchmen and the ready squires, some were mixing for them wine and water in bowls, and some again were washing the tables with porous sponges and were setting them forth, and others were carving flesh in plenty.

And godlike Telemachus was far the first to descry her, for he was sitting with a heavy heart among the wooers dreaming on his good father, if haply he might come somewhence, and make a scat-

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tering of the wooers there throughout the palace, and himself ge honour and bear rule among his own possessions. Thinking there upon, as he sat among wooers, he saw Athene — and he wen straight to the outer porch, for he thought it blame in his hear that a stranger should stand long at the gates: and halting nigh he he clasped her right hand and took from her the spear of bronze and uttered his voice and spake unto her winged words:

"Hail, stranger, with us thou shalt be kindly entreated, and there after, when thou hast tasted meat, thou shalt tell us that whereo thou hast need."

Therewith he led the way, and Pallas Athene followed.

[1–125, tr. BUTCHER & LANG]

[Athene advises Telemachus to go to Pylos and Sparta to seek news o his father. The next day Telemachus convenes the assembly of th Ithacans and makes a public complaint against the wooers; in reply th wooers accuse Penelope of leading them on, and they refuse to leave th house of Odysseus until Penelope shall choose a husband. Telemach then secretly leaves Ithaca and goes to Pylos, where he meets Nesto Nestor sends him on to see Menelaus and Helen in Sparta. Menela relates his wanderings and tells him how he learned from the sea-go Proteus that Odysseus was still alive. While Telemachus prolongs h visit in Sparta, the wooers fit out a ship and prepare an ambush to kill hi on his way home to Ithaca.]

BOOK V

The Gods in council command Calypso by Hermes to send aw Odysseus on a raft of trees; and Poseidon, returning from Ethiopia an seeing him on the coast of Phaeacia, scattered his raft; and how by th help of Ino he was thrown ashore, and slept on a heap of dry leaves t the next day.

Now the Dawn arose from her couch, from the side of the lord Tithonus, to bear light to the immortals and to mortal men. An lo, the gods were gathering to session, and among them Zeus, th thunders on high, whose might is above all. And Athene to them the tale of the many woes of Odysseus, recalling them mind; for near her heart was he that then abode in the dwellin of the nymph:

"Father Zeus, and all ye other blessed gods that live for eve henceforth let not any sceptred king be kind and gentle with all h heart, nor minded to do righteously, but let him always be a ha man and work unrighteousness, for behold, there is none that r membereth divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was, a was gentle as a father. Howbeit, as for him he lieth in an isla suffering strong pains, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, w holdeth him perforce; so he may not reach his own country, he hath no ships by him with oars, and no companions to se him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now, aga they are set on slaying his beloved son on his homeward way,

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he is gone to fair Pylos and to goodly Lacedaemon, to seek tidings of his father."

And Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, answered and spake unto her: "My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Nay, didst thou not thyself plan this device, that Odysseus may assuredly take vengeance on those men at his coming? As for Telemachus, do thou guide him by thine art, as well thou mayest, that so he may come to his own country all unharmed, and the wooers may return in their ship with their labour all in vain."

Therewith he spake to Hermes, his dear son: "Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses my unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, how he is to come to his home, with no furtherance of gods or of mortal men. Nay, he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods. And they shall give him all worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own dear country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with the share of the spoil that fell to him. On such wise is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So spake he, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of Argos. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep. With this rod in his hand flew the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped along the wave like the cormorant, that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetteth his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves. But when he had now reached that far-off isle, he went forth from the sea of violet blue to get him up into the land, till he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses: and he found her within. And on the hearth there was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandal wood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. And therein roosted birds long of wing, owls and falcons and chattering sea-crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters. And fountains four set orderly were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows

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bloomed of violets and parsley, yea, even a deathless god who came thither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. There the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered. Now when he had gazed at all with wonder, anon he went into the wide cave, nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for the gods use not be strange one to another the immortals, not though one have his habitation far away. But he found not Odysseus, the great-hearted, within the cave, who sat weeping on the shore even as aforetime, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested deep. And Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining seat:

"Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes, of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas as of old thou were not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfil it I may, and if it hath been fulfilled in the counsel of fate. But now follow me further, that I may set before thee the entertainment of strangers."

Therewith the goddess spread a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Argos, did eat and drink. Now after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, at the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise:

"Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee this my saying truly, at thy command. 'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine; nay, who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs? But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis. He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet, and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So spake he, and Calypso, that fair goddess, shuddered and uttered her voice, and spake unto him winged words: "Hard are the gods and jealous exceeding, who ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make a mortal her dear bed-fellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, ye gods that live at ease were jealous thereof, till chaste Artemis, of the golden throne, slew him in Ortygia with the visitation of her gentle

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shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demeter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and cast at him with his white bolt and slew him. So again ye gods now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Him I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a bark, for that Zeus had crushed and cleft his swift ship with a white bolt in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And him have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age for ever. Yet forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will give him no despatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bear him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide nought, that all unharmed he may come to his own country."

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her: "Yea, speed him now upon his path and have regard unto the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter."

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the lady nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. And there she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no more found favour in his sight. Howsoever by night he would sleep by her, as needs he must, in the hollow caves, unwilling lover by a willing lady. And in the day-time he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him that fair goddess spake to him:

"Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the axe, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do."

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus shuddered, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words: "Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a raft to displeasure thee, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess,

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to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt."

So spake he, and Calypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spake and hailed him:

"Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit, thou that hast conceived and spoken such a word. Let earth be now witness hereto and the wide heaven above, and that falling water of the Styx, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will no plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt. Nay, but my thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if ever so sore a need came over me. For I too have a righteous mind and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine."

Therewith the fair goddess led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess. And they reached the hollow cave the goddess and the man; so he sat him down upon the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. As for her she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands upon the good cheer set before them. But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink Calypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, is it indeed thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country even in this hour? Good fortune go with thee even so! Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfil, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day. Not in sooth that I avow me to be less noble than she in form or fashion, for it is in no wise meet that mortal woman should match them with immortals, in shape and comeliness."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and spake unto her: "Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen. Myself I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death. Yet even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning. Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction. For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those."

So spake he, and the sun sank and darkness came on. Then the twain went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, abiding each by other.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head. The

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she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great axe, fitted to his grasp, an axe of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adze, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him. Now after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the axe of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers, so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with trenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some man well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yard-arm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make his sails; and these too he fashioned very skilfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sate and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and Boötes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phaeacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him; and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the Shaker of the Earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi: even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep; and he was mightily angered in spirit, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart. "Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purposes concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phaeacian land, where

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it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which ha come upon him. But methinks that even yet I will drive him fa enough in the path of suffering."

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of th deep, grasping his trident in his hands; and he roused all storms o all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea: an down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wi clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the brig air, rolling onward a great wave. Then were the knees of Odysseu loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own gre spirit:

"Oh, wretched man that I am! what is to befall me at the last? fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came t mine own country; and lo, all these things have an end. In such wi doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath trouble the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds; yea, now is utte doom assured me. Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four tim blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasu to the sons of Atreus! Would to God that I too had died, and m my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-sho spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus! So shou I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achaeans would have spre my fame; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death."

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, drivi on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom h fell, and lost the helm from his hand; and the fierce blast of the jo tling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yar arm fell afar into the deep. Long time the water kept him unde nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wav for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But la and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitt salt water, which ran down in streams from his head. Yet even forgat he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spri after it in the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the mid thereof, avoiding the issues of death; and the great wave swept hither and thither along the stream. And as the North Wind in t harvest tide sweeps the thistledown along the plain, and close t tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither a thither along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase.

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him, Ino of the fair ankl Leucothea, who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but no in the depths of the salt sea she had gotten her share of worship fro the gods. She took pity on Odysseus in his wandering and trava and she rose, like a sea-gull on the wing, from the depth of the me and sat upon the well-bound raft and spake saying:

"Hapless one, wherefore was Poseidon, shaker of the earth, wondrous wroth with thee, seeing that he soweth for thee the see

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of many evils? Yet shall he not make a full end of thee, for all his desire. But do even as I tell thee, and methinks thou art not witless. Cast off these garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds, but do thou swim with thine hands and strive to win a footing on the coast of the Phaeacians, where it is decreed that thou escape. Here, take this veil imperishable and wind it about thy breast; so is there no fear that thou suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep far from the land, and thyself turn away."

With that the goddess gave the veil, and for her part dived back into the heaving deep, like a sea-gull: and the dark wave closed over her. But the steadfast goodly Odysseus pondered, and heavily he spake to his own brave spirit:

"Ah, woe is me! Can it be that some one of the immortals is weaving a new snare for me, that she bids me quit my raft? Nay verily, I will not yet obey, for I had sight of the shore yet a long way off, where she told me that I might escape. I am resolved what I will do; — and methinks on this wise it is best. So long as the timbers abide in the dowels, so long will I endure steadfast in affliction, but so soon as the wave hath shattered my raft asunder, I will swim, for meanwhile no better counsel may be."

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and soul, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred against him a great wave, terrible and grievous, and vaulted from the crest, and therewith smote him. And as when a great tempestuous wind tosseth a heap of parched husks, and scatters them this way and that, even so did the wave scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode a single beam, as one rideth on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Calypso gave him. And presently he wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one eager to swim. And the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw him and shook his head, and communed with his own soul. "Even so, after all thy sufferings, go wandering over the deep, till thou shalt come among a people, the fosterlings of Zeus. Yet for all that I deem not that thou shalt think thyself too lightly afflicted." Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Aegae, where is his lordly home.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Behold, she bound up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North and brake the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, might mingle with the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, avoiding death and the fates.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead (he being upborne on a great wave) he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the

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sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains lo wasting away, some angry god assailing him; and to their deli the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odyss showed land and wood; and he swam onward, being eager to foot on the strand. But when he was within earshot of the sho and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs — for the gr wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and was covered with foam of the sea, — for there were no harbours ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs; th at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, a in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit:

"Ah me! now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the here there is no place to land on from out of the grey water. without are sharp crags, and round them the wave roars surging, a sheer the smooth rock rises, and the sea is deep thereby, so that in wise may I find firm foothold and escape my bane, for as I fain wo go ashore, the great wave may haply snatch and dash me on the jag rock — and a wretched endeavour that would be. But if I swim further along the coast to find, if I may, spits that take the waves asl and havens of the sea, I fear lest the storm-winds catch me again bear me over the teeming deep, making heavy moan; or else sc god may even send forth against me a monster from out of the sh water; and many such pastureth the renowned Amphitrite. Fo know how wroth against me hath been the great Shaker of Earth."

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and mind, a gr wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been str of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, gr eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and w both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great w went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. A as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the m pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over h There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond t which was ordained, had not grey-eyed Athene given him sure co sel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the sho and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, sp that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he ca in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing ri whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, a withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river ru ning, and prayed to him in his heart:

"Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art; unto thee am I come, as one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseid from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that m

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who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king; for I avow myself thy suppliant."

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his heart was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him. But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt-flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain-giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit:

"Ah, woe is me! what is to betide me? what shall happen unto me at the last? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, as I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey."

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbours nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light otherwhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

BOOK VI

Nausicaa, going to a river near that place to wash the clothes of her father, mother, and brethren, while the clothes were drying played with her maids at ball; and Odysseus coming forth is fed and clothed, and led on his way to the house of her father, King Alcinous.

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So there he lay asleep, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, fordone w toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile Athene went to the land and city of the Phaeacians, who of old, upon a time, dwelt in spacio Hypereia; near the Cyclôpes they dwelt, men exceeding proud, w harried them continually, being mightier than they. Thence godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them aw and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bre And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and ma temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit ere this he been stricken by fate, and had gone down to the house of Had and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the go To his house went the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, devising a retu for the great-hearted Odysseus. She betook her to the rich-wrou bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form a comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. side her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handma dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors w shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept towards couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In shape the grey-eyed Athene spake to the princess, saying:

"Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her dau ter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared and thy marriage-day is near at hand, when thou thyself must ne go beautifully clad, and have garments to give to them who shall thee to the house of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a ther and lady mother take delight. But come, let us arise and a-washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phaeacians, amo that people whence thou thyself dost draw thy lineage. So co beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee w mules and a wain to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and shining coverlets. Yea and for thyself it is seemlier far to go than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way the town."

So spake the grey-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus, wh as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast for ever. No winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow co nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth to the maiden.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the robes, who straightway marvelled on the dream, and went throu

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the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council, whither the noble Phaeacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high waggon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, shouldest have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances: for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; but he saw all and answered, saying:

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high waggon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men, and they gave ear, and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule-wain, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, moveth down the mountain,

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either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking
pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the
wood-nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ae
and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head
brows, and easily may she be known, — but all are fair; even so
girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking
mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then grey-eyed Athe
turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see
lovely maiden, who should be his guide to the city of the Phaeac
men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company;
missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying curre
whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odyss
awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit:

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are
froward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and of G
fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of
nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river-springs, and
grassy water-meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near
of human speech. Go to, I myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the copp
having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the th
wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his naked
withal. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting
his strength, who fares out blown and rained upon, with flaming e
amid the kine he goes or amid the sheep or in the track of the
deer; yea, his belly bids him go even to the good homestead to m
assay upon the flocks. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh
the fair-tressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had co
upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, being marred with
salt sea foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutt
spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm,
Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from
limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus c
sidered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden,
so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and bese
her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town,
give him raiment. And as he thought within himself, it seemed
ter to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maid
should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straight
he spake a sweet and cunning word:

"I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art a goddess or a m
tal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heav
to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee,
beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the dau
ters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and
lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their souls e
glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering
dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most bles

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beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time I marvelled in spirit, — for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground, — even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonied and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here too, methinks, some evil may betide me; for I trow not that trouble will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore to thee first of all am I come, and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give — a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish — and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil, to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in anywise endure it: — and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant, when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phaeacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phaeacians depend."

Thus she spake, and called to her maidens of the fair tresses: "Halt, my maidens, whither flee ye at the sight of a man? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy? That mortal breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phaeacians, for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we live in the wash of the waves, the outermost of men, and no other mortals are conversant with us. Nay, but this man is some helpless one come hither in his wanderings, whom now we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a little gift is dear. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river, where withal is a shelter from the winds."

So she spake, but they had halted and called each to the other, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down,

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as Nausicaa bade them, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. B side them they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and ga him soft olive oil in the golden cruse, and bade him wash in t streams of the river. Then goodly Odysseus spake among the mai ens, saying: "I pray you stand thus apart, while I myself wash t brine from my shoulders, and anoint me with olive oil, for truly is long a stranger to my skin. But in your sight I will not bathe, I am ashamed to make me naked in the company of fair-tresse maidens."

Then they went apart and told all to their lady. But with the riv water the goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the salt scurf th covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wip the crusted brine of the barren sea. But when he had washed b whole body, and anointed him with olive oil, and had clad himse in the raiment that the unwedded maiden gave him, then Athe the daughter of Zeus, made him greater and more mighty to behol and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacin flower. And as when some skilful man overlays gold upon silver, one that Hephaestus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner craft, and full of grace is his handiwork — even so did Athene she grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat dow glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess marvelled at him, an spake among her fair-tressed maidens, saying:

"Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. N without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus hath this ma come among the godlike Phaeacians. Erewhile he seemed to m uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heave Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling he and that it might please him here to abide! But come, my maiden give the stranger meat and drink."

Thus she spake, and they gave ready ear and hearkened, and s beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast goodly Odysseu did eat and drink eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

Now Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folde the raiment and stored it in the goodly wain, and yoked the mul strong of hoof, and herself climbed into the car. Then she calle on Odysseus, and spake and hailed him: "Up now, stranger, an rouse thee to go to the city, that I may convey thee to the house of m wise father, where, I promise thee, thou shalt get knowledge of a the noblest of the Phaeacians. But do thou even as I tell thee, an thou seemest a discreet man enough. So long as we are passing alon the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maiden behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way. But whe we set foot within the city, — whereby goes a high wall with tower and there is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is th entrance, and curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mol for all the folk have stations for their vessels, each man one for him self. And there is the place of assembly about the goodly temple o

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Poseidon, furnished with heavy stones, deep bedded in the earth. There men look to the gear of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they fine down the oars. For the Phaeacians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and gallant barques, wherein rejoicing they cross the grey sea. Their ungracious speech it is that I would avoid, lest some man afterward rebuke me, and there are but too many insolent folk among the people. And some one of the baser sort might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Where found she him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men, — for no men dwell near us; or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer; from heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore. Better so, if herself she has ranged abroad and found a lord from a strange land, for verily she holds in no regard the Phaeacians here in this country, the many men and noble who are her wooers.' So will they speak, and this would turn to my reproach. Yea, and I myself would think it blame of another maiden who did such things in despite of her friends, her father and mother being still alive, and was conversant with men before the day of open wedlock. But, stranger, heed well what I say, that as soon as may be thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Thou shalt find a fair grove of Athene, a poplar grove near the road, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There is my father's demesne, and his fruitful close, within the sound of a man's shout from the city. Sit thee down there and wait until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached the house of my father. But when thou deemest that we are got to the palace, then go up to the city of the Phaeacians, and ask for the house of my father Alcinous, high of heart. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy guide, for nowise like it are builded the houses of the Phaeacians, so goodly is the palace of the hero Alcinous. But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal. Pass thou by him, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If but her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-builded house, and to thine own country."

She spake, and smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they trotted and well they paced, and she took heed to drive in such wise that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and cunningly she plied the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the famous grove, the sacred place of Athene; so there the goodly Odysseus sat him

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down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeu "Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the aegis, unwearied maide hear me even now, since before thou heardest not when I was smi ten on the sea, when the renowned Earth-shaker smote me. Gra me to come to the Phaeacians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

So he spake in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him; but she d not yet appear to him face to face, for she had regard unto her father brother, who furiously raged against the godlike Odysseus, till should come to his own country.

[tr. BUTCHER & LANG]

[Odysseus is graciously received by Alcinous and his wife. The ne day the Phaeacians give athletic contests and feasts to entertain Odysseu during the feast the bard Demodocus sings of the Trojan War, at whi Odysseus is so overcome with emotion that he breaks into weepin Alcinous asks him his name and his adventures, and why he weeps the songs of the minstrel.]

BOOK IX

Odysseus relates, first, what befell him amongst the Cicones at Ismaru secondly, amongst the Lotophagi; thirdly, how he was used by the Cyclo Polyphemus.

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: King A cinous, most notable of all the people, verily it is a good thing to l to a minstrel such as this one, like to the gods in voice. Nay, as f me, I say that there is no more gracious or perfect delight than wh a whole people makes merry, and the men sit orderly at feast in t halls and listen to the singer, and the tables by them are laden wi bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer drawing the wine serves it rou and pours it into the cups. This seems to me well-nigh the faire thing in the world. But now thy heart was inclined to ask of m grievous troubles, that I may mourn for more exceeding sorro What then shall I tell of first, what last, for the gods of heaven ha given me woes in plenty? Now, first, will I tell my name, that ye to may know it, and that I, when I have escaped the pitiless day, ma yet be your host, though my home is in a far country. I am ODYSSEU SON OF LAERTES, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, an my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithac wherein is a mountain Neriton, with trembling forest leaves, stan ing manifest to view, and many islands lie around, very near one the other, Dulichium and Same, and wooded Zacynthus. Now Ithac lies low, furthest up the sea-line toward the darkness, but those othe face the dawning and the sun; a rugged isle, but a good nurse noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than man's own country. Verily Calypso, the fair goddess, would fai have kept me with her in her hollow caves, longing to have me fo her lord; and likewise too, guileful Circé of Aia, would have staye me in her halls, longing to have me for her lord. But never did the

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prevail upon my heart within my breast. So surely is there nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him. But come, let me tell thee too of the troubles of my journeying, which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy.

The wind that bare me from Ilios brought me nigh to the Cicones, even to Ismarus, whereupon I sacked their city and slew the people. And from out the city we took their wives and much substance, and divided them amongst us, that none through me might go lacking his proper share. Howbeit, thereafter I commanded that we should flee with a swift foot, but my men in their great folly hearkened not. There was much wine still a drinking, and still they slew many flocks of sheep by the seashore and kine with trailing feet and shambling gait. Meanwhile the Cicones went and raised a cry to other Cicones their neighbours, dwelling inland, who were more in number than they and braver withal: skilled they were to fight with men from chariots, and when need was on foot. So they gathered in the early morning as thick as leaves and flowers that spring in their season — yea and in that hour an evil doom of Zeus stood by us, ill-fated men, that so we might be sore afflicted. They set their battle in array by the swift ships, and the hosts cast at one another with their bronze-shod spears. So long as it was morn and the sacred day waxed stronger, so long we abode their assault and beat them off, albeit they outnumbered us. But when the sun was wending to the time of the loosing of cattle, then at last the Cicones drave in the Achaeans and overcame them, and six of my goodly-greaved company perished from each ship: but the remnant of us escaped death and destiny.

Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions. Nor did my curved ships move onward ere we had called thrice on each of those our hapless fellows, who died at the hands of the Cicones on the plain. Now Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, aroused the North Wind against our ships with a terrible tempest, and covered land and sea alike with clouds, and down sped night from heaven. Thus the ships were driven headlong, and their sails were torn to shreds by the might of the wind. So we lowered the sails into the hold, in fear of death, but rowed the ships landward apace. There for two nights and two days we lay continually, consuming our hearts with weariness and sorrow. But when the fair-tressed Dawn had at last brought the full light of the third day, we set up the masts and hoisted the white sails and sat us down, while the wind and the helmsman guided the ships. And now I should have come to mine own country all unhurt, but the wave and the stream of the sea and the North Wind swept me from my course as I was doubling Malea, and drave me wandering past Cythera.

Thence for nine whole days was I borne by ruinous winds over the teeming deep; but on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal

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by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted meat and drink I se forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I cho out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Th straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eate and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fello but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did e the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidin nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eati men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward we Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore agai their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound the in the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-lov company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest hap any should eat of the lotus and be forgetful of returning. Right so they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly th smote the grey sea water with their oars.

Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart. And we came to t land of the Cyclôpes, a froward and lawless folk, who trusting the deathless gods plant not aught with their hands, neither plou but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown a untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of t juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. The have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they dwe in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters t law to his children and his wives, and they reck not one of anothe

Now there is a waste isle stretching without the harbour of the la of the Cyclôpes, neither nigh at hand nor yet afar off, a woodland is wherein are wild goats unnumbered, for no path of men scares the nor do hunters resort thither who suffer hardships in the wood, they range the mountain crests. Moreover it is possessed neither flocks nor by ploughed lands, but the soil lies unsown evermore a untilled, desolate of men, and feeds the bleating goats. For the C clôpes have by them no ships with vermilion cheek, not yet are the shipwrights in the island, who might fashion decked barques, whic should accomplish all their desire, voyaging to the towns of me (as ofttimes men cross the sea to one another in ships), who mig likewise have made of their isle a goodly settlement. Yea, it is in wise a sorry land, but would bear all things in their season; for there are soft water-meadows by the shores of the grey salt sea, and the the vines know no decay, and the land is level to plough; then might they reap a crop exceeding deep in due season, for verily the is fatness beneath the soil. Also there is a fair haven, where is need of moorings, either to cast anchor or to fasten hawsers, but m may run the ship on the beach, and tarry until such time as the sailo are minded to be gone, and favourable breezes blow. Now at t head of the harbour is a well of bright water issuing from a cave, a round it are poplars growing. Thither we sailed, and some g guided us through the night, for it was dark and there was no lig

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to see, a mist lying deep about the ships, nor did the moon show her light from heaven, but was shut in with clouds. No man then beheld that island, neither saw we the long waves rolling to the beach, till we had run our decked ships ashore. And when our ships were beached, we took down all their sails, and ourselves too stept forth upon the strand of the sea, and there we fell into sound sleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, in wonder at the island we roamed over the length thereof: and the Nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the aegis, started the wild goats of the hills, that my company might have wherewith to sup. Anon we took to us our curved bows from out the ships and long spears, and arrayed in three bands we began shooting at the goats; and the god soon gave us game in plenty. Now twelve ships bare me company, and to each ship fell nine goats for a portion, but for me alone they set ten apart.

Thus we sat there the livelong day until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine. For the red wine was not yet spent from out the ships, but somewhat was yet therein, for we had each one drawn off large store thereof in jars, when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclôpes who dwell nigh, and to the smoke, and to the voice of the men, and of the sheep and of the goats. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the sea-beach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then I called a gathering of my men, and spake among them all:

"Abide here all the rest of you, my dear companions; but I will go with mine own ship and my ship's company, and make proof of these men, what manner of folk they are, whether froward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of god-fearing mind."

So I spake, and I climbed the ship's side, and bade my company themselves to mount, and to loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the grey sea water with their oars. Now when we had come to the land that lies hard by, we saw a cave on the border near to the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And about it a high outer court was built with stones, deep bedded, and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves. And a man was wont to sleep therein, of monstrous size, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and was not conversant with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Yea, for he was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvellously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others.

Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth. Now I had with me a goat-skin of the dark wine and sweet, which Maron, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god that watched over Ismarus. And he gave it, for that we had protected him with his wife

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and child reverently; for he dwelt in a thick grove of Phoebus Apoll And he made me splendid gifts; he gave me seven talents of gold we wrought, and he gave me a mixing bowl of pure silver, and furthe more wine which he drew off in twelve jars in all, sweet wine u mingled, a draught divine; nor did any of his servants or of his han maids in the house know thereof, but himself and his dear wife a one house-dame only. And as often as they drank that red wi honey sweet, he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measu of water, and a marvellous sweet smell went up from the mixi bowl; then truly it was no pleasure to refrain.

With this wine I filled a great skin, and bare it with me, and co too I put in a wallet, for my lordly spirit straightway had a bodi that a man would come to me, a strange man, clothed in migh strength, one that knew not judgment and justice.

Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within; he w shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the ca and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well laden wi cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids; each ki was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lam apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now all the vessels swa with whey, the milk-pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vess whereinto he milked. My company then spake and besought m first of all to take of the cheeses and to return, and afterwards t make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ships fro out the pens, and to sail over the salt sea water. Howbeit I hearkene not (and far better would it have been), but waited to see the gia himself, and whether he would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Ye was not his coming to be with joy to my company.

Then we kindled a fire, and made burnt-offering, and ourselve likewise took of the cheeses, and did eat, and sat waiting for hi within till he came back, shepherding his flocks. And he bore grievous weight of dry wood, against supper time. This log he ca down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secr place of the rock. As for him, he drave his fat flocks into the wid cavern, even all that he was wont to milk; but the males both of th sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafte he lifted a huge doorstone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of th cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wains coul not raise from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set agains the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleatin goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. An anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it togethe and stored it in wicker-baskets, and the other half he let stand i pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper tim Now when he had done all his work busily then he kindled the fi anew, and espied us, and made question:

"Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways? O some trading enterprise or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea-robber

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over the brine, for at hazard of their own lives they wander, bringing bale to alien men."

So spake he, but as for us our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his own monstrous shape; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying:

"Lo, we are Achaeans, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea; seeking our homes we fare, but another path have we come, by other ways: even such, methinks, was the will and the counsel of Zeus. And we avow us to be the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is even now the mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and destroyed many people; but as for us we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger's gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, lord, have regard to the gods, for we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and sojourners, Zeus, the god of the stranger, who fareth in the company of reverend strangers."

So I spake, and anon he answered out of his pitiless heart: "Thou art witless, my stranger, or thou hast come from afar, who biddest me either to fear or shun the gods. For the Cyclôpes pay no heed to Zeus, lord of the aegis, nor to the blessed gods, for verily we are better men than they. Nor would I, to shun the enmity of Zeus, spare either thee or thy company, unless my spirit bade me. But tell me where thou didst stay thy well-wrought ship on thy coming? Was it perchance at the far end of the island, or hard by, that I may know?"

So he spake tempting me, but he cheated me not, who knew full much, and I answered him again with words of guile:

"As for my ship, Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, brake it to pieces, for he cast it upon the rocks at the border of your country, and brought it nigh the headland, and a wind bare it thither from the sea. But I with these my men escaped from utter doom."

So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together dashed them, as they had been whelps, to the earth, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground and the earth was wet. Then cut he them up piecemeal, and made ready his supper. So he ate even as a mountain-bred lion, and ceased not, devouring entrails and flesh and bones with their marrow. And we wept and raised our hands to Zeus, beholding the cruel deeds; and we were at our wits' end. And after the Cyclops had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, he lay within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near, and pluck my sharp sword from my thigh, and stab him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished even there with utter doom. For we should not have prevailed to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy

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stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiti the bright Dawn.

Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, again kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and benea each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busi again he seized yet other two men and made ready his midday me And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great door-stone, a drave his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver. Then with a lo whoop, the Cyclops turned his fat flocks towards the hills; but I w left devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any wise I might aven me, and Athene grant me renown.

And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There by a sheep-fold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive wood, green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be season Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black sh of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that traverses the great sea gu so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and c off from it a portion as it were a fathom's length, and set it by fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, whil stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it a hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it neath the dung, which was scattered in great heaps in the depths the cave. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which them should risk the adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot f upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, a I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening came shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he dr his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in deep court-yard, whether through some foreboding, or perchance t the god so bade him do. Thereafter he lifted the huge door-sto and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he pla her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again seized yet other two and made ready his supper. Then I stood by Cyclops and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of dark wine:

"Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man's meat, t thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship h And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply thou m est take pity and send me on my way home, but thy mad rag past all sufferance. O hard of heart, how may another of the m men there be come ever to thee again, seeing that thy deeds have b lawless?"

So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found g delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it y second time:

"Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightw

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that I may give thee a stranger's gift, wherein thou mayest be glad. Yea for the earth, the grain-giver, bears for the Cyclôpes the mighty clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase, but this is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia."

So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words:

"Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou didst promise. Noman is my name, and Noman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows."

So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart:

"Noman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him: that shall be thy gift."

Therewith he sank backwards and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. And the wine and the fragments of men's flesh issued forth from his mouth, and he vomited, being heavy with wine. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. For their part they seized the bar of olive wood, that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I from my place aloft turned it about, as when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually. Even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirled it round in his eye, and the blood flowed about the heated bar. And the breath of the flame singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye burnt away, and the roots thereof crackled in the flame. And as when a smith dips an axe or adze in chill water with a great hissing, when he would temper it — for hereby anon comes the strength of iron — even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked forth from his eye the brand bedabbled in much blood. Then maddened with pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the Cyclôpes, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him:

"What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will: surely none slayeth thyself by force or craft?"

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And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave "My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, nor at all by force."

And they answered and spake winged words: "If then no man violently handling thee in thy solitude, it can in no wise be that tho shouldest escape the sickness sent by mighty Zeus. Nay, pray tho to thy father, the lord Poseidon."

On this wise they spake and departed; and my heart within m laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with h hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave, an himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he migh any one that was going forth with his sheep, so witless, methink did he hope to find me. But I advised me how all might be for th very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death f my companions and myself, and I wove all manner of craft an counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief w nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. Th rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece, great an goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them togeth with twisted withies, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monste Three together I took: now the middle one of the three would be each a man, but the other twain went on either side, saving my fe lows. Thus every three sheep bare their man. But as for me I la hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and the good est of all the flock, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I la and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a stea fast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the brig Dawn.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then did th rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated u milked about the pens, for their udders were swollen to burstin Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his fo how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleec flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered wi his wool, and the weight of me and my cunning. And the stro Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying:

"Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the floc to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont to lag behi the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come the streams of the rivers, and first didst long to return to the hom stead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely th art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blind with his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wi even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where shifts about to shun my wrath; then should he be smitten, and brains be dashed against the floor here and there about the cave, a

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my heart be lightened of the sorrows which Noman, nothing worth, hath brought me!"

Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drave on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the ship. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears; howbeit I suffered it not, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sate upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the grey sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far, but that a man's shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him:

"Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates, wherefore Zeus hath requited thee, and the other gods."

So I spake, and he was mightily angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might escape our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine, I would fain have spoken to the Cyclops, but my company stayed me on every side with soft words, saying:

"Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldst thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who even now hath cast so mighty a throw towards the deep and brought our ship back to land, yea and we thought that we had perished even there? If he had heard any of us utter sound or speech he would have crushed our heads and our ship timbers with a cast of a rugged stone, so mightily he hurls."

So spake they, but they prevailed not on my lordly spirit, and I answered him again from out an angry heart:

"Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, the waster of cities, son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca."

So I spake, and with a moan he answered me, saying:

"Lo now, in very truth the ancient oracles have come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a noble man and a mighty, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who surpassed all men in soothsaying, and waxed old as a seer among the Cyclôpes. He told me that all these things should come to pass in the aftertime, even that I should lose my eye-

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sight at the hand of Odysseus. But I ever looked for some tall a goodly man to come hither, clad in great might, but behold now o that is a dwarf, a man of no worth and a weakling, hath blinded r of my eye after subduing me with wine. Nay come hither, Odysse that I may set by thee a stranger's cheer, and speed thy parting hen that so the Earth-shaker may vouchsafe it thee, for his son am I, a he avows him for my father. And he himself will heal me, if it his will; and none other of the blessed gods or of mortal men."

Even so he spake, but I answered him, and said: "Would god th I were as sure to rob thee of soul and life, and send thee within t house of Hades, as I am that not even the Earth-shaker will he thine eye!"

So I spake, and then he prayed to the lord Poseidon stretchi forth his hands to the starry heaven: "Hear me, Poseidon, girdler the earth, god of the dark hair, if indeed I be thine, and thou avowe thee my sire,—grant that he may never come to his home, ev Odysseus, waster of cities, the son of Laertes, whose dwelling is Ithaca; yet if he is ordained to see his friends and come unto his we builded house, and his own country, late may he come in evil ca with the loss of all his company, in the ship of strangers, and fi sorrows in his house."

So he spake in prayer, and the god of the dark locks heard hi And once again he lifted a stone, far greater than the first, and wi one swing he hurled it, and he put forth a measureless strength, a cast it but a little space behind the dark-prowed ship, and all b struck the end of the rudder. And the sea heaved beneath the fall the rock, but the wave bare on the ship and drave it to the furth shore.

But when we had now reached that island, where all our oth decked ships abode together, and our company were gathered s rowing, expecting us nevermore, on our coming thither we ran o ship ashore upon the sand, and ourselves too stept forth upon t sea-beach. Next we took forth the sheep of the Cyclops from out t hollow ship, and divided them, that none through me might go la ing his proper share. But the ram for me alone my goodly-grea company chose out, in the dividing of the sheep, and on the shor offered him up to Zeus, even to the son of Cronos, who dwells in t dark clouds, and is lord of all, and I burnt the slices of the thig But he heeded not the sacrifice, but was devising how my decked sh and my dear company might perish utterly. Thus for that time sat the livelong day, until the going down of the sun, feasting abundant flesh and sweet wine. And when the sun had sunk a darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the sea-beach. soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, I called to my co pany, and commanded them that they should themselves climb t ship and loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon t benches, and sitting orderly smote the grey sea water with their o

Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men sa from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions.

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BOOK X

Odysseus, his entertainment by Aeolus, of whom he received a fair wind for the present, and all the rest of the winds tied up in a bag; which his men untying, flew out, and carried him back to Aeolus, who refused to receive him. His adventure at Laestrygonia with Antiphates, where of twelve ships he lost eleven, men and all. How he went thence to the Isle of Aia, where half of his men were turned by Circé into swine, and how he went himself, and by the help of Hermes recovered them and stayed with Circé a year.

Then we came to the isle Aeolian, where dwelt Aeolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the deathless gods, in a floating island, and all about it is a wall of bronze unbroken, and the cliff runs up sheer from the sea. His twelve children too abide there in his halls, six daughters and six lusty sons; and, behold, he gave his daughters to his sons to wife. And they feast evermore by their dear father and their kind mother, and dainties innumerable lie ready to their hands. And the house is full of the savour of feasting, and the noise thereof rings round, yea in the courtyard, by day, and in the night they sleep each one by his chaste wife in coverlets and on jointed bedsteads. So then we came to their city and their goodly dwelling, and the king entreated me kindly for a whole month, and sought out each thing, Ilios and the ships of the Argives, and the return of the Achaeans. So I told him all the tale in order duly. But when I in turn took the word and asked of my journey, and bade him send me on my way, he too denied me not, but furnished an escort. He gave me a wallet, made of the hide of an ox of nine seasons old, which he let flay, and therein he bound the ways of all the noisy winds; for him the son of Cronos made keeper of the winds, either to lull or to rouse what blasts he will. And he made it fast in the hold of the ship with a shining silver thong, that not the faintest breath might escape. Then he sent forth the blast of the West Wind to blow for me, to bear our ships and ourselves upon our way; but this he was never to bring to pass, for we were undone through our own heedlessness.

For nine whole days we sailed by night and day continually, and now on the tenth day my native land came in sight, and already we were so near that we beheld the folk tending the beacon fires. Then over me there came sweet slumber in my weariness, for all the time I was holding the sheet, nor gave it to any of my company, that so we might come quicker to our own country. Meanwhile my company held converse together, and said that I was bringing home for myself gold and silver, gifts from Aeolus the high-hearted son of Hippotas. And thus would they speak looking each man to his neighbour:

"Lo now, how beloved he is and highly esteemed among all men, to the city and land of whomsoever he may come. Many are the goodly treasures he taketh with him out of the spoil from Troy, while we who have fulfilled like journeying with him return homeward

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bringing with us but empty hands. And now Aeolus hath give unto him these things freely in his love. Nay come, let us quick see what they are, even what wealth of gold and silver is in th wallet."

So they spake, and the evil counsel of my company prevaile They loosed the wallet, and all the winds brake forth. And the vi lent blast seized my men, and bare them towards the high seas wee ing, away from their own country; but as for me, I awoke and co muned with my great heart, whether I should cast myself from th ship and perish in the deep, or endure in silence and abide yet amo the living. Howbeit I hardened my heart to endure, and muffli my head I lay still in the ship. But the vessels were driven by th evil storm-wind back to the isle Aeolian, and my company ma moan.

There we stepped ashore and drew water, and my company pre ently took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we ha tasted bread and wine, I took with me a herald and one of my co pany, and went to the famous dwelling of Aeolus: and I found hi feasting with his wife and children. So we went in and sat by th pillars of the door on the threshold, and they all marvelled and ask us:

"How hast thou come hither, Odysseus? What evil god assail thee? Surely we sent thee on thy way with all diligence, that th mightest get thee to thine own country and thy home, and whith soever thou wouldest."

Even so they said, but I spake among them heavy at heart: "M evil company hath been my bane, and sleep thereto remorsele Come, my friends, do ye heal the harm, for yours is the power."

So I spake, beseeching them in soft words, but they held th peace. And the father answered, saying: "Get thee forth from th island straightway, thou that art the most reprobate of living me Far be it from me to help or to further that man whom the bless gods abhor! Get thee forth, for lo, thy coming marks thee hated the deathless gods."

Therewith he sent me forth from the house making heavy mo Thence we sailed onwards stricken at heart. And the spirit of th men was spent beneath the grievous rowing by reason of our va endeavour, for there was no more any sign of a wafting wind. for the space of six days we sailed by night and day continually, a on the seventh we came to the steep stronghold of Lamos, Telepy of the Laestrygons, where herdsman hails herdsman as he drives his flock, and the other who drives forth answers the call. Th might a sleepless man have earned a double wage, the one as neathe the other shepherding white flocks: so near are the outgoings of th night and of the day. Thither when we had come to the fair have whereabout on both sides goes one steep cliff unbroken, and jutti headlands over against each other stretch forth at the mouth of th harbour, and strait is the entrance; thereinto all the others steer their curved ships. Now the vessels were bound within the holl

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harbour each hard by other, for no wave ever swelled within it, great or small, but there was a bright calm all around. But I alone moored my dark ship without the harbour, at the uttermost point thereof, and made fast the hawser to a rock. And I went up a craggy hill, a place of outlook, and stood thereon: thence there was no sign of the labour of men or oxen, only we saw the smoke curling upward from the land. Then I sent forth certain of my company to go and search out what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, choosing out two of my company and sending a third with them as herald. Now when they had gone ashore, they went along a level road whereby wains were wont to draw down wood from the high hills to the town. And without the town they fell in with a damsel drawing water, the noble daughter of Laestrygonian Antiphates. She had come down to the clear-flowing spring Artacia, for thence it was custom to draw water to the town. So they stood by her and spake unto her, and asked who was king of that land, and who they were he ruled over. Then at once she showed them the high-roofed hall of her father. Now when they had entered the renowned house, they found his wife therein: she was huge of bulk as a mountain peak and was loathly in their sight. Straightway she called the renowned Antiphates, her lord, from the assembly-place, and he contrived a pitiful destruction for my men. Forthwith he clutched up one of my company and made ready his midday meal, but the other twain sprang up and came in flight to the ships. Then he raised the war-cry through the town, and the valiant Laestrygonians at the sound thereof, flocked together from every side, a host past number, not like men but like the Giants. They cast at us from the cliffs with great rocks, each of them a man's burden, and anon there arose from the fleet an evil din of men dying and ships shattered withal. And like folk spearing fishes they bare home their hideous meal. While as yet they were slaying my friends within the deep harbour, I drew my sharp sword from my thigh, and with it cut the hawsers of my dark-prowed ship. Quickly then I called to my company, and bade them dash in with the oars, that we might clean escape this evil plight. And all with one accord they tossed the sea water with the oar-blade, in dread of death, and to my delight my barque flew forth to the high seas away from the beetling rocks, but those other ships were lost there, one and all.

Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions. And we came to the isle Aeaean, where dwelt Circé of the braided tresses, an awful goddess of mortal speech, own sister to the wizard Aeëtes. Both were begotten of Helios, who gives light to all men, and their mother was Perse, daughter of Oceanus. There on the shore we put in with our ship into the sheltering haven silently, and some god was our guide. Then we stept ashore, and for two days and two nights lay there, consuming our own hearts for weariness and pain. But when now the fair-tressed Dawn had brought the full light of the third day, then did I seize my spear and my sharp sword, and quickly departing

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from the ship I went up unto a place of wide prospect, if haply might see any sign of the labour of men and hear the sound of the speech. So I went up a craggy hill, a place of out-look, and I sa the smoke rising from the broad-wayed earth in the halls of Circ through the thick coppice and the woodland. Then I mused in m mind and heart whether I should go and make discovery, for that had seen the smoke and flame. And as I thought thereon th seemed to me the better counsel, to go first to the swift ship and the sea-banks, and give my company their midday meal, and the send them to make search. But as I came and drew nigh to th curved ship, some god even then took pity on me in my loneline and sent a tall antlered stag across my very path. He was comin down from his pasture in the woodland to the river to drink, fo verily the might of the sun was sore upon him. And as he cam up from out of the stream, I smote him on the spine in the middle o the back, and the brazen shaft went clean through him, and with moan he fell in the dust, and his life passed from him. Then I se my foot on him and drew forth the brazen shaft from the woun and laid it hard by upon the ground and let it lie. Next I brok withies and willow twigs, and wove me a rope a fathom in lengt well twisted from end to end, and bound together the feet of th huge beast, and went to the black ship bearing him across my nec and leaning on a spear, for it was in no wise possible to carry him o my shoulder with the one hand, for he was a mighty quarry. And threw him down before the ship and roused my company with so words, standing by each man in turn:

"Friends, for all our sorrows we shall not yet a while go down t the house of Hades, ere the coming of the day of destiny; go to the while as yet there is meat and drink in the swift ship, let us tak thought thereof, that we be not famished for hunger."

Even so I spake, and they speedily hearkened to my words. The unmuffled their heads, and there on the shore of the unharvested se gazed at the stag, for he was a mighty quarry. But after they ha delighted their eyes with the sight of him, they washed their hand and got ready the glorious feast. So for that time we sat the live long day till the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun sank and darkness had com on, then we laid us to rest upon the sea beach. So soon as early Daw shone forth, the rosy-fingered, I called a gathering of my men an spake in the ears of them all:

"Hear my words, my fellows, despite your evil case. My friend lo, now we know not where is the place of darkness or of dawning nor where the Sun, that gives light to men, goes beneath the earth nor where he rises; therefore let us advise us speedily if any counsel yet may be: as for me, I deem there is none. For I went up a crag hill, a place of out-look, and saw the island crowned about with th circle of the endless sea, the isle itself lying low; and in the mid thereof mine eyes beheld the smoke through the thick coppice an the woodland."

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Even so I spake, but their spirit within them was broken, as they remembered the deeds of Antiphates the Laestrygonian, and all the evil violence of the haughty Cyclops, the man-eater. So they wept aloud shedding big tears. Howbeit no avail came of their weeping.

Then I numbered by goodly-greaved company in two bands, and appointed a leader for each, and I myself took the command of the one part, and godlike Eurylochus of the other. And anon we shook the lots in a brazen-fitted helmet, and out leapt the lot of proud Eurylochus. So he went on his way, and with him two and twenty of my fellowship all weeping; and we were left behind making lament. In the forest glades they found the halls of Circé builded, of polished stone, in a place with wide prospect. And all around the palace mountain-bred wolves and lions were roaming, whom she herself had bewitched with evil drugs that she gave them. Yet the beasts did not set on my men, but lo, they ramped about them and fawned on them, wagging their long tails. And as when dogs fawn about their lord when he comes from the feast, for he always brings them the fragments that soothe their mood, even so the strong-clawed wolves and the lions fawned around them; but they were affrighted when they saw the strange and terrible creatures. So they stood at the outer gate of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circé singing in a sweet voice, as she fared to and fro before the great web imperishable, such as is the handiwork of goddesses, fine of woof and full of grace and splendour. Then Polites, a leader of men, the dearest to me and the trustiest of all my company, first spake to them:

"Friends, forasmuch as there is one within that fares to and fro before a mighty web singing a sweet song, so that all the floor of the hall makes echo, a goddess she is or a woman; come quickly and cry aloud to her."

He spake the word and they cried aloud and called to her. And straightway she came forth and opened the shining doors and bade them in, and all went with her in their heedlessness. But Eurylochus tarried behind, for he guessed that there was some treason. So she led them in and set them upon the chairs and high seats, and made them a mess of cheese and barley-meal and yellow honey with Pramnian wine, and mixed harmful drugs with the food to make them utterly forget their own country. Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, presently she smote them with a wand, and in the styes of the swine she penned them. So they had the head and voice, the bristles and the shape of swine, but their mind abode even as of old. Thus were they penned there weeping, and Circé flung them acorns and mast and fruit of the cornel tree to eat, whereon wallowing swine do always batten.

Now Eurylochus came back to the swift black ship to bring tidings of his fellows, and of their unseemly doom. Not a word could he utter, for all his desire, so deeply smitten was he to the heart with grief, and his eyes were filled with tears and his soul was fain of lamentation. But when we all had pressed him with our questions in amazement, even then he told the fate of the remnant of our company.

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"We went, as thou didst command, through the coppice, nob Odysseus: we found within the forest glades the fair halls, builde of polished stone, in a place with wide prospect. And there was on that fared before a mighty web and sang a clear song, a goddess sh was or a woman, and they cried aloud and called to her. An straightway she came forth, and opened the shining doors and bad them in, and they all went with her in their heedlessness. But I ta ried behind, for I guessed that there was some treason. Then the vanished away one and all, nor did any of them appear again, thoug I sat long time watching."

So spake he, whereon I cast about my shoulder my silver-studde sword, a great blade of bronze, and slung my bow about me and bad him lead me again by the way that he came. But he caught me wi both hands, and by my knees he besought me, and bewailing his spake to me winged words:

"Lead me not thither against my will, oh fosterling of Zeus, b leave me here! For well I know thou shalt thyself return no mor nor bring any one of all thy fellowship; nay, let us flee the swifte with those that be here, for even yet may we escape the evil day."

On this wise he spake, but I answered him, saying: "Eurylochu abide for thy part here in this place, eating and drinking by the blac hollow ship: but I will go forth, for a strong constraint is laid on me.

With that I went up from the ship and the sea-shore. But lo, whe in my faring through the sacred glades I was now drawing near t the great hall of the enchantress Circé, then did Hermes, of the golde wand, meet me as I approached the house, in the likeness of a youn man with the first down on his lip, the time when youth is mo gracious. So he clasped my hand and spake and hailed me:

"Ah, hapless man, whither away again, all alone through the wold thou that knowest not this country? And thy company yonder i the hall of Circé are penned in the guise of swine, in their deep lai abiding. Is it in hope to free them that thou art come hither? Na methinks, thou thyself shalt never return but remain there with th others. Come then, I will redeem thee from thy distress, and brin deliverance. Lo, take this herb of virtue, and go to the dwelling o Circé, that it may keep from thy head the evil day. And I will te thee all the magic sleight of Circé. She will mix thee a potion an cast drugs into the mess; but not even so shall she be able to enchan thee; so helpful is this charmed herb that I shall give thee, and I wi tell thee all. When it shall be that Circé smites thee with her lon wand, even then draw thou thy sharp sword from thy thigh, an spring on her, as one eager to slay her. And she will shrink away an be instant with thee to lie with her. Thenceforth disdain not tho the bed of the goddess, that she may deliver thy company and kind entertain thee. But command her to swear a mighty oath by th blessed gods, that she will plan nought else of mischief to thine ow hurt, lest she make thee a dastard and unmanned, when she hath the naked."

Therewith the slayer of Argos gave me the plant that he ha

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plucked from the ground, and he showed me the growth thereof. It was black at the root, but the flower was like to milk. Moly the gods call it, but it is hard for mortal men to dig; howbeit with the gods all things are possible.

Then Hermes departed toward high Olympus, up through the woodland isle, but as for me I held on my way to the house of Circé, and my heart was darkly troubled as I went. So I halted in the portals of the fair-tressed goddess; there I stood and called aloud and the goddess heard my voice, who presently came forth and opened the shining doors and bade me in, and I went with her heavy at heart. So she led me in and set me on a chair with studs of silver, a goodly carven chair, and beneath was a footstool for the feet. And she made me a potion in a golden cup, that I might drink, and she also put a charm therein, in the evil counsel of her heart. Now when she had given it and I had drunk it off and was not bewitched, she smote me with her wand and spake and hailed me:

"Go thy way now to the stye, couch thee there with the rest of thy company."

So spake she, but I drew my sharp sword from my thigh and sprang upon Circé, as one eager to slay her. But with a great cry she slipped under, and clasped my knees, and bewailing herself spake to me winged words:

"Who art thou of the sons of men, and whence? Where is thy city? Where are they that begat thee? I marvel to see how thou hast drunk of this charm, and wast nowise subdued. Nay, for there lives no man else that is proof against this charm, whoso hath drunk thereof, and once it hath passed his lips. But thou hast, methinks, a mind within thee that may not be enchanted. Verily thou art Odysseus, ready at need, whom he of the golden wand, the slayer of Argos, full often told me was to come hither, on his way from Troy with his swift black ship. Nay come, put thy sword into the sheath, and thereafter let us go up into my bed, that meeting in love and sleep we may trust each the other."

So spake she, but I answered her, saying: "Nay, Circé, how canst thou bid me be gentle to thee, who hast turned my company into swine within thy halls, and holding me here with a guileful heart requirest me to pass within thy chamber and go up into thy bed, that so thou mayest make me a dastard and unmanned when thou hast me naked? Nay, never will I consent to go up into thy bed, except thou wilt deign, goddess, to swear a mighty oath, that thou wilt plan nought else of mischief to mine own hurt."

So I spake, and she straightway swore the oath not to harm me, as I bade her. But when she had sworn and had done that oath, then at last I went up into the beautiful bed of Circé.

Now all this while her handmaids busied them in the halls, four maidens that are her serving women in the house. They are born of the wells and of the woods and of the holy rivers, that flow forward into the salt sea. Of these one cast upon the chairs goodly coverlets of purple above, and spread a linen cloth thereunder. And lo, an-

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other drew up silver tables to the chairs, and thereon set for them golden baskets. And a third mixed sweet honey-hearted wine in a silver bowl, and set out cups of gold. And a fourth bare water, and kindled a great fire beneath the mighty cauldron. So the water waxed warm; but when it boiled in the bright brazen vessel, she set me in a bath and bathed me with water from out a great cauldron, pouring it over head and shoulders, when she had mixed it to a pleasant warmth, till from my limbs she took away the consuming weariness. Now after she had bathed me and anointed me well with olive oil, and cast about me a fair mantle and a doublet, she led me into the halls and set me on a chair with studs of silver, a goodly carven chair, and beneath was a footstool for the feet. And a handmaid bare water for the hands in a goodly golden ewer, and poured it forth over a silver basin to wash withal; and to my side she drew a polished table, and a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by me, and laid on the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had by her. And she bade me eat, but my soul found no pleasure therein. I sat with other thoughts, and my heart had a boding of ill.

Now when Circé saw that I sat thus, and that I put not forth my hands to the meat, and that I was mightily afflicted, she drew near to me and spake to me winged words:

"Wherefore thus, Odysseus, dost thou sit there like a speechless man, consuming thine own soul, and dost not touch meat nor drink? Dost thou indeed deem there is some further guile? Nay, thou hast no cause to fear, for already I have sworn thee a strong oath not to harm thee."

So spake she, but I answered her, saying: "Oh, Circé, what righteous man would have the heart to taste meat and drink ere he had redeemed his company, and beheld them face to face? But if in good faith thou biddest me eat and drink, then let them go free, that mine eyes may behold my dear companions."

So I spake, and Circé passed out through the hall with the wand in her hand, and opened the doors of the stye, and drave them forth in the shape of swine of nine seasons old. There they stood before her, and she went through their midst, and anointed each one of them with another charm. And lo, from their limbs the bristles dropped away, wherewith the venom had erewhile clothed them, that lady Circé gave them. And they became men again, younger than before they were, and goodlier far, and taller to behold. And they all knew me again and each one took my hands, and wistful was the lament that sank into their souls, and the roof around rang wondrously. And even the goddess herself was moved with compassion.

Then standing nigh me the fair goddess spake unto me: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, depart now to thy swift ship and the sea-banks. And first of all, draw ye up the ship ashore, and bestow the goods in the caves and all the gear. And thyself return again, and bring with thee thy dear companions."

So spake she, and my lordly spirit consented thereto. So I went on my way to the swift ship and the sea-banks, and there I found my

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dear company on the swift ship lamenting piteously, shedding big tears. And as when calves of the homestead gather round the droves of kine that have returned to the yard, when they have had their fill of pasture, and all with one accord frisk before them, and the folds may no more contain them, but with a ceaseless lowing they skip about their dams, so flocked they all about me weeping, when their eyes beheld me. Yea, and to their spirit it was as though they had got to their dear country, and the very city of rugged Ithaca, where they were born and reared.

Then making lament they spake to me winged words: "O fosterling of Zeus, we were none otherwise glad at thy returning, than if we had come to Ithaca, our own country. Nay come, of our other companions tell us the tale of their ruin."

So spake they, but I answered them with soft words: "Behold, let us first of all draw up the ship ashore, and bestow our goods in the caves and all our gear. And do ye bestir you, one and all, to go with me, that ye may see your fellows in the sacred dwelling of Circé, eating and drinking, for they have continual store."

So spake I, and at once they hearkened to my words, but Eurylochus alone would have holden all my companions, and uttering his voice he spake to them winged words:

"Wretched men that we are! whither are we going? Why are your hearts so set on sorrow that ye should go down to the hall of Circé, who will surely change us all to swine, or wolves, or lions, to guard her great house perforce, according to the deeds that the Cyclops wrought, when certain of our company went to his inmost fold, and with them went Odysseus, ever hardy, for through the blindness of his heart did they too perish?"

So spake he, but I mused in my heart whether to draw my long hanger from my stout thigh, and therewith smite off his head and bring it to the dust, albeit he was very near of kin to me; but the men of my company stayed me on every side with soothing words:

"Prince of the seed of Zeus, as for this man, we will suffer him, if thou wilt have it so, to abide here by the ship and guard the ship; but as for us, be our guide to the sacred house of Circé."

So they spake and went up from the ship and the sea. Nay, nor yet was Eurylochus left by the hollow ship, but he went with us, for he feared my terrible rebuke.

Meanwhile Circé bathed the rest of my company in her halls with all care, and anointed them well with olive oil; and cast thick mantles and doublets about them. And we found them all feasting nobly in the halls. And when they saw and knew each other face to face, they wept and mourned, and the house rang around. Then she stood near me, that fair goddess, and spake saying:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, no more now wake this plenteous weeping: myself I know of all the pains ye endured upon the teeming deep, and the great despite done you by unkindly men upon the land. Nay come, eat ye meat and drink wine, till your spirit shall return to you again, as it was when

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first ye left your own country of rugged Ithaca; but now are ye wasted and wanting heart, mindful evermore of your sore wandering, nor has your heart ever been merry, for very grievous hath been your trial."

So spake she, and our lordly spirit consented thereto. So there we sat day by day for the full circle of a year, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when now a year had gone, and the seasons returned as the months waned, and the long days came in their course, then did my dear company call me forth, and say:

"Good sir, now is it high time to mind thee of thy native land, if it is ordained that thou shalt be saved, and come to thy lofty house and thine own country."

So spake they and my lordly spirit consented thereto. So for that time we sat the livelong day till the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun sank and darkness came on, they laid them to rest throughout the shadowy halls.

But when I had gone up into the fair bed of Circé, I besought her by her knees, and the goddess heard my speech, and uttering my voice I spake to her winged words: "Circé, fulfil for me the promise which thou madest me to send me on my homeward way. Now is my spirit eager to be gone, and the spirit of my company, that wear away my heart as they mourn around me, when haply thou art gone from us."

So spake I, and the fair goddess answered me anon: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, tarry ye now no longer in my house against your will; but first must ye perform another journey, and reach the dwelling of Hades and of dread Persephone to seek to the spirit of Theban Teiresias, the blind soothsayer whose wits abide steadfast. To him Persephone hath given judgment, even in death, that he alone should have understanding; but the other souls sweep shadow-like around."

Thus spake she, but as for me, my heart was broken, and I wept as I sat upon the bed, and my soul had no more care to live and to see the sunlight. But when I had my fill of weeping and grovelling then at the last I answered and spake unto her saying: "And who, Circé, will guide us on this way? for no man ever yet sailed to Hades in a black ship."

So spake I, and the fair goddess answered me anon: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, nay, trouble not thyself for want of a guide, by thy ship abiding, but set up the mast and spread abroad the white sails and sit thee down; and the breeze of the North Wind will bear thy vessel on her way. But when thou hast now sailed in thy ship across the stream Oceanus, where is a waste shore and the groves of Persephone, even tall poplar trees and willows that shed their fruit before the season, there beach thy ship by deep eddying Oceanus, but go thyself to the dank house of Hades. Thereby into Acheron flows Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus, a branch of the water of the Styx, and there is a rock, and the meeting of the two roaring waters. So, hero, draw nigh thereto, as I command thee, and dig a trench as it were a cubit in length and breadth, and

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about it pour a drink-offering to all the dead, first with mead and thereafter with sweet wine, and for the third time with water, and sprinkle white meal thereon; and entreat with many prayers the strengthless heads of the dead, and promise that on thy return to Ithaca thou wilt offer in thy halls a barren heifer, the best thou hast, and wilt fill the pyre with treasure, and wilt sacrifice apart, to Teiresias alone, a black ram without spot, the fairest of your flock. But when thou hast with prayers made supplication to the lordly races of the dead, then offer up a ram and a black ewe, bending their heads towards Erebus and thyself turn thy back, with thy face set for the shore of the river. Then will many spirits come to thee of the dead that be departed. Thereafter thou shalt call to thy company and command them to flay the sheep which even now lie slain by the pitiless sword, and to consume them with fire, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and to dread Persephone. And thyself draw the sharp sword from thy thigh and sit there, suffering not the strengthless heads of the dead to draw nigh to the blood, ere thou hast word of Teiresias. Then the seer will come to thee quickly, leader of the people; he will surely declare to thee the way and the measure of thy path, and as touching thy returning, how thou mayst go over the teeming deep."

So spake she, and anon came the golden throned Dawn. Then she put on me a mantle and a doublet for raiment, and the nymph clad herself in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and put a veil upon her head. But I passed through the halls and roused my men with smooth words, standing by each one in turn:

"Sleep ye now no more nor breathe the sweet slumber; but let us go on our way; for surely she hath shown me all, the lady Circé."

So spake I, and their lordly soul consented thereto. Yet even thence I led not my company safe away. There was one, Elpenor, the youngest of us all, not very valiant in war neither steadfast in mind. He was lying apart from the rest of my men on the housetop of Circé's sacred dwelling, very fain of the cool air, as one heavy with wine. Now when he heard the noise of the voices and of the feet of my fellows as they moved to and fro, he leaped up of a sudden and minded him not to descend again by the way of the tall ladder, but fell right down from the roof, and his neck was broken from the bones of the spine, and his spirit went down to the house of Hades.

Then I spake among my men as they went on their way, saying: "Ye deem now, I see, that ye are going to your own dear country; but Circé hath showed us another way, even to the dwelling of Hades and of dread Persephone, to seek to the spirit of Theban Teiresias."

Even so I spake, but their heart within them was broken, and they sat them down even where they were, and made lament and tore their hair. Howbeit no help came of their weeping.

But as we were now wending sorrowful to the swift ship and the sea-banks, shedding big tears, Circé meanwhile had gone her ways and made fast a ram and a black ewe by the dark ship, lightly passing

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us by: who may behold a god against his will, whether going to or fro?

BOOK XI

Odysseus, his descent into hell, and discourses with the ghosts of the deceased heroes.

Now when we had gone down to the ship and to the sea, first of all we drew the ship unto the fair salt water, and placed the mast and sail in the black ship, and took those sheep and put them therein, and ourselves too climbed on board, sorrowing, and shedding big tears. And in the wake of our dark-prowed ship she sent a favouring wind that filled the sails, a kindly escort, — even Circé of the braided tresses, a dread goddess of human speech. And we set in order all the gear throughout the ship and sat us down; and the wind and the helmsman guided our barque. And all day long her sails were stretched in her seafaring; and the sun sank and all the ways were darkened.

She came to the limits of the world, to the deep flowing Oceanus. There is the land and the city of the Cimmerians, shrouded in mist and cloud, and never does the shining sun look down on them with his rays, neither when he climbs up the starry heavens, nor when again he turns earthward from the firmament, but deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals. Thither we came and ran the ship ashore and took out the sheep; but for our part we held on our way along the stream of Oceanus, till we came to the place which Circé had declared to us.

There Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, but I drew my sharp sword from my thigh, and dug a pit, as it were a cubit in length and breadth, and about it poured a drink-offering to all the dead, first with mead and thereafter with sweet wine, and for the third time with water. And I sprinkled white meal thereon, and entreated with many prayers the strengthless heads of the dead, and promised that on my return to Ithaca I would offer in my halls a barren heifer, the best I had, and fill the pyre with treasure, and apart unto Teiresias alone sacrifice a black ram without spot, the fairest of my flock. But when I had besought the tribes of the dead with vows and prayers I took the sheep and cut their throats over the trench, and the dark blood flowed forth, and lo, the spirits of the dead that be departed gathered them from out of Erebus. Brides and youths unwed, and old men of many and evil days, and tender maidens with grief yet fresh at heart; and many there were, wounded with bronze-shod spears, men slain in fight with their bloody mail about them. And these many ghosts flocked together from every side about the trench with a wondrous cry, and pale fear gat hold on me. Then did I speak to my company and command them to flay the sheep that lay slain by the pitiless sword, and to consume them with fire, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and to dread Persephone, and myself I drew the sharp sword from my thigh and sat there, suf-

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fering not the strengthless heads of the dead to draw nigh to the blood, ere I had word of Teiresias.

And first came the soul of Elpenor, my companion, that had not yet been buried beneath the wide-wayed earth; for we left the corpse behind us in the hall of Circé, unwept and unburied, seeing that another task was instant on us. At the sight of him I wept and had compassion on him, and uttering my voice spake to him winged words: "Elpenor, how hast thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow? Thou hast come fleeter on foot than I in my black ship."

So spake I, and with a moan he answered me, saying: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, an evil doom of some god was my bane and wine out of measure. When I laid me down on the house-top of Circé I minded me not to descend again by the way of the tall ladder, but fell right down from the roof, and my neck was broken off from the bones of the spine, and my spirit went down to the house of Hades. And now I pray thee in the name of those whom we left, who are no more with us, thy wife, and thy sire who cherished thee when as yet thou wert a little one, and Telemachus, whom thou didst leave in thy halls alone; forasmuch as I know that on thy way hence from out the dwelling of Hades, thou wilt stay thy well-wrought ship at the isle Aeaean, even then, my lord, I charge thee to think on me. Leave me not unwept and unburied as thou goest hence, nor turn thy back upon me, lest haply I bring on thee the anger of the gods. Nay, burn me there with mine armour, all that is mine, and pile me a barrow on the shore of the grey sea, the grave of a luckless man, that even men unborn may hear my story. Fulfil me this and plant upon the barrow mine oar, wherewith I rowed in the days of my life, while yet I was among my fellows."

Even so he spake, and I answered him saying: "All this, luckless man, will I perform for thee and do."

Even so we twain were sitting holding sad discourse, I on the one side, stretching forth my sword over the blood, while on the other side the ghost of my friend told all his tale.

Anon came up the soul of my mother dead, Anticleia, the daughter of Autolycus the great-hearted, whom I left alive when I departed for sacred Ilios. At the sight of her I wept, and was moved with compassion, yet even so, for all my sore grief, I suffered her not to draw nigh to the blood, ere I had word of Teiresias.

Anon came the soul of Theban Teiresias, with a golden sceptre in his hand, and he knew me and spake unto me: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, what seekest thou *now*, wretched man, wherefore hast thou left the sunlight and come hither to behold the dead and a land desolate of joy? Nay, hold off from the ditch and draw back thy sharp sword, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth."

So spake he and I put up my silver-studded sword into the sheath, and when he had drunk the dark blood, even then did the noble seer speak unto me, saying: "Thou art asking of thy sweet returning,

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great Odysseus, but that will the god make hard for thee; for me thinks thou shalt not pass unheeded by the Shaker of the Earth, who hath laid up wrath in his heart against thee, for rage at the blinding of his dear son. Yet even so, through many troubles, ye may come home, if thou wilt restrain thy spirit and the spirit of thy men so soon as thou shalt bring thy well-wrought ship nigh to the isle Thrinacia, fleeing the sea of violet blue, when ye find the herds of Helios grazing and his brave flocks, of Helios who overseeth all and overheareth all things. If thou doest these no hurt, being heedful of thy return, so may ye yet reach Ithaca, albeit in evil case. But if thou hurtest them, I foreshow ruin for thy ship and for thy men, and even though thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou return in evil plight, with the loss of all thy company, on board the ship of strangers, and thou shalt find sorrows in thy house, even proud men that devour thy living, while they woo thy godlike wife and offer the gifts of wooing. Yet I tell thee, on thy coming thou shalt avenge their violence. But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile, or openly with the edge of the sword, thereafter go thy way, taking with thee a shapen oar, till thou shalt come to such men as know not the sea, neither eat meat savoured with salt; yea, nor have they knowledge of ships of purple cheek, nor shapen oars which serve for wings to ships. And I will give thee a most manifest token, which cannot escape thee. In the day when another wayfarer shall meet thee and say that thou hast a winnowing fan on thy stout shoulder, even then make fast thy shapen oar in the earth and do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon, even with a ram and a bull and a boar, the mate of swine, and depart for home and offer holy hecatombs to the deathless gods that keep the wide heaven, to each in order due. And from the sea shall thine own death come, the gentlest death that may be, which shall end thee foredone with smooth old age, and the folk shall dwell happily around thee. This that I say is sooth."

So spake he, and I answered him, saying: "Teiresias, all these threads, methinks, the gods themselves have spun. But come, declare me this and plainly tell me all. I see here the spirit of my mother dead; lo, she sits in silence near the blood, nor deigns to look her son in the face nor speak to him! Tell me, prince, how may she know me again that I am he?"

So spake I, and anon he answered me, and said: "I will tell thee an easy saying, and will put it in thy heart. Whomsoever of the dead that be departed thou shalt suffer to draw nigh to the blood, he shall tell thee sooth; but if thou shalt grudge any, that one shall go to his own place again." Therewith the spirit of the prince Teiresias went back within the house of Hades, when he had told all his oracles. But I abode there steadfastly, till my mother drew nigh and drank the dark blood; and at once she knew me, and bewailing herself spake to me winged words:

"Dear child, how didst thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow, thou that art a living man? Grievous is the sight of these

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things to the living, for between us and you are great rivers and dreadful streams; first, Oceanus, which can no wise be crossed on foot, but only if one have a well-wrought ship. Art thou but now come hither with thy ship and thy company in thy long wanderings from Troy? and hast thou not yet reached Ithaca, nor seen thy wife in thy halls?"

Even so she spake, and I answered her, and said: "O my mother, necessity was on me to come down to the house of Hades to seek to the spirit of Theban Teiresias. For not yet have I drawn near to the Achaean shore, nor yet have I set foot on mine own country, but have been wandering evermore in affliction, from the day that first I went with goodly Agamemnon to Ilios of the fair steeds, to do battle with the Trojans. But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all. What doom overcame thee of death that lays men at their length? Was it a slow disease, or did Artemis the archer slay thee with the visitation of her gentle shafts? And tell me of my father and my son, that I left behind me; doth my honour yet abide with them, or hath another already taken it, while they say that I shall come home no more? And tell me of my wedded wife, of her counsel and her purpose, doth she abide with her son and keep all secure, or hath she already wedded the best of the Achaeans?"

Even so I spake, and anon my lady mother answered me: "Yea verily, she abideth with steadfast spirit in thy halls; and wearily for her the nights wane always and the days in shedding of tears. But the fair honour that is thine no man hath yet taken; but Telemachus sits at peace on his demesne, and feasts at equal banquets, whereof it is meet that a judge partake, for all men bid him to their house. And thy father abides there in the field, and goes not down to the town, nor lies he on bedding or rugs or shining blankets, but all the winter he sleeps, where sleep the thralls in the house, in the ashes by the fire, and is clad in sorry raiment. But when the summer comes and the rich harvest-tide, his beds of fallen leaves are strewn lowly all about the knoll of his vineyard plot. There he lies sorrowing and nurses his mighty grief, for long desire of thy return, and old age withal comes heavy upon him. Yea and even so did I too perish and meet my doom. It was not the archer goddess of the keen sight, who slew me in my halls with the visitation of her gentle shafts, nor did any sickness come upon me, such as chiefly with a sad wasting draws the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was my sore longing for thee, and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, that reft me of sweet life."

So spake she, and I mused in my heart and would fain have embraced the spirit of my mother dead. Thrice I sprang towards her, and was minded to embrace her; thrice she flitted from my hands as a shadow or even as a dream, and sharp grief arose ever at my heart. And uttering my voice I spake to her winged words:

"Mother mine, wherefore dost thou not abide me who am eager to clasp thee, that even in Hades we twain may cast our arms each about

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the other, and have our fill of chill lament? Is this but a phantom that the high goddess Persephone hath sent me, to the end that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow?"

So spake I, and my lady mother answered me anon: "Ah me, my child, of all men most ill-fated, Persephone, the daughter of Zeus, doth in no wise deceive thee, but even on this wise it is with mortals when they die. For the sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones, but the great force of burning fire abolishes these, so soon as the life hath left the white bones, and the spirit like a dream flies forth and hovers near. But haste with all thine heart toward the sunlight, and mark all this, that even hereafter thou mayest tell it to thy wife."

Thus we twain held discourse together; and lo, the women came up, for the high goddess Persephone sent them forth, all they that had been the wives and daughters of mighty men. And they gathered and flocked about the black blood, and I took counsel how I might question them each one. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. I drew my long hanger from my stalwart thigh, and suffered them not all at one time to drink of the dark blood. So they drew nigh one by one, and each declared her lineage, and I made question of all.

Then verily did I first see Tyro, sprung of a noble sire, who said that she was the child of noble Salmoneus, and declared herself the wife of Cretheus, son of Aeolus. She loved a river, the divine Enipeus, far the fairest of the floods that run upon the earth, and she would resort to the fair streams of Enipeus. And it came to pass that the girdler of the world, the Earth-shaker, put on the shape of the god, and lay by the lady at the mouths of the whirling stream. Then the dark wave stood around them like a hill-side bowed, and hid the god and the mortal woman. And he undid her maiden girdle, and shed a slumber over her. Now when the god had done the work of love, he clasped her hand and spake and hailed her.

"Woman, be glad in our love, and when the year comes round thou shalt give birth to glorious children, — for not weak are the embraces of the gods, — and do thou keep and cherish them. And now go home and hold thy peace, and tell it not: but behold, I am Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth."

Therewith he plunged beneath the heaving deep. And she conceived and bare Pelias and Neleus, who both grew to be mighty men, servants of Zeus. Pelias dwelt in wide Iolcos, and was rich in flocks; and that other abode in sandy Pylos. And the queen of women bare yet other sons to Cretheus, even Aeson and Pheres and Amythaon, whose joy was in chariots.

And after her I saw Antiope, daughter of Asôpus, and her boast was that she had slept even in the arms of Zeus, and she bare two sons, Amphion and Zethus, who founded first the place of seven-gated Thebes, and they made of it a fenced city, for they might not dwell in spacious Thebes unfenced, for all their valiancy.

Next to her I saw Alcmene, wife of Amphitryon, who lay in the

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arms of mighty Zeus, and bare Heracles of the lion-heart, steadfast in the fight. And I saw Megara, daughter of Creon, haughty of heart, whom the strong and tireless son of Amphitryon had to wife.

And I saw the mother of Oedipodes, fair Epicaste, who wrought a dread deed unwittingly, being wedded to her own son, and he that had slain his own father wedded her, and straightway the gods made these things known to men. Yet he abode in pain in pleasant Thebes, ruling the Cadmaeans, by reason of the deadly counsels of the gods. But she went down to the house of Hades, the mighty warder; yea, she tied a noose from the high beam aloft, being fast holden in sorrow; while for him she left pains behind full many, even all that the Avengers of a mother bring to pass.

And I saw lovely Chloris, whom Neleus wedded on a time for her beauty, and brought gifts of wooing past number. She was the youngest daughter of Amphion, son of Iasus, who once ruled mightily in Minyan Orchomenus. And she was queen of Pylos, and bare glorious children to her lord, Nestor and Chromius, and princely Periclymenus, and stately Pero too, the wonder of all men. All that dwelt around were her wooers; but Neleus would not give her, save to him who should drive off from Phylace the kine of mighty Iphicles, with shambling gait and broad of brow, hard cattle to drive. And none but the noble seer took in hand to drive them; but a grievous fate from the gods fettered him, even hard bonds and the herdsmen of the wild. But when at length the months and days were being fulfilled, as the year returned upon his course, and the seasons came round, then did mighty Iphicles set him free, when he had spoken out all the oracles; and herein was the counsel of Zeus being accomplished.

And I saw Lede, the famous bed-fellow of Tyndareus, who bare to Tyndareus two sons, hardy of heart, Castor tamer of steeds, and Polydeuces the boxer. These twain yet live, but the quickening earth is over them; and even in the nether world they have honour at the hand of Zeus. And they possess their life in turn, living one day and dying the next, and they have gotten worship even as the gods.

And after her I beheld Iphimedeia, bed-fellow of Aloeus, who said that she had lain with Poseidon, and she bare children twain, but short of life were they, godlike Otus and far-famed Ephialtes. Now these were the tallest men that earth, the grain-giver, ever reared, and far the goodliest after the renowned Orion. At nine seasons old they were of breadth nine cubits, and nine fathoms in height. They it was who threatened to raise even against the immortals in Olympus the din of stormy war. They strove to pile Ossa on Olympus, and on Ossa Pelion with the trembling forest leaves, that there might be a pathway to the sky. Yea, and they would have accomplished it, had they reached the full measure of manhood. But the son of Zeus, whom Leto of the fair locks bare, destroyed the twain, ere the down had bloomed beneath their temples, and darkened their chins with the blossom of youth.

And Phaedra and Procris I saw, and fair Ariadne, the daughter of

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wizard Minos, whom Theseus on a time was bearing from Crete to the hill of sacred Athens, yet had he no joy of her; for Artemis slew her ere that in seagirt Dia, by reason of the witness of Dionysus.

And Maera and Clymene I saw, and hateful Eriphyle, who took fine gold for the price of her dear lord's life. But I cannot tell or name all the wives and daughters of the heroes that I saw; ere that the immortal night would wane. Nay, it is even now time to sleep, whether I go to the swift ship to my company or abide here: and for my convoy you and the gods will care.

So spake he, and dead silence fell on all, and they were spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Then Arete of the white arms first spake among them: "Phaeacians, what think you of this man for comeliness and stature, and within for wisdom of heart? Moreover he is my guest, though every one of you hath his share in this honour. Wherefore haste not to send him hence, and stint not these your gifts for one that stands in such sore need of them; for ye have much treasure stored in your halls by the grace of the gods."

Then too spake among them the old man, lord Echeneus, that was an elder among the Phaeacians: "Friends, behold, the speech of our wise queen is not wide of the mark, nor far from our deeming, so hearken ye thereto. But on Alcinous here both word and work depend."

Then Alcinous made answer, and spake unto him: "Yea, the word that she hath spoken shall hold, if indeed I am yet to live and bear rule among the Phaeacians, masters of the oar. Howbeit let the stranger, for all his craving to return, nevertheless endure to abide until the morrow, till I make up the full measure of the gift; and men shall care for his convoy, all men, but I in chief, for mine is the lordship in the land."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying: "My lord Alcinous, most notable of all the people, if ye bade me tarry here even for a year, and would speed my convoy and give me splendid gifts even that I would choose; and better would it be for me to come with a fuller hand to mine own dear country, so should I get more love and worship in the eyes of all men, whoso should see me after I was returned to Ithaca."

And Alcinous answered him, saying: "Odysseus, in no wise do we deem thee, we that look on thee, to be a knave or a cheat, even as the dark earth rears many such broadcast, fashioning lies whence none can even see his way therein. But beauty crowns thy words, and wisdom is within thee; and thy tale, as when a minstrel sings, thou hast told with skill, the weary woes of all the Argives and of thine own self. But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all. Didst thou see any of thy godlike company who went up at the same time with thee to Ilion and there met their doom? Behold, the night is of great length, unspeakable, and the time for sleep in the hall is not yet; tell me therefore of those wondrous deeds. I could abide even till the bright

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dawn, so long as thou couldst endure to rehearse me these woes of thine in the hall."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying: My lord Alcinous, most notable of all the people, there is a time for many words and there is a time for sleep. But if thou art eager still to listen, I would not for my part grudge to tell thee of other things more pitiful still, even the woes of my comrades, those that perished afterward, for they had escaped with their lives from the dread war-cry of the Trojans, but perished in returning by the will of an evil woman.

Now when holy Persephone had scattered this way and that the spirits of the women folk, thereafter came the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing; and round him others were gathered, the ghosts of them who had died with him in the house of Aegisthus and met their doom. And he knew me straightway when he had drunk the dark blood, yea, and he wept aloud, and shed big tears as he stretched forth his hands in his longing to reach me. But it might not be, for he had now no steadfast strength nor power at all in moving, such as was aforetime in his supple limbs.

At the sight of him I wept and was moved with compassion, and uttering my voice, spake to him winged words: "Most renowned son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, say what doom overcame thee of death that lays men at their length? Did Poseidon smite thee in thy ships, raising the dolorous blast of contrary winds, or did unfriendly men do thee hurt upon the land, whilst thou wert cutting off their oxen and fair flocks of sheep, or fighting to win a city and the women thereof?"

So spake I, and straightway he answered, and said unto me: "Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, it was not Poseidon that smote me in my ships, and raised the dolorous blast of contrary winds, nor did unfriendly men do me hurt upon the land, but Aegisthus it was that wrought me death and doom and slew me, with the aid of my accursed wife, as one slays an ox at the stall, after he had bidden me to his house, and entertained me at a feast. Even so I died by a death most pitiful, and round me my company likewise were slain without ceasing, like swine with glittering tusks which are slaughtered in the house of a rich and mighty man, whether at a wedding banquet or a joint-feast or a rich clan-drinking. Ere now hast thou been at the slaying of many a man, killed in single fight or in strong battle, yet thou wouldst have sorrowed the most at this sight, how we lay in the hall round the mixing-bowl and the laden boards, and the floor all ran with blood. And most pitiful of all that I heard was the voice of the daughter of Priam, of Cassandra, whom hard by me the crafty Clytemnestra slew. Then I strove to raise my hands as I was dying upon the sword, but to earth they fell. And that shameless one turned her back upon me, and had not the heart to draw down my eyelids with her fingers nor to close my mouth. So surely is there nought more terrible and shameless than

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a woman who imagines such evil in her heart, even as she too planned a foul deed, fashioning death for her wedded lord. Verily I had thought to come home most welcome to my children and my thralls: but she, out of the depth of her evil knowledge, hath shed shame on herself and on all womankind, which shall be for ever, even on the upright."

Even so he spake, but I answered him, saying: "Lo now, in very sooth, hath Zeus of the far-borne voice wreaked wondrous hatred on the seed of Atreus through the counsels of woman from of old. For Helen's sake so many of us perished, and now Clytemnestra hath practised treason against thee, while yet thou wast afar off."

Even so I spake, and anon he answered me, saying: "Wherefore do thou too, never henceforth be soft even to thy wife, neither show her all the counsel that thou knowest, but a part declare and let part be hid. Yet shalt not thou, Odysseus, find death at the hand of thy wife, for she is very discreet and prudent in all her ways, the wise Penelope, daughter of Icarius. Verily we left her a bride new wed when we went to the war, and a child was at her breast, who now, methinks, sits in the ranks of men, happy in his lot, for his dear father shall behold him on his company, and he shall embrace his sire as is meet. But as for my wife, she suffered me not so much as to have my fill of gazing on my son; ere that she slew me, even her lord. And yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou ponder it in thy heart. Put thy ship to land in secret, and not openly, on the shore of thy dear country; for there is no more faith in woman. But come, declare me this and plainly tell it all, if haply ye hear of my son as yet living, either, it may be, in Orchomenus or in sandy Pylos, or perchance with Menelaus in wide Sparta, for goodly Orestes hath not yet perished on the earth."

Even so he spake, but I answered him, saying: "Son of Atreus, wherefore dost thou ask me straitly of these things? Nay I know not at all, whether he be alive or dead; it is ill to speak words light as wind."

Thus we twain stood sorrowing, holding sad discourse, while the big tears fell fast: and therewithal came the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, and of Patroclus and of noble Antilochus and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans, after the noble son of Peleus. And the spirit of the son of Aeacus, fleet of foot, knew me again, and making lament spake to me winged words:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, man overbold, what new deed and hardier than this wilt thou devise in thy heart? How durst thou come down to the house of Hades, where dwell the senseless dead, the phantoms of men outworn?"

So he spake, but I answered him: "Achilles, son of Peleus, mightiest far of the Achaeans, I am come hither to seek to Teiresias, if he may tell me any counsel, how I may come to rugged Ithaca. For not yet have I come nigh the Achaean land, nor set foot on mine own soil, but am still in evil case; while as for thee, Achilles, none other than thou wast heretofore the most blessed of men, nor shall any be

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hereafter. For of old, in the days of thy life, we Argives gave thee one honour with the gods, and now thou art a great prince here among the dead. Wherefore let not thy death be any grief to thee, Achilles."

Even so I spake, and he straightway answered me, and said: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, oh great Odysseus. Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed. But come, tell me tidings of that lordly son of mine — did he follow to the war to be a leader or not? And tell me of noble Peleus, if thou hast heard aught, — is he yet held in worship among the Myrmidons, or do they dishonour him from Hellas to Phthia, for that old age binds him hand and foot? For I am no longer his champion under the sun, so mighty a man as once I was, when in wide Troy I slew the best of the host, and succoured the Argives. Ah! could I but come for an hour to my father's house as then I was, so would I make my might and hands invincible, to be hateful to many an one of those who do him despite and keep him from his honour."

Even so he spake, but I answered him saying: "As for noble Peleus, verily I have heard nought of him; but concerning thy dear son Neoptolemus, I will tell thee all the truth, according to thy word. It was I that led him up out of Scyros in my good hollow ship, in the wake of the goodly-greaved Achaeans. Now oft as we took counsel around Troy town, he was ever the first to speak, and no word missed the mark; the godlike Nestor and I alone surpassed him. But whensoever we Achaeans did battle on the plain of Troy, he never tarried behind in the throng or the press of men, but ran out far before us all, yielding to none in that might of his. And many men he slew in warfare dread; but I could not tell of all or name their names, even all the host he slew in succouring the Argives; but, ah, how he smote with the sword that son of Telephus, the hero Eurypylus, and many Ceteians of his company were slain around him, by reason of a woman's bribe. He truly was the comeliest man that ever I saw, next to goodly Memnon. And again when we, the best of the Argives, were about to go down into the horse which Epeus wrought, and the charge of all was laid on me, both to open the door of our good ambush and to shut the same, then did the other princes and counsellors of the Danaans wipe away the tears, and the limbs of each one trembled beneath him, but never once did I see thy son's fair face wax pale, nor did he wipe the tears from his cheeks: but he besought me often to let him go forth from the horse, and kept handling his sword-hilt, and his heavy bronze-shod spear, and he was set on mischief against the Trojans. But after we had sacked the steep city of Priam, he embarked unscathed with his share of the spoil, and with a noble prize; he was not smitten with the sharp spear, and got no wound in close fight: and many such chances there be in war, for Ares rageth confusedly."

So I spake, and the spirit of the son of Aeacus, fleet of foot, passed

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with great strides along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing in that I had told him of his son's renown.

But lo, other spirits of the dead that be departed stood sorrowing and each one asked of those that were dear to them. The soul of Aias son of Telamon, alone stood apart being still angry for the victory wherein I prevailed against him, in the suit by the ships concerning the arms of Achilles, that his lady mother had set for a prize, and the sons of the Trojans made award and Pallas Athene. Would that I had never prevailed and won such a prize! So goodly a head hath the earth closed over, for the sake of those arms, even over Aias, who in beauty and in feats of war was of a mould above all the other Danaans, next to the noble son of Peleus. To him then I spake softly, saying:

"Aias, son of noble Telamon, so art thou not even in death to forget thy wrath against me, by reason of those arms accursed, which the gods set to be the bane of the Argives? What a tower of strength fell in thy fall, and we Achaeans cease not to sorrow for thee, even as for the life of Achilles, son of Peleus! Nay, there is none other to blame, but Zeus, who hath borne wondrous hate to the army of the Danaan spearsmen, and laid on thee thy doom. Nay, come hither, my lord, that thou mayest hear my word and my speech; master thy wrath and thy proud spirit."

So I spake, but he answered me not a word and passed to Erebus after the other spirits of the dead that be departed. Even then, despite his anger, would he have spoken to me or I to him, but my heart within me was minded to see the spirits of those others that were departed.

There then I saw Minos, glorious son of Zeus, wielding a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the dead, while they sat and stood around the prince, asking his dooms through the wide-gated house of Hades.

And after him I marked the mighty Orion driving the wild beasts together over the mead of asphodel, the very beasts that himself had slain on the lonely hills, with a strong mace all of bronze in his hand that is ever unbroken.

And I saw Tityos, son of renowned Earth, lying on a levelled ground, and he covered nine roods as he lay, and vultures twain beset him one on either side, and gnawed at his liver, piercing even to the caul, but he drave them not away with his hands. For he had dealt violently with Leto, the famous bed-fellow of Zeus, as she went up to Pytho through the fair lawns of Paponeus.

Moreover I beheld Tantalus in grievous torment, standing in a mere and the water came nigh unto his chin. And he stood straining as one athirst, but he might not attain to the water to drink of it. For often as that old man stooped down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water was swallowed up and it vanished away, and the black earth still showed at his feet, for some god parched it evermore. And tall trees flowering shed their fruit overhead, pears and

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pomegranates and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs and olives in their bloom, whereat when that old man reached out his hands to clutch them, the wind would toss them to the shadowy clouds.

Yea and I beheld Sisyphus in strong torment, grasping a monstrous stone with both his hands. He was pressing thereat with hands and feet, and trying to roll the stone upward toward the brow of the hill. But oft as he was about to hurl it over the top, the weight would drive him back, so once again to the plain rolled the stone, the shameless thing. And he once more kept heaving and straining, and the sweat the while was pouring down his limbs, and the dust rose upwards from his head.

And after him I descried the mighty Heracles, his phantom, I say; but as for himself he hath joy at the banquet among the deathless gods, and hath to wife Hebe of the fair ankles, child of great Zeus, and of Here of the golden sandals. And all about him there was a clamour of the dead, as it were fowls flying every way in fear, and he like black Night, with bow uncased, and shaft upon the string, fiercely glancing around, like one in the act to shoot. And about his breast was an awful belt, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were wrought, bears and wild boars and lions with flashing eyes, and strife and battles and slaughters and murders of men. Nay, now that he hath fashioned this, never another may he fashion, whoso stored in his craft the device of that belt! And anon he knew me when his eyes beheld me, and making lament he spake unto me winged words:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices: ah! wretched one, dost thou too lead such a life of evil doom, as I endured beneath the rays of the sun? I was the son of Zeus Cronion, yet had I trouble beyond measure, for I was subdued unto a man far worse than I. And he enjoined on me hard adventures, yea and on a time he sent me hither to bring back the hound of hell; for he devised no harder task for me than this. I lifted the hound and brought him forth from out of the house of Hades; and Hermes sped me on my way and the grey-eyed Athene."

Therewith he departed again into the house of Hades, but I abode there still, if perchance some one of the hero folk besides might come, who died in old time. Yea and I should have seen the men of old, whom I was fain to look on, Theseus and Peirithous, renowned children of the gods. But ere that might be the myriad tribes of the dead thronged up together with wondrous clamour: and pale fear gat hold of me, lest the high goddess Persephone should send me the head of the Gorgon, that dread monster, from out of Hades.

Straightway then I went to the ship, and bade my men mount the vessel, and loose the hawsers. So speedily they went on board, and sat upon the benches. And the wave of the flood bore the barque down the stream of Oceanus, we rowing first, and afterwards the fair wind was our convoy.

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[Continuing his tale, Odysseus tells how he returned to Circ received further directions from her, and then set sail for home. H heard the song of the Sirens, passed successfully between the whirlpo of Charybdis and the monster Scylla (who seized and ate six of h company), and finally landed at Thrinacia, the island of the sun-go Helios. Here the crew of Odysseus, against his orders, slaughtered an ate the cattle of Helios; as a punishment for this deed, a storm wreck their ship when they put to sea and all were drowned except Odysse who was carried by the sea to the isle of Calypso, where he spent th next eight years. Thus the tale of Odysseus to the Phaeacians end

The next day the Phaeacians send Odysseus home to Ithaca in o of their ships and leave him asleep on the shore. There he me Athene, who informs him of the situation in his home; on her adv he goes disguised as a beggar to the hut of the loyal swinehe Eumaeus, and spends several days there while Athene brings Tele achus safely back from Sparta.

Telemachus, on his arrival at Ithaca, goes first to the hut of Eumae where Odysseus discovers himself to his son, but cautions him to reve his identity to no one until they can devise a plan to deal with t wooers. The next day Odysseus, still disguised as a beggar, goes his home, where he is arrogantly mistreated by the wooers. After t feast he and Telemachus remove all the arms from the great hall the house. Odysseus then converses with Penelope, without revealin himself, and learns that she is about to make trial of her suitor whoever shall most easily string the great bow of Odysseus and sho an arrow through twelve axes in a line shall be her new husba Odysseus then goes to bed in the vestibule, still pondering how to ta his vengeance on the insolent suitors.

The next day the wooers gather for the day's feast at the house Odysseus; also present are Odysseus, Telemachus, Eumaeus, the lo neatherd Philoetius, and the disloyal goatherd Melanthius. At t banquet the suitors again insult Odysseus. Theoclymenus, a forei seer and a friend of Telemachus, foretells the coming slaughter of t arrogant wooers, and leaves the hall. At this point in the narra Penelope decides to set the contest of the bow, and the story mo rapidly to its climax in the two following books.]

BOOK XXI

Penelope bringeth forth her husband's bow, which the suitors co not bend, but was bent by Odysseus.

Now the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of t daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to set the bow and the axes grey iron, for the wooers in the halls of Odysseus, to be the weap of the contest, and the beginning of death. So she descended t tall staircase of her chamber, and took the well-bent key in h strong hand, a goodly key of bronze, whereon was a handle ivory. And she betook her, with her handmaidens, to the treasu chamber in the uttermost part of the house, where lay the treasu of her lord, bronze and gold and well-wrought iron. And th lay the back-bent bow and the quiver for the arrows, and ma

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shafts were therein, winged for death, gifts of a friend of Odysseus, that met with him in Lacedaemon, Iphitus son of Eurytus, a man like to the gods. These twain fell in with one another in Messene, in the house of wise Ortilochus. Now Odysseus had gone thither to recover somewhat that was owing to him from all the people, for the men of Messene had lifted three hundred sheep in benched ships from out of Ithaca, with the shepherds of the flock. In quest of these it was that Odysseus went on a far embassy, being yet a lad; for his father and the other elders sent him forth. Moreover, Iphitus came thither in his search for twelve brood mares, which he had lost, with sturdy mules at the teat. These same it was that brought him death and destiny in the latter end, when he came to the child of Zeus, hardy of heart, the man Heracles, that had knowledge of great adventures, who smote Iphitus though his guest in his house, in his frowardness, and had no regard for the vengeance of the gods, nor for the table which he spread before him; for after the meal he slew him, his guest though he was, and kept for himself in the halls the horses strong of hoof. After these was Iphitus asking, when he met with Odysseus, and he gave him the bow, which of old great Eurytus bare and had left at his death to his son in his lofty house. And Odysseus gave Iphitus a sharp sword and a mighty spear, for the beginning of a loving friendship; but never had they acquaintance one of another at the board; ere that might be, the son of Zeus slew Iphitus son of Eurytus, a man like to the immortals, the same that gave Odysseus the bow. But goodly Odysseus would never take it with him on the black ships, as he went to the wars, but the bow was laid by at home in the halls as a memorial of a dear guest, and he carried it on his own land.

Now when the fair lady had come even to the treasure-chamber, and had stept upon the threshold of oak, which the carpenter had on a time planed cunningly, and over it had made straight the line,—doorposts also had he fitted thereby, whereon he set shining doors,—anon she quickly loosed the strap from the handle of the door, and thrust in the key, and with a straight aim shot back the bolts. And even as a bull roars that is grazing in a meadow, so mightily roared the fair doors smitten by the key; and speedily they flew open before her. Then she stept on to the high floor, where the coffers stood, wherein the fragrant raiment was stored. Thence she stretched forth her hand, and took the bow from off the pin, all in the bright case which sheathed it around. And there she sat down, and set the case upon her knees, and cried aloud and wept, and took out the bow of her lord. Now when she had her fill of tearful lament, she set forth to go to the hall to the company of the proud wooers, with the back-bent bow in her hands, and the quiver for the arrows, and many shafts were therein winged for death. And her maidens along with her bare a chest, wherein lay much store of iron and bronze, the gear of combat of their lord. Now

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when the fair lady had come unto the wooers, she stood by th pillar of the well-builded roof, holding up her glistening tire befo her face; and a faithful maiden stood on either side of her, a straightway she spake out among the wooers and declared h word, saying:

"Hear me, ye lordly wooers, who have vexed this house, that might eat and drink here evermore, forasmuch as the master long gone, nor could ye find any other mark for your speech, b all your desire was to wed me and take me to wife. Nay co now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize that is put before yo I will set forth for you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and who shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot throu all twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house, th house of my wedlock, so fair and filled with all livelihood, whi methinks I shall yet remember, aye, in a dream."

So spake she, and commanded Eumaeus, the goodly swinehe to set the bow for the wooers and the axes of grey iron. A Eumaeus took them with tears, and laid them down; and othe where the neatherd wept, when he beheld the bow of his lor Then Antinous rebuked them, and spake and hailed them:

"Foolish boors, whose thoughts look not beyond the day, a wretched pair, wherefore now do ye shed tears, and stir the so of the lady within her, when her heart already lies low in pai for that she has lost her dear lord? Nay sit, and feast in silenc or else get ye forth and weep, and leave the bow here behind, be a terrible contest for the wooers, for methinks that this polish bow does not lightly yield itself to be strung. For there is no m among all these present such as Odysseus was, and I myself sa him, yea I remember it well, though I was still but a child."

So spake he, but his heart within him hoped that he would strin the bow, and shoot through the iron. Yet verily, he was to be th first that should taste the arrow at the hands of the noble Odysse whom but late he was dishonouring as he sat in the halls, and w inciting all his fellows to do likewise.

Then the mighty prince Telemachus spake among them, sayin "Lo now, in very truth, Cronion has robbed me of my wits! M dear mother, wise as she is, declares that she will go with a strang and forsake this house; yet I laugh and in my silly heart I am gl Nay come now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize which is s before you, a lady, the like of whom there is not now in th Achaean land, neither in sacred Pylos, nor in Argos, nor in M cenae, nor yet in Ithaca, nor in the dark mainland. Nay but know all this yourselves, — why need I praise my mother? Co therefore, delay not the issue with excuses, nor hold much long aloof from the drawing of the bow, that we may see the thing th is to be. Yea and I myself would make trial of this bow. If shall string it, and shoot through the iron, then should I not sorro if my lady mother were to quit these halls and go with a strang

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seeing that I should be left behind, well able now to lift my father's goodly gear of combat."

Therewith he cast from off his neck his cloak of scarlet, and sprang to his full height, and put away the sword from his shoulders. First he dug a good trench and set up the axes, one long trench for them all, and over it he made straight the line and round about stamped in the earth. And amazement fell on all that beheld how orderly he set the axes, though never before had he seen it so. Then he went and stood by the threshold and began to prove the bow. Thrice he made it to tremble in his great desire to draw it, and thrice he rested from his effort, though still he hoped in his heart to string the bow, and shoot through the iron. And now at last he might have strung it, mightily straining thereat for the fourth time, but Odysseus nodded frowning and stayed him, for all his eagerness. Then the strong prince Telemachus spake among them again:

"Lo you now, even to the end of my days I shall be a coward and a weakling, or it may be I am too young, and have as yet no trust in my hands to defend me from such an one as does violence without a cause. But come now, ye who are mightier men than I, essay the bow and let us make an end of the contest."

Therewith he put the bow from him on the ground, leaning it against the smooth and well-compacted doors, and the swift shaft he propped hard by against the fair bow-tip, and then he sat down once more on the high seat, whence he had risen.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spake among them, saying: "Rise up in order, all my friends, beginning from the left, even from the place whence the wine is poured."

So spake Antinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then first stood up Leiodes, son of Oenops, who was their soothsayer and ever sat by the fair mixing bowl at the extremity of the hall; he alone hated their infatuate deeds and was indignant with all the wooers. He now first took the bow and the swift shaft, and he went and stood by the threshold, and began to prove the bow; but he could not bend it; or ever that might be, his hands grew weary with the straining, his unworn, delicate hands; so he spake among the wooers, saying:

"Friends, of a truth I cannot bend it, let some other take it. Ah, many of our bravest shall this bow rob of spirit and of life, since truly it is far better for us to die, than to live on and to fail of that for which we assemble evermore in this place, day by day expecting the prize. Many there be even now that hope in their hearts and desire to wed Penelope, the bed-fellow of Odysseus: but when such an one shall make trial of the bow and see the issue, thereafter let him woo some other fair-robed Achaean woman with his bridal gifts and seek to win her. So may our lady wed the man that gives most gifts, and comes as the chosen of fate."

So he spake, and put from him the bow leaning it against the

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smooth and well-compacted doors, and the swift shaft he propp hard by against the fair bow-tip, and then he sat down once mo on the high seat, whence he had risen.

But Antinous rebuked him, and spake and hailed him: "Leiod what word hath escaped the door of thy lips; a hard word, and grievous? Nay, it angers me to hear it, and to think that a b such as this shall rob our bravest of spirit and of life, and because thou canst not draw it. For I tell thee that thy lady moth bare thee not of such might as to draw a bow and shoot arrow but there be others of the proud wooers that shall draw it soo

So he spake, and commanded Melanthius, the goatherd, sayin "Up now, light a fire in the halls, Melanthius; and place a gre settle by the fire and a fleece thereon and bring forth a great b of lard that is within, that we young men may warm and anoi the bow therewith and prove it, and make an end of the contes

So he spake, and Melanthius soon kindled the never-resting fi and drew up a settle and placed it near, and put a fleece thereon, a he brought forth a great ball of lard that was within. Therewi the young men warmed the bow, and made essay, but could n string it, for they were greatly lacking of such might. And A tinous still held to the task and godlike Eurymachus, chief m among the wooers, who were far the most excellent of all.

But those other twain went forth both together from the hou the neatherd and the swineherd of godlike Odysseus; and Odysse passed out after them. But when they were now gotten witho the gates and the courtyard, he uttered his voice and spake to the in gentle words:

"Neartherd and thou swineherd, shall I say somewhat or keep to myself? Nay, my spirit bids me declare it. What manner men would ye be to help Odysseus, if he should come thus su denly, I know not whence, and some god were to bring hi Would ye stand on the side of the wooers or of Odysseus? T me even as your heart and spirit bid you."

Then the neatherd answered him, saying: "Father Zeus, if b thou wouldst fulfil this wish: — oh, that that man might com and some god lead him hither! So shouldest thou know what m might is, and how my hands follow to obey."

In like manner Eumaeus prayed to all the gods that wi Odysseus might return to his own home.

Now when he knew for a surety what spirit they were of, on more he answered and spake to them, saying:

"Behold, home am I come, even I; after much travail and so am I come in the twentieth year to mine own country. And know how that my coming is desired by you alone of all my thra for from none besides have I heard a prayer that I might retu once more to my home. And now I will tell you all the truth, ev as it shall come to pass. If the god shall subdue the proud wood to my hands, I will bring you each one a wife, and will give you

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heritage of your own and a house builded near to me, and ye twain shall be thereafter in mine eyes as the brethren and companions of Telemachus. But behold, I will likewise show you a most manifest token, that ye may know me well and be certified in heart, even the wound that the boar dealt me with his white tusk long ago, when I went to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus."

Therewith he drew aside the rags from the great scar. And when the twain had beheld it and marked it well, they cast their arms about the wise Odysseus, and fell a weeping; and kissed him lovingly on head and shoulders. And in like manner Odysseus too kissed their heads and hands. And now would the sunlight have gone down upon their sorrowing, had not Odysseus himself stayed them saying:

"Cease ye from weeping and lamentation, lest some one come forth from the hall and see us, and tell it likewise in the house. Nay, go ye within one by one and not both together, I first and you following, and let this be the token between us. All the rest, as many as are proud wooers, will not suffer that I should be given the bow and quiver; do thou then, goodly Eumaeus, as thou bearest the bow through the hall, set it in my hands and speak to the women that they bar the well-fitting doors of their chamber. And if any of them hear the sound of groaning or the din of men within our walls, let them not run forth but abide where they are in silence at their work. But on thee, goodly Philoetius, I lay this charge, to bolt and bar the outer gate of the court and swiftly to tie the knot."

Therewith he passed within the fair-lying halls, and went and sat upon the settle whence he had risen. And likewise the two thralls of divine Odysseus went within.

And now Eurymachus was handling the bow, warming it on this side and on that at the light of the fire; yet even so he could not string it, and in his great heart he groaned mightily; and in heaviness of spirit he spake and called aloud, saying:

"Lo you now, truly am I grieved for myself and for you all! Not for the marriage do I mourn so greatly, afflicted though I be; there are many Achaean women besides, some in sea-begirt Ithaca itself and some in other cities. Nay, but I grieve, if indeed we are so far worse than godlike Odysseus in might, seeing that we cannot bend the bow. It will be a shame even for men unborn to hear thereof."

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered him: "Eurymachus, this shall not be so, and thou thyself too knowest it. For to-day the feast of the archer god is held in the land, a holy feast. Who at such a time would be bending bows? Nay, set it quietly by; what and if we should let the axes all stand as they are? None methinks will come to the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and carry them away. Go to now, let the wine-bearer pour for libation into each cup in turn, that after the drink-offering we may set down the curved bow. And in the morning bid Melanthius, the

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goatherd, to lead hither the very best goats in all his herds, th
we may lay pieces of the thighs on the altar of Apollo the arch
and essay the bow and make an end of the contest."

So spake Antinous, and the saying pleased them well. Th
the henchmen poured water on their hands, and pages crow
the mixing-bowls with drink, and served out the wine to all, wh
they had poured for libation into each cup in turn. But when th
had poured forth and had drunken to their hearts' desire, Odysse
of many counsels spake among them out of a crafty heart, sayin

"Hear me, ye wooers of the renowned queen, that I may say th
which my heart within me bids. And mainly to Eurymachu
make my prayer and to the godlike Antinous, forasmuch as he h
spoken even this word aright, namely, that for this present ye ce
from your archery and leave the issue to the gods; and in
morning the god will give the victory to whomsoever he w
Come therefore, give me the polished bow, that in your presence
may prove my hands and strength, whether I have yet any fo
such as once was in my supple limbs, or whether my wanderi
and needy fare have even now destroyed it."

So spake he and they all were exceeding wroth, for fear lest
should string the polished bow. And Antinous rebuked him,
spake and hailed him:

"Wretched stranger, thou hast no wit, nay never so little. A
thou not content to feast at ease in our high company, and to h
not thy share of the banquet, but to listen to our speech and
discourse, while no guest and beggar beside thee hears our speec
Wine it is that wounds thee, honey-sweet wine, that is the bane
others too, even of all who take great draughts and drink out
measure. Wine it was that darkened the mind even of the Centa
renowned Eurytion, in the hall of high-hearted Peirithous, wh
he went to the Lapithae; and after that his heart was darken
with wine, he wrought foul deeds in his frenzy, in the house
Peirithous. Then wrath fell on all the heroes, and they leaped
and dragged him forth through the porch, when they had shorn
his ears and nostrils with the pitiless sword, and then with darken
mind he bare about with him the burden of his sin in foolishn
of heart. Thence was the feud begun between the Centaurs a
mankind; but first for himself gat he hurt, being heavy with wi
And even so I declare great mischief unto thee if thou shalt str
the bow, for thou shalt find no courtesy at the hand of any one
our land, and anon we will send thee in a black ship to Echec
the maimer of all men, and thence thou shalt not be saved al
Nay then, drink at thine ease, and strive not still with men
are younger than thou."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Antinous, truly it is
fair nor just to rob the guests of Telemachus of their due, whe
ever he may be that comes to this house. Dost thou think if you
stranger strings the great bow of Odysseus, in the pride of his mi

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and of his strength of arm, that he will lead me to his home and make me his wife? Nay he himself, methinks, has no such hope in his breast; so, as for that, let not any of you fret himself while feasting in this place; that were indeed unmeet."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her, saying: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, it is not that we deem that he will lead thee to his home, — far be such a thought from us, — but we dread the speech of men and women, lest some day one of the baser sort among the Achaeans say: 'Truly men far too mean are wooing the wife of one that is noble, nor can they string the polished bow. But a stranger and a beggar came in his wanderings, and lightly strung the bow, and shot through the iron.' Thus will they speak, and this will turn to our reproach."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Eurymachus, never can there be fair fame in the land for those that devour and dishonour the house of a prince, but why make ye this thing into a reproach? But, behold, our guest is great of growth and well-knit, and avows him to be born the son of a good father. Come then, give ye him the polished bow, that we may see that which is to be. For thus will I declare my saying, and it shall surely come to pass. If he shall string the bow and Apollo grant him renown, I will clothe him in a mantle and a doublet, goodly raiment, and I will give him a sharp javelin to defend him against dogs and men, and a two-edged sword and sandals to bind beneath his feet, and I will send him whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go."

Then wise Telemachus answered her, saying: "My mother, as for the bow, no Achaean is mightier than I to give or to deny it to whomso I will, neither as many as are lords in rocky Ithaca nor in the isles on the side of Elis, the pastureland of horses. Not one of these shall force me in mine own despite, if I choose to give this bow, yea once and for all, to the stranger to bear away with him. But do thou go to thine own chamber and mind thine own housewiferies, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaids ply their tasks. But the bow shall be for men, for all, but for me in chief, for mine is the lordship in the house."

Then in amaze she went back to her chamber, for she laid up the wise saying of her son in her heart. She ascended to her upper chamber with the women her handmaids, and then was bewailing Odysseus, her dear lord, till grey-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

Now the goodly swineherd had taken the curved bow, and was bearing it, when the wooers all cried out upon him in the halls. And thus some one of the haughty youths would speak: "Whither now art thou bearing the curved bow, thou wretched swineherd, crazed in thy wits? Lo, soon shall the swift hounds of thine own breeding eat thee hard by thy swine, alone and away from men, if Apollo will be gracious to us and the other deathless gods."

Even so they spake, and he took and set down the bow in that

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very place, being affrighted because many cried out on him in t halls. Then Telemachus from the other side spake threatening and called aloud:

"Father, bring hither the bow, soon shalt thou rue it that th servest many masters. Take heed, lest I that am younger than th pursue thee to the field, and pelt thee with stones, for in migh am the better. If only I were so much mightier in strength of a than all the wooers that are in the halls, soon would I send ma an one forth on a woeful way from out our house, for they imag mischief against us."

So he spake, and all the wooers laughed sweetly at him, a ceased now from their cruel anger toward Telemachus. Then swineherd bare the bow through the hall, and went up to w Odysseus, and set it in his hands. And he called forth the nu Eurycleia from the chamber and spake to her:

"Wise Eurycleia, Telemachus bids thee bar the well-fitting do of thy chamber, and if any of the women hear the sound of gro ing or the din of men within our walls, let them not go forth, b abide where they are in silence at their work."

So he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she bar the doors of the fair-lying chambers.

Then Philoetius hasted forth silently from the house, and bar the outer gates of the fenced court. Now there lay beneath gallery the cable of a curved ship, fashioned of the byblus pla wherewith he made fast the gates, and then himself passed with Then he went and sat on the settle whence he had risen, and gaz upon Odysseus. He already was handling the bow, turning it eve way about, and proving it on this side and on that, lest the wor might have eaten the horns when the lord of the bow was aw And thus men spake looking each one to his neighbour:

"Verily he has a good eye, and a shrewd turn for a bow! Eith methinks, he himself has such a bow lying by at home or else is set on making one, in such wise does he turn it hither and thit in his hands, this evil-witted beggar."

And another again of the haughty youths would say: "Wo that the fellow may have profit thereof, just so surely as he sh ever prevail to bend this bow!"

So spake the wooers, but Odysseus of many counsels had lif the great bow and viewed it on every side, and even as when a m that is skilled in the lyre and in minstrelsy easily stretches a c about a new peg, after tying at either end the twisted sheep- even so Odysseus straightway bent the great bow, all without eff and took it in his right hand and proved the bow-string, which r sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow. Then great gr came upon the wooers, and the colour of their countenance w changed, and Zeus thundered loud showing forth his tokens. A the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad thereat, in that the son deep-counselling Cronos had sent him a sign. Then he cau

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up a swift arrow which lay by his table, bare, but the other shafts were stored within the hollow quiver, those whereof the Achaeans were soon to taste. He took and laid it on the bridge of the bow, and held the notch and drew the string, even from the settle whereon he sat, and with straight aim shot the shaft and missed not one of the axes, beginning from the first axe-handle, and the bronze-weighted shaft passed clean through and out at the last. Then he spake to Telemachus, saying:

"Telemachus, thy guest that sits in the halls does thee no shame. In no wise did I miss my mark, nor was I wearied with long bending of the bow. Still is my might steadfast — not as the wooers say scornfully to slight me. But now is it time that supper too be got ready for the Achaeans, while it is yet light, and thereafter must we make other sport with the dance and the lyre, for these are the crown of the feast."

Therewith he nodded with bent brows, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, girt his sharp sword about him and took the spear in his grasp, and stood by his high seat at his father's side, armed with the gleaming bronze.

BOOK XXII

The killing of the wooers.

Then Odysseus of many counsels stripped him of his rags and leaped on to the great threshold with his bow and quiver full of arrows, and poured forth all the swift shafts there before his feet, and spake among the wooers:

"Lo, now is this terrible trial ended at last; and now will I know of another mark, which never yet man has smitten, if perchance I may hit it and Apollo grant me renown."

With that he pointed the bitter arrow at Antinous. Now he was about raising to his lips a fair twy-eared chalice of gold, and behold, he was handling it to drink of the wine, and death was far from his thoughts. For who among men at feast would deem that one man amongst so many, how hardy soever he were, would bring on him foul death and black fate? But Odysseus aimed and smote him with the arrow in the throat, and the point passed clean out through his delicate neck, and he fell sidelong and the cup dropped from his hand as he was smitten, and at once through his nostrils there came up a thick jet of slain man's blood, and quickly he spurned the table from him with his foot, and spilt the food on the ground, and the bread and the roast flesh were defiled. Then the wooers raised a clamour through the halls when they saw the man fallen, and they leaped from their high seats, as men stirred by fear, all through the hall, peering everywhere along the well-builded walls, and nowhere was there a shield or mighty spear to lay hold on. Then they reviled Odysseus with angry words:

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"Stranger, thou shootest at men to thy hurt. Never again sh thou enter other lists, now is utter doom assured thee. Yea, now hast thou slain the man that was far the best of all the no youths in Ithaca; wherefore vultures shall devour thee here."

So each one spake, for indeed they thought that Odysseus h not slain him wilfully; but they knew not in their folly that their own heads, each and all of them, the bands of death had be made fast. Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely them, and spake:

"Ye dogs, ye said in your hearts that I should never more co home from the land of the Trojans, in that ye wasted my ho and lay with the maidservants by force, and traitorously woo my wife while I was yet alive, and ye had no fear of the gods, th hold the wide heaven, nor of the indignation of men hereaft But now the bands of death have been made fast upon you o and all."

Even so he spake, and pale fear gat hold on the limbs of all, a each man looked about, where he might shun utter doom. A Eurymachus alone answered him, and spake: "If thou art inde Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, with right thou speakest th of all that the Achaeans have wrought, many infatuate deeds in t halls and many in the field. Howbeit, he now lies dead that is blame for all, Antinous; for he brought all these things upon not as longing very greatly for the marriage nor needing it so but with another purpose, that Cronion has not fulfilled for hi namely, that he might himself be king over all the land of stablish Ithaca, and he was to have lain in wait for thy son and killed hi But now he is slain after his deserving, and do thou spare t people, even thine own; and we will hereafter go about the tow ship and yield thee amends for all that has been eaten and drunk in thy halls, each for himself bringing atonement of twenty ox worth, and requiting thee in gold and bronze till thy heart is so ened, but till then none may blame thee that thou art angry."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on him, and sa "Eurymachus, not even if ye gave me all your heritage, all that now have, and whatsoever else ye might in any wise add there not even so would I henceforth hold my hands from slaying, the wooers had paid for all their transgressions. And now choice lies before you, whether to fight in fair battle or to fly, any may avoid death and the fates. But there be some, methin that shall not escape from utter doom."

He spake, and their knees were straightway loosened and th hearts melted within them. And Eurymachus spake among th yet again:

"Friends, it is plain that this man will not hold his unconqu able hands, but now that he has caught up the polished bow quiver, he will shoot from the smooth threshold, till he has sl us all; wherefore let us take thought for the delight of battle. D

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your blades, and hold up the tables to ward off the arrows of swift death, and let us all have at him with one accord, and drive him, if it may be, from the threshold and the doorway and then go through the city, and quickly would the cry be raised. Thereby should this man soon have shot his latest bolt."

Therewith he drew his sharp two-edged sword of bronze, and leapt on Odysseus with a terrible cry, but in the same moment goodly Odysseus shot the arrow forth and struck him on the breast by the pap, and drave the swift shaft into his liver. So he let the sword fall from his hand, and grovelling over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt the food and the two-handled cup on the floor. And in his agony he smote the ground with his brow, and spurning with both his feet he overthrew the high seat, and the mist of death was shed upon his eyes.

Then Amphinomus made at renowned Odysseus, setting straight at him, and drew his sharp sword, if perchance he might make him give ground from the door. But Telemachus was beforehand with him, and cast and smote him from behind with a bronze-shod spear between the shoulders, and drave it out through the breast, and he fell with a crash and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Telemachus sprang away, leaving the long spear fixed in Amphinomus, for he greatly dreaded lest one of the Achaeans might run upon him with his blade, and stab him as he drew forth the spear, or smite him with a down stroke of the sword. So he started and ran and came quickly to his father, and stood by him, and spake winged words.

"Father, lo, now I will bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, close fitting on the temples, and when I return I will arm myself, and likewise give arms to the swineherd and to the neatherd yonder: for it is better to be clad in full armour."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "Run and bring them while I have arrows to defend me, lest they thrust me from the doorway, one man against them all."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and went forth to the chamber, where his famous weapons were lying. Thence he took out four shields and eight spears, and four helmets of bronze, with thick plumes of horse hair, and he started to bring them and came quickly to his father. Now he girded the gear of bronze about his own body first, and in like manner the two thralls did on the goodly armour, and stood beside the wise and crafty Odysseus. Now he, so long as he had arrows to defend him, kept aiming and smote the wooers one by one in his house, and they fell thick one upon another. But when the arrows failed the prince in his archery, he leaned his bow against the doorpost of the established hall, against the shining faces of the entrance. As for him he girt his fourfold shield about his shoulders and bound on his mighty head a well-wrought helmet, with horse hair crest, and

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terribly the plume waved aloft. And he grasped two mighty spe
tipped with bronze.

Now there was in the well-builded wall a certain postern ra
above the floor, and there by the topmost level of the threshold
the stablished hall, was a way into an open passage, closed by w
fitted folding doors. So Odysseus bade the goodly swineherd sta
near thereto and watch the way, for thither was there but o
approach. Then Agelaus spake among them, and declared
word to all:

"Friends, will not some man climb up to the postern, and g
word to the people, and a cry would be raised straightway;
should this man soon have shot his latest bolt?"

Then Melanthius, the goatherd, answered him, saying: "It m
in no wise be, prince Agelaus; for the fair gate of the courtyard
terribly nigh, and perilous is the entrance to the passage, and o
man, if he were valiant, might keep back a host. But come, let
bring you armour from the inner chamber, that ye may be clad
hauberks, for, methinks, within that room and not elsewhere
Odysseus and his renowned son lay by the arms."

Therewith Melanthius, the goatherd, climbed up by the clere
of the hall to the inner chambers of Odysseus, whence he t
twelve shields and as many spears, and as many helmets of bro
with thick plumes of horse hair, and he came forth and brou
them speedily, and gave them to the wooers. Then the knees
Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted within him, when
saw them girding on the armour and brandishing the long spe
in their hands, and great, he saw, was the adventure. Quickly
spake to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, sure I am that one of the women in the hall
stirring up an evil battle against us, or perchance it is Melanthi

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "My father, it is I
have erred herein and none other is to blame, for I left the w
fitted door of the chamber open, and there has been one of th
but too quick to spy it. Go now, goodly Eumaeus, and close
door of the chamber, and mark if it be indeed one of the wo
that does this mischief, or Melanthius, son of Dolius, as meth
it is."

Even so they spake one to the other. And Melanthius, the g
herd, went yet again to the chamber to bring the fair armour.
the goodly swineherd was ware thereof, and quickly he spak
Odysseus who stood nigh him:

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus, of many de
lo, there again is that baleful man, whom we ourselves sus
going to the chamber; do thou tell me truly, shall I slay him
prove the better man, or bring him hither to thee, that he may
for the many transgressions that he has devised in thy house?"

Then Odysseus of many counsels answered saying: "Verily,
Telemachus will keep the proud wooers within the halls, fo

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their fury, but do ye twain tie his feet and arms behind his back and cast him into the chamber, and close the doors after you, and make fast to his body a twisted rope, and drag him up the lofty pillar till he be near the roof-beams, that he may hang there and live for long, and suffer grievous torment."

So he spake, and they gave good heed and hearkened. So they went forth to the chamber, but the goatherd who was within knew not of their coming. Now he was seeking for the armour in the secret place of the chamber, but they twain stood in waiting on either side the doorposts. And when Melanthius, the goatherd, was crossing the threshold with a goodly helm in one hand, and in the other a wide shield and an old, stained with rust, the shield of the hero Laertes that he bare when he was young — but at that time it was laid by, and the seams of the straps were loosened, — then the twain rushed on him and caught him, and dragged him in by the hair, and cast him on the floor in sorrowful plight, and bound him hand and foot in a bitter bond, tightly winding each limb behind his back, even as the son of Laertes bade them, the steadfast goodly Odysseus. And they made fast to his body a twisted rope, and dragged him up the lofty pillar till he came near the roof-beams. Then didst thou speak to him and gird at him, swineherd Eumaeus:

"Now in good truth, Melanthius, shalt thou watch all night, lying in a soft bed as beseems thee, nor shall the early-born Dawn escape thy ken, when she comes forth from the streams of Oceanus, on her golden throne, in the hour when thou art wont to drive the goats to make a meal for the wooers in the halls."

So he was left there, stretched tight in the deadly bond. But they twain got into their harness, and closed the shining door, and went to Odysseus, wise and crafty chief. There they stood breathing fury, four men by the threshold, while those others within the halls were many and good warriors. Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew nigh them, like Mentor in fashion and in voice, and Odysseus was glad when he saw her and spake, saying:

"Mentor, ward from us hurt, and remember me thy dear companion, that befriended thee often, and thou art of like age with me."

So he spake, deeming the while that it was Athene, summoner of the host. But the wooers on the other side shouted in the halls, and first Agelaus son of Damastor rebuked Athene, saying:

"Mentor, let not the speech of Odysseus beguile thee to fight against the wooers, and to succour him. For methinks that on this wise we shall work our will. When we shall have slain these men, father and son, thereafter shalt thou perish with them, such deeds thou art set on doing in these halls; nay, with thine own head shalt thou pay the price. But when with the sword we shall have overcome your violence, we will mingle all thy possessions, all that thou hast at home or in the field, with the wealth of Odysseus,

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and we will not suffer thy sons nor thy daughters to dwell in halls, nor thy good wife to gad about in the town of Ithaca."

So spake he, and Athene was mightily angered at heart, chid Odysseus in wrathful words: "Odysseus, thou hast no steadfast might nor any prowess, as when for nine whole continually thou didst battle with the Trojans for high born H of the white arms, and many men thou slewest in terrible war and by thy device the wide-wayed city of Priam was taken. then, now that thou art come to thy house and thine own possions, dost thou bewail thee and art of feeble courage to before the wooers? Nay, come hither, friend, and stand by and I will show thee a thing, that thou mayest know what ma of man is Mentor, son of Alcimus, to repay good deeds in the r of foemen."

She spake, and gave him not yet clear victory in full, but for a while made trial of the might and prowess of Odysseus his renowned son. As for her she flew up to the roof timbe the murky hall, in such fashion as a swallow flies, and there down.

Now Agelaus, son of Damastor, urged on the wooers, and wise Eurynomus and Amphimedon and Demoptolemus Peisandrus son of Polyctor, and wise Polybus, for these in valiancy far the best men of the wooers, that still lived fought for their lives; for the rest had fallen already beneath bow and the thick rain of arrows. Then Agelaus spake am them, and made known his word to all:

"Friends, now at last will this man hold his unconquerable h Lo, now has Mentor left him and spoken but vain boasts, these remain alone at the entrance of the doors. Wherefore throw not your long spears all together, but come, do ye six first, if perchance Zeus may grant us to smite Odysseus and renown. Of the rest will we take no heed, so soon as that shall have fallen."

So he spake and they all cast their javelins, as he bade t eagerly; but behold, Athene so wrought that they were all in One man smote the doorpost of the stablished hall, and an the well-fastened door, and the ashen spear of yet another w heavy with bronze, stuck fast in the wall. So when they avoided all the spears of the wooers, the steadfast goodly Ody began first to speak among them:

"Friends, now my word is that we too cast and hurl into press of the wooers, that are mad to slay and strip us beyond measure of their former iniquities."

So he spake, and they all took good aim and threw their spears, and Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, and Telemachus ryades, and the swineherd slew Elatus, and the neatherd Peisan Thus they all bit the wide floor with their teeth, and the wooers back into the inmost part of the hall. But the others dashed

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them, and drew forth the shafts from the bodies of the dead.

Then once more the wooers threw their sharp spears eagerly; but behold, Athene so wrought that many of them were in vain. One man smote the doorpost of the stablished hall, and another the well-fastened door, and the ashen spear of another wooer, heavy with bronze, stuck in the wall. Yet Amphimedon hit Telemachus on the hand by the wrist lightly, and the shaft of bronze wounded the surface of the skin. And Ctesippus grazed the shoulder of Eumaeus with a long spear high above the shield, and the spear flew over and fell to the ground. Then again Odysseus, the wise and crafty, he and his men cast their swift spears into the press of the wooers, and now once more Odysseus, waster of cities, smote Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, and the swineherd slew Polybus, and last, the neatherd struck Ctesippus in the breast and boasted over him, saying:

"O son of Polytherses, thou lover of jeering, never give place at all to folly to speak so big, but leave thy case to the gods, since in truth they are far mightier than thou. This gift is thy recompense for the ox-foot that thou gavest of late to the divine Odysseus, when he went begging through the house."

So spake the keeper of the shambling kine. Next Odysseus wounded the son of Damastor in close fight with his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leocritus son of Euenor, right in the flank with his lance, and drave the bronze point clean through, that he fell prone and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Athene held up her destroying aegis on high from the roof, and their minds were scared, and they fled through the hall, like a drove of kine that the flitting gadfly falls upon and scatters hither and thither in spring time, when the long days begin. But the others set on like vultures of crooked claws and curved beak, that come forth from the mountains and dash upon smaller birds, and these scour low in the plain, stooping in terror from the clouds, while the vultures pounce on them and slay them, and there is no help nor way of flight, and men are glad at the sport; even so did the company of Odysseus set upon the wooers and smite them right and left through the hall; and there rose a hideous moaning as their heads were smitten, and the floor all ran with blood.

Now Leiodes took hold of the knees of Odysseus eagerly, and besought him and spake winged words: "I entreat thee by thy knees, Odysseus, and do thou show mercy on me and have pity. For never yet, I say, have I wronged a maiden in thy halls by froward word or deed, nay I bade the other wooers refrain, whoso of them wrought thus. But they hearkened not unto me to keep their hands from evil. Wherefore they have met a shameful death through their own infatuate deeds. Yet I, the soothsayer among them, that have wrought no evil, shall fall even as they, for no grace abides for good deeds done."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked askance at him, and

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said: "If indeed thou dost avow thee to be the soothsayer of th men, thou art like to have often prayed in the halls that the h of a glad return might be far from me, and that my dear w should follow thee and bear thee children; wherefore thou shalt escape the bitterness of death."

Therewith he caught up a sword in his strong hand, that where Agelaus had let it fall to the ground when he was slain, a drave it clean through his neck, and as he yet spake his head even to the dust.

But the son of Terpes, the minstrel, still sought how he m shun black fate, Phemius, who sang among the wooers of neces He stood with the loud lyre in his hand hard by the postern g and his heart was divided within him, whether he should slip fr from the hall and sit down by the well-wrought altar of great Z of the household court, whereon Laertes and Odysseus had b many pieces of the thighs of oxen, or should spring forward beseech Odysseus by his knees. And as he thought thereupon seemed to him the better way, to embrace the knees of Odyss son of Laertes. So he laid the hollow lyre on the ground betw the mixing-bowl and the high seat inlaid with silver, and him sprang forward and seized Odysseus by the knees, and besou him and spake winged words:

"I entreat thee by thy knees, Odysseus, and do thou show m on me and have pity. It will be a sorrow to thyself in the afterw if thou slayest me who am a minstrel, and sing before gods men. Yea none has taught me but myself, and the god has into my heart all manner of lays, and methinks I sing to thee a god, wherefore be not eager to cut off my head. And Telem will testify of this, thine own dear son, that not by mine own or desire did I resort to thy house to sing to the wooers at feasts; but being so many and stronger than I they led m constraint."

So he spake, and the mighty prince Telemachus heard him quickly spake to his father at his side: "Hold thy hand, and w not this blameless man with the sword; and let us save also henchman Medon, that ever had charge of me in our house I was a child, unless perchance Philoetius or the swineherd already slain him, or he hath met thee in thy raging through house."

So he spake, and Medon, wise of heart, heard him. For he crouching beneath a high seat, clad about in the new-flayed of an ox and shunned black fate. So he rose up quickly under the seat, and cast off the ox-hide, and sprang forth caught Telemachus by the knees, and besought him and winged words:

"Friend, here am I; prithee stay thy hand and speak to thy f lest he harm me with the sharp sword in the greatness o

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strength, out of his anger for the wooers that wasted his possessions in the halls, and in their folly held thee in no honour."

And Odysseus of many counsels smiled on him and said: "Take courage, for lo, he has saved thee and delivered thee, that thou mayst know in thy heart, and tell it even to another, how far more excellent are good deeds than evil. But go forth from the halls and sit down in the court apart from the slaughter, thou and the full-voiced minstrel, till I have accomplished all that I must needs do in the house."

Therewith the two went forth and gat them from the hall. So they sat down by the altar of great Zeus, peering about on every side, still expecting death. And Odysseus peered all through the house, to see if any man was yet alive and hiding away to shun black fate. But he found all the sort of them fallen in their blood in the dust, like fishes that the fishermen have drawn forth in the meshes of the net into a hollow of the beach from out the grey sea, and all the fish, sore longing for the salt sea waves, are heaped upon the sand, and the sun shines forth and takes their life away; so now the wooers lay heaped upon each other. Then Odysseus of many counsels spake to Telemachus:

"Telemachus, go, call me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her a word that is on my mind."

So he spake, and Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and smote at the door, and spake to the nurse Eurycleia: "Up now, aged wife, that overlookest all the women servants in our halls, come hither, my father calls thee and has somewhat to say to thee."

Even so he spake, and wingless her speech remained, and she opened the doors of the fair-lying halls, and came forth, and Telemachus led the way before her. So she found Odysseus among the bodies of the dead, stained with blood and soil of battle, like a lion that has eaten of an ox of the homestead and goes on his way, and all his breast and his cheeks on either side are flecked with blood, and he is terrible to behold; even so was Odysseus stained, both hands and feet. Now the nurse, when she saw the bodies of the dead and the great gore of blood, made ready to cry aloud for joy, beholding so great an adventure. But Odysseus checked and held her in her eagerness, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words:

"Within thine own heart rejoice, old nurse, and be still, and cry not aloud; for it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men. Now these hath the destiny of the gods overcome, and their own cruel deeds, for they honoured none of earthly men, neither the bad nor yet the good, that came among them. Wherefore they have met a shameful death through their own infatuate deeds. But come, tell me the tale of the women in my halls, which of them dishonour me, and which be guiltless."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Yea now, my

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child, I will tell thee all the truth. Thou hast fifty women-serv in thy halls, that we have taught the ways of housewifery, how card wool and to bear bondage. Of these twelve in all have g the way of shame, and honour not me, nor their lady Pene And Telemachus hath but newly come to his strength, and mother suffered him not to take command over the women in house. But now, let me go aloft to the shining upper cham and tell all to thy wife, on whom some god hath sent a sle

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "W her not yet, but bid the women come hither, who in time behaved themselves unseemly."

So he spake, and the old wife passed through the hall, to tell women and to hasten their coming. Then Odysseus called to Telemachus, and the neatherd, and the swineherd, and spake them winged words:

"Begin ye now to carry out the dead, and bid the women you, and thereafter cleanse the fair high seats and the tables water and porous sponges. And when ye have set all the hous order, lead the maidens without the stablished hall, between vaulted room and the goodly fence of the court, and there them with your long blades, till they shall have all given up ghost and forgotten the love that of old they had at the bidding the wooers, in secret dalliance."

Even so he spake, and the women came all in a crowd toge making a terrible lament and shedding big tears. So first they ried forth the bodies of the slain, and set them beneath the ga of the fenced court, and propped them one on another; Odysseus himself hasted the women and directed them, and carried forth the dead perforce. Thereafter they cleansed the high seats and the tables with water and porous sponges. Telemachus, and the neatherd, and the swineherd, scraped spades the floor of the well-builded house, and, behold, the mai carried all forth and laid it without the doors.

Now when they had made an end of setting the hall in o they led the maidens forth from the stablished hall, and drove up in a narrow space between the vaulted room and the go fence of the court, whence none might avoid; and wise Telema began to speak to his fellows, saying:

"God forbid that I should take these women's lives by a c death, these that have poured dishonour on my head and on mother, and have lain with the wooers."

With that word he tied the cable of a dark-prowed ship great pillar and flung it round the vaulted room, and fasten aloft, that none might touch the ground with her feet. And as when thrushes, long of wing, or doves fall into a net that in a thicket, as they seek to their roosting-place, and a loathly harbours them, even so the women held their heads all in a and about all their necks nooses were cast, that they might die

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the most pitiful death. And they writhed with their feet for a little space, but for no long while.

Then they led out Melanthius through the doorway and the court, and cut off his nostrils and his ears with the pitiless sword, and drew forth his vitals for the dogs to devour raw, and cut off his hands and feet in their cruel anger.

Thereafter they washed their hands and feet, and went into the house to Odysseus, and all the adventure was over. So Odysseus called to the good nurse Eurycleia: "Bring sulphur, old nurse, that cleanses all pollution and bring me fire, that I may purify the house with sulphur, and do thou bid Penelope come here with her handmaidens, and tell all the women to hasten into the hall."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia made answer: "Yea, my child, herein thou hast spoken aright. But go to, let me bring thee a mantle and a doublet for raiment, and stand not thus in the halls with thy broad shoulders wrapped in rags; it were blame in thee so to do."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her saying: "First let a fire now be made me in the hall."

So he spake, and the good nurse Eurycleia was not slow to obey, but brought fire and brimstone; and Odysseus thoroughly purged the women's chamber and the great hall and the court.

Then the old wife went through the fair halls of Odysseus to tell the women, and to hasten their coming. So they came forth from their chamber with torches in their hands, and fell about Odysseus, and embraced him and kissed and clasped his head and shoulders and his hands lovingly, and a sweet longing came on him to weep and moan, for he remembered them every one.

[tr. BUTCHER & LANG]

[Odysseus reveals himself to Penelope and briefly recounts his adventures to her. The next day he goes out to the country to see his father, Laertes. The kinsmen of the slain wooers plan revenge on Odysseus and set out in force to attack him; a pitched battle between the kinsmen of the wooers and the loyal adherents of Odysseus is just starting when Athene intervenes and ends the struggle.]

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POETRY

A number of works in several different poetic forms have b grouped together in the following section; all of them are especi "poetic" in our modern sense of the word, although the re should remember that in the ancient world epic and drama w also written in poetry. The types of poetry (in the modern se included here are choral and monodic lyric, elegiac or "reflecti poetry, and the pastoral. Since both the subject-matter and manner of treatment were to a great extent determined by the f which the poet used, it will be necessary to say a few words b on the origins and characteristics of the first two of these ty pastoral poetry will be treated separately later.

The origins of choral lyric are primarily religious and soc almost all primitive peoples sing in groups to honor their gods mourn their dead, and to celebrate social occasions. Homer m tions various types as familiar in his time: hymns, dirges, wedd songs, and "maiden-songs." Many other types developed in early Greek city-states in response to the needs of communal l These songs were performed by a chorus, who danced and sa today unhappily the melody and the evolutions of the dance, wh helped to interpret the meaning of the words, are irrevocably l Thus we have merely the "libretto" from which to recreate im inatively what were vastly more complex works of art. The f damental characteristic in the text of all choral lyric is the use stately myths to connect the present occasion with the heroic p Following the myth and connected in thought with it there usually a moralizing section which forms a conclusion to the poe in this section the poet often assumes the role of teacher and pr

Three poets of choral lyric are included in this section. Alcm who lived and wrote in seventh-century Sparta; his poetry refl the cultured, aristocratic atmosphere of Sparta before the level process which took place at the end of the seventh century reduced all Spartans to military automatons. Alcman is parti larly noted for his "maiden-songs", *i.e.*, religious songs to be formed by groups of young girls. Simonides of Ceos, whose l life extended from the stormy years of the late sixth century down through the Persian Wars, wrote in a variety of forms manners; he lived mainly at the courts of princes and tyrants, fr whom he made a very comfortable living by writing poems order. The selection, *Human Imperfection,* reveals his interes problems of virtue and human conduct; *Danae* is the myth section of a *threnos,* or dirge, and illustrates the gift for pa which all ancient criticism ascribes to Simonides. Pindar is prob the greatest of the Greek lyric poets, and we are fortunate in four complete books of his poems have survived to us. All of th are *epinikia,* songs to honor the victors at the great athletic com

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of Greece. Pindar was a fifth-century Theban noble, the last great aristocrat in the history of Greek poetry; and he expresses ardently the ideals of his class. In brief, the aristocrats believed that *areté,* human excellence, was the peculiar, inborn possession of the nobles, who could trace their ancestry back to some god. This *areté,* a unique combination of physical and spiritual superiority, was most brilliantly revealed and reached its culmination at the moment of victory in one of the great national games. With these concepts Pindar raised his victory-odes to the level of religious hymns, with a divine message for the victor. In the *First Olympian,* one of the most brilliant of Pindar's odes, the poet hurries over the occasion for the poem, Hiero's victory in the horse-race, to concentrate on the myth, which connects the Olympic Games with the legendary, semi-divine figure of Pelops; the conclusion, with its mingling of praise and moral exhortation, illustrates the moralizing, almost religious content of Greek choral lyric at its best.

Monodic, or solo lyric probably stems from folk songs, and is mainly concerned with expressing the personal feelings of the singer. These poems are briefer and more simple than the stately choral lyric, and need not include the myth and moralizing conclusion, since they have less didactic purpose than any other branch of Greek poetry. The earliest and greatest names in this field are those of Sappho (for whom see below, pp. 144-145) and Alcaeus, who lived about the end of the seventh century B.C. at Mytilene in Lesbos. ALCAEUS represents the aristocratic point of view against the democratic faction and its leaders, the so-called tyrants. Besides his passionate outbursts in his political odes against all opponents of the aristocracy, his poetry includes some excellent drinking songs. The Latin poet Horace chose him as his model for his civic odes and for some of his best convivial songs (see Odes I. 9 and I. 14, pp. 940 and 941 below). ANACREON is the third noteworthy poet in monodic lyric; he was an Ionian by birth and spent most of his life at the courts of various sixth-century tyrants. His simple, polished songs of love and wine reflect the Ionian elegance and the pleasure-loving society which flourished at such royal courts.

Elegy was originally merely a song accompanied by a flute; its metrical form consists of an hexameter verse alternating with a so-called pentameter. In general, Greek elegiac poetry is less emotional and more reflective than true lyric. Throughout the course of Greek literature it was used for a wide variety of purposes: *e.g.,* for military and political exhortations, for convivial songs, for amatory reflections, and finally for epitaphs and epigrams. TYRTAEUS, who lived and wrote in Sparta during the Second Messenian War (seventh century B.C.), best illustrates the military uses of the elegy; his poems are exhortations addressed to the Spartan soldier-citizens, and no writer has better expressed the ideals and nature of the Spartan character. ARCHILOCHUS of Paros is chiefly known as the inventor of scathing, personal lampoons in

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iambic verse; he lived as a soldier of fortune in the early seve
century and is the first great individualist in Greek literature. I
elegiac verses are often addressed to his comrades-in-arms; o
of the two selections given below contains his mocking reflecti
on the loss of his shield in battle — a terrible disgrace accord
to the old aristocratic code, which Archilochus is here flouting;
other (*Be Still, My Soul*) reflects his more serious side and sho
that he had pondered deeply over the problems of life. SOLON,
famous Athenian lawgiver, used the elegy to defend his legisla
program and also to express his deepest insights into the quest
of man's destiny and responsibility, as is illustrated in his fi
poem, *A Prayer to the Muses.*

It is hardly necessary to point out that the following selecti
are but a small fraction of the rich remains of Greek lyric a
personal poetry; yet it is hoped that enough has been inclu
here to give the reader some idea of the range and vitality of th
literary forms among the Hellenes.

[Note: the numbers following each of the selections refer to
numbering in E. Diehl, *Anthologica Lyrica Graeca,* 2nd ed., Leip
1936.]

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TYRTAEUS

(*fl.* 685-668 B.C.)

HOW CAN MAN DIE BETTER

Noble is he who falls in front of battle
  bravely fighting for his native land;
and wretchedest the man who begs, a recreant,
  cityless, from fertile acres fled.
Dear mother, ageing father, little children
  drift beside him, and his wedded wife;
unwelcome he shall be, wherever turning,
  press'd by want and hateful penury;
he shames his folk and cheats his glorious manhood;
  all disgrace attends him, all despite.
Come then, — if beggars go unheard, uncared for,
  spurn'd in life and in their children spurn'd —
with courage let us battle for our country,
  freely spending life to save our sons.
Young men, stand firm and fight, stand one by other;
  base retreat and rout let none begin.
Be high of heart, be strong in pride of combat;
  grapple, self-forgetting, man to man.
Forbear to fly, deserting men grown older —
  stiff about the knees, in honour old.
O foul reproach, when fallen with the foremost
  lies an elder, hindermost the young —
a man whose head is white, whose beard is hoary,
  breathing out his strong soul in the dust,
in nakedness his blood-wet members clutching —
  foul reproach, a sight no gods condone!
Naked he lies where youth were better lying —
  sweet-flow'rd youth, that nothing misbecomes.
Grown men regard the young, women desire them —
  fair in life, in noble death still fair.
Be steadfast then, be strong and firmly rooted,
  grip the ground astride, press teeth to lip.

[6-7, tr. T. F. HIGHAM]

ARCHILOCHUS

(*fl.* 648 B.C.)

THE POET'S SHIELD

Some Thracian strutteth with my shield,
  For, being somewhat flurried,

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I left it by a wayside bush,
As from the field I hurried;

A right good targe, but I got off,
The deuce may take the shield;
I'll get another just as good
When next I go afield.

[6, tr. PAUL SHORE

BE STILL, MY SOUL

Heart, my heart, with griefs confounded whence you no deliv'ra
find,
Up against them! guard yourself and show the foe a gallant bre
Take your stand among the foremost where the spears of battle f
Gallantly. Nor when you conquer make your pleasure manifes
Nor in turn, if you are conquered, lie down in your home and c
Take your joy when life is joyful, and in sorrow do not mind
Overmuch, but know what ups and downs belong to humankind

[67, tr. C. M. BOWRA

ALCMAN

(*fl.* 630 B.C.)

THE HALCYONS

No more, O maiden voices, sweet as honey, soft as love is,
No more my limbs sustain me. — A halcyon on the wing
Flying o'er the foam-flowers, in the halcyon coveys,
Would I were, and knew not care, the sea-blue bird of spring

[94, tr. H. T. WADE-GERY

NIGHT

The far peaks sleep, the great ravines,
The foot-hills, and the streams.
Asleep are trees, and hived bees,
The mountain beasts, and all that dark earth teems,
The glooming seas, the monsters in their deeps:
And every bird, its wide wings folded, sleeps.

[58, tr. H. T. WADE-GERY

ANONYMOUS

SWALLOW SONG

The swallow comes winging
Her way to us here;

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Fair weather she's bringing,
And a happy new year.
White is her breast,
And black all the rest.

Roll us out a plum-cake,
For the swallow's sake,
From the house of your plenty;
And wine in a flasket,
And cheese in a basket;
Or a bakie she'll eat
Of your pease or your wheat,
She's not over-dainty!

Will you give us? Or shall we go?
If you will,—why, rest you so;
But and if you shall say us nay,
Then we will carry the door away,
Or the lintel above it, or, easiest of all,
Your wife within, for she is but small.
Give us our need
And take God speed.
Open the door to the swallow, then,
For we are children and not old men.

[*Carm. Pop.* 32, tr. VARIOUS HANDS]

ALCAEUS

(*fl.* 600? B.C.)

STORM AT SEA

(*i*)

The quarrelling winds perplex me. On this side
One wave rolls up, on that a different tide,
And the black ship, whereon we sail,
Shifts with the shifting of the gale.

We are exhausted by the fearful blast:
Round the mast's foot the bilge is rising fast.
And all the sail is thin and worn,
With great holes gaping, rent and torn.

(*ii*)

On top of all the rest comes on a new
Wave up, and that will give us much to do. . .
Patch up with haste the gaping side
And into a safe harbour ride!

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Let no soft fear lay hold of anyone;
Before us lies a great task to be done.
Remembering the past and how
We suffered, prove our manhood now!

[46A + 119, tr. C. M. Bow

DRINKING SONGS

(*i*)

Zeus rains; a storm comes in its might
From heav'n, and freezes rivers tight. . .

Put down the storm! Pile up the fire,
Mix the sweet wine to your desire,
And round your forehead set
A dainty coronet.

To woe the heart must not give in.
In grief's no help. One medicine,
My friend, alone is fit —
Wine —, and get drunk on it.

(*ii*)

Now bind the woven necklaces
Of dill about your throat
And let the smell of frankincense
Into your bosom float.

(*iii*)

Drink! Why wait for lamps? The day
Has not another inch to fall.
Fetch the biggest beakers — they
Hang on pegs along the wall.

Bacchus, son of Semelê
And of Zeus, discovered wine
Giving it to man to be
Care's oblivious anodyne.

Pour in water two to one,
Fill them full to overflowing;
When the first is drained and done,
Set another cup a-going!

(*iv*)

Soak your lungs with wine, for now
The Dog Star's at the turn.
How the summer wounds, and how
All must thirst and burn.

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In the bushes, strong and clear
Now the cricket sings,
And sweet music fills the air
From beneath his wings.

Now is all the earth at song
In the summer's fire,
And the girasole is strong.
Now does wild desire

Make the girls most amorous.
But the men won't please;
For the fire of Sirius
Withers heads and knees.

(*v*)

On my long-suffering head let the sweet myrrh flow,
Let it flow on my breast where the white hairs show.

[90-1, 92, 96, 94, 86, tr. C. M. Bowra]

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SAPPHO

(*fl.* 590 B.C.)

The few certain facts about the life of Sappho are these: she w born on the island of Lesbos about 612 B.C., or perhaps a l earlier, of an aristocratic family. Like Alcaeus and many ot nobles of Mytilene, she was exiled for a time during the fie struggles between the nobility and the tyrants. But she spent m of her life in Mytilene as the leader and teacher of an educatio institution which trained young girls for marriage and for a life the best circles. She was married and had a daughter, the ch Cleïs mentioned in the selection, *A Girl*. The date of her de is unknown.

These facts should suffice to rescue Sappho's name from some the unsavoury scandal often attached to it. None the less, nature of her poetry requires an explanation for the modern read The school which Sappho directed was much more than a mod finishing school; it was a religious organization devoted to the c of Aphrodite and the Muses, from which men were excluded. T girls lived together in an atmosphere of emotional intimacy, a their thoughts were naturally directed toward love. For many these girls Sappho felt a deep affection, which she expressed not terms of motherly or sisterly love, but in the language of the deep passion. In estimating the meaning of her passionate addresses her pupils, the reader must take into account both the unusual vironment in which these girls were placed, and the unreserv ardent temperament of Sappho herself.

Three types of poetry may be distinguished in Sappho's wo Most of her poems are intensely personal addresses to the maide around her: thus, in the famous prayer, *To Aphrodite,* Sappho is love again with one of her young pupils, who is not named, as is among the group to whom the poem is sung. *To a Bride* pr ably reveals Sappho's feelings as one of her girls leaves her marriage and sits beside the bridegroom at the wedding fe Other works of Sappho are more objective and reveal the influe of folk song; these popular love songs are represented here by selections *Loneliness* and *Mother, I Cannot Mind My Whe* Finally, there are the wedding songs which Sappho wrote for maidens when they left her circle for marriage. These were su by a chorus of the bride's friends, and (perhaps) by the groo friends also; it is most regrettable that we possess only short fr ments of Sappho's work in this form. Perhaps the best way gain an idea of Sappho's style in her wedding songs is to read two complete *epithalamia* of Catullus (61, 62), where the La poet has neatly blended Roman elements with reminiscences of

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Lesbian poetess. The short passages included here contain the traditional mockery of the groom and his best man, and laments made by the chorus of girls for the passing flower of maidenhood.

No translation will ever recapture all the grace and charm of Sappho's poetry, and the English reader, at first sight, may find it hard to understand her tremendous reputation among the ancients, who called her the Tenth Muse and ranked her with Homer. Her style is graceful and easy and her choice of words inevitably right. In antiquity only Catullus can approach her happy gift of making the highest art seem like the spontaneous, unstudied utterance of a passionate soul. Her simplicity is saved from banality by the intensity and directness of her emotions, and by a keen eye for the beauty which she worshipped. Other Greek poets who treat of love, as one can see from the selections of Alcaeus, Mimnermus, and Anacreon, consider it a pleasant pastime to be reserved for one's leisure moments; Sappho alone treats it with seriousness and dignity.

TO APHRODITE

Star-throned, incorruptible Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, wile-weaving, I supplicate thee,
Tame me not with pangs of the heart, dread mistress,
  Nay, nor with anguish.

But come thou, if erst in the days departed
Thou didst lend thine ear to my lamentation,
And from far, the house of thy sire deserting,
  Camest with golden

Car yoked: thee thy beautiful sparrows hurried
Swift with multitudinous pinions fluttering
O'er black earth, adown from the height of heaven
  Through middle ether:

Quickly journeyed they; and, O thou, blest Lady,
Smiled at me with brow of undying lustre,
Asked me what new grief at my heart lay, wherefore
  Now I had called thee,

What I fain would have to assuage the torment
Of my frenzied soul. "And whom now, to please thee,
Must persuasion lure to thy love, and who now,
  Sappho, hath wronged thee?

Yea, for though she flies, she shall quickly chase thee;
Yea, though gifts she spurns, she shall soon bestow them;
Yea, though now she loves not, she soon shall love thee,
  Yea, though she will not!"

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Come, come now too! Come, and from heavy heart-ache
Free my soul, and all that my longing yearns to
Have done, do thou; be thou for me thyself too
Help in the battle!

[1, tr. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS]

TO A BRIDE

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance.

[2, tr. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS]

THE MOON

Bright stars, around the fair Selene peering,
No more their beauty to the night discover
When she, at full, her silver light ensphering,
Floods the world over.

[4, tr. T. F. HIGHAM]

GARDEN OF THE NYMPHS

Cool waters tumble, singing as they go
Through appled boughs. Softly the leaves are dancing.
Down streams a slumber on the drowsy flow,
My soul entrancing.

[5, tr. T. F. HIGHAM]

TO AN UNCULTIVATED WOMAN

Ever dead shalt thou lie under the earth; none shall remember the
As time passeth; for thou never hast shared aught in the roses dear
Those Pierian blooms. Wherefore obscure thou shalt in Death's house be,
Wand'ring, flitting amidst shades without fame, unhonoured there as here.

[58, tr. C. T. MURPHY]

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FLOWERS FOR THE GRACES

Weave garlands, maiden, from the strands
Of dill, and with soft gentle hands
Set the delicious leafage round your head.

The Goddess and the happy Graces
Love to look on flower-crown'd faces,
But turn aside from the ungarlanded.

[80, tr. C. M. Bowra]

TO ATTHIS

I loved you, Atthis, once, long, long ago. . .
You seemed to me a small, ungainly child.

[40-1, tr. C. M. Bowra]

PARTING

Truly I want to die.
Such was her weeping when she said Good-bye.

These words she said to me:
"What sad calamity!
Sappho, I leave you most unwillingly."

To her I made reply:
"Go with good heart, but try
Not to forget our love in days gone by.

Else let me call to mind,
If your heart proves unkind,
The soft delightful ways you leave behind.

Many a coronet
Of rose and violet,
Crocus and dill upon your brow you set:

Many a necklace too
Round your soft throat you threw,
Woven with me from buds of ravishing hue,

And often balm you spread
Of myrrh upon my head,
And royal ointment on my hair you shed."

[96, tr. C. M. Bowra]

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AN ABSENT FRIEND

A glorious goddess in her eyes
Were you, her comrade, and your songs
Above all other songs she'd prize.

With Lydian women now she dwells
Surpassing them, as when day dies
The rosy-fingered moon excels

The host of stars, and light illumes
The salt sea and the cornland glows
With light upon its thousand blooms.

In loveliness the dew spills over
And with new strength revives the rose,
Slim grasses and the flowering clover.

But sadly up and down she goes,
Remembering Atthis, once her lover,
And in her heart sick longing grows.

[98, tr. C. M. Bowra]

LOVE

Love has unbound my limbs and set me shaking,
A monster bitter-sweet and my unmaking.

[137, tr. C. M. Bowra]

A GIRL

I have a child; so fair
As golden flowers is she,
My Cleïs, all my care.
I'd not give her away
For Lydia's wide sway
Nor lands men long to see.

[152, tr. C. M. Bowra]

LONELINESS

My Lady Moon has set,
The Pleiads too are gone;
'Tis midnight, th' hours pass,
Yet still I sleep alone.

[94, tr. C. T. Murphy]

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

Sweet mother, let the weaving be,
My hand is faint to move.
Frail Aphrodite masters me;
I long for my young love.

[114, tr. T. F. Higham]

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THE NIGHTINGALE

The dear good angel of the spring
The nightingale.

[121, tr. BEN JONSON]

WEDDING SONGS

(*i*)

BRIDE. Maidenhood, O Maidenhood
Where art thou flown away from me?
MAIDENHOOD. Never again shall I come back,
Never again back to thee.

[131, tr. C. M. BOWRA]

(*ii*)

Bridegroom dear, to what shall I compare thee?
To a slim green rod best do I compare thee.

[127, tr. ANON.]

A YOUNG BRIDE

(*i*)

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot
somehow, —
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

(*ii*)

Like the wild hyacinth flower, which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

[116 + 117, tr. D. G. ROSSETTI]

EVENING

Thou, Hesper, bringest homeward all
That radiant dawn sped far and wide,
The sheep to fold, the goat to stall,
The children to their mother's side.

[120, tr. SIR RENNELL RODD]

SOLON

(*ca.* 634 — *ca.* 560 B.C.)

PRAYER TO THE MUSES

Ye glorious children of Memory and Olympian Zeus, Muses of Pieria, hear me as I pray. Grant me from the blessed gods prosperity, and from all mankind the possession ever of good repute;

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and that I may thus be a delight to my friends, and an afflic to my foes, by the first revered, by the others beheld with dre Wealth I do desire to possess, but to gain it unjustly I have wish; without fail in after-time comes retribution. The wea that the gods give stays with a man firmplanted from bottom-m foundation to summit; whereas that which men pursue throu arrogance comes not in orderly wise, but, under constraint unjust deeds, against her will she follows; and swiftly is mingled therewith. The beginning, as of a fire, arises from lit negligible at first, in its end it is without remedy; the works men's arrogance have no long life. Zeus watches over the e of all things; and all at once, like a wind, that suddenly scatt the clouds, a wind of spring, that having stirred the deeps of many-billowed unharvested sea, and razed the fair works of h bandry over the wheat-bearing earth, reaches the abode of the go the lofty sky, and makes it bright again to behold; and the sun his might shines fair over the rich earth, and no longer is a cloud to be seen — such is the retribution of Zeus. Not over sing happenings, like a mortal, does he show himself swift to wrath; no man who has a sinful heart escapes his eye for ever; in the e without fail he is brought to light. But one man pays the pena straightway, another at a later time; and if the offenders themselv escape, and the fate of the gods in its oncoming alight not on the yet it comes without fail at another time; the innocent pay f those deeds, either the children or the generations that come aft

We mortals, good and bad alike, think thus — each one has good opinion of himself, before he comes to grief; then at once b begins to lament; but up to that moment in gaping folly we glo over our vain hopes. The man who is crushed by cruel dise sets his thought on the hope of becoming well. [Another who a coward thinks himself a brave man, and the uncomely man thin himself handsome.] The needy man, whom the works of pove constrain, thinks that he will assuredly win great wealth. One m spends his effort in one direction, another in another. O wanders over the sea, home of fishes, striving to bring back g in ships, borne along by the fierce winds, having no mercy on h life. Another, one of those whose business is with curved plough cleaves the earth rich in trees, doing service throughout the ye Another, skilled in the works of Athene and Hephaistos the ab craftsman, collects a living by means of his two hands. Anothe trained in the gifts of the Olympian Muses, has knowledge lovely poesy's measure. Another the Lord Apollo, worker fro afar, has appointed to be a seer, and he if he be one whom the go accompany, discerns the distant evil coming upon a man; yet th which is fated assuredly neither omen of bird nor of victim sh avert. Others, who follow the profession of Paion, god of med cines, are physicians; and for their work, too, no certain issue is s often from a slight pain comes great suffering, nor can any o

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relieve it by the giving of soothing medicines; again, when a man is afflicted with disease fell and fierce, by a touch of his hands at once the physician makes him whole. Verily, Fate brings to mortals both evil and good; the gifts of the immortal gods may not be declined. In every kind of activity there is risk, and no man can tell, when a thing is beginning, what way it is destined to take. One man trying to do his work well, falls unexpectedly into great and bitter ruin; to another who blunders in his work the god grants good luck in everything, to save him from his folly. In wealth no limit is set up within man's view; those of us who now have the largest fortune are doubling our efforts; what amount would satisfy the greed of all? Gain is granted to mankind by the immortals; but from it arises disastrous Folly, and when Zeus sends her to exact retribution, she comes now to this man, now to that.

[1, tr. KATHLEEN FREEMAN]

ANACREON

(*ca.* 563-478 B.C.)

LOVE

Once more the Lad with golden hair
His purple ball across the air
    Flings at me, true to aim;
And light her broidered slippers go,
That Lesbian lass, — my playfellow
    As Love would set the game.
O Lesbos isle is tight and trim. . .
She's not the breed to pleasure him,
    Another game she plays;
My hair mislikes her, grown so white;
There's someone lovelier in her sight
    Who draws that callow gaze.

[5, tr. T. F. HIGHAM]

OLD AGE

Sweet Youth no more will tarry,
  My friend a while ago;
Now white's the head I carry,
  And grey my temples grow,
  My teeth — a ragged row.

To taste the joy of living
  But little space have I,
And torn with sick misgiving
  I can but sob and sigh,
  So deep the dead men lie.

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So deep their place and dismal,
All means, be sure, they lack
Down in the murk abysmal
To scale the upward track
And win their journey back.

[44, tr. T. F. HIGHAM

TAKE HER, BREAK HER

Ah tell me why you turn and fly,
My little Thracian filly shy?
Why turn askance
That cruel glance,
And think that such a dunce am I?

O I am blest with ample wit
To fix the bridle and the bit,
And make thee bend
Each turning-end
In harness all the course of it.

But now 'tis yet the meadow free
And frisking it with merry glee;
The master yet
Has not been met
To mount the car and manage thee.

[88, tr. WALTER HEADLAM

SIMONIDES

(556-467 B.C.)

HUMAN IMPERFECTION

Hard it is wholly to win worthy manhood,
with hand and foot and heart alike to be foursquare,
an ashlar cut without a flaw.
Who is not bad, not all a niddering, who knows
the right that makes the city stand —
a sound man he: not I indeed
will ever fault him, for of fools
the generation's endless. All, all is fair
that is not mingled with the base.

Harmony sings not in Pittacus' proverb,
nay, not for me, although a wight of wisdom spake
the word, that *to excel is hard*.
A god alone could have such a privilege: a man
undone by a resistless fate

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must needs be bad. Yes: every man
is worthy if his luck is good,
and bad if it goes badly. They most excel
who are belovèd by the gods.

Therefore I seek no impossible being,
I squander not my life's allotted term, in vain,
on an impracticable hope —
faultless humanity — beyond their power who win
the bread of life from spacious earth;
when 'tis discovered, I shall tell.
Honour and love to every man
who wills to do no baseness; but not the gods
themselves oppose necessity.

[4, tr. GILBERT HIGHET]

THE CLIMB TO VIRTUE

Virtue dwells, so runs the tale,
On precipices hard to scale.
Swift holy Nymphs attend her place;
No mortal eyes may see her face,
But only he, who with distress
Of soul and sweating heart can press
On to the height in manliness.

[37, tr. C. M. BOWRA]

DANAE

The wind blew fresh and seaward made,
The water stirred and lifted;
She, in carven coffer laid,
Rode the sea, and drifted.

Stolen upon her cheek tear-wet
Fear in that hour came preying;
But Perseus in her arm she set
And held him to her, saying:

"Child, my heart is faint with care . . .
You lie quiet, unaware,
Drowsing still, dream-possest,
All the world a mother's breast.

In this vessel brute and bare,
Brazen-clamped and timbered tight,
Stark your bed, wrapt about
With the darkness of our night
And the raven gloom without.

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Spindrift comes and then is gone
Dashing your hair with deepening brine,
And the wind howls — all in vain.

Safe you rest, sleeping on
In your cloak of purple stain,
Cheek laid up to cheek of mine.

Child, if fear to you were fear,
You'ld be listening, a small ear
To my words attending;
Now I bid you nothing hear —
Sleep, my babe, sleep, O sea,
Sleep, my pain unending.

Father Zeus, I call to thee.
Lighten our adversity,
Turning evil into good.
Oh, forgive my hardihood
If I speak offending."

[13, tr. T. F. HIGHAM

THE ATHENIAN DEAD

On Dirphys' wrinkled slope we fell,
And here beside Euripus' drift
Our countrymen, to mark us well,
Raised up this cairn, their gift.

A gift deserved; for youth is sweet,
And youth we gave, nor turned away,
Though sharp the storm of battle beat
That darkened all our day.

[87, tr. T. F. HIGHAM

AT THERMOPYLAE

Tell them in Lakedaimon, passer-by,
That here obedient to their word we lie.

[92, tr. VARIOUS HANDS

ANONYMOUS

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON

The blade I bear
A myrtle spray shall wear;
Harmodius and Aristogeiton so
Enwreathed the brand
That laid the tyrant low
And liberated our Athenian land.

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Not dead thou art,
Harmodius, dear heart,
But gone, men say, to islands of the blest, —
For all his speed
Achilles there finds rest,
And Tydeus' child, the gallant Diomede.

The blade I bear
A myrtle spray shall wear;
Harmodius and Aristogeiton drest
The brand even so,
When at Athena's feast
They laid Hipparchus, that great tyrant, low.

Dear hearts, your worth
Has deathless fame on earth, —
Harmodius and Aristogeiton, ye
Who blade in hand
Dealt death to tyranny
And liberated our Athenian land.

[SCOLIA 10-13, tr. GILBERT HIGHET, T. F. HIGHAM]

PINDAR

(522?-448? B.C.)

THE FIRST OLYMPIAN

For Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, on a victory won by his horse Pherenikus, 476 B.C.

(*Strophe* 1)

Chiefest is water of all things, for streaming
Therefrom all life and existence came;
And all proud treasure of princes the gleaming
Splendour of gold outshines, as the flame
Of a great fire flings through the night its rays.
But, heart of mine, if thou fain wouldst praise
Triumphs in athlete-contests won,
Search not, when day with his glory is glowing,
For a radiant star more life-bestowing
In the whole void sky, than the kingly sun.
Even so shall we find no brighter crown
Than Olympia giveth whereof to sing;
For thence doth the chant of high renown
O'er the spirits of bards its perfume fling,
When, the praise of Kronion in song resounding,
Unto Hiero's blest heart wealth-abounding
The hymn of his praise they bring.

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(*Antistrophe*

Hiero! — yea, for the rod of his power
  Is a sceptre of righteousness stretched o'er the land
Of the myriad flocks; and the choice of the flower
  Of chivalry ever is plucked by his hand.
Yea, and he also is garlanded
With the blossom of song enstarring his head,
The song that with gladsome voices now
We singers chant, at the banquet meeting
Of the Prince who giveth us friendship's greeting.
  Now, O my Muse, from its rest take thou
The lyre that is strung to the Dorian strain,
  If the glory of fleet Pherenikus, he
Who triumphed in Pisa's Olympian plain,
  Haply with rapture of song thrilled thee,
When flashed in the course by Alpheus' river
His body by lash or by goad touched never,
    And wedded to victory.

(*Epode*

His lord, the ruler of Syracuse-town,
  The king who joyeth in gallant steeds,
Flasheth afar his name's renown,
  Flasheth from Sicily far over sea
  Where Pelops, the exile from Lydia's meads,
  Founded a hero-colony —
Pelops, beloved of the Earth-enfolder,
  Poseidon the strong, when the Fate of the Thread
Drew him resplendent with ivory shoulder
  From the undefiled laver, whom men deemed dead.
There be legends full many; and fables hoary
  With inventions manifold broidered o'er
Falsify legend, I wot, with a story
    Wherein truth liveth no more.

(*Str.*

But the Grace of Beauty, which aye is weaving
  All manner of charm round the souls of men,
Taketh these tales unworthy believing,
  And arrays them in honour: so cometh it then
That man with unwavering credence clings
To a false-feigned tale of impossible things.
  But the after-days are witnesses
That be wisest. Reverent speech beseemeth
The mortal who uttereth that which he deemeth
  Of the Gods — so shall his reproach be less.
O Tantalus' son, I will speak not as they
  Who told thy story in days of old!

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But thy father bade thee a guest that day
  To a banquet arrayed by the righteous-souled
Upon Sipylus' loved height — so he tendered
To the Gods requittal for boons they had rendered.
  On a sudden the chariot of gold

(*Ant.* 2)

Of the Lord of the Trident gleaming splendid,
  Whose soul was with love for thy youth overcome,
Bare thee, as up through the blue ye ascended,
  To imperial Zeus's glory-home,
Whither also came in the after-day
Ganymedes ravished from earth away
  In halls celestial the nectar to pour.
But when viewless thus from the earth they had caught thee,
Nor the questers that far and near had sought thee
  To the arms of thy mother could thee restore,
Then spake some neighbour in envious spite
  A whispered slander of sin and shame,
How that over the boiling water's might
  Which hissed in the bronze that bestrode the flame
Did they carve thy flesh with the knife, and seethe it,
And served at the feast, and — dare lips breathe it? —
  That the God-guests ate of the same.

(*Ep.* 2)

But impossible is it for me to call
  Any Blest One man-eater — with loathing and scorn
I recoil! Oh, the profit is passing small
  That the dealer in slander hath ofttimes found.
  But if ever a man on the earth was born
  Whom the Watchers from Heaven with honour crowned,
That man was Tantalus: yet of their favour
  No profit he had, nor of that high bliss.
But the man's proud stomach was drunk with its savour
  And gorged with pride; and by reason of this
He drew on him ruin utter-crashing;
  For Zeus hung o'er him a huge black scaur,
And he cowers from it aye on his head down-rushing
  From happiness exiled far.

(*Str.* 3)

And there unto torment fettered for ever
  Living on, living on in eternal despair
He abides with the Three * on whom hope dawns never,
  He who from the feast of the Gods could dare
To steal the ambrosia and nectar whereby
They had given him immortality,

* Tityus, Sisyphus, and Ixion.

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That the guests of his wine-cup might revel thereon!
But who thinketh to hide his evil doing
From God, he errs to his bitter ruin!
So then the Immortals sent back his son
Exiled to earth from the heavenly home,
Thenceforth with the sons of a day to abide.
But in process of time, when Pelops was come
To the flower-bright season of life's springtide,
When the soft rose-tint of his cheek 'gan darken,
To the whisper of love did his spirit hearken,
And he dreamed of the world-famed bride,

(*Ant.*)

Hippodameia, the glorious daughter
Of the Lord of Pisa, a prize for him
Who could win her. Alone by the surf-white water
Of the sea he stood in the darkness dim.
To the Thunder-voiced he cried o'er the wave,
To the Lord of the Trident mighty to save:
And lo, at his side did the God appear.
And "O Poseidon," he spake imploring,
"If the gifts of the Cyprian Queen's outpouring
To thy spirit, O King, be in any wise dear,
His bronze lance let not Oenomaus lift
To mine hurt, but cause me to Elis to ride
On a god-given chariot passing swift:
There throne thou me by victory's side.
For lovers by that spear merciless-slaying
Have died thirteen, and he still is delaying
To bestow his child as a bride.

(*Ep.*)

In the path doth a mighty peril lie;
To the craven soul no welcome it gives.
But, seeing a man must needs once die,
Wherefore should I unto old age screen
From peril a life that only *lives,*
Sitting nameless and fameless in darkness unseen,
In the deeds of the valiant never sharing?
Nay, lies at my feet the challenge now:
I will accept it for doing and daring!
Good speed to mine heart's desire grant thou!"
Not fruitless the cry of his heart's desiring
Was uttered. The God heard gracious-souled,
And crowned him with honour. Winged steeds untiring
He gave, and a chariot of gold.

(*Str.*

So he won for his bride that maiden peerless;
For her terrible father he overcame.

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And she bare to him six sons battle-fearless,
  Captains of war-hosts, thirsting for fame.
And his portion assured hath Pelops still
Where the priests the blood of the sacrifice spill;
  And unto his tomb resorteth the throng
Of strangers from far who have heard his story.
From his grave-mound his spirit beholdeth the glory
  Of the mighty Olympian strife of the strong
In the course that from Pelops its name hath ta'en,
  Wherein be contending the swift to run
And the thews that be mighty in wrestling-strain.
  And whoso therein hath the victory won,
Thereafter on through his life-days ever
Sweetly his peace shall flow as a river
    Blissfully gliding on

(*Ant.* 4)

For those Games' sake. Yea, the good that unceasing
  On man's lot daily as dew droppeth down
Is that which to each is most well-pleasing.
  Now is it my bounden duty to crown
With a strain wherein hoof-beats triumphant ring
In Aeolian mood Sicilia's King.
  And hereof is my spirit assured past doubt
That amidst all men on the wide earth dwelling
There is found no host whom with prouder-swelling
  Notes in many a winding bout
Of noble song I may glorify;
  Yea, none more learned in honour's lore,
None who showeth therein more potency.
  The God who guardeth thee watcheth o'er
Thine hopes and thine aims, that no evil assail thee;
And if—O nay, but he cannot fail thee! —
    I trust ere long once more

(*Ep.* 4)

To chant a triumph than all more sweet,
  Inspiration-wafted, as one that flies
In a chariot, on paths of utterance meet,
  Till I win unto Kronos' Hill sunbright.
  O yea, in my Muses' quiver lies
  A song-arrow winged for stronger flight.*
By diverse paths men upward aspire:
  Earth's highest summit by kings is attained.
Thou therefore look to attain no higher

* Pindar is here expressing the hope that Hiero will win the more important four-horse chariot victory at Olympia, and that he will commission Pindar to write the victory-ode. Hiero did achieve this distinction, in 468 B.C., but Bacchylides wrote the ode for the occasion.

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Than earth. Be it thine on the height thou hast gained
To pace mid splendour of royal achieving
Thy life through: mine be it no less long
To consort with victors, from Hellas receiving
The world o'er praise for my song.

[tr. A. S. Way

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PASTORAL POETRY

THEOCRITUS

(*ca.* 316-*ca.* 260 B.C.)

The remote origin of the pastoral probably lies in the songs of shepherds sung to pass the time as they were guarding their flocks, but this type of spontaneous production is far different from the literary pastoral. This latter form, though indebted to its primitive origin, depends fundamentally upon the existence of urban communities and the resultant contrast between the life of the city and the life of the country. The first expression of the mood and spirit of the literary pastoral in Greek literature occurs in some of the choruses of Aristophanes' comedies; by the end of the fifth century the folk of the city were conscious of the difference between their life and that of their rural neighbors, and at the same time were artistically developed enough to be able to formulate the difference in verse.

The founder of the independent form of the literary pastoral was Theocritus. His *floruit* in approximately 270 B.C. makes him a contemporary of the Hellenistic Age at its height. Born probably at Syracuse, he lived both at Cos and at Alexandria, the brilliant capital of Hellenistic culture under Ptolemy Philadelphus. Theocritus' poetry is perhaps the most perfect representative of this Hellenistic Age. Here was a period well after the great creative epoch of the fifth century. In the field of letters it was generally agreed that in Homer and in tragedy a height had been reached which could never again be equalled or surpassed. Consequently technical scholarship developed, involving analysis and criticism of the masterpieces of the past, while creative artists sought to express themselves in new forms, in works of slighter scale, and by exploiting material derived from the byways of myth and legend which their scholarly research had uncovered.

Hellenistic culture is further characterized by the development of realism and individualism. Stemming first perhaps from the impetus of Aristotle's scientific and philosophical emphasis on the reality of the individual thing, the individualistic tendency grew in the first part of the third century B.C. Its manifestations in the poetry of Theocritus are found in his generous use of realistic detail, in a kind of proto-romantic interest in the world of external nature, and in a preoccupation with the emotions of individual human beings. As a result we find a curious compound in the Theocritan idyl. It is poetry which combines an artificiality and artistic sophistication, which so often appears in the pastoral tradition, with the realism of a *Character* of Theophrastus and with a genuine love for nature and rural life. Only a poet of very great

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powers like Theocritus could take these elements and fuse t together into works of art whose appeal is unmistakeable.

In the selections which follow there are examples of several t of Theocritean verse. The first is a true pastoral: two rustics r in a pastoral setting, which is carefully and beautifully partic ized, and one of them sings a lament for the death of the i shepherd hero, Daphnis. The second idyl studies the int emotion of a maiden who has been deserted by her lover and s by the use of magic incantations to charm him back to her; setting is urban and the treatment semi-dramatic; this idyl m be called a *mime*. The eleventh idyl tells of the love of Cyclops, Polyphemus, for the fair sea nymph, Galatea. Here typical illustration of the Hellenistic poet's effort to achieve c nality by employing the grotesque and the erotic in combina The fifteenth is a literary *mime,* a charming and refined proto of the coarse, dramatic skits which later became so popular on Roman stage.

The Theocritean pastoral has had a long and distinguished of descendants, through Vergil down to Spenser, Milton, She and Arnold (to name but a few in English literature). The re who is familiar with these selections from Theocritus should able to approach such a masterpiece as Milton's *Lycidas* wi fresh and deeper understanding.

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THEOCRITUS

(*ca.* 316–*ca.* 260 B.C.)

IDYL I

THE DAPHNIS SONG

The shepherd Thyrsis meets a goatherd, in a shady place beside a spring, and at his invitation sings the Song of Daphnis. *This ideal hero of Greek pastoral song had won for his bride the fairest of the Nymphs. Confident in the strength of his passion, he boasted that Love could never subdue him to a new affection. Love avenged himself by making Daphnis desire a strange maiden, but to this temptation he never yielded, and so died a constant lover. The song tells how the cattle and the wild things of the wood bewailed him, how Hermes and Priapus gave him counsel in vain, and how with his last breath he retorted the taunts of the implacable Aphrodite.*
The scene is in Sicily.

Thyrsis. Sweet, meseems, is the whispering sound of yonder pine tree, goatherd, that murmureth by the wells of water; and sweet are thy pipings. After Pan the second prize shalt thou bear away, and if he take the hornéd goat, the she-goat shalt thou win; but if he choose the she-goat for his meed, the kid falls to thee, and dainty is the flesh of kids e'er the age when thou milkest them.

The Goatherd. Sweeter, O shepherd, is thy song than the music of yonder water that is poured from the high face of the rock! Yea, if the Muses take the young ewe for their gift, a stall-fed lamb shalt thou receive for thy meed; but if it please them to take the lamb, thou shalt lead away the ewe for the second prize.

Thyrsis. Wilt thou, goatherd, in the nymphs' name, wilt thou sit thee down here, among the tamarisks, on this sloping knoll, and pipe while in this place I watch thy flocks?

Goatherd. Nay, shepherd, it may not be; we may not pipe in the noontide. 'Tis Pan we dread, who truly at this hour rests weary from the chase; and bitter of mood is he, the keen wrath sitting ever at his nostrils. But, Thyrsis, for that thou surely wert wont to sing *The Affliction of Daphnis,* and hast most deeply meditated the pastoral muse, come hither, and beneath yonder elm let us sit down, in face of Priapus and the fountain fairies, where is that resting-place of the shepherds, and where the oak trees are. Ah! if thou wilt but sing as on that day thou sangest in thy match with Chromis out of Libya, I will let thee milk, ay, three times, a goat that is the mother of twins, and even when she has suckled her kids her milk doth fill two pails. A deep bowl of ivy-wood, too, I will give thee, rubbed with sweet bees'-wax, a twy-eared bowl newly wrought, smacking still of the knife of the graver. Round its upper edges goes the ivy winding, ivy besprent with golden flowers; and about it is a tendril

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twisted that joys in its saffron fruit. Within is designed a maid as fair a thing as the gods could fashion, arrayed in a sweeping ro and a snood on her head. Beside her two youths with fair love-lo are contending from either side, with alternate speech, but her he thereby is all untouched. And now on one she glances, smiling, a anon she lightly flings the other a thought, while by reason of long vigils of love their eyes are heavy, but their labour is all in va

Beyond these an ancient fisherman and a rock are fashioned rugged rock, whereon with might and main the old man drag great net for his cast, as one that labours stoutly. Thou wouldst that he is fishing with all the might of his limbs, so big the sinew swell all about his neck, grey-haired though he be, but his strength as the strength of youth. Now divided but a little space from sea-worn old man is a vineyard laden well with fire-red clusters, a on the rough wall a little lad watches the vineyard, sitting the Round him two she-foxes are skulking, and one goes along the vi rows to devour the ripe grapes, and the other brings all her cunn to bear against the scrip, and vows she will never leave the lad, she strand him bare and breakfastless. But the boy is plaiting pretty locust-cage with stalks of asphodel, and fitting it with re and less care of his scrip has he, and of the vines, than delight in plaiting.

All about the cup is spread the soft acanthus, a miracle of va work, a thing for thee to marvel on. For this bowl I paid to a Ca donian ferryman a goat and a great white cream cheese. Never its lip touched mine, but it still lies maiden for me. Gladly with cup would I gain thee to my desire, if thou, my friend, wilt sing that delightful song. Nay, I grudge it thee not at all. Begin, friend, for be sure thou canst in no wise carry thy song with the Hades, that puts all things out of mind!

The Song of Thyrsis

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song! Thyrsis of E am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? Peneus's beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for surely ye di not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-to of Etna, nor by the sacred water of Acis.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did e the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet ra many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said, 'Daphnis, who is it torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great des The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came: all asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus, —

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

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And said: 'Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades is fleeting, in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availest! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd:

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

'For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances.'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yet these the herdsman answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end, yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris, craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger; and she spake, saying: 'Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that thou wouldst throw Love a fall, nay, is it not thyself that has been thrown by grievous Love?'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: 'Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

'Where it is told how the herdsman with Cypris —— Get thee to Ida, get thee to Anchises! There are oak trees — here only galingale blows, here sweetly hum the bees about the hives!

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

'Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom, for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and confront Diomedes again, and say, "The herdsman Daphnis I conquered, do thou join battle with me."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

'Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell Arethusa, ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

'That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and calves

'O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycaeus, or rangest mighty Maenalus, haste hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the

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tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaon, wh
seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

'Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breat
with wax-stopped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, eve
by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

'Now violets bear, ye brambles, ye thorns bear violets; and let
narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with
be confounded,—from pines let men gather pears, for Daphni
dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the
contend in song with the nightingales.'

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite
given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fa
assigned, and Daphnis went down the stream. The whirling w
closed over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated of
nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

And thou, give me the bowl, and the she-goat, that I may milk
and pour forth a libation to the Muses. Farewell, oh, farewells m
fold, ye Muses, and I, some future day, will sing you yet a swe
song.

The Goatherd. Filled may thy fair mouth be with honey, Thy
and filled with the honeycomb; and the sweet dried fig mayst
eat of Aegilus, for thou vanquishest the cicala in song! Lo he
thy cup, see, my friend, of how pleasant a savour! Thou wilt th
it has been dipped in the well-spring of the Hours. Hither, hi
Cissaetha: do thou milk her, Thyrsis. And you young she-g
wanton not so wildly lest you bring up the he-goat against you.

[tr. ANDREW LAN

IDYL II

THE PHARMACEUTRIA

*Simaetha, madly in love with Delphis, who has forsaken her,
deavours to subdue him to her by magic, and by invoking the M
in her character of Hecate, and of Selene. She tells the tale of
growth of her passion, and vows vengeance if her magic arts
unsuccessful.*

*The scene is probably some garden beneath the moonlit sky, near
town, and within sound of the sea. The characters are Simaetha,
Thestylis, her handmaid.*

Where are my laurel leaves? come, bring them, Thestylis;
where are the love-charms? Wreath the bowl with bright-red w

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that I may knit the witch-knots against my grievous lover, who for twelve days, oh cruel, has never come hither, nor knows whether I am alive or dead, nor has once knocked at my door, unkind that he is! Hath Love flown off with his light desires by some other path — Love and Aphrodite? To-morrow I will go to the wrestling school of Timagetus, to see my love and to reproach him with all the wrong he is doing me. But now I will bewitch him with my enchantments! Do thou, Selene, shine clear and fair, for softly, Goddess, to thee will I sing, and to Hecate of hell. The very whelps shiver before her as she fares through black blood and across the barrows of the dead.

Hail, awful Hecate! to the end be thou of our company, and make this medicine of mine no weaker than the spells of Circe, or of Medea, or of Perimede of the golden hair.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, how the barley grain first smoulders in the fire, — nay, toss on the barley, Thestylis! Miserable maid, where are thy wits wandering? Even to thee, wretched that I am, have I become a laughing-stock, even to thee? Scatter the grain, and cry thus the while, ''Tis the bones of Delphis I am scattering!'

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Delphis troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this laurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof, lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Now will I burn the husks, and thou, O Artemis, hast power to move hell's adamantine gates, and all else that is as stubborn. Thestylis, hark, 'tis so; the hounds are baying up and down the town! The Goddess stands where the three ways meet! Hasten, and clash the brazen cymbals.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, silent is the deep, and silent the winds, but never silent the torment in my breast. Nay, I am all on fire for him that made me, miserable me, no wife but a shameful thing, a girl no more a maiden.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell: — Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia — so legends tell — did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

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Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the yo stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may I see Delp and to this house of mine, may he speed like a madman, leaving bright palaestra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest t to me like a leech of the fen, and drainest all the black blood from body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught to-morrow I bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now, my heart is tive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit and whisper, 'Tis bones of Delphis that I smear.'

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

And now that I am alone, whence shall I begin to bewail my lo Whence shall I take up the tale: who brought on me this sorro The maiden-bearer of the mystic vessel came our way, Anaxo, dau ter of Eubulus, to the grove of Artemis; and behold, she had m other wild beasts paraded for that time, in the sacred show, among them a lioness.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And the Thracian servant of Theucharidas, — my nurse that is lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors, — besought me implored me to come and see the show. And I went with wretched woman that I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping li stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the mid-point of the highway, near dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus wa ing together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flo of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious w tler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart wounded, woe is me, and my beauty began to wane. No more he took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but sc parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I lay a-bed ten days ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And oftentimes my skin waxed wan as the colour of boxwo and all my hair was falling from my head, and what was left of was but skin and bones. Was there a wizard to whom I did

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seek, or a crone to whose house I did not resort, of them that have art magical? But this was no light malady, and the time went fleeting on.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Thus I told the true story to my maiden, and said, 'Go, Thestylis, and find me some remedy for this sore disease. Ah me, the Myndian possesses me, body and soul! Nay, depart, and watch by the wrestling-ground of Timagetus, for there is his resort, and there he loves to loiter.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And when thou art sure he is alone, nod to him secretly, and say, "Simaetha bids thee to come to her," and lead him hither privily.' So I spoke; and she went and brought the bright-limbed Delphis to my house. But I, when I beheld him just crossing the threshold of the door, with his light step, —

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Grew colder all than snow, and the sweat streamed from my brow like the dank dews, and I had no strength to speak, nay, nor to utter as much as children murmur in their slumber, calling to their mother dear: and all my fair body turned stiff as a puppet of wax.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Then when he had gazed on me, he that knows not love, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and sat down on my bed, and spake as he sat him down: 'Truly, Simaetha, thou didst by no more outrun mine own coming hither, when thou badst me to thy roof, than of late I outran in the race the beautiful Philinus:

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'For I should have come; yea, by sweet Love, I should have come, with friends of mine, two or three, as soon as night drew on, bearing in my breast the apples of Dionysus, and on my head silvery poplar leaves, the holy boughs of Heracles, all twined with bands of purple.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And if you had received me, they would have taken it well, for among all the youths unwed I have a name for beauty and speed of foot. With one kiss of thy lovely mouth I had been content; but an if ye had thrust me forth, and the door had been fastened with the bar, then truly should torch and axe have broken in upon you.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And now to Cypris first, methinks, my thanks are due, and after Cypris it is thou that hast caught me, lady, from the burning, in that thou badst me come to this thy house, half consumed as I am! Yea, Love, 'tis plain, lights oft a fiercer blaze than Hephaestus the God of Lipara.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

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'With his madness dire, he scares both the maiden from h bower and the bride from the bridal bed, yet warm with the bo of her lord!'

So he spake, and I, that was easy to win, took his hand, and dr him down on the soft bed beside me. And immediately body fr body caught fire, and our faces glowed as they had not done, a sweetly we murmured. And now, dear Selene, to tell thee no lo tale, the great rites were accomplished, and we twain came to desire. Faultless was I in his sight, till yesterday, and he, again mine. But there came to me the mother of Philista, my fl player, and the mother of Melixo, to-day, when the horses of Sun were climbing the sky, bearing Dawn of the rosy arms fr the ocean stream. Many another thing she told me; and chie this, that Delphis is a lover, and whom he loves she vowed knew not surely, but this only, that ever he filled up his cup w the unmixed wine, to drink a toast to his dearest. And at last went off hastily, saying that he would cover with garlands dwelling of his love.

This news my visitor told me, and she speaks the truth. F indeed, at other seasons, he would come to me thrice, or four tim in the day, and often would leave with me his Dorian oil fla But now it is the twelfth day since I have even looked on hi Can it be that he has not some other delight, and has forgotten m Now with magic rites I will strive to bind him, but if still he ve me, he shall beat, by the Fates I vow it, at the gate of Hell. S evil medicines I store against him in a certain coffer, the whereof, my lady, an Assyrian stranger taught me.

But do thou farewell, and turn thy steeds to Ocean, Lady, and pain I will bear, as even till now I have endured it. Farew Selene bright and fair, farewell ye other stars, that follow wheels of the quiet Night.

[tr. ANDREW LANG]

IDYL XI

THE CYCLOPS IN LOVE

Nicias, the physician and poet, being in love, Theocritus remi him that in song lies the only remedy. It was by song, he sa that the Cyclops, Polyphemus, got him some ease, when he wa love with Galatea, the sea-nymph.

The idyl displays, in the most graceful manner, the Alexandri taste for turning Greek mythology into love stories. No creat could be more remote from love than the original Polyphemus, cannibal giant of the Odyssey.

There is none other medicine, Nicias, against Love, neither u guent, methinks, nor salve to sprinkle, — none, save the Muses Pieria! Now a delicate thing is their minstrelsy in man's life, a

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a sweet, but hard to procure. Methinks thou know'st this well, who art thyself a leech, and beyond all men art plainly dear to the Muses nine.

'Twas surely thus the Cyclops fleeted his life most easily, he that dwelt among us, — Polyphemus of old time, — when the beard was yet young on his cheek and chin; and he loved Galatea. He loved, not with apples, not roses, nor locks of hair, but with fatal frenzy, and all things else he held but trifles by the way. Many a time from the green pastures would his ewes stray back, self-shepherded, to the fold. But he was singing of Galatea, and pining in his place he sat by the sea-weed of the beach, from the dawn of day, with the direst hurt beneath his breast of mighty Cypris's sending, — the wound of her arrow in his heart!

Yet this remedy he found, and sitting on the crest of the tall cliff, and looking to the deep, 'twas thus he would sing: —

Song of the Cyclops

O milk-white Galatea, why cast off him that loves thee? More white than is pressed milk to look upon, more delicate than the lamb art thou, than the young calf wantoner, more sleek than the unripened grape! Here dost thou resort, even so, when sweet sleep possesses me, and home straightway dost thou depart when sweet sleep lets me go, fleeing me like an ewe that has seen the grey wolf.

I fell in love with thee, maiden, I, on the day when first thou camest, with my mother, and didst wish to pluck the hyacinths from the hill, and I was thy guide on the way. But to leave loving thee, when once I had seen thee, neither afterward, nor now at all, have I the strength, even from that hour. But to thee all this is as nothing, by Zeus, nay, nothing at all!

I know, thou gracious maiden, why it is that thou dost shun me. It is all for the shaggy brow that spans all my forehead, from this to the other ear, one long unbroken eyebrow. And but one eye is on my forehead, and broad is the nose that overhangs my lip. Yet I (even such as thou seest me) feed a thousand cattle, and from these I draw and drink the best milk in the world. And cheese I never lack, in summer time or autumn, nay, nor in the dead of winter, but my baskets are always overladen.

Also I am skilled in piping, as none other of the Cyclopes here, and of thee, my love, my sweet-apple, and of myself too I sing, many a time, deep in the night. And for thee I tend eleven fawns, all crescent-browed, and four young whelps of the bear.

Nay, come thou to me, and thou shalt lack nothing that now thou hast. Leave the grey sea to roll against the land; more sweetly, in this cavern, shalt thou fleet the night with me! Thereby the laurels grow, and there the slender cypresses, there is the ivy dun, and the sweet clustered grapes; there is chill water, that for me deep-wooded Etna sends down from the white snow, a draught

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divine! Ah who, in place of these, would choose the sea to dw in, or the waves of the sea?

But if thou dost refuse because my body seems shaggy and rou well, I have faggots of oakwood, and beneath the ashes is fire t wearied, and I would endure to let thee burn my very soul, a this my one eye, the dearest thing that is mine.

Ah me, that my mother bore me not a finny thing, so would have gone down to thee, and kissed thy hand, if thy lips thou would not suffer me to kiss! And I would have brought thee either wh lilies, or the soft poppy with its scarlet petals. Nay, these a summer's flowers, and those are flowers of winter, so I could n have brought thee them all at one time.

Now, verily, maiden, now and here will I learn to swim, if pe chance some stranger come hither, sailing with his ship, that I ma see why it is so dear to thee, to have thy dwelling in the deep.

Come forth, Galatea, and forget as thou comest, even as I that here have forgotten, the homeward way! Nay, choose with m to go shepherding, with me to milk the flocks, and to pour th sharp rennet in, and to fix the cheeses.

There is none that wrongs me but that mother of mine, and he do I blame. Never, nay, never once has she spoken a kind wo for me to thee, and that though day by day she beholds me wasting I will tell her that my head, and both my feet are throbbing, th she may somewhat suffer, since I too am suffering.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither are thy wits wandering? Ah th thou wouldst go, and weave thy wicker-work, and gather broke boughs to carry thy lambs: in faith, if thou didst this, far wise wouldst thou be!

Milk the ewe that thou hast, why pursue the thing that shun thee? Thou wilt find, perchance, another, and a fairer Galate Many be the girls that bid me play with them through the nigh and softly they all laugh, if perchance I answer them. On land it plain that I too seem to be somebody!

Lo, thus Polyphemus still shepherded his love with song, an lived lighter than if he had given gold for ease.

[tr. Andrew Lang]

IDYL XV

THE SYRACUSAN WOMEN

This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a mimus. *It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria, to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in* 266 B.C. [?] *Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years.*

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than the song of birds. Theocritus is believed to have had a model for this idyl in the Isthmiazusae *of Sophron, an older poet. In the* Isthmiazusae *two ladies described the spectacle of the Isthmian games.*

Gorgo. Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë. Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

Gorgo. It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoë. Do sit down.

Gorgo. Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

Praxinoë. It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took — a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbours. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo. Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy, — look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë. Our Lady! the child takes notice.

Gorgo. Nice papa!

Praxinoë. That papa of his the other day — we call every day 'the other day' — went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt — the great big endless fellow!

Gorgo. Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift — Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings a piece for — what do you suppose? — dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash — trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë. Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo. What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë. Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo. Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

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Praxinoë. Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds good silver money,—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo. Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë. Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I do mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Go as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia take the child, and keep him amused, call the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion—oh, the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample on me. Look, the bay's rearing, see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home.

Gorgo. Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them, now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë. There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along, the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo (*to an old Woman*). Are you from the Court, mother?

Old Woman. I am, my child.

Praxinoë. Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman. The Achaeans got into Troy by trying, my pretty of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo. The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë. Women know everything, yes, and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo. See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë. Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand, and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome. Gorgo, my muslin veil is torn in two already. For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger. I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë. How close-packed the mob is, they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger. Courage, lady, all is well with us now.

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Praxinoë. Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed — come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo. Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë. Lady Athene, what spinning women wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself — Adonis — how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis, — Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger. You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo. Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we are chatterboxes! Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë. Lady Persephone, never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo. Hush, hush, Praxinoë — the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the *Adonis;* she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

The Psalm of Adonis

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx, O Aphrodite, that playest with gold, lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis — even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours, but dear and desired they come, for always, to all mortals, they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Diônê, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear, and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought of honey sweet,

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and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of th that fly, and of things that creep, lo, here they are set before h

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden w tender anise, and children flit overhead — the little Loves — as young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try th wings from bough to bough.

O the ebony, O the gold, O the twin eagles of white ivory t carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! O purple coverlet strewn above, more soft than sleep! So Mil will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strewn for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris ke and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or n teen years is he, his kisses are not rough, the golden down be yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris, in the a of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather w the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon beach, and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling the ankles, and bosoms bare will we begin our shrill sweet so

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell, thou only of the demig dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. Agamemnon had no such lot, nor Aias, that mighty lord of terrible anger, nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons Hecabe, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troy nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithae a Deucalion's sons, nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasg Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and d shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo. Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Ha woman to know so much, thrice happy to have so sweet a w Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocle has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar, — don't ven near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, bel Adonis, may you find us glad at your next coming!

[tr. Andrew Lan

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TRAGEDY

The problem of the origin of Greek tragedy has been the subject of endless debate on the part of scholars, and it seems unnecessary to mention here all the divergent views which have been advanced. For our purpose it is enough to point out that there is general agreement that tragedy somehow developed out of the dithyramb, an early choral performance in honor of Dionysus; there is, however, no agreement as to the precise way in which the development took place. Two important facts have emerged from investigations into the origin of tragedy, and the reader should continually bear them in mind. In the first place, tragedy was always associated with a chorus which sang and danced; the choral odes in the plays are ultimately adaptations and modifications of early choral poetry, to which actors and spoken dialogue were added to create the dramatic form. In the second place, tragedy was always closely integrated with religious ritual, particularly with the festivals of Dionysus, the god of fertility, generation, and regeneration in nature. This fact in some measure explains the fundamentally serious and impressive character of the plays themselves. Greek tragedy began at Athens in the sixth century B.C. with the productions of Thespis, who was apparently the first to add an actor to the songs and dances of a chorus, thus making possible dialogue and some sort of dramatic action. This early drama was encouraged by the Athenian tyrant Pisistratus, who established the City Dionysia, a festival at which tragedies were regularly presented. In the fifth century, the great age of tragedy, we can trace the development of the form somewhat more accurately, thanks in part to the information which Aristotle has preserved in his *Poetics* (ch. 4): Aeschylus added a second actor and somewhat reduced the importance of the chorus; and Sophocles added the third actor and invented "scene-painting."

The plays were presented in open-air theaters with a curved bank of seats ascending a sloping hillside; the diagram on page 178 shows the form of a typical, idealized Greek theater and gives the technical names for its various parts. In the fifth and fourth centuries some of these theaters accommodated as many as 17,000 persons. On the level in front of the seats was a circular area called the orchestra and opposite the seats was a stage building which usually represented the façade of a temple or palace. The action of the plays usually took place on a stage in front of the scene building; in the fifth century this stage, or *logeion,* was probably a platform not more than one step above the level of the orchestra. The dances of the chorus were performed in the orchestra, and sometimes the action of the play brought the actors down to the same level. The dramas were divided into a regular number of parts. A normal tragedy opens with a prologue followed by the *parodos,*

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in which the chorus enters and sings its opening song. Then the follow alternating episodes (dramatic acts) and choral passa which are called *stasima*. The play then concludes with the exo or the finale when the chorus leaves the orchestra.

THEATRON OR KOILON

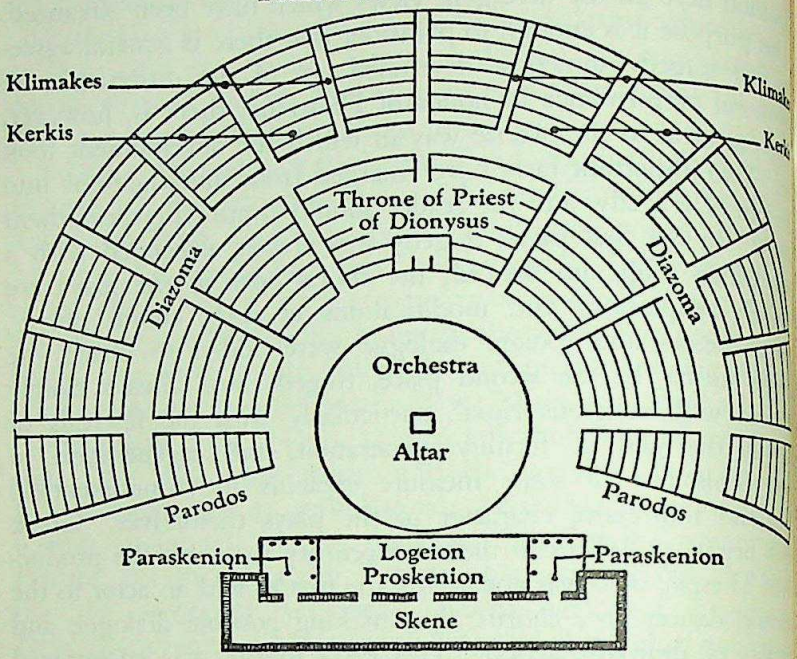

DIAGRAM OF THE GREEK THEATER *

The reader should bear in mind that the plays, at least at Athe were given only on two occasions during the year, at the Lena the festival of the Wine-Press, held in January/February, or at so-called Greater, or City Dionysia, held in March/April, b festivals being in honor of the god Dionysus. On each occa there was a competition, with a tragic poet normally submitting group of four plays in the contest. Three of these plays w tragedies either on separate themes, or in a group constituting trilogy on the same theme. The poet likewise had to submi fourth and lighter after-piece called a satyr-play, which was s posed to relieve the stress of the preceding tragedies. Three po competed in one contest and their combined productions filled program for three days of the festivals. During part of the fi century, at least, the four plays by the tragic poet were follow each day by one play by a comic poet. The poet himself usu supervised the productions and from time to time even acted them himself. He probably also helped to choose his cast, wh was filled entirely by male actors, as well as to train the cho The actors were professionals, hired and paid by the state; but

* Reprinted from W. J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr.: *The Complete G Drama* (New York, Random House, 1938), page xv, by permission of the publi

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chorus was made up of amateurs, or volunteers, drawn from the tribes or political divisions of Athens. The tragic chorus at first had twelve members, but in the time of Sophocles it was increased to fifteen. Part of the civic responsibility of wealthy citizens was to bear the expense of equipping the chorus and producing these elaborate compositions.

Before undertaking the reading of the three tragedies which follow, one would do well to turn to Aristotle's *Poetics* for an ancient analysis of the basic elements of tragedy as a literary form. There the reader will find Aristotle's conception of art as "imitation" ("re-presentation" would be a better term) of the essentials or universals in things; his famous definition of tragedy as "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude, etc." (see ch. 6); the idea of the function of tragedy as a *catharsis* or "proper purging" of pity, fear, and similar emotions; and his theory of the ideal tragic hero and his so-called tragic flaw (ch. 13). All of these ideas have strongly influenced later criticism, and will also contribute in large measure to one's understanding of Greek tragedy. At the same time, for a broader understanding of what tragedy is in general, the reader may find it helpful to keep in mind the following points: all tragedy assumes the fact of human dignity and the value of human life; it also assumes that man is morally free and responsible for his own acts; it shows men involved in and struggling with forces greater than themselves; and finally it is oriented toward the universal problem of evil.*

*For a full statement of this analysis of tragedy, see *The Complete Greek Drama*, edited by W. J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr., vol. I, pp. xxvi-xxviii (Random House, 1938).

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AESCHYLUS

(*ca.* 525-455 B.C.)

Aeschylus, the first of the three great Greek tragedians, was born in the last quarter of the sixth century and lived until the middle of the fifth. His life thus extended from the period before Athens was a leading power in Greece through the decade of the Persian Wars down to her rise to supremacy in Greece. In the events of this great age he played an active role: he fought in the Athenian army against the Persians at Marathon, as his epitaph tells us, and he was probably present at the battle of Salamis, which he describes in a thrilling passage of his play, *The Persians*. He started competing in the dramatic contests in 499 B.C. but did not win first prize until 484. Thereafter he was the most popular playwright in Athens, winning the first prize thirteen times; in all he wrote approximately ninety plays, of which only seven survive. Fortunately the seven are the result of a careful and intelligent selection; they are, in approximate chronological order: *The Suppliants* (*ca.* 494 B.C.), *The Persians* (472), *The Seven Against Thebes* (467), *Prometheus Bound, Agamemnon, The Libation-Bearers,* and *The Eumenides;* the last three plays form a trilogy, the *Oresteia,* which won first prize in 458 B.C., and is generally considered to be Aeschylus' masterpiece.

Aeschylus' greatest achievement in the drama is his expression of a lofty and purified theology. In his earliest play, *The Suppliants*, we find him beginning to develop a conception of Zeus as a godhead purified from the taints of anthropomorphism. The *Prometheus Bound* continues the poet's inquiry into the nature of the divine forces in the world. Critics are now generally agreed that this play is the first of a trilogy, the other two plays (now lost) being *Prometheus Unbound,* and *Prometheus the Fire-Bearer*. The antecedent facts necessary for an understanding of this drama are few and simple: according to the primitive and crude Greek mythology, Cronus and the dynasty of the Titans were overthrown by Zeus; Prometheus, though himself a Titan, had sided with Zeus and helped to establish him on the throne of heaven. But when Zeus decided to blot out the race of men, Prometheus rescued mankind by the gift of fire, which he stole from heaven, and by teaching men the arts and crafts with which to improve their brutish existence. For this rebellion Prometheus is punished, as we see in the opening scene of the play, by being nailed or shackled to a rock on the Caucasus. Since Aeschylus has presented us with a hero who quite literally cannot move, the action of the play is severely limited; yet the poet has provided dramatic movement in the progressive revelation of the secret knowledge of Prometheus that Zeus is fated to be overthrown by his son if he marries the goddess

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Thetis. In addition, Aeschylus introduces a number of charac who in one way or another set off the central figure: he contra Prometheus now with Oceanus, a Titan who has made his pe with the new ruler, now with Io, his fellow-sufferer at the ha of the gods, and finally with Hermes, the "lackey of Ze Through the dialogue between Prometheus and his various in locutors there gradually emerges the poet's analysis of the cen problem which he is raising in the play.

In the last analysis, it is this problem and Aeschylus' starth challenging presentation of the issues involved in it that have gi the drama its great appeal to later ages. This drama seems to a "What is the divine power that lies behind the universe? And that power is benevolent, why is it that man suffers? Why is th evil in the world?" There is a strong temptation in interpre the play to view Prometheus as a typical Aristotelian tragic he who is suffering as a result of his tragic flaw of rebelliousn But actually the play is not concerned specifically with the chara of Prometheus; rather it deals with evil and its relation to godhead. There is a difficult problem in the play, because the Z of the *Prometheus Bound* seems to represent brute power opposed to Prometheus who represents beneficence and wisd Critics are handicapped in interpreting the play, since we do possess the last two thirds of the trilogy; we know, however, t in the second play Heracles shot the vulture that was gnawing Prometheus' vitals and released the Titan from his bonds; the fore, some reconciliation must have been effected between Zeus a his opponent. It seems to be a fair assumption that Zeus a Prometheus function throughout the whole trilogy as power symbols, each representing one important aspect of divinity. W can conjecture that at the end of the trilogy these two forces, pow and wisdom, which separately are in conflict, were presented mystically fused into a single divine nature, both all-wise and powerful. Aeschylus may have been attempting to show that conceived of either as sheer wisdom without power or sheer pow without wisdom is hopelessly inadequate as an object of ma faith when man has to face the brute fact of evil in the world.

Regardless of the specific solution to the *Prometheus* trilogy is certain that Aeschylus conceived of the godhead as ultima and wholly good; and this vision of the divinity as pure, sublim all-wise and all-powerful, purified of the taints of Greek anth pomorphism, has secured for Aeschylus a permanent place as of the great religious poets and teachers of the western world.

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AESCHYLUS

(*ca.* 525–455 B.C.)

PROMETHEUS BOUND

Translated by PAUL ELMER MORE

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Characters in the Play

Power
Force
Hephaestus
Prometheus
Chorus of the Daughters of Oceanus
Oceanus
Io
Hermes

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PROMETHEUS BOUND

[SCENE:—*A rocky gorge in Scythia.* POWER *and* FORCE *enter, carrying* PROMETHEUS *as a captive. They are accompanied by* HEPHAESTUS.]

PO.: To this far region of the earth, this pathless wilderness of Scythia, at last we are come. O Hephaestus, thine is the charge, on thee are laid the Father's commands in never-yielding fetters linked of adamant to bind this miscreant to the high-ridged rocks. For this is he who stole the flame of all-working fire, thy own bright flower, and gave to mortal men. Now for the evil done he pays this forfeit to the gods; so haply he shall learn some patience with the reign of Zeus and put away his love for human kind.

HE.: O Power and Force, your share in the command of Zeus is done, and for you nothing remains; but I — some part of courage still is wanting to bind with force a kindred god to this winter-bitten gorge. Yet must I summon daring to my heart, such dread dwells in the Father's word. — [*to* PROMETHEUS] O high magnanimous son of prudent Themis, against thy will and mine with brazen bonds no hand can loose I bind thee to this unvisited lonely rock. No human voice will reach thee here, nor any form of man be seen. Parched by the blazing fires of the sun thy skin shall change its pleasant hue; grateful to thee the starry-kirtled night shall come veiling the day, and grateful again the sun dispelling the morn's white frost. Forever the weariness of unremitting pain shall waste thy strength, for he is not born who can deliver thee. See now the profit of thy human charity: thou, a god not fearing the wrath of the gods, hast given to mortal men honours beyond their due; and therefore on this joyless rock thou must keep vigil, sleepless and weary-clinging, with unbended knees, pouring out thy ceaseless lamentations and unheeded cries; for the mind of Zeus knows no turning, and ever harsh the hand that newly grasps the sway.

PO.: It may be so, yet why seek delay in vainly spent pity? Feel you no hatred for this enemy of the gods, who hath betrayed to mortals your own chief honour?

HE.: Kinship and old fellowship will have their due.

PO.: 'Tis true; but where is strength to disobey the father's words? Fearest thou not rather this?

HE.: Ever merciless thou art, and steeped in cruelty.

PO.: It healeth nothing to weep for him. Take not up an idle burden wherein there is no profit.

HE.: Alas, my cherished craft, thrice hateful now!

PO.: Why hateful? In simple sooth thy art hath no blame for these present ills.

HE.: Yet would it were another's, not mine!

PO.: All toil alike in sorrow, unless one were lord of heaven; none is truly free, save only Zeus.

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HE.: This task confirms it; I can nothing deny.

PO.: Make haste then to bind him in fetters, lest the father detect
loitering.

HE.: Behold the curb; it is ready to hand.

PO.: Strongly with thy hammer, strongly weld it about his ha
make him fast to the rock.

HE.: The work goes on, it is well done.

PO.: Harder strike them, tighter draw the links, leave nothing lo
strange skill he hath to find a way where none appeared.

HE.: One arm is fastened, and none may loose it.

PO.: Fetter the other, make it sure; he shall learn how all his cun
is folly before Zeus.

HE.: Save now my art hath never wrought harm to any.

PO.: Now strongly drive the biting tooth of the adamantine we
straight through his breast.

HE.: Alas, Prometheus! I groan for thy pangs.

PO.: Dost thou shrink? Wilt thou groan for the foes of Zeus? T
heed, lest thou groan for thyself.

HE.: Thou lookest upon a spectacle grievous to the eye.

PO.: I look upon one suffering as he deserves. — Now about his s
strain tight the girth.

HE.: It must needs be done; yet urge me not overmuch.

PO.: Yet will I urge and harry thee on. — Now lower; with force a
strain his legs.

HE.: 'Tis even done; nor was the labour long.

PO.: Weld fast the galling fetters; remember that he who appraise
strict to exact.

HE.: Cruel thy tongue, and like thy cruel face.

PO.: Be thine the tender heart! Rebuke not my bolder mood,
chide my austerity.

HE.: Let us go; now the clinging web binds all his limbs.

[HEPHAESTUS *departs.*]

PO.: There, wanton in thy insolence! Now for thy creatures of a
filch divine honours. Tell me, will mortal men drain for thee t
tortures? Falsely the gods call thee Prometheus, the Contri
for no cunning contrivance shall help thee to slip from this bond

[POWER *and* FORCE *depart.*]

PROMETHEUS [*alone, chanting*]:

O air divine, and O swift-wingèd winds!
Ye river fountains, and thou myriad-twinkling
Laughter of ocean waves! O mother earth!
And thou, O all-discerning orb o' the sun! —
To you, I cry to you; behold what I,
A god, endure of evil from the gods.

Behold, with what dread torments
I through the slow-revolving
Ages of time must wrestle;
Such hideous bonds the new lord

[The
car.]

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97–133]

Of heaven hath found for my torture.
Woe! woe! for the present disasters
I groan, and for those that shall come;
Nor know I in what far sky
The dawn of deliverance shall rise.

Yet what is this I say? All future things
I see unerring, nor shall any chance
Of evil overtake me unaware.
The will of Destiny we should endure
Lightly as may be, knowing still how vain
To take up arms against Necessity.
Silent I cannot keep, I cannot tongue
These strange calamities. Lo, I am he
Who, darkly hiding in a fennel reed
Fountains of fire, so secretly purloined
And gave to be the teacher of all arts
And giver of all good to mortal men.
And now this forfeit for my sin I pay,
Thus lodged in fetters under the bare sky.

Woe's me!
What murmur hovereth near?
What odour, where visible shape
Is none? Some god, or a mortal,
Or one of the middle race?
Hath he come to this world's-end
Idly to gloat o'er my toils,
Or what would he have? — Behold me
Fettered, the god ill-fated,
The foeman of Zeus, the detested
Of all who enter his courts,
And only because of my love,
My too-great love for mankind.
Ah me! once more the murmur
I hear as of hovering birds;
And the air is whirring with quick
Beating of wings. For me
There is fear, whatever approaches.

[*The* CHORUS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF OCEANUS *enters, drawn in a winged car.*]

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: Fear nothing; in friendship and eager
With wingèd contention of speed
Together we draw near thy rock.
Scarce we persuaded our father,
But now at last the swift breezes
Have brought us. Down in the depth
Of our sea-cave came the loud noise

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Of the welding of iron; and wonderment
Banished our maiden shame;
All in haste, unsandalled, hither
We flew in this wingèd car.

PR.: Ah me! ah me!
O all ye children of Tethys,
Daughters of father Oceanus
Who ever with tide unwearied
Revolveth the whole world round, —
Behold now prisoned in chains
On the dizzy verge of this gorge
Forever I keep sad watch.

antistrophe

CH.: I see, O Prometheus, thy body
In the toils and torture of bondage
Withering here on this rock;
And a mist as of terror, a cloud
Of tears o'erveils my eyes:
New helmsmen guide in the heavens,
And Zeus unlawfully rules
With new laws, and the might of old
He hath banished to uttermost darkness.

PR.: Would that me too he had hurled,
Bound in these cruel, unyielding
Bonds, down, down under earth,
Beneath wide Hades, where go
The tribe of innumerable dead,
Down to the infinite depths
Of Tartarus! There no god,
No mortal would gloat o'er my ruin.
Now like a toy of the winds
I hang, my anguish a joy
To my foes.

strophe

CH.: Who of the gods is so hardened?
To whom is thy sorrow a joy?
Who save only Zeus
But feels the pang of thy torments?
But he, ever savage of soul,
Swayeth the children of heaven;
Nor ever will cease till his heart
Is satiate grown, or another
Snatches the empire by guile.

PR.: Ay, and this Lord of the blessed
Shall call in the fulness of time
Upon me whom he tortures in bondage,
Shall implore me to utter the plot

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171–227]

That will rob him of honour and throne.
No sweet-lipped charm of persuasion
Then shall allure me, and never
In cringing fear of his threats
The knowledge will I impart,
Till first he has loosened these bonds,
And for all my anguish he too
Hath humbled his neck unto judgment.

antistrophe 2

CH.: Bold art thou, and calamity
Softens thee not, but ever
Thy thought is quick on thy tongue.
Terror pierceth my heart,
And fearing I ask what shore,
O wanderer tempest-tost,
Far-off of peace shall receive thee!
Stern is the son of Cronos,
And deaf his heart to beseeching.

PR.: I know of his hardness, I know
That justice he holds in his palm;
Yet his pride shall be humbled, I think;
His hardness made soft, and his wrath
Shall bow to the blows of adversity;
He, too, in milder mood
Shall come, imploring of me
The friendship I willingly grant.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS: Unfold to us the whole story. For what crime does Zeus so shamefully and bitterly torture you? Tell us, if there is no harm in telling.

PR.: Painful are these things to relate, painful is silence, and all is wretchedness. When first the gods knew wrath, and faction raised its head amongst them, and some would tear old Cronos from his throne that Zeus might take his place, and others were determined that Zeus should never reign over the gods, then I with wise counsel sought to guide the Titans, children of Earth and Sky, — but all in vain. My crafty schemes they disdained, and in their pride of strength thought it were easy to make themselves lords by force. Often to me my mother Themis (or call her Earth, for many names she hath, being one) had foretold in oracles what was to be, with warning that not by might or brutal force should victory come, but by guile alone. So I counselled them, but they turned their eyes from me in impatience. Of the courses which then lay open, far the best, it seemed, was to take my mother as my helper and to join my will with the will of Zeus. By my advice the cavernous gloom of Tartarus now hides in night old Cronos and his peers. Thus the new tyrant of heaven took profit of me, and thus rewards me with these torments. 'Tis the disease of tyranny, no more, to take

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no heed of friendship. You ask why he tortures me; hear now
reason. No sooner was he established on his father's throne
he began to award various offices to the different gods, ordering
government throughout. Yet no care was in his heart for mi
ble men, and he was fain to blot out the whole race and in
stead create another. None save me opposed his purpose; I
dared; I rescued mankind from the heavy blow that was to
them into Hades. Therefore I am bowed down by this ang
painful to endure, pitiable to behold. Mercy I had for mortals
found no mercy for myself: so piteously I am disciplined, a
noble spectacle for Zeus.

LE.: Fashioned of rock is he, and iron is his heart, O Prometheus,
feels not indignation at thy disasters. Rather would I not
seen them at all, and seeing them I am sore of heart.

PR.: To my very friends I am a spectacle of pity.

LE.: Yet it may be — did thy transgressions end there?

PR.: Through me mankind ceased to foresee death.

LE.: What remedy could heal that sad disease?

PR.: Blind hopes I made to dwell in them.

LE.: O merciful boon for mortals.

PR.: And more than all I gave them fire.

LE.: And so in their brief life they are lords of flaming fire?

PR.: Through it they will learn many arts.

LE.: And was it for crimes like this Zeus —

PR.: Tortures me, and ceases not nor relents.

LE.: And is there no goal to the struggle before thee?

PR.: There is none, save when it seems to him good.

LE.: When shall it so seem? What hope? Seest thou not thy er
That thou hast erred, I say in sorrow and with sorrow to thee.
enough of that; seek thou some release from the conflict.

PR.: How easy for one who fares in pleasant ways to admonish
in adversity. But all this I knew; with open eyes, with wi
mind, I erred; I do not deny it. Mankind I helped, but could
help myself. Yet I dreamed not that here in this savage so
gorge, on this high rock, I should waste away beneath such
ments. Yet care not to bewail these present disasters; but des
to the earth, and hear of the woes to come and all that is to
I pray you heed my word; have compassion on one who is
caught in the toils; for sorrow flitteth now to one and now to
other, and visiteth each in his turn.

CH. [*singing*]: We list to your words, O Prometheus.—
Lo, with light foot I step
From the swift-rushing car; the pure air,
The highway I leave of the birds;
And now to the rugged earth
I descend. I listen, I wait
For thy story of pain and disaster.
[OCEANUS *enters, borne on a winged horse.*]

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OC.: To thee I come, O Prometheus;
Borne on this swift-wingèd bird
That knoweth the will of his rider
And needeth no curb, from afar
I have flown a wearisome way,
Weary but ended at last.
I am grieved with thy grief; I am drawn
By our kinship, and even without it
Thee more than all others I honour.
I speak simple sooth, and my tongue
Knows not to flatter in idleness.
Nay, tell me what aid I may render;
For never thy lips shall avow
Oceanus failed thee in friendship.

PR.: Ho! What is this I look upon? What then, art thou too come to stare upon my ruin? What new daring has brought thee from thy ocean stream and thy rock-roofed unbuilded caverns hither to our earth, the mother of iron? Art thou come to view my fate with indignation for my calamities? Behold the spectacle! behold me, the friend of Zeus, who helped him to a throne, now bowed down by his torments.

OC.: I see, Prometheus; and, though thou art thyself cunning in device, I would admonish thee to prudence. Learn to know thyself, put on the habit of new ways, for there is a new tyrant among the gods. If still thou hurlest forth these harsh and biting words, perchance from afar off, Zeus, sitting above, may hear thee, and thy present burden of sorrows will seem as the sport of children. But, O wretched sufferer, put away thy moody wrath, and seek some respite from thy ills. My advice may sound as the trite sayings of old, yet thou thyself canst see what are the wages of too bold a tongue. Thou hast not learned humility, nor to yield to evils, but rather wouldst add others new to thy present store. Take me for thy teacher, and kick not against the pricks, for there rules in heaven an austere monarch who is responsible to none. Now I will go and make trial to win thy release from this grievous state. Do thou keep thy peace, and restrain thy blustering speech. Or knowest thou not in thy wisdom what penalties overtake an idle tongue?

PR.: I give you joy that, having shared and dared with me, you have still kept yourself free of blame. I bid you trouble not your peace; his will is immutable and you cannot persuade him. Even beware, lest by your going you bring sorrow upon yourself.

OC.: Thou art wiser to think for others than for thyself, and this I infer from the events. But deter me not from going, for I boast, yes, I may boast, that Zeus will grant me this boon and deliver thee from these toils.

PR.: I thank you with gratitude that shall never fail, for you lack nothing in zeal. But trouble not yourself; it is idle, and your care will avail me nothing, despite your zeal. Hold your peace, and

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keep your foot well from these snares. If I suffer, let me s
alone. Yet not alone, for I am burdened by the fate of Atla
brother. He in the far western ways stands bearing on his s
ders the mighty pillar of earth and sky, a weary burden to
And I have seen with pity the earth-born dweller of the Cil
caves, the impetuous, the hundred-headed Typho, when he
bent by force. For he withstood the host of the gods, hissing
terror from his horrid throats, whilst Gorgonian fires flamed
his eyes, as if to take by violence the very throne of Zeus; bu
unsleeping weapon of Zeus fell upon him, the down-rushing
derbolt with breath of flame, and smote him from his loud-va
boastings; and stricken to the heart he was scorched to embers
thunder rent from him his strength. Now a helpless spra
bulk he lies near the ocean strait, buried beneath the roots of A
whilst above on the utmost summit Hephaestus welds the m
ore. Thence some day, I ween, shall burst forth rivers of fi
devour with savage maw the wide fields of fair-fruited Sic
such wrath shall Typho, scorched by the thunder of Zeus, sen
a tempest, terrible, seething, with breath of flame. — But tho
not untried, and needest not me for a teacher. Save thyself, as
best knowest how; and leave me to drain this flood of calamit
the mind of Zeus grows light of its anger.

OC.: Knowest thou not, Prometheus, there are words of healin
a mind distempered?

PR.: Ay, if in good time we soothe the heart, nor violently repre
tumid rage.

OC.: In prudent zeal and daring combined, tell me what peril hi
lies.

PR.: Labour in vain and vain simplicity.

OC.: Leave me, I prythee, to my mind's disease; for it is well h
wisdom not to appear wise.

PR.: The folly of thy mission will seem mine.

OC.: It is clear your words dismiss me home.

PR.: Your tears for me might win hatred for yourself.

OC.: His hatred you mean, who newly wears the sovereignty?

PR.: Ay, his; beware that you vex not his heart.

OC.: Your calamity, Prometheus, is my teacher.

PR.: Be gone, take yourself off, keep your present mind.

OC.: I am gone even with your urgent words. See, the winged
flutters the broad path of the air; gladly would he bend the
knee in his stall at home.

[OCEANUS *departs as the* CHORUS *begins its song.*]

strop

CH.: I mourn, O Prometheus, for thee,
I wail for thy hapless fate;
And tears in a melting flood
Flow down from the fount of my eyes,
Drenching my cheeks. O insolent

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Laws, O sceptre of Zeus,
How over the gods of old
Ye wield despotic might!

antistrophe 1

Lo, all the land groans aloud;
And the people that dwell in the West
Lament for thy time-honoured reign
And the sway of thy kindred, Prometheus;
And they who have builded their homes
In holy Asia to the wail
Of thine anguish lament.

strophe 2

And they
Of the Colchian land, the virgins
Exulting in war; and the Scythians
By the far Maeotian Lake
In the uttermost regions of earth;

antistrophe 2

And the martial flower of Arabia,
Whose battle resounds with the crashing
Of brazen spears, they too
In their citadel reared aloft
Near Caucasus groan for thy fate.

epode

One other, a Titan god,
I have seen in his anguish,
Atlas, the mighty one, bound
In chains adamantine, who still
With groaning upholds on his back
The high-arched vault of the skies.

epode

While ever the surge of the sea
Moans to the sound of his cry,
And the depths of its waters lament;
The fountains of hallowed rivers
Sigh for his anguish in pity;
While from its dark abyss
The unseen world far below
Mutters and rumbles in concert.

PR.: Think not I am silent through pride or insolence; dumb rage gnaws at my very heart for this outrage upon me. Yet who but I established these new gods in their honours? But I speak not of this, for already you are aware of the truth. Rather listen to the

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sad story of mankind, who like children lived until I gave understanding and a portion of reason; yet not in disparage of men I speak, but meaning to set forth the greatness of my ity. For seeing they saw not, and hearing they understood no like as shapes in a dream they wrought all the days of their confusion. No houses of brick raised in the warmth of the they had, nor fabrics of wood, but like the little ants they underground in the sunless depth of caverns. No certain sig approaching winter they knew, no harbinger of flowering sum ever they laboured at random, till I taught them to discern seasons by the rising and the obscure setting of the stars. Nu I invented for them, the chiefest of all discoveries; I taught the grouping of letters, to be a memorial and record of the pa mistress of the arts and mother of the Muses. I first brought the yoke beasts of burden, who by draft and carrying relieved of their hardest labours; I yoked the proud horse to the ch teaching him obedience to the reins, to be the adornment of w and luxury. I too contrived for sailors sea-faring vessels with flaxen wings. Alas for me! such inventions I devised for kind, but for myself I have no cunning to escape disaster.

LE.: Sorrow and humiliation are your portion: you have fail understanding and gone astray; and like a poor physician f into sickness you despond and know not the remedies for your disease.

PR.: Hear but the rest, and you will wonder more at my inve and many arts. If sickness visited them, they had no healing no salve or soothing potion, but wasted away for want of rem and this was my greatest boon; for I revealed to them the mi of bland medicaments for the banishing of all diseases. And modes of divination I appointed: from dreams I first taught to judge what should befall in waking state; I found the sub terpretation of words half heard or heard by chance, and of ings by the way; and the flight of taloned birds with their p of fortune or failure I clearly denoted, their various modes their mutual feuds, their friendships and consortings; I taught to observe the smooth plumpness of entrails, and the colour gall pleasing to the gods, and the mottled symmetry of live Burning the thigh-bones wrapt in fat and the long chine, I g mankind to a hidden art, and read to them the intimations altar-flames that before were meaningless. So much then fo inventions. And the secret treasures of the earth, all bene men, copper, iron, silver, gold, — who but I could boast th covery? No one, I ween, unless in idle vaunting. Nay, he whole matter in a word, — all human arts are from Prometh

LE.: Care not for mortals overmuch, whilst you neglect you profit. Indeed, I am of good hope that yet some day, free bondage, you shall equal the might of Zeus.

PR.: Not yet hath all-ordaining Destiny decreed my release; b many years, broken by a world of disaster and woe, I shall

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livered. The craft of the forger is weaker far than Necessity.
LE.: Who then holds the helm of Necessity?
PR.: The Fates triform and the unforgetting Furies.
LE.: And Zeus, is he less in power than these?
PR.: He may not avoid what is destined.
LE.: What is destined for Zeus but endless rule?
PR.: Ask not, neither set thy heart on knowing.
LE.: Some solemn secret thou wouldst clothe in mystery.
PR.: Speak no more of it; the time is not yet to divulge it, and the secret must still be deeply shrouded. Harbouring this I shall one day escape from this outrage and ignominy of bondage.

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: May never Zeus, the all-wielder,
Against my feeble will
Set his strength; nor ever may I
By the stanchless flood of my father,
By the shores of Oceanus, cease
With hallowed offering of oxen
To worship the gods. May never
My tongue give offence, but always
This purpose abide in my soul.

antistrophe 1

Ah, sweet to prolong our days
In the courage of hope, and sweet
With ever dawning delights
To nourish the heart. I shudder,
Prometheus, for thee, for thy weight
Of myriad-pilèd woe;
Ay, fearing not Zeus, in self-will
Too much thou honourest mortals;

strophe 2

For thankless thy favour, O friend:
And where is the valour, what help
From men who appear and are gone?
Their weakness hast thou not discovered,
Their feeble blindness wherein
Like dreaming shadows they move?
Never their counsels shall break
Through the harmony ordered of Zeus.

antistrophe 2

I too have pondered this wisdom,
Beholding thy terrible ruin,
Prometheus. Ah me, for the change!
With what other notes I chanted

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Thy bridal song, the shrill
Hymenean strains at the bath
And the couch, on the happy day
When our sister Hesione, won
By thy bounty, entered thy home!

[IO *enters, transformed in part to a heifer, followed by the Spectr.*
ARGUS. *She is in a half-frenzied state.*]

IO [*chanting*]: What land have I reached? what people?
Who is this I behold in chains
On this storm-riven rock? What crime
Hath brought thee to perishing thus?
Ah whither, to what far regions
Hath misery borne me? Ah me!
Once more I am stung by the gadfly,
Pursued by the wraith of dead Argus.
Save me, O Earth! Once more
In my terror I see him, the watcher;
He is there, and his myriad eyes
Are upon me. Shall earth nevermore
Conceal her buried dead?
He hath come from the pit to pursue me,
He drives me weary and famished
Over the long sea sands;
And ever his shrill scrannel pipe,
Waxen-jointed, is droning forth
A slumberous strain.

Alas!
To what land far-off have I wandered?
What error, O Zeus, what crime
Is mine that thus I am yoked
Unto misery? Why am I stung
With frenzy that drives me unresting
Forever? Let fires consume me;
Let the deep earth yawning engulf me;
Or the monstrous brood of the sea
Devour; but O great King,
Hark to my pleading for respite!
I have wandered enough, I am weary,
And still I discern no repose. —
[*To* PROMETHEUS]
And thou, hast thou heard me, the virgin
Wearing these horns of a heifer?

PR.: I hear the frenzied child of Inachus,
The maiden who with love could all inflame
Great Zeus's heart, and now by Hera's hate
Forever flees before this stinging pest.

IO [*chanting*]: Thou knowest my father then?

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594–642]

And who, I prythee, art thou
That callest me thus by name,
Oh name most wretched! and tellest
The wasting plague heaven-sent
And the pest with its haunting sting?
Ah me! behold I am come
With leapings of madness, by hunger
And craving impelled, and subdued
By the crafty anger of Hera.
Who in this world of calamity,
Who suffers as I? — But thou,
If thou canst, declare what awaits me
Of sorrow; what healing balm
I may find. Speak thou, I implore thee,
I, the wandering virgin of sorrows.

PR.: Clearly I will set forth all you would learn; speaking not in dark riddles, but in full simplicity, as speech is due between friends. Behold, I whom you see am Prometheus, the giver of fire to mankind.

IO: You who appeared to men with all-sufficient bounty, — tell me why are you, O enduring Prometheus, given over to chastisement?

PR.: But now I have ceased bewailing these calamities.

IO: And will you deny me this simple boon?

PR.: What do you ask? You may learn all from me.

IO: Declare who chained you to this rocky gorge.

PR.: The will of Zeus, but Hephaestus' hand.

IO: For what crimes are you punished thus?

PR.: I have told you enough; ask no more.

IO: One further boon: what term shall end my wanderings? what time is ordained for my peace?

PR.: Better for you not to know than to know.

IO: Yet hide not what remains for me to endure.

PR.: So much alone I am willing to grant.

IO: Why then do you delay? I would know all.

PR.: It is not churlishness; I am loth to bruise your heart.

IO: Spare me not further than I myself desire.

PR.: Since you so crave, it is well; hear me then.

L.E.: Nay, not yet. Grant me also a share in your grace. Let us first hear from her the story of her sorrow and the disasters that prey on her life. Then do you declare to her what struggle still remains.

PR.: 'Tis for thee, Io, to bestow this favour; and fittingly, for these are thy father's sisters. Time is not lost, I deem, in bewailing and mourning our fate when answering tears stand ready in the listener's eye.

IO: Hard would it be to disregard your wish;
And if my words have credit in your ears
The tale is rendered. Yet as one who speaks
And still laments, my sorrows I recount, —

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How wild, perturbing wonders in my soul
Wrought by the will of heaven, and how in shape
This bestial transformation I endured.
For always in the drowsy hours of night
I, sleeping in my virgin chambers, saw
Strange visitations pass, and as they passed
Each smiled and whispered: O sweet-favoured girl,
Why cherish long thy maiden loneliness,
When love celestial calleth? Fair art thou,
And thronèd Zeus, heart-smitten with desire,
Yearns from his heaven to woo thee. Nay, sweet child,
Disdain him not. Now to the meadow land
Of Lerna, where thy father's pastures lie
And the sleek cattle browse, do thou steal forth
Alone, and haply there thy yielding grace
May soothe the passion in the Sovereign's eye.—
Such dreams, filling with fear the hours of sleep,
Drove me at last to tell my father all.
And he was troubled; many times in doubt
To Pythian Delphi and the speaking oaks
Of far Dodona messengers he sent,
Inquiring by what act or pleasing word
The grace of heaven to win. But ever these
With oracles of shifting speech returned,
Inexplicably dark. Yet in the end
Came one clear cruel utterance, oh, too clear!
That bade him drive me forth from home and land,
An exile doomed in solitary ways
To wander to the confines of the world.
With such commands came words of dreadful import,
And threats of flaming thunderbolts from Zeus
With burning wrath to desolate his race,
If he durst disobey. Much doubted he,
But at the last Apollo's warning voice
And Zeus's curb upon his soul prevailed:
He drave me forth, and all my life's young joy
Ended in bitter grief for him and me.
Straightway my form this strange distortion knew,
With horns here on my front; and madly stung
By this insatiate fly, with antic bounds
I sped away to the sweet-flowing fount
Of Cenchreae and the Lernéan well;
While close upon me Argus, born of earth,
Savage and sleepless trailed, his wakeful eyes
Fixed on my track. And though a sudden fate
Him overmastered, yet this stinging fly
Still with his lash pursues from land to land.—
Such is my tale; and now if in thy wit
It lies to prophesy what toils remain,

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So say, nor by false pitying speech misguide;
For glozing words I deem the worst disease.

CH. [*singing*]: Oh strange! Oh, more than incredible!
Never I thought such words
Surpassing the wildest belief
Should enter my ears, such a tale
Of horror and woe and calamity.
I am stung to the soul, and compassion
Benumbs my heart. O Fate!
Alas, O Fate! I shudder
Beholding the lot of this maiden.

PR.: You are quick to lament and very prone to fear. Yet wait a little till you have heard what remains.

LE.: Speak, tell us all; to the sick it is sweet to know betimes what awaits them of pain.

PR.: Lightly I granted your former request, for you desired first to hear from her lips the story of her conflict; hear now the evils that Hera hath still in store for this maiden; — and do you, O daughter of Inachus, take my words to your heart that you may know the goal of your wanderings. — Turn first toward the rising sun, and thitherward proceeding over unploughed fields you will reach the nomad Scythians, a people of mighty archers, who in their wicker-woven houses dwell aloft on smooth-rolling wagons. Approach not these, but pass on through the land, keeping ever near to the surf-beaten shores of the Euxine. To the left dwell the Chalybes, famous workers of iron; and of them you must beware, for they are a savage race and regard not strangers. Then will you come to the River of Violence, fierce as its name and treacherous to ford; cross not over it until you have reached the Caucasus, highest of mountains, where the river pours out its fury over the brows of the cliffs. Here over the star-neighbouring summits you must toil and turn to the southern path: so in time you will reach the host of the Amazons, ever hostile to men, who one day shall inhabit Themiscyra on the Thermodon, where Salmydessus opens upon the sea her ravenous jaws, a terror to strange sailors, a cruel step-dame to ships. Gladly the Amazons will guide thee on thy way. And thou wilt come to the Cimmerian isthmus by the narrow gateway of the lake; and leaving this with brave heart thou wilt cross over the Maeotic strait, which ever after in memorial of thy crossing men shall call the Bosporus, the fording of the heifer. Thus thou wilt abandon the plain of Europe and venture on the continent of Asia. — Now doth not the tyrant of the gods seem to you altogether violent? Behold how this god, desiring to mingle with a mortal woman, hath imposed on her these wanderings. — Thou hast met, O maiden, a bitter claimant for thy favour; and the words thou hast heard are not even the prelude to what must follow.

IO: Alas, for me!

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PR.: Once more you cry out and groan; what will you do when y have learned the troubles that remain?

LE.: Nay, have you calamities still to recount?

PR.: As it were a stormy sea of lamentable woe.

IO: What profit have I in life? Why do I not hurl myself ou hand from this rude precipice, that broken on the plain below I m have speedy respite from my troubles? It were better to die o for all than to drag out my lingering days in anguish.

PR.: How hardly would you endure my struggles, for death th would release me from my woes is denied me by Destiny. N there is no goal before me of my conflict until Zeus is thrown fr his supremacy.

IO: And shall Zeus ever fall from power?

PR.: You would rejoice, I think, to see his overthrow.

IO: Why should I not, who am abused by Zeus?

PR.: You may learn from me that your wish is truth.

IO: Who shall despoil him of the tyrant's sceptre?

PR.: He shall himself despoil by his own folly.

IO: How may it be? Speak, if there is no harm.

PR.: An ill-fated espousal shall work him grief.

IO: A spouse divine or human? tell if thou mayst.

PR.: What is it to thee? I may not speak her name.

IO: His bride shall drag him from the throne?

PR.: A son she shall bear, mightier than his father.*

IO: Hath he no refuge from this doom?

PR.: There is none, except I be loosed from my bonds.

IO: Who is to loose thee against the will of Zeus?

PR.: Thy own children's child must do the deed.†

IO: What sayest thou? my son shall end thy evils?

PR.: The third after the tenth generation.

IO: Thy oracle is dark to my understanding.

PR.: Pass it by; thy own ill fate is involved therein.

IO: The boon is offered, and straightway thou withdrawest it.

PR.: I grant thee the knowledge of either of two desires.

IO: Tell me the twain, and let me choose.

PR.: 'Tis done; choose whether I tell thee plainly of thy com tribulations or of him who is to deliver me.

LE.: Yet rather bestow the one favour on her and the other on and be not chary of your words. To her set forth her fu wanderings, and to me your deliverer, as I long to hear.

PR.: Your eagerness compels me, and I will relate all you ask. you first, Io, I will proclaim trials of wandering, and do you rec them on the tablets of your brain.—When you have crossed tide that bounds two continents, then toward the flaming trodden regions of the dawn pass on beyond the surge of the sea

* The reference is to the son whom Thetis will bear if she consummates her riage with Zeus. This secret knowledge constitutes Prometheus' only defence ag Zeus.

† This refers to Heracles.

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you reach the Gorgonean plains of Cisthene, the home of the Graeae, the three daughters of Phorcys, ancient virgins, possessing among them but one eye and one tooth, upon whom neither the sun looks down with his beams, nor ever the moon by night. And near by are the three other sisters, the winged, snake-haired, man-hating Gorgons, upon whom no mortal may look and live. Such wardens guard that land. Yet hear another spectacle of dread: beware the sharp-beaked hounds of Zeus that never bark, the griffins, and beware the one-eyed Arimaspian host of riders who dwell by the gold-washing tide of Pluto's stream; approach them not. And you will come to a far-off land, a swarthy people, who live by the fountain of the sun and Aethiopia's river. Follow its banks until you arrive at the Cataract where from the Bybline hills the Nile pours out its waters sweet and worshipful. This stream will guide you to the great Nilotic delta, where at the last fate bids you and your children, Io, establish your far-off home. Now if my speech seems stammering and hard to understand, still question me and be advised; for there is more leisure to me than I could wish.

CH.: If anything remains untold of her life of weary wanderings, now recount it to her, but if all is said, then grant us the favour we beg. You have not forgotten it.

PR.: She has heard her journeyings to the end; yet that she may know my words are not spoken in vain, I will relate her toils before coming hither, and this shall be a witness to the truth of my prophecy. I will pass over the greater part of the tale, and come to the end of your wanderings. For thus you came at last to the Molossian plains and Dodona with its lofty ridges, where is the oracle and home of Thesprotian Zeus and that strange portent of the talking oaks which in language clear and void of riddles addressed you as the renowned future spouse of Zeus, and the memory of this must still speak in your breast. From thence, urged on by frenzy, you rushed by the sea-shore path to the great gulf of Rhea, and back returned like a vessel tempest-tost from port. Now no longer the gulf shall be known by its old name, but shall be called the Ionian Sea, as a memorial to all men of your journeying. This knowledge is a sign to you of my understanding, that it discerns more than meets the eye.—The rest I tell to you, daughters of Oceanus, and to her together, returning again to the track of my former tale. There is a city, Canobus, standing on the verge of the land at the very mouth and silted bar of the Nile, where at the last Zeus shall restore you to your mind with but the stroke and gentle touching of his hand. There you shall bear a child to Zeus, the swarthy Epaphus, "Touch-born," who shall gather as lord the fruit of all the valley of the broad-flowing Nile. The fourth generation after him, a band of fifty sisters * shall return perforce to Argos, to flee the courtship of their fifty cousins. And these, like hawks that follow hard upon a flock of doves, shall pursue the maidens, seeking marriage ill to

* The Danaids.

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seek, for God shall grudge them the sweet pleasure of that b
In the Pelasgian land the maidens shall find a home, when in
watches of the night with deed of murderous revenge they, wo
as they are, have slain their suitors, each plunging her deadly b
into her new lord's throat — so might the Queen of Love ar
to my foes! Yet longing shall soothe one maiden's heart to s
her fellow, and blunt the edge of her resolve, for of the twa
will please her rather to be called timid than bloodthirsty. A
from her a royal race shall spring in Argos — time fails to tell
whole — and a mighty man of valour, renowned with the bow,
shall deliver me from these toils. All this my ancient mother,
Titan Themis, foretold to me in an oracle; but how it shall co
to pass needs yet many words to relate, and the hearing would p
you nothing.

IO [*chanting*]: Eleleu! eleleu!
Once more the spasm, the madness
Smiteth my brain as a fire.
I am stung by the pest, I am pierced
With a dart never forged in the fire;
My seated heart at my ribs
Doth knock, and my straining eyes
Revolve in their orbs; I am borne
As a vessel is lashed by the tempest;
My tongue hath broke its control,
And my turbid words beat madly
In billows of horror and woe.
[IO *departs, as the* CHORUS *begins its song*.]

strophe

CH.: Wise among mortals I count him
Who weighed this truth in his mind
And divulged it: better the union
Of equal with equal in wedlock.
How shall the toiler, the craftsman,
Be lifted in idle desire
To mate with the glory of wealth
Or the honour of noble descent?

antistrophe

Never, O kindly powers,
Behold me the partner of Zeus;
Never may one of the gods
Descend from the skies for my love.
Horror sufficient I feel
For Io, the virgin, the outcast,
Who hateth her lord and is driven
By Hera to wander forlorn.

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epode

Wedlock if equal I fear not;
But oh! may never a god
With love's irresistible glance
Constrain me! Hard were the battle,
For who were I to resist him?
What way of escape would remain
From the counsel and purpose of Zeus?

PR.: Yet shall Zeus himself, the stubborn of soul, be humbled, for the union he purposes in his heart shall hurl him to outer darkness from his throne of supremacy. Then at last the curse of his father Cronos shall be fulfilled to the uttermost, the curse that he swore when thrown from his ancient seat. All this I know and how the curse shall work, and I only of the gods may point out a refuge from these disasters. [Therefore let him sit boldly now, trusting in his thunders that reverberate through the sky, and wielding fiery darts in his hands; they shall avail him naught nor save him from falling in ruin unendurable.] A mighty wrestler he is preparing against himself, an irresistible champion, who shall search out a fire more terrible than his lightning and a roaring noise to drown his thunder, and who shall break in pieces that sea-scourge and shaker of the earth, the trident-spear of Poseidon. And Zeus, broken on this rock, shall learn how far apart it is to rule and be a slave.

LE.: Thy bodings against Zeus are but thy own desire.

PR.: I speak what is to be, and that is my desire.

LE.: Must we look for one to reign above Zeus?

PR.: Troubles more grievous to bear shall bow his neck.

LE.: Thou tremblest not to utter such words?

PR.: Why should I tremble whose fate is not to die?

LE.: Yet he might still harder torments inflict.

PR.: So let him; I am prepared for all.

LE.: Yet the wise bow down to Nemesis.

PR.: So worship, flatter, adore the ruler of the day; but I have no thought in my heart for Zeus. Let him act, let him reign his little while as he will; for he shall not long rule over the gods. — [HERMES *enters.*] But I see here the lackey of Zeus, the servant of the new tyrant. No doubt he has come with tidings of some new device.

HER.: Thee, the wise, the bitter beyond bitterness, the thief of fire, who hast revolted against the gods and betrayed their honours to thy creatures of a day, — to thee I speak. The father bids thee declare the chance of wedlock thou vauntest, that shall bereave him of his sceptre; and this thou art to state clearly and not involve thy speech in riddles. Put me not, O Prometheus, to double my journey; thou seest that Zeus is not appeased by dubious words.

PR.: Haughty thy speech and swollen with pride, as becomes a servant of the gods. Ye are but young in tyranny, and think to inhabit a

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citadel unassaulted of grief; yet have I not seen two tyrants therefrom? And third I shall behold this present lord cast dow utter ruin. Do I seem to cower and quail before these new go Hardly, I think; there is no fear in me. But do you trudge b the road you came; for all your pains of asking are in vain.

HER.: Yet forget not such insolence has brought you to this pa evil.

PR.: Be assured I would not barter my hard lot for your me service.

HER.: It is better no doubt to serve this rock than to be the tru herald of Zeus.

PR.: I but answered insult with insult.

HER.: You seem to glory in your present state.

PR.: What, I? So might I see my enemies glory, — and you am them!

HER.: You blame me too for your calamities?

PR.: In simple sooth I count all the gods my foes, who requited benefits with injuries.

HER.: Your madness I see is a deep-rooted disease.

PR.: If hatred of foes is madness, I am mad.

HER.: Who could endure you in prosperity!

PR.: Alas, prosperity!

HER.: Zeus has not learned that cry, alas.

PR.: Time, growing ever older, teaches all things.

HER.: It has not taught you wisdom yet.

PR.: Else I should hardly talk with you, a slave.

HER.: It seems you will not answer the father's demands.

PR.: My debt of gratitude I fain would pay.

HER.: You have reviled and scorned me as a child.

PR.: [*in supreme anger*]: And are you not simpler than a child if hope to learn aught from me? There is no torment or contriva in the power of Zeus to wring this utterance from me, except t bonds are loosened. Therefore let him hurl upon me the red le let him confound the reeling world with tempest of white-feathe snow and subterranean thunders; none of these things shall ex from me the knowledge that may ward off his overthrow.

HER.: Consider if you shall profit by this.

PR.: I have considered long since and formed my plan.

HER.: Yet subdue thyself in time, rash fool, to regard thy present in wisdom.

PR.: You vex me to no purpose, as one might waste his words o wave of the sea. Dream not that ever in fear of Zeus's will I sh grow woman-hearted, and raise my supine hands in supplica to my hated foe for deliverance from these bonds; — it is no my nature.

HER.: Though I speak much, my words will all be wasted; my app have no power to soften and appease your heart, but champing bit like a new-yoked colt you are restive and struggle against reins. There is no strength of wisdom in your savage mood,

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mere self-will in a foolish man avails nothing. And consider, if thou disregard my words, what a tempest of evils, wave on wave inevitable, shall break upon thee; for first the father will smite this rugged cliff with rending of thunder and hurtling fires, and in its harsh and rock-ribbed embrace enfold thy hidden body. Then after a weary age of years once more thou shalt come forth to the light; and the winged hound of Zeus, the ravening eagle, with savage greed shall tear the mighty ruin of thy limbs, feasting all day an uninvited guest, and glutting his maw on thy black-gnawed liver. Neither look for any respite from this agony, unless some god shall appear as a voluntary successor to thy toils, and of his own free will goeth down to sunless Hades and the dark depths of Tartarus. Therefore take heed; for my words are not vain boasting, but all too truly spoken. The lips of Zeus know not to utter falsehood, but all that he saith he will accomplish. Do thou consider and reflect, and regard not vaunting pride as better than wise counsel.

LE.: To us Hermes seems to utter words not untimely; for he admonishes you to abandon vaunting pride and seek for wise counsel. Obey him; it is shameful for a wise man to go astray.

PR. [*chanting*]: All this ere he uttered his message
I knew; yet feel no dishonour
In suffering wrong from a foe.
Ay, let the lightning be launched
With curled and forkèd flame
On my head; let the air confounded
Shudder with thunderous peals
And convulsion of raging winds;
Let tempests beat on the earth
Till her rooted foundations tremble;
The boisterous surge of the sea
Leap up to mingle its crest
With the stars eclipsed in their orbs;
Let the whirling blasts of Necessity
Seize on my body and hurl it
Down to the darkness of Tartarus,—
Yet all he shall not destroy me!

HER.: I hear the delirious cries
Of a mind unhinged; his prayer
Is frenzy, and all that he doth.—
But ye who condole with his anguish,
Be quick, I implore, and depart,
Ere the deafening roar of the thunder
Daze and bewilder your senses.

CH.: Waste not thy breath in vain warnings,
Nor utter a word unendurable;
For who art thou in the pathway
Of evil and falsehood to guide me?

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Better I deem it to suffer
Whate'er he endures; for traitors
My soul abhorreth, their shame
I spew from my heart as a pest.

HER.: Yet remember my counsel in season,
And blame not your fortune when caught
In the snare of Disaster, nor cry
Unto Zeus that he throws you unwarned
Into sorrow. Yourselves take the blame;
Foretaught and with eyes unveiled
You walk to be snared in the vast
And implicate net of Disaster.

[HERMES *goes out. A storm bursts, with thunder and light*
The rocks are sundered; PROMETHEUS *slowly sinks from sight, w*
the CHORUS *scatters to right and left.*]

PR.: Lo, in grim earnest the world
Is shaken, the roar of thunders
Reverberates, gleams the red levin,
And whirlwinds lick up the dust.
All the blasts of the winds leap out
And meet in tumultuous conflict,
Confounding the sea and the heavens.
'Tis Zeus who driveth his furies
To smite me with terror and madness.
O mother Earth all-honoured,
O Air revolving thy light
A common boon unto all,
Behold what wrongs I endure.

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SOPHOCLES

(*ca.* 495—405 B.C.)

Sophocles' long and full life extends through the century of Athens' supremacy in Grecee. He was born of a wealthy family, and served his country on several occasions in high public office: an ancient tradition states that he was one of the generals in 440 B.C., and an extant inscription mentions him as a Treasurer for the funds of the Delian League. In the main, however, he devoted himself completely to activity in the theater both as a performer and a writer; he composed more than one hundred and twenty-five plays, and won first prize more than twenty times, a higher score of victories than either Aeschylus or Euripides. Only seven of his plays are now extant, the *Ajax, Antigone, Oedipus the King, The Trachiniae, Electra, Philoctetes,* and *Oedipus at Colonus.* This last play, written when the poet was nearly ninety, shows that Sophocles maintained his poetic and dramatic powers unimpaired till the end of his life; indeed, his strength and vision seemed to increase with the years. We see him always sensitive and sympathetic to human suffering, yet he evinces a greater and greater vision into the essence of human life. The depth of his understanding and the unrivaled perfection of his dramatic technique make it difficult to deal with him in the logical, conceptual terms of criticism.

Oedipus the King is perhaps the greatest of all the Greek tragedies; from the time of Aristotle the flawless structure of its plot has been admired. The events of the story antecedent to the opening of the play are skilfully revealed as the action advances: Laius, king of Thebes, had been warned by the oracle of Apollo that a son would be born to him who would slay him. The child, Oedipus, was born, was exposed, but was rescued and reared by Polybus and Merope, King and Queen of Corinth, whom the boy regarded as his parents. Years later, Oedipus as a young man went to Delphi to consult the oracle about a personal matter, but all the god would tell him was that he was fated to slay his father and marry his mother. In horror he resolved never to return to Corinth; on his journey from Delphi he met Laius at a crossroads, became involved in a violent quarrel with him and, in ignorance, slew him. Oedipus then came to Thebes, solved the riddle of the Sphinx, was chosen king and married the recently widowed queen, Jocasta, who actually was his own mother. Many years have passed since their marriage, and two sons and two daughters have been born to them. But, as the opening scene tells us, a great calamity has now befallen Thebes, a terrible plague which is ravaging the city, and the citizens have appealed to Oedipus for help. As the plot develops, the action reveals how Oedipus gradually came to learn the horrible truth. The intensity of the play increases

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as Oedipus himself unrelentingly pursues his quest for the murde of Laius; and since the audience has known the facts almost fr the beginning, Sophocles is enabled to use with the greatest eff the device of dramatic irony. The impact of the drama is ov whelming when the last link in the chain of evidence is forg However, the feature of the play which makes it a universal trag for all mankind appears when Oedipus, once he has discovered t truth, does not plead his ignorance as an excuse; rather he acce the full moral responsibility for what he has done. As Paul El More has observed, Sophocles has here portrayed simultaneou the intellectual impotence of man and his moral responsibi Other tragic poets have studied man's evil-doing and have insis that man, as a free agent, is accountable for his deeds; but no has seen more deeply than Sophocles into the tragic nature human experience. Thus Sophocles appears as the crowning fig in the trio of Greek tragedians. He possesses a religious insight a a scope of vision comparable to that of Aeschylus, and at the sa time a power of psychological analysis and understanding of hum nature comparable to that of Euripides.

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SOPHOCLES

(*ca.* 495–405 B.C.)

OEDIPUS THE KING

Translated by R. C. JEBB

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Characters in the Play

Oedipus, *King of Thebes*
Priest of Zeus
Creon, *brother of* Jocasta
Teiresias, *the blind prophet*
Jocasta
First Messenger, *a shepherd from Corinth*
A Shepherd, *formerly in the service of Laius*
Second Messenger, *from the house*
Chorus of Theban Elders

Mute Persons

A train of Suppliants (*old men, youths, and children*).
The children Antigone *and* Ismene, *daughters of* Oedipus *and* Jocasta

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OEDIPUS THE KING

[SCENE: — *Before the royal palace of Oedipus at Thebes. In front of the large central doors there is an altar; a smaller altar stands also near each of the two side-doors. Suppliants — old men, youths, and young children — are seated on the steps of the altars. They are dressed in white tunics and cloaks, — their hair bound with white fillets. On the altars they have laid down olive-branches wreathed with fillets of wool. The* PRIEST OF ZEUS, *a venerable man, is alone standing, facing the central doors of the palace. These are now thrown open. Followed by two attendants, who place themselves on either side of the doors,* OEDIPUS *enters, in the robes of a king. For a moment he gazes silently on the groups at the altars, and then speaks.*]

OE.: My children, latest-born to Cadmus who was of old, why are ye set before me thus with wreathed branches of suppliants, while the city reeks with incense, rings with prayers for health and cries of woe? I deemed it unmeet, my children, to hear these things at the mouth of others, and have come hither myself, I, Oedipus renowned of all.

Tell me, then, thou venerable man — since it is thy natural part to speak for these — in what mood are ye placed here, with what dread or what desire? Be sure that I would gladly give all aid; hard of heart were I, did I not pity such suppliants as these.

PRIEST: Nay, Oedipus, ruler of my land, thou seest of what years we are who beset thy altars, — some, nestlings still too tender for far flights, — some, bowed with age, priests, as I of Zeus, — and these, the chosen youth; while the rest of the folk sit with wreathed branches in the market-places, and before the two shrines of Pallas, and where Ismenus gives answer by fire.

For the city, as thou thyself seest, is now too sorely vexed, and can no more lift her head from beneath the angry waves of death; a blight is on her in the fruitful blossoms of the land, in the herds among the pastures, in the barren pangs of women; and withal the flaming god, the malign plague, hath swooped on us, and ravages the town; by whom the house of Cadmus is made waste, but dark Hades rich in groans and tears.

It is not as deeming thee ranked with gods that I and these children are suppliants at thy hearth, but as deeming thee first of men, both in life's common chances, and when mortals have to do with more than man: seeing that thou camest to the town of Cadmus, and didst quit us of the tax that we rendered to the hard songstress; and this, though thou knewest nothing from us that could avail thee, nor hadst been schooled; no, by a god's aid, 'tis said and believed, didst thou uplift our life.

And now, Oedipus, king glorious in all eyes, we beseech thee, all we suppliants, to find for us some succour, whether by the whisper

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of a god thou knowest it, or haply as in the power of man; for I see that, when men have been proved in deeds past, the issues of their counsels, too, most often have effect.

On, best of mortals, again uplift our State! On, guard thy fame, — since now this land calls thee saviour for thy former zeal; and never be it our memory of thy reign that we were first restored and afterward cast down: nay, lift up this State in such wise that it fall no more!

With good omen didst thou give us that past happiness; now also show thyself the same. For if thou art to rule this land, even as thou art now its lord, 'tis better to be lord of men than of a waste; since neither walled town nor ship is anything, if it is void and no men dwell with thee therein.

OE.: Oh my piteous children, known, well known to me are the desires wherewith ye have come: well wot I that ye suffer all; yet sufferers as ye are, there is not one of you whose suffering is as mine. Your pain comes on each one of you for himself alone, and for no other; but my soul mourns at once for the city, and for myself and for thee.

So that ye rouse me not, truly, as one sunk in sleep: no, be sure that I have wept full many tears, gone many ways in wandering of thought. And the sole remedy which, well pondering, I could find, this I have put into act. I have sent the son of Menoeceus, Creon, mine own wife's brother, to the Pythian house of Phoebus, to learn by what deed or word I might deliver this town. And already, when the lapse of days is reckoned, it troubles me what he doth; for he tarries strangely, beyond the fitting space. But when he comes, then shall I be no true man if I do not all that the god shows.

PR.: Nay, in season hast thou spoken; at this moment these signs tell me that Creon draws near.

OE.: O king Apollo, may he come to us in the brightness of saving fortune, even as his face is bright!

PR.: Nay, to all seeming, he brings comfort; else would he not be coming crowned thus thickly with berry-laden bay.

OE.: We shall know soon: he is at range to hear. — [*Enter* CREON.] Prince, my kinsman, son of Menoeceus, what news hast thou brought us from the god?

CR.: Good news: I tell thee that even troubles hard to bear, — if haply they find the right issue, — will end in perfect peace.

OE.: But what is the oracle? So far, thy words make me neither bold nor yet afraid.

CR.: If thou wouldest hear while these are nigh, I am ready to speak, or else to go within.

OE.: Speak before all: the sorrow which I bear is for these more than for mine own life.

CR.: With thy leave, I will tell what I heard from the god. Phoebus our lord bids us plainly to drive out a defiling thing, which (he

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98–146]

saith) hath been harboured in this land, and not to harbour it, so that it cannot be healed.

OE.: By what rite shall we cleanse us? What is the manner of the misfortune?

CR.: By banishing a man, or by bloodshed in quittance of bloodshed, since it is that blood which brings the tempest on our city.

OE.: And who is the man whose fate he thus reveals?

CR.: Laius, king, was lord of our land before thou wast pilot of this State.

OE.: I know it well — by hearsay, for I saw him never.

CR.: He was slain; and the god now bids us plainly to wreak vengeance on his murderers — whosoever they be.

OE.: And where are they upon the earth? Where shall the dim track of this old crime be found?

CR.: In this land, — said the god. What is sought for can be caught; only that which is not watched escapes.

OE.: And was it in the house, or in the field, or on strange soil that Laius met this bloody end?

CR.: 'Twas on a visit to Delphi, as he said, that he had left our land; and he came home no more, after he had once set forth.

OE.: And was there none to tell? Was there no comrade of his journey who saw the deed, from whom tidings might have been gained, and used?

CR.: All perished, save one who fled in fear, and could tell for certain but one thing of all that he saw.

OE.: And what was that? One thing might show the clue to many, could we get but a small beginning for hope.

CR.: He said that robbers met and fell on them, not in one man's might, but with full many hands.

OE.: How, then, unless there was some trafficking in bribes from here, should the robber have dared thus far?

CR.: Such things were surmised; but, Laius once slain, amid our troubles no avenger arose.

OE.: But, when royalty had fallen thus, what trouble in your path can have hindered a full search?

CR.: The riddling Sphinx had made us let dark things go, and was inviting us to think of what lay at our doors.

OE.: Nay, I will start afresh, and once more make dark things plain. Right worthily hath Phoebus, and worthily hast thou, bestowed this care on the cause of the dead; and so, as is meet, ye shall find me too leagued with you in seeking vengeance for this land, and for the god besides. On behalf of no far-off friend, no, but in mine own cause, shall I dispel this taint. For whoever was the slayer of Laius might wish to take vengeance on me also with a hand as fierce. Therefore, in doing right to Laius, I serve myself.

Come, haste ye, my children, rise from the altar-steps, and lift these suppliant boughs; and let some other summon hither the folk of Cadmus, warned that I mean to leave nought untried; for our health (with the god's help) shall be made certain — or our ruin.

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PR.: My children, let us rise; we came at first to seek what this m
promises of himself. And may Phoebus, who sent these orac
come to us therewith, our saviour and deliverer from the pest.
[*Exeunt* OEDIPUS *and* PRIEST. *Enter* CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS.]

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: O sweetly-speaking message of Zeus, in what sp
hast thou come from golden Pytho unto glorious Thebes? I a
on the rack, terror shakes my soul, O thou Delian healer to wh
wild cries rise, in holy fear of thee, what thing thou wilt work f
me, perchance unknown before, perchance renewed with the
volving years: tell me, thou immortal Voice, born of Golden Hop

antistrophe 1

First call I on thee, daughter of Zeus, divine Athena, and on t
sister, guardian of our land, Artemis, wh sits on her throne
fame, above the circle of our Agora, and on Phoebus the far-darte
O shine forth on me, my three-fold help against death! If ev
aforetime, in arrest of ruin hurrying on the city, ye drove a fie
pest beyond our borders, come now also!

strophe 2

Woe is me, countless are the sorrows that I bear; a plague is o
all our host, and thought can find no weapon for defence. Th
fruits of the glorious earth grow not; by no birth of children d
women surmount the pangs in which they shriek; and life on li
mayest thou see sped, like bird on nimble wing, aye, swifter th
resistless fire, to the shore of the western god.

antistrophe 2

By such deaths, past numbering, the city perishes: unpitied, h
children lie on the ground, spreading pestilence, with none
mourn: and meanwhile young wives, and grey-haired mothe
with them, uplift a wail at the steps of the altars, some here, som
there, entreating for their weary woes. The prayer of the Hea
rings clear, and, blent therewith, the voice of lamentation: for th
things, golden daughter of Zeus, send us the bright face of comfo

strophe 3

And grant that the fierce god of death, who now with no braz
shields, yet amid cries as of battle, wraps me in the flame of h
onset, may turn his back in speedy flight from our land, borne by
fair wind to the great deep of Amphitrite, or to those waters
which none find haven, even to the Thracian wave; for if night lea
aught undone, day follows to accomplish this. O thou who wie
est the powers of the fire-fraught lightning, O Zeus our fathe
slay him beneath thy thunderbolt!

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Lycean King, fain were I that thy shafts also, from thy bent bow's string of woven gold, should go abroad in their might, our champions in the face of the foe; yea, and the flashing fires of Artemis wherewith she glances through the Lycian hills. And I call him whose locks are bound with gold, who is named with the name of this land, ruddy Bacchus to whom Bacchants cry, the comrade of the Maenads, to draw near with the blaze of his blithe torch, our ally against the god unhonoured among gods.

[OEDIPUS *enters during the closing strains of the choral song.*]

OE.: Thou prayest: and in answer to thy prayer, — if thou wilt give a loyal welcome to my words and minister to thine own disease, — thou mayest hope to find succour and relief from woes. These words will I speak publicly, as one who has been a stranger to this report, a stranger to the deed; for I should not be far on the track, if I were tracing it alone, without a clue. But as it is, — since it was only after the time of the deed that I was numbered a Theban among Thebans, — to you, the Cadmeans all, I do thus proclaim.

Whosoever of you knows by whom Laius son of Labdacus was slain, I bid him to declare all to me. And if he is afraid, I tell him to remove the danger of the charge from his path by denouncing himself; for he shall suffer nothing else unlovely, but only leave the land, unhurt. Or if any one knows an alien, from another land, as the assassin, let him not keep silence; for I will pay his guerdon, and my thanks shall rest with him besides.

But if ye keep silence — if any one, through fear, shall seek to screen friend or self from my behest — hear ye what I then shall do. I charge you that no one of this land, whereof I hold the empire and the throne, give shelter or speak word unto that murderer, whosoever he be, — make him partner of his prayer or sacrifice, or serve him with the lustral rite; but that all ban him their homes, knowing that *this* is our defiling thing, as the oracle of the Pythian god hath newly shown me. I then am on this wise the ally of the god and of the slain. And I pray solemnly that the slayer, whoso he be, whether his hidden guilt is lonely or hath partners, evilly, as he is evil, may wear out his unblest life. And for myself I pray that if, with my privity, he should become an inmate of my house, I may suffer the same things which even now I called down upon others. And on you I lay it to make all these words good, for my sake, and for the sake of the god, and for our land's, thus blasted with barrenness by angry heaven.

For even if the matter had not been urged on us by a god, it was not meet that ye should leave the guilt thus unpurged, when one so noble, and he your king, had perished; rather were ye bound to search it out. And now, since 'tis I who hold the powers which once he held, who possess his bed and the wife who bare seed to him; and since, had his hope of issue not been frustrate, children born of one mother would have made ties betwixt him and me —

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but, as it was, fate swooped upon his head; by reason of these th
will I uphold this cause, even as the cause of mine own sire,
will leave nought untried in seeking to find him whose hand
that blood, for the honour of the son of Labdacus and of Poly
and elder Cadmus and Agenor who was of old.

And for those who obey me not, I pray that the gods send
neither harvest of the earth nor fruit of the womb, but that
be wasted by their lot that now is, or by one yet more dire.
for all you, the loyal folk of Cadmus to whom these things
good, may Justice, our ally, and all the gods be with you gracio
for ever.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS: As thou hast put me on my oath, o
oath, O king, I will speak. I am not the slayer, nor can I po
him who slew. As for the question, it was for Phoebus, who
it, to tell us this thing — who can have wrought the deed.

OE.: Justly said; but no man on the earth can force the gods to
they will not.

LE.: I would fain say what seems to me next best after this.

OE.: If there is yet a third course, spare not to show it.

LE.: I know that our lord Teiresias is the seer most like to our
Phoebus; from whom, O king, a searcher of these things m
learn them most clearly.

OE.: Not even this have I left out of my cares. On the hint of C
I have twice sent a man to bring him; and this long while I m
why he is not here.

LE.: Indeed (his skill apart) the rumours are but faint and old.

OE.: What rumours are they? I look to every story.

LE.: Certain wayfarers were said to have killed him.

OE.: I, too, have heard it, but none sees him who saw it.

LE.: Nay, if he knows what fear is, he will not stay when he h
thy curses, so dire as they are.

OE.: When a man shrinks not from a deed, neither is he scared
word.

LE.: But there is one to convict him. For here they bring at la
godlike prophet, in whom alone of men doth live the truth.

[*Enter* TEIRESIAS, *led by a boy*.]

OE.: Teiresias, whose soul grasps all things, the lore that may be
and the unspeakable, the secrets of heaven and the low thin
earth, — thou feelest, though thou canst not see, what a p
doth haunt our State, — from which, great prophet, we fl
thee our protector and only saviour. Now, Phoebus — if
thou knowest it not from the messengers — sent answer to
question that the only riddance from this pest which could
was if we should learn aright the slayers of Laius, and slay
or send them into exile from our land. Do thou, then, g
neither voice of birds nor any other way of seer-lore that thou
but rescue thyself and the State, rescue me, rescue all that is
by the dead. For we are in thy hand; and man's noblest tas
help others by his best means and powers.

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TE.: Alas, how dreadful to have wisdom where it profits not the wise! Aye, I knew this well, but let it slip out of mind; else would I never have come here.

OE.: What now? How sad thou hast come in!

TE.: Let me go home; most easily wilt thou bear thine own burden to the end, and I mine, if thou wilt consent.

OE.: Thy words are strange, nor kindly to this State which nurtured thee, when thou withholdest this response.

TE.: Nay, I see that thou, on thy part, openest not thy lips in season: therefore I speak not, that neither may I have thy mishap.

OE.: For the love of the gods, turn not away, if thou hast knowledge: all we suppliants implore thee on our knees.

TE.: Aye, for ye are all without knowledge; but never will I reveal my griefs — that I say not thine.

OE.: How sayest thou? Thou knowest the secret, and wilt not tell it, but art minded to betray us and to destroy the State?

TE.: I will pain neither myself nor thee. Why vainly ask these things? Thou wilt not learn them from me.

OE.: What, basest of the base, — for thou wouldest anger a very stone, — wilt thou never speak out? Can nothing touch thee? Wilt thou never make an end?

TE.: Thou blamest my temper, but seest not that to which thou thyself art wedded: no, thou findest fault with me.

OE.: And who would not be angry to hear the words with which thou now dost slight this city?

TE.: The future will come of itself, though I shroud it in silence.

OE.: Then, seeing that it must come, thou on thy part shouldst tell me thereof.

TE.: I will speak no further; rage, then, if thou wilt, with the fiercest wrath thy heart doth know.

OE.: Aye, verily, I will not spare — so wroth I am — to speak all my thought. Know that thou seemest to me e'en to have helped in plotting the deed, and to have done it, short of slaying with thy hands. Hadst thou eyesight, I would have said that the doing, also, of this thing was thine alone.

TE.: In sooth? — I charge thee that thou abide by the decree of thine own mouth, and from this day speak neither to these nor to me: *thou* art the accursed defiler of this land.

OE.: So brazen with thy blustering taunt? And wherein dost thou trust to escape thy due?

TE.: I have escaped: in my truth is my strength.

OE.: Who taught thee this? It was not, at least, thine art.

TE.: Thou: for thou didst spur me into speech against my will.

OE.: What speech? Speak again that I may learn it better.

TE.: Didst thou not take my sense before? Or art thou tempting me in talk?

OE.: No, I took it not so that I can call it known: — speak again.

TE.: I say that thou art the slayer of the man whose slayer thou seekest.

OE.: Now thou shalt rue that thou hast twice said words so dire.

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TE.: Wouldst thou have me say more, that thou mayest be wroth?

OE.: What thou wilt; it will be said in vain.

TE.: I say that thou hast been living in unguessed shame with nearest kin, and seest not to what woe thou hast come.

OE.: Dost thou indeed think that thou shalt always speak thus out smarting?

TE.: Yes, if there is any strength in truth.

OE.: Nay, there is, — for all save thee; for thee that strength is since thou art maimed in ear, and in wit, and in eye.

TE.: Aye, and thou art a poor wretch to utter taunts which every here will soon hurl at thee.

OE.: Night, endless night hath thee in her keeping, so that thou never hurt me, or any man who sees the sun.

TE.: No, thy doom is not to fall by *me*: Apollo is enough, whose it is to work that out.

OE.: Are these Creon's devices, or thine?

TE.: Nay, Creon is no plague to thee; thou art thine own.

OE.: O wealth, and empire, and skill surpassing skill in life's rivalries, how great is the envy that cleaves to you, if for the yea, of this power which the city hath put into my hands, a unsought, Creon the trusty, Creon mine old friend, hath crep me by stealth, yearning to thrust me out of it, and hath sub such a scheming juggler as this, a tricky quack, who hath eyes for his gains, but in his art is blind!

Come, now, tell me, where hast thou proved thyself a s Why, when the Watcher was here who wove dark song, didst say nothing that could free this folk? Yet the riddle, at least, not for the first comer to read; there was need of a seer's skill; none such thou wast found to have, either by help of birds, known from any god: no, I came, I, Oedipus the ignorant made her mute, when I had seized the answer by my wit, unt of birds. And it is I whom thou art trying to oust, thinking to close to Creon's throne. Methinks thou and the plotter of things will rue your zeal to purge the land. Nay, didst thou seem to be an old man, thou shouldst have learned to thy cost bold thou art.

LE.: To our thinking, both this man's words and thine, Oedipus been said in anger. Not for such words is our need, but to seek we shall best discharge the mandates of the god.

TE.: King though thou art, the right of reply, at least, must be de the same for both; of that I too am lord. Not to thee do I servant, but to Loxias; and so I shall not stand enrolled Creon for my patron. And I tell thee — since thou hast ta me even with blindness — that thou hast sight, yet seest what misery thou art, nor where thou dwellest, nor with w Dost thou know of what stock thou art? And thou hast be unwitting foe to thine own kin, in the shades, and on the above; and the double lash of thy mother's and thy father's

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shall one day drive thee from this land in dreadful haste, with darkness then on the eyes that now see true.

And what place shall not be harbour to thy shriek, what of all Cithaeron shall not ring with it soon, when thou hast learnt the meaning of the nuptials in which, within that house, thou didst find a fatal haven, after a voyage so fair? And a throng of other ills thou guessest not, which shall make thee level with thy true self and with thine own brood.

Therefore heap thy scorns on Creon and on my message: for no one among men shall ever be crushed more miserably than thou.

OE.: Are these taunts to be indeed borne from *him*? — Hence, ruin take thee! Hence, this instant! Back! — away! — avaunt thee from these doors!

TE.: I had never come, not I, hadst thou not called me.

OE.: I knew not that thou wast about to speak folly, or it had been long ere I had sent for thee to my house.

TE.: Such am I, — as thou thinkest, a fool; but for the parents who begat thee, sane.

OE.: What parents? Stay . . . and who of men is my sire?

TE.: This day shall show thy birth and shall bring thy ruin.

OE.: What riddles, what dark words thou always speakest!

TE.: Nay, art not thou most skilled to unravel dark speech?

OE.: Make that my reproach in which thou shalt find me great.

TE.: Yet 'twas just that fortune that undid thee.

OE.: Nay, if I delivered this town, I care not.

TE.: Then I will go: so do thou, boy, take me hence.

OE.: Aye, let him take thee: while here, thou art a hindrance, thou, a trouble: when thou hast vanished, thou wilt not vex me more.

TE.: I will go when I have done mine errand, fearless of thy frown: for thou canst never destroy me. And I tell thee — the man of whom thou hast this long while been in quest, uttering threats, and proclaiming a search into the murder of Laius — that man is here, — in seeming, an alien sojourner, but anon he shall be found a native Theban, and shall not be glad of his fortune. A blind man, he who now hath sight, a beggar, who now is rich, he shall make his way to a strange land, feeling the ground before him with his staff. And he shall be found at once brother and father of the children with whom he consorts; son and husband of the woman who bore him; heir to his father's bed, shedder of his father's blood.

So go thou in and think on that; and if thou find that I have been at fault, say thenceforth that I have no wit in prophecy.

[TEIRESIAS *is led out by the boy.* OEDIPUS *enters the palace.*]

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: Who is he of whom the divine voice from the Delphian rock hath spoken, as having wrought with red hands horrors that no tongue can tell?

It is time that he ply in flight a foot stronger than the feet of storm-swift steeds: for the son of Zeus is springing on him, all

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armed with fiery lightnings, and with him come the dread erring Fates.

antistrophe

Yea, newly given from snowy Parnassus, the message hath fl forth to make all search for the unknown man. Into the wood's covert, among caves and rocks he is roaming, fierce bull, wretched and forlorn on his joyless path, still seeking t from him the doom spoken at Earth's central shrine: but that ever lives, ever flits around him.

strophe

Dreadly, in sooth, dreadly doth the wise augur move me approve not, nor am able to deny. How to speak, I know n am fluttered with forebodings; neither in the present have I vision, nor of the future. Never in past days, nor in these, b heard how the house of Labdacus or the son of Polybus had, e against other, any grief that I could bring as proof in assailing public fame of Oedipus, and seeking to avenge the line of Lab for the undiscovered murder.

antistrophe

Nay, Zeus indeed and Apollo are keen of thought, and k the things of earth; but that mortal seer wins knowledge o mine, of this there can be no sure test; though man may s man in lore. Yet, until I see the word made good, never will sent when men blame Oedipus. Before all eyes, the winged m came against him of old, and he was seen to be wise; he bo test, in welcome service to our State; never, therefore, by the v of my heart shall he be adjudged guilty of crime.

[*Enter* CREON]

CR.: Fellow-citizens, having learned that Oedipus the king lays charges against me, I am here, indignant. If, in the present bles, he thinks that he has suffered from *me*, by word or deed, that tends to harm, in truth I crave not my full term of years, I must bear such blame as this. The wrong of this rumour to me not in one point alone, but has the largest scope, if I am called a traitor in the city, a traitor too by thee and by my fr

LE.: Nay, but this taunt came under stress, perchance, of anger, than from the purpose of the heart.

CR.: And the saying was uttered, that *my* counsels won the s utter his falsehoods?

LE.: Such things were said — I know not with what meaning.

CR.: And was this charge laid against me with steady eyes and s mind?

LE.: I know not; I see not what my masters do: but here come lord forth from the house.

[*Enter* OEDIPUS]

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[532–581]

OE.: Sirrah, how camest thou here? Hast thou a front so bold that thou hast come to my house, who art the proved assassin of its master, — the palpable robber of my crown? Come, tell me, in the name of the gods, was it cowardice or folly that thou sawest in me, that thou didst plot to do this thing? Didst thou think that I would not note this deed of thine creeping on me by stealth, or, aware, would not ward it off? Now is not thine attempt foolish, — to seek, without followers or friends, a throne, — a prize which followers and wealth must win?

CR.: Mark me now, — in answer to thy words, hear a fair reply, and then judge for thyself on knowledge.

OE.: Thou art apt in speech, but I have a poor wit for thy lessons, since I have found thee my malignant foe.

CR.: Now first hear how I will explain this very thing —

OE.: Explain me not one thing — that thou art not false.

CR.: If thou deemest that stubbornness without sense is a good gift, thou art not wise.

OE.: If thou deemest that thou canst wrong a kinsman and escape the penalty, thou art not sane.

CR.: Justly said, I grant thee: but tell me what is the wrong that thou sayest thou hast suffered from me.

OE.: Didst thou advise, or didst thou not, that I should send for that reverend seer?

CR.: And now I am still of the same mind.

OE.: How long is it, then, since Laius —

CR.: Since Laius . . . ? I take not thy drift . . .

OE.: — was swept from men's sight by a deadly violence?

CR.: The count of years would run far into the past.

OE.: Was this seer, then, of the craft in those days?

CR.: Yea, skilled as now, and in equal honour.

OE.: Made he, then, any mention of me at that time?

CR.: Never, certainly, when I was within hearing.

OE.: But held ye not a search touching the murder?

CR.: Due search we held, of course — and learned nothing.

OE.: And how was it that this sage did not tell his story *then*?

CR.: I know not; where I lack light, 'tis my wont to be silent.

OE.: Thus much, at least, thou knowest, and couldst declare with light enough.

CR.: What is that? If I know it, I will not deny.

OE.: That, if he had not conferred with thee, he would never have named *my* slaying of Laius.

CR.: If so he speaks, thou best knowest; but I claim to learn from thee as much as thou hast now from me.

OE.: Learn thy fill: I shall never be found guilty of the blood.

CR.: Say, then — thou hast married my sister?

OE.: The question allows not of denial.

CR.: And thou rulest the land as she doth, with like sway?

OE.: She obtains from me all her desire.

CR.: And rank not I as a third peer of you twain?

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OE.: Aye, 'tis just therein that thou art seen a false friend.

CR.: Not so, if thou wouldst reason with thine own heart as I mine. And first weigh this, — whether thou thinkest that any would choose to rule amid terrors rather than in unruffled pea granting that he is to have the same powers. Now I, for one, no yearning in my nature to be a king rather than to do k deeds, no, nor hath any man who knows how to keep a mind. For now I win all boons from thee without fear; were I ruler myself, I should be doing much e'en against own pleasure.

How, then, could royalty be sweeter for me to have than pa rule and influence? Not yet am I so misguided as to desire honours than those which profit. Now, all wish me joy; every man has a greeting for me; now, those who have a s thee crave speech with me, since therein is all their hope of su Then why should I resign these things, and take those? No will become false, while it is wise. Nay, I am no lover of policy, and, if another put it into deed, never could I bear t with him.

And, in proof of this, first, go to Pytho, and ask if I brought true word of the oracle; then next, if thou find that I have pla aught in concert with the soothsayer, take and slay me, by sentence not of one mouth, but of twain — by mine own, no than thine. But make me not guilty in a corner, on unproved mise. It is not right to adjuge bad men good at random, or men bad. I count it a like thing for a man to cast off a true f as to cast away the life in his own bosom, which most he l Nay, thou wilt learn these things with sureness in time, for alone shows a just man; but thou couldst discern a knave eve one day.

LE.: Well hath he spoken, O king, for one who giveth heed fall: the quick in counsel are not sure.

OE.: When the stealthy plotter is moving on me in quick sort, I must be quick with my counterplot. If I await him in repose ends will have been gained, and mine missed.

CR.: What wouldst thou, then? Cast me out of the land?

OE.: Not so: I desire thy death — not thy banishment — that mayest show forth what manner of thing is envy.

CR.: Thou speakest as resolved not to yield or to believe?

OE.: No; for thou persuadest me not that thou art worthy of b

CR.: No, for I find thee not sane.

OE.: Sane, at least, in mine own interest.

CR.: Nay, thou shouldst be so in mine also.

OE.: Nay, thou art false.

CR.: But if thou understandest nought?

OE.: Yet must I rule.

CR.: Not if thou rule ill.

OE.: Hear him, O Thebes!

CR.: Thebes is for me also — not for thee alone.

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631–675]

[JOCASTA *enters from the palace.*]

LE.: Cease, princes; and in good time for you I see Jocasta coming yonder from the house, with whose help ye should compose your present feud.

JO.: Misguided men, why have ye raised such foolish strife of tongues? Are ye not ashamed, while the land is thus sick, to stir up troubles of your own? Come, go thou into the house, — and thou, Creon, to thy home, — and forbear to make much of a petty grief.

CR.: Kinswoman, Oedipus thy lord claims to do dread things unto me, even one or other of two ills, — to thrust me from the land of my fathers, or to slay me amain.

OE.: Yea; for I have caught him, lady, working evil, by ill arts, against my person.

CR.: Now may I see no good, but perish accursed, if I have done aught to thee of that wherewith thou chargest me!

JO.: O, for the gods' love, believe it, Oedipus — first, for the awful sake of this oath unto the gods, — then for my sake and for theirs who stand before thee!

[*The following lines between the* CHORUS *and* OEDIPUS *and between the* CHORUS, JOCASTA, *and* OEDIPUS *are chanted responsively.*]

strophe 1

CH.: Consent, reflect, hearken, O my king, I pray thee!

OE.: What grace, then wouldest thou have me grant thee?

CH.: Respect him who aforetime was not foolish, and who now is strong in his oath.

OE.: Now dost thou know what thou cravest?

CH.: Yea.

OE.: Declare, then, what thou meanest.

CH.: That thou shouldest never use an unproved rumour to cast a dishonouring charge on the friend who has bound himself with a curse.

OE.: Then be very sure that, when thou seekest this, for me thou art seeking destruction, or exile from this land.

strophe 2

CH.: No, by him who stands in the front of all the heavenly host, no, by the Sun! Unblest, unfriended, may I die by the uttermost doom, if I have that thought! But my unhappy soul is worn by the withering of the land, and again by the thought that our old sorrows should be crowned by sorrows springing from you twain.

OE.: Then let him go, though I am surely doomed to death, or to be thrust dishonoured from the land. Thy lips, not his, move my compassion by their plaint; but he, where'er he be, shall be hated.

CR.: Sullen in yielding art thou seen, even as vehement in the excesses of thy wrath; but such natures are justly sorest for themselves to bear.

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OE.: Then wilt thou not leave me in peace, and get thee gone?
CR.: I will go my way; I have found thee undiscerning, but in sight of these I am just.
[*Exit* CREON]

antistrophe

CH.: Lady, why dost thou delay to take yon man into the house?
JO.: I will do so, when I have learned what hath chanced.
CH.: Blind suspicion, bred of talk, arose; and, on the other part, justice wounds.
JO.: It was on both sides?
CH.: Aye.
JO.: And what was the story?
CH.: Enough, methinks, enough — when our land is already vex — that the matter should rest where it ceased.
OE.: Seest thou to what thou hast come, for all thy honest purpose in seeking to slack and blunt my zeal?

antistrophe

CH.: King, I have said it not once alone — be sure that I should have been shown a madman, bankrupt in sane counsel, if I put aside away — thee, who gavest a true course to my beloved country when distraught by troubles — thee, who now also art like to prove a prospering guide.

JO.: In the name of the gods, tell me also, O king, on what account thou hast conceived this steadfast wrath.
OE.: That will I; for I honour thee, lady, above yonder men:— cause is Creon, and the plots that he hath laid against me.
JO.: Speak on — if thou canst tell clearly how the feud began.
OE.: He says that I stand guilty of the blood of Laius.
JO.: As on his own knowledge? Or on hearsay from another?
OE.: Nay, he hath made a rascal seer his mouthpiece; as for himself he keeps his lips wholly pure.
JO.: Then absolve thyself of the things whereof thou speak hearken to me, and learn for thy comfort that nought of mortal birth is a sharer in the science of the seer. I will give thee a proof of that.

An oracle came to Laius once — I will not say from Phoebus himself, but from his ministers — that the doom should overtake him to die by the hand of his child, who should spring from him and me.

Now Laius, — as, at least, the rumour saith, — was murdered one day by foreign robbers at a place where three highways meet. And the child's birth was not three days past, when Laius pinned its ankles together, and had it thrown, by others' hands, on a pathless mountain.

So, in that case, Apollo brought it not to pass that the babe should become the slayer of his sire, or that Laius should die — the dread

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thing which he feared — by his child's hand. Thus did the messages of seer-craft map out the future. Regard them, thou, not at all. Whatsoever needful things the god seeks, he himself will easily bring to light.

OE.: What restlessness of soul, lady, what tumult of the mind hath just come upon me since I heard thee speak!

JO.: What anxiety hath startled thee, that thou sayest this?

OE.: Methought I heard this from thee, — that Laius was slain where three highways meet.

JO.: Yea, that was the story; nor hath it ceased yet.

OE.: And where is the place where this befell?

JO.: The land is called Phocis; and branching roads lead to the same spot from Delphi and from Daulia.

OE.: And what is the time that hath passed since these things were?

JO.: The news was published to the town shortly before thou wast first seen in power over this land.

OE.: O Zeus, what hast thou decreed to do unto me?

JO.: And wherefore, Oedipus, doth this thing weigh upon thy soul?

OE.: Ask me not yet; but say what was the stature of Laius, and how ripe his manhood.

JO.: He was tall, — the silver just lightly strewn among his hair; and his form was not greatly unlike to thine.

OE.: Unhappy that I am! Methinks I have been laying myself even now under a dread curse, and knew it not.

JO.: How sayest thou? I tremble when I look on thee, my king.

OE.: Dread misgivings have I that the seer can see. But thou wilt show better if thou wilt tell me one thing more.

JO.: Indeed — though I tremble — I will answer all thou askest, when I hear it.

OE.: Went he in small force, or with many armed followers, like a chieftain?

JO.: Five they were in all, — a herald one of them; and there was one carriage, which bore Laius.

OE.: Alas! 'Tis now clear indeed. — Who was he who gave you these tidings, lady?

JO.: A servant — the sole survivor who came home.

OE.: Is he haply at hand in the house now?

JO.: No, truly; so soon as he came thence, and found thee reigning in the stead of Laius, he supplicated me, with hand laid on mine, that I would send him to the fields, to the pastures of the flocks, that he might be far from the sight of this town. And I sent him; he was worthy, for a slave, to win e'en a larger boon than that.

OE.: Would, then, that he could return to us without delay!

JO.: It is easy: but wherefore dost thou enjoin this?

OE.: I fear, lady, that mine own lips have been unguarded; and therefore am I fain to behold him.

JO.: Nay, he shall come. But I too, methinks, have a claim to learn what lies heavy on thy heart, my king.

OE.: Yea, and it shall not be kept from thee, now that my forebodings

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have advanced so far. Who, indeed, is more to me than th whom I should speak in passing through such a fortune as this?

My father was Polybus of Corinth, — my mother, the D Merope; and I was held the first of all the folk in that town, a chance befell me, worthy, indeed, of wonder, though not wo of mine own heat concerning it. At a banquet, a man full of cast it at me in his cups that I was not the true son of my sire. I, vexed, restrained myself for that day as best I might; but on next I went to my mother and father, and questioned them; they were wroth for the taunt with him who had let that word So on their part I had comfort; yet was this thing ever rank in my heart; for it still crept abroad with strong rumour. unknown to mother or father, I went to Delphi; and Phoe sent me forth disappointed of that knowledge for which I ca but in his response set forth other things, full of sorrow and te and woe; even that I was fated to defile my mother's bed; and I should show unto men a brood which they could not endure behold; and that I should be the slayer of the sire who begat me

And I, when I had listened to this, turned to flight from the of Corinth, thenceforth wotting of its region by the stars alone some spot where I should never see fulfilment of the infamies told in mine evil doom. And on my way I came to the region which thou sayest that this prince perished. Now, lady, I will thee the truth. When in my journey I was near to those th roads, there met me a herald, and a man seated in a carriage dr by colts, as thou hast described; and he who was in front, and old man himself, were for thrusting me rudely from the p Then, in anger, I struck him who pushed me aside — the dri and the old man, seeing it, watched the moment when I was p ing, and, from the carriage, brought his goad with two teeth d full upon my head. Yet was he paid with interest; by one s blow from the staff in this hand he was rolled right out of the riage, on his back; and I slew every man of them.

But if this stranger had any tie of kinship with Laius, who is more wretched than the man before thee? What mortal co prove more hated of heaven? Whom no stranger, no citize allowed to receive in his house; whom it is unlawful that any accost; whom all must repel from their homes! And this — curse — was laid on me by no mouth but mine own! And I p lute the bed of the slain man with the hands by which he perish Say, am I vile? Oh, am I not utterly unclean? — seeing th must be banished, and in banishment see not mine own people, set foot in mine own land, or else be joined in wedlock to mother, and slay my sire, even Polybus, who begat and reared m

Then would not he speak aright of Oedipus, who judged th things sent by some cruel power above man? Forbid, forbid pure and awful gods, that I should see that day! No, may swept from among men, ere I behold myself visited with the b of such a doom!

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834–891]

LE.: To us, indeed, these things, O king, are fraught with fear; yet have hope, until at least thou hast gained full knowledge from him who saw the deed.

OE.: Hope, in truth, rests with me thus far alone; I can await the man summoned from the pastures.

JO.: And when he has appeared — what wouldst thou have of him?

OE.: I will tell thee. If his story be found to tally with thine, I, at least, shall stand clear of disaster.

JO.: And what of special note didst thou hear from me?

OE.: Thou wast saying that he spoke of Laius as slain by robbers. If, then, he still speaks, as before, of several, I was not the slayer: a solitary man could not be held the same with that band. But if he names one lonely wayfarer, then beyond doubt this guilt leans to me.

JO.: Nay, be assured that thus, at least, the tale was first told; he cannot revoke that, for the city heard it, not I alone. But even if he should diverge somewhat from his former story, never, king, can he show that the murder of Laius, at least, is truly square to prophecy; of whom Loxias plainly said that he must die by the hand of my child. Howbeit that poor innocent never slew him, but perished first itself. So henceforth, for what touches divination, I would not look to my right hand or my left.

OE.: Thou judgest well. But nevertheless send some one to fetch the peasant, and neglect not this matter.

JO.: I will send without delay. But let us come into the house: nothing will I do save at thy good pleasure.

[OEDIPUS *and* JOCASTA *go into the palace.*]

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: May destiny still find me winning the praise of reverent purity in all words and deeds sanctioned by those laws of range sublime, called into life throughout the high clear heaven, whose father is Olympus alone; their parent was no race of mortal men, no, nor shall oblivion ever lay them to sleep; the god is mighty in them, and he grows not old.

antistrophe 1

Insolence breeds the tyrant; Insolence, once vainly surfeited on wealth that is not meet nor good for it, when it hath scaled the topmost ramparts, is hurled to a dire doom, wherein no service of the feet can serve. But I pray that the god never quell such rivalry as benefits the State; the god will I ever hold for our protector.

strophe 2

But if any man walks haughtily in deed or word, with no fear of Justice, no reverence for the images of gods, may an evil doom seize him for his ill-starred pride, if he will not win his vantage fairly, nor keep him from unholy deeds, but must lay profaning hands on sanctities.

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Where such things are, what mortal shall boast any more
he can ward the arrows of the gods from his life? Nay, if
deeds are in honour, wherefore should we join in the sacred da

antistrophe

No more will I go reverently to earth's central and inv
shrine, no more to Abae's temple or Olympia, if these oracles f
the issue, so that all men shall point at them with the finger.
king, — if thou art rightly called, — Zeus all-ruling, may
escape thee and thine ever-deathless power!

The old prophecies concerning Laius are fading; already
are setting them at nought, and nowhere is Apollo glorified
honours; the worship of the gods is perishing.

[JOCASTA *comes forth, bearing a branch, wreathed with festoo*
wool, which, as a suppliant, she is about to lay on the altar o
household god, Lycean Apollo, in front of the palace.]

JO.: Princes of the land, the thought has come to me to visi
shrines of the gods, with this wreathed branch in my hands
these gifts of incense. For Oedipus excites his soul overmuch
all manner of alarms, nor, like a man of sense, judges the
things by the old, but is at the will of the speaker, if he s
terrors.

Since, then, by counsel I can do no good, to thee, Lycean A
for thou art nearest, I have come, a suppliant with these sy
of prayer, that thou mayest find us some riddance from un
ness. For now we are all afraid, seeing *him* affrighted, even as
who see fear in the helmsman of their ship.

[*While* JOCASTA *is offering her prayers to the god, a* MESSENGER
dently a stranger, enters and addresses the Elders of the CHO

ME.: Might I learn from you, strangers, where is the house o
king Oedipus? Or, better still, tell me where he himself is
ye know.

LE.: This is his dwelling, and he himself, stranger, is within; and
lady is the mother of his children.

ME.: Then may she be ever happy in a happy home, since she
heaven-blest queen.

JO.: Happiness to thee also, stranger! 'tis the due of thy fair
ing. — But say what thou hast come to seek or to tell.

ME.: Good tidings, lady, for thy house and for thy husband.

JO.: What are they? And from whom hast thou come?

ME.: From Corinth: and at the message which I will speak anon
wilt rejoice — doubtless; yet haply grieve.

JO.: And what is it? How hath it thus a double potency?

ME.: The people will make him king of the Isthmian land, as
said there.

JO.: How then? Is the aged Polybus no more in power?

ME.: No, verily: for death holds him in the tomb.

JO.: How sayest thou? Is Polybus dead, old man?

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944–995]

ME.: If I speak not the truth, I am content to die.

JO.: O handmaid, away with all speed, and tell this to thy master! O ye oracles of the gods, where stand ye now! This is the man whom Oedipus long feared and shunned, lest he should slay him; and now this man hath died in the course of destiny, not by his hand.

[OEDIPUS *enters from the palace.*]

OE.: Jocasta, dearest wife, why hast thou summoned me forth from these doors?

JO.: Hear this man, and judge, as thou listenest, to what the awful oracles of the gods have come.

OE.: And he — who may he be, and what news hath he for me?

JO.: He is from Corinth, to tell that thy father Polybus lives no longer, but hath perished.

OE.: How, stranger? Let me have it from thine own mouth.

ME.: If I must first make these tidings plain, know indeed that he is dead and gone.

OE.: By treachery, or by visit of disease?

ME.: A light thing in the scale brings the aged to their rest.

OE.: Ah, he died, it seems, of sickness?

ME.: Yea, and of the long years that he had told.

OE.: Alas, alas! Why, indeed, my wife, should one look to the hearth of the Pythian seer, or to the birds that scream above our heads, on whose showing I was doomed to slay my sire? But he is dead, and hid already beneath the earth; and here am I, who have not put hand to spear. — Unless, perchance, he was killed by longing for me: thus, indeed, I should be the cause of his death. But the oracles as they stand, at least, Polybus hath swept with him to his rest in Hades: they are worth nought.

JO.: Nay, did I not so foretell to thee long since?

OE.: Thou didst: but I was misled by my fear.

JO.: Now no more lay aught of those things to heart.

OE.: But surely I must needs fear my mother's bed?

JO.: Nay, what should mortal fear, for whom the decrees of Fortune are supreme, and who hath clear foresight of nothing? 'Tis best to live at random, as one may. But fear not thou touching wedlock with thy mother. Many men ere now have so fared in dreams also: but he to whom these things are as nought bears his life most easily.

OE.: All these bold words of thine would have been well, were not my mother living; but as it is, since she lives, I must needs fear — though thou sayest well.

JO.: Howbeit thy father's death is a great sign to cheer us.

OE.: Great, I know; but my fear is of her who lives.

ME.: And who is the woman about whom ye fear?

OE.: Merope, old man, the consort of Polybus.

ME.: And what is it in her that moves your fear?

OE.: A heaven-sent oracle of dread import, stranger.

ME.: Lawful, or unlawful, for another to know?

OE.: Lawful, surely. Loxias once said that I was doomed to espouse

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mine own mother, and to shed with mine own hands my fa
blood. Wherefore my home in Corinth was long kept by me
with happy event, indeed, — yet still 'tis sweet to see the fa
parents.

ME.: Was it indeed for fear of this that thou wast an exile from
city?

OE.: And because I wished not, old man, to be the slayer of my

ME.: Then why have I not freed thee, king, from this fear, se
that I came with friendly purpose?

OE.: Indeed thou shouldst have guerdon due from me.

ME.: Indeed 'twas chiefly for this that I came — that, on thy re
home, I might reap some good.

OE.: Nay, I will never go near my parents.

ME.: Ah my son, 'tis plain enough that thou knowest not what
doest.

OE.: How, old man? For the gods' love, tell me.

ME.: If for these reasons thou shrinkest from going home.

OE.: Aye, I dread lest Phoebus prove himself true for me.

ME.: Thou dreadest to be stained with guilt through thy parents?

OE.: Even so, old man — this it is that ever affrights me.

ME.: Dost thou know, then, that thy fears are wholly vain?

OE.: How so, if I was born of those parents?

ME.: Because Polybus was nothing to thee in blood.

OE.: What sayest thou? Was Polybus not my sire?

ME.: No more than he who speaks to thee, but just so much.

OE.: And how can my sire be level with him who is as nought to

ME.: Nay, he begat thee not, any more than I.

OE.: Nay, wherefore, then, called he me his son?

ME.: Know that he had received thee as a gift from my hands of

OE.: And yet he loved me so dearly, who came from another's h

ME.: Yea, his former childlessness won him thereto.

OE.: And thou — hadst thou bought me or found me by ch
when thou gavest me to him?

ME.: Found thee in Cithaeron's winding glens.

OE.: And wherefore wast thou roaming in those regions?

ME.: I was there in charge of mountain flocks.

OE.: What, thou wast a shepherd — a vagrant hireling?

ME.: But thy preserver, my son, in that hour.

OE.: And what pain was mine when thou didst take me in thine a

ME.: The ankles of thy feet might witness.

OE.: Ah me, why dost thou speak of that old trouble?

ME.: I freed thee when thou hadst thine ankles pinned together.

OE.: Aye, 'twas a dread brand of shame that I took from my cra

ME.: Such, that from that fortune thou wast called by the name w
still is thine.

OE.: Oh, for the gods' love — was the deed my mother's or fath
Speak!

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ME.: I know not; he who gave thee to me wots better of that than I.

OE.: What, thou hadst me from another? Thou didst not light on me thyself?

ME.: No: another shepherd gave thee up to me.

OE.: Who was he? Art thou in case to tell clearly?

ME.: I think he was called one of the household of Laius.

OE.: The king who ruled this country long ago?

ME.: The same: 'twas in his service that the man was a herd.

OE.: Is he still alive, that I might see him?

ME.: Nay, ye folk of the country should know best.

OE.: Is there any of you here present that knows the herd of whom he speaks — that hath seen him in the pastures or the town? Answer! The hour hath come that these things should be finally revealed.

LE.: Methinks he speaks of no other than the peasant whom thou wast already fain to see; but our lady Jocasta might best tell that.

OE.: Lady, wottest thou of him whom we lately summoned? Is it of him that this man speaks?

JO.: Why ask of whom he spoke? Regard it not . . . waste not a thought on what he said . . . 'twere idle.

OE.: It must not be that, with such clues in my grasp, I should fail to bring my birth to light.

JO.: For the gods' sake, if thou hast any care for thine own life, forbear this search! My anguish is enough.

OE.: Be of good courage; though I be found the son of servile mother, — aye, a slave by three descents, — *thou* wilt not be proved base-born.

JO.: Yet hear me, I implore thee: do not thus.

OE.: I must not hear of not discovering the whole truth.

JO.: Yet I wish thee well — I counsel thee for the best.

OE.: These best counsels, then, vex my patience.

JO.: Ill-fated one! Mayst thou never come to know who thou art!

OE.: Go, some one, fetch me the herdsman hither, — and leave yon woman to glory in her princely stock.

JO.: Alas, alas, miserable! — that word alone can I say unto thee, and no other word henceforth for ever.

[*She rushes into the palace.*]

LE.: Why hath the lady gone, Oedipus, in a transport of wild grief? I misdoubt, a storm of sorrow will break forth from this silence.

OE.: Break forth what will! Be my race never so lowly, I must crave to learn it. Yon woman, perchance, — for she is proud with more than a woman's pride — thinks shame of my base source. But I, who hold myself son of Fortune that gives good, will not be dishonoured. She is the mother from whom I spring; and the months, my kinsmen, have marked me sometimes lowly, sometimes great. Such being my lineage, never more can I prove false to it, or spare to search out the secret of my birth.

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strophe

CH. [*singing*]: If I am a seer or wise of heart, O Cithaeron, th
shalt not fail — by yon heaven, thou shalt not! — to know a
morrow's full moon that Oedipus honours thee as native to hi
his nurse, and his mother, and that thou art celebrated in our d
and song, because thou art well-pleasing to our prince. O Phoe
to whom we cry, may these things find favour in thy sight!

antistrophe

Who was it, my son, who of the race whose years are many
bore thee in wedlock with Pan, the mountain-roaming fath
Or was it a bride of Loxias that bore thee? For dear to him are
the upland pastures. Or perchance 'twas Cyllene's lord,* or
Bacchants' god, dweller on the hill-tops, that received thee, a
born joy, from one of the Nymphs of Helicon, with whom he
doth sport.

OE.: Elders, if 'tis for me to guess, who have never met with him
think I see the herdsman of whom we have long been in quest;
in his venerable age he tallies with yon stranger's years, and wi
I know those who bring him, methinks, as servants of mine
But perchance thou mayest have the advantage of me in knowled
if thou hast seen the herdsman before.

LE.: Aye, I know him, be sure; he was in the service of Laius — tru
as any man, in his shepherd's place.

[*The* HERDSMAN *is brought in.*]

OE.: I ask thee first, Corinthian stranger, is this he whom th
meanest?

ME.: This man whom thou beholdest.

OE.: Ho thou, old man — I would have thee look this way, and
swer all that I ask thee. Thou wast once in the service of Laius?

HERDSMAN: I was — a slave not bought, but reared in his house.

OE.: Employed in what labour, or what way of life?

HER.: For the best part of my life I tended flocks.

OE.: And what the regions that thou didst chiefly haunt?

HER.: Sometimes it was Cithaeron, sometimes the neighbour
ground.

OE.: Then wottest thou of having noted yon man in these parts —

HER.: Doing what? . . . What man dost thou mean? . . .

OE.: This man here — or of having ever met him before?

HER.: Not so that I could speak at once from memory.

ME.: And no wonder, master. But I will bring clear recollection
his ignorance. I am sure that he well wots of the time when
abode in the region of Cithaeron, — he with two flocks, I, his co
rade, with one, — three full half-years, from spring to Arctur
and then for the winter I used to drive my flock to mine own f
and he took his to the fold of Laius. Did aught of this happe
I tell, or did it not?

* Hermes.

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HER.: Thou speakest the truth — though 'tis long ago.
ME.: Come, tell me now — wottest thou of having given me a boy in those days, to be reared as mine own foster-son?
HER.: What now? Why dost thou ask the question?
ME.: Yonder man, my friend, is he who then was young.
HER.: Plague seize thee — be silent once for all!
OE.: Ha! chide him not, old man — thy words need chiding more than his.
HER.: And wherein, most noble master, do I offend?
OE.: In not telling of the boy concerning whom he asks.
HER.: He speaks without knowledge — he is busy to no purpose.
OE.: Thou wilt not speak with a good grace, but thou shalt on pain.
HER.: Nay, for the gods' love, misuse not an old man!
OE.: Ho, some one — pinion him this instant!
HER.: Alas, wherefore? what more wouldst thou learn?
OE.: Didst thou give this man the child of whom he asks?
HER.: I did, — and would I had perished that day!
OE.: Well, thou wilt come to that, unless thou tell the honest truth.
HER.: Nay, much more am I lost, if I speak.
OE.: The fellow is bent, methinks, on more delays . . .
HER.: No, no! — I said before that I gave it to him.
OE.: Whence hadst thou got it? In thine own house, or from another?
HER.: Mine own it was not — I had received it from a man.
OE.: From whom of the citizens here? from what home?
HER.: Forbear, for the gods' love, master, forbear to ask more!
OE.: Thou art lost if I have to question thee again.
HER.: It was a child, then, of the house of Laius.
OE.: A slave? or one born of his own race?
HER.: Ah me — I am on the dreaded brink of speech.
OE.: And I of hearing; yet must I hear.
HER.: Thou must know, then, that 'twas said to be his own child — but thy lady within could best say how these things are.
OE.: How? She gave it to thee?
HER.: Yea, O king.
OE.: For what end?
HER.: That I should make away with it.
OE.: Her own child, the wretch?
HER.: Aye, from fear of evil prophecies.
OE.: What were they?
HER.: The tale ran that he must slay his sire.
OE.: Why, then, didst thou give him up to this old man?
HER.: Through pity, master, as deeming that he would bear him away to another land, whence he himself came; but he saved him for the direst woe. For if thou art what this man saith, know that thou wast born to misery.
OE.: Oh, oh! All brought to pass — all true! Thou light, may I now look my last on thee — I who have been found accursed in

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birth, accursed in wedlock, accursed in the shedding of blood!
[*He rushes into the palace.*]

strophe

CH. [*singing*]: Alas, ye generations of men, how mere a shadow I count your life! Where, where is the mortal who wins more happiness than just the seeming, and, after the semblance, a fall away? Thine is a fate that warns me, — thine, thine, unha Oedipus — to call no earthly creature blest.

antistrophe

For he, O Zeus, sped his shaft with peerless skill, and won prize of an all-prosperous fortune; he slew the maiden w crooked talons who sang darkly; he arose for our land as a tow against death. And from that time, Oedipus, thou hast been cal our king, and hast been honoured supremely, bearing sway in gr Thebes.

strophe

But now whose story is more grievous in men's ears? Who more wretched captive to fierce plagues and troubles, with all life reversed?

Alas, renowned Oedipus! The same bounteous place of sufficed thee, as child and as sire also, that thou shouldst m thereon thy nuptial couch. Oh, how can the soil wherein father sowed, unhappy one, have suffered thee in silence so long?

antistrophe

Time the all-seeing hath found thee out in thy despite: he judg the monstrous marriage wherein begetter and begotten have been one.

Alas, thou child of Laius, would, would that I had never s thee! I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips; sooth speak, 'twas thou that gavest me new life, and through thee d ness hath fallen upon mine eyes.

[*Enter* SECOND MESSENGER *from the palace.*]

ME.: Ye who are ever most honoured in this land, what deeds sh ye hear, what deeds behold, what burden of sorrow shall be yo if, true to your race, ye still care for the house of Labdacus! Fo ween that not Ister nor Phasis could wash this house clean, so m are the ills that it shrouds, or will soon bring to light, — ills wrou not unwittingly, but of purpose. And those griefs smart m which are seen to be of our own choice.

LE.: Indeed those which we knew before fall not short of claim sore lamentation: besides them, what dost thou announce?

ME.: This is the shortest tale to tell and to hear: our royal lady Joca is dead.

LE.: Alas, hapless one! From what cause?

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ME.: By her own hand. The worst pain in what hath chanced is not for you, for yours it is not to behold. Nevertheless, so far as mine own memory serves, ye shall learn that unhappy woman's fate.

When, frantic, she had passed within the vestibule, she rushed straight towards her nuptial couch, clutching her hair with the fingers of both hands; once within the chamber, she dashed the doors together at her back; then called on the name of Laius, long since a corpse, mindful of that son, begotten long ago, by whom the sire was slain, leaving the mother to breed accursed offspring with his own.

And she bewailed the wedlock wherein, wretched, she had borne a two-fold brood, husband by husband, children by her child. And how thereafter she perished, is more than I know. For with a shriek Oedipus burst in, and suffered us not to watch her woe unto the end; on him, as he rushed around, our eyes were set. To and fro he went, asking us to give him a sword, — asking where he should find the wife who was no wife, but a mother whose womb had borne alike himself and his children. And, in his frenzy, a power above man was his guide; for 'twas none of us mortals who were nigh. And with a dread shriek, as though some one beckoned him on, he sprang at the double doors, and from their sockets forced the bending bolts, and rushed into the room.

There beheld we the woman hanging by the neck in a twisted noose of swinging cords. But he, when he saw her, with a dread, deep cry of misery, loosed the halter whereby she hung. And when the hapless woman was stretched upon the ground, then was the sequel dread to see. For he tore from her raiment the golden brooches wherewith she was decked, and lifted them, and smote full on his own eye-balls, uttering words like these: 'No more shall ye behold such horrors as I was suffering and working! long enough have ye looked on those whom ye ought never to have seen, failed in knowledge of those whom I yearned to know — henceforth ye shall be dark!'

To such dire refrain, not once alone but oft struck he his eyes with lifted hand; and at each blow the ensanguined eye-balls bedewed his beard, nor sent forth sluggish drops of gore, but all at once a dark shower of blood came down like hail.

From the deeds of twain such ills have broken forth, not on one alone, but with mingled woe for man and wife. The old happiness of their ancestral fortune was aforetime happiness indeed; but today — lamentation, ruin, death, shame, all earthly ills that can be named — all, all are theirs.

LE.: And hath the sufferer now any respite from pain?

ME.: He cries for some one to unbar the gates and show to all the Cadmeans his father's slayer, his mother's — the unholy word must not pass my lips, — as purposing to cast himself out of the land, and abide no more, to make the house accursed under his own curse. Howbeit he lacks strength, and one to guide his steps; for the anguish is more than man may bear. And he will show this

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to thee also; for lo, the bars of the gates are withdrawn, and so thou shalt behold a sight which even he who abhors it must pity.

[*The central door of the palace is now opened.* OEDIPUS *comes forth leaning on attendants; the bloody stains are still upon his face. The following lines between* OEDIPUS *and the* CHORUS *are chanted responsively.*]

CH.: O dread fate for men to see, O most dreadful of all that have met mine eyes! Unhappy one, what madness hath come on thee? Who is the unearthly foe that, with a bound of more than mortal range, hath made thine ill-starred life his prey?

Alas, alas, thou hapless one! Nay, I cannot e'en look on thee, though there is much that I would fain ask, fain learn, much that draws my wistful gaze, — with such a shuddering dost thou fill me.

OE.: Woe is me! Alas, alas, wretched that I am! Whither, whither am I borne in my misery? How is my voice swept abroad on the wings of the air? Oh my Fate, how far hast thou sprung!

CH.: To a dread place, dire in men's ears, dire in their sight.

strophe 1

OE.: O thou horror of darkness that enfoldest me, visitant unspeakable, resistless, sped by a wind too fair!

Ay me! and once again, ay me!

How is my soul pierced by the stab of these goads, and withal by the memory of sorrows!

CH.: Yea, amid woes so many a twofold pain may well be thine to mourn and to bear.

antistrophe 1

OE.: Ah, friend, thou still art steadfast in thy tendance of me, — thou still hast patience to care for the blind man! Ah me! Thy presence is not hid from me — no, dark though I am, yet know I thy voice full well.

CH.: Man of dread deeds, how couldst thou in such wise quench thy vision? What more than human power urged thee?

strophe 2

OE.: Apollo, friends, Apollo was he that brought these my woes to pass, these my sore, sore woes: but the hand that struck the eyes was none save mine, wretched that I am! Why was I to see, when sight could show me nothing sweet?

CH.: These things were even as thou sayest.

OE.: Say, friends, what can I more behold, what can I love, what greeting can touch mine ear with joy? Haste, lead me from the land, friends, lead me hence, the utterly lost, the thrice accursed, yea the mortal most abhorred of heaven!

CH.: Wretched alike for thy fortune and for thy sense thereof, would that I had never so much as known thee!

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antistrophe 2

OE.: Perish the man, whoe'er he was, that freed me in the pastures from the cruel shackle on my feet, and saved me from death, and gave me back to life, — a thankless deed! Had I died then, to my friends and to thine own soul I had not been so sore a grief.

CH.: I also would have had it thus.

OE.: So had I not come to shed my father's blood, nor been called among men the spouse of her from whom I sprang: but now am I forsaken of the gods, son of a defiled mother, successor to his bed who gave me mine own wretched being: and if there be yet a woe surpassing woes, it hath become the portion of Oedipus.

CH.: I know not how I can say that thou hast counselled well: for thou wert better dead than living and blind.

OE.: Show me not at large that these things are not best done thus: give me counsel no more. For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes I could e'en have looked on my father, when I came to the place of the dead, aye, or on my miserable mother, since against both I have sinned such sins as strangling could not punish. But deem ye that the sight of children, born as mine were born, was lovely for me to look upon? No, no, not lovely to mine eyes for ever! No, nor was this town with its towered walls, nor the sacred statues of the gods, since I, thrice wretched that I am, — I, noblest of the sons of Thebes, — have doomed myself to know these no more, by mine own command that all should thrust away the impious one, — even him whom gods have shown to be unholy — and of the race of Laius!

After bearing such a stain upon me, was I to look with steady eyes on this folk? No, verily: no, were there yet a way to choke the fount of hearing, I had not spared to make a fast prison of this wretched frame, that so I should have known nor sight nor sound; for 'tis sweet that our thought should dwell beyond the sphere of griefs.

Alas, Cithaeron, why hadst thou a shelter for me? When I was given to thee, why didst thou not slay me straightway, that so I might never have revealed my source to men? Ah, Polybus, — ah, Corinth, and thou that wast called the ancient house of my fathers, how seeming-fair was I your nurseling, and what ills were festering beneath! For now I am found evil, and of evil birth. O ye three roads, and thou secret glen, — thou coppice, and narrow way where three paths met — ye who drank from my hands that father's blood which was mine own, — remember ye, perchance, what deeds I wrought for you to see, — and then, when I came hither, what fresh deeds I went on to do?

O marriage-rites, ye gave me birth, and when ye had brought me forth, again ye bore children to your child, ye created an incestuous kinship of fathers, brothers, sons, — brides, wives, mothers, — yea, all the foulest shame that is wrought among men! Nay, but 'tis unmeet to name what 'tis unmeet to do: — haste ye, for the gods'

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love, hide me somewhere beyond the land, or slay me, or cast
into the sea, where ye shall never behold me more! Approach
deign to lay your hands on a wretched man; — hearken, fear no
my plague can rest on no mortal beside.

[*Enter* CREON]

LE.: Nay, here is Creon, in meet season for thy requests, crave th
act or counsel; for he alone is left to guard the land in thy stead

OE.: Ah me, how indeed shall I accost him? What claim to crede
can be shown on my part? For in the past I have been fou
wholly false to him.

CR.: I have not come in mockery, Oedipus, nor to reproach thee w
any bygone fault. [*To the attendants*] But ye, if ye respect the
dren of men no more, revere at least the all-nurturing flame
our lord the Sun, — spare to show thus nakedly a pollution such
this, — one which neither earth can welcome, nor the holy rain, n
the light. Nay, take him into the house as quickly as ye may; f
it best accords with piety that kinsfolk alone should see and hea
kinsman's woes.

OE.: For the gods' love — since thou hast done a gentle violence
my presage, who hast come in a spirit so noble to me, a man m
vile — grant me a boon: — for thy good I will speak, not for m
own.

CR.: And what wish art thou so fain to have of me?

OE.: Cast me out of this land with all speed, to a place where no mo
shall be found to greet me more.

CR.: This would I have done, be thou sure, but that I craved first
learn all my duty from the god.

OE.: Nay, his behest hath been set forth in full, — to let me perish,
parricide, the unholy one, that I am.

CR.: Such was the purport; yet, seeing to what a pass we have co
'tis better to learn clearly what should be done.

OE.: Will ye, then, seek a response on behalf of such a wretch as I a

CR.: Aye, for thou thyself wilt now surely put faith in the god.

OE.: Yea; and on thee lay I this charge, to thee will I make this
treaty: — give to her who is within such burial as thou thy
wouldest; for thou wilt meetly render the last rites to thine o
But for me — never let this city of my sire be condemned to h
me dwelling therein, while I live: no, suffer me to abide on
hills, where yonder is Cithaeron, famed as mine, — which
mother and sire, while they lived, set for my appointed tomb
that so I may die by their decree who sought to slay me. How
of thus much am I sure, — that neither sickness nor aught else
destroy me; for never had I been snatched from death, but in rese
for some strange doom.

Nay, let *my* fate go whither it will: but as touching my child
— I pray thee, Creon, take no care on thee for my sons; they
men, so that, be they where they may, they can never lack
means to live. But my two girls, poor hapless ones, — who n
knew my table spread apart, or lacked their father's presence,

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ever in all things shared my daily bread, — I pray thee, care for *them*; and — if thou canst — suffer me to touch them with my hands, and to indulge my grief. Grant it, prince, grant it, thou noble heart! Ah, could I but once touch them with my hands, I should think that they were with me, even as when I had sight. . .

[CREON's *attendants lead in the children* ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE.]

Ha? O ye gods, can it be my loved ones that I hear sobbing, — can Creon have taken pity on me and sent me my children — my darlings? Am I right?

CR.: Yea: 'tis of my contriving, for I knew thy joy in them of old, — the joy that now is thine.

OE.: Then blessed be thou, and, for guerdon of this errand, may heaven prove to thee a kinder guardian than it hath to me! My children, where are ye? Come hither, — hither to the hands of him whose mother was your own, the hands whose offices have wrought that your sire's once bright eyes should be such orbs as these, — his, who seeing nought, knowing nought, became your father by her from whom he sprang! For you also do I weep — behold you I cannot — when I think of the bitter life in days to come which men will make you live. To what company of the citizens will ye go, to what festival, from which ye shall not return home in tears, instead of sharing in the holiday? But when ye are now come to years ripe for marriage, who shall he be, who shall be the man, my daughters, that will hazard taking unto him such reproaches as must be baneful alike to my offspring and to yours? For what misery is wanting? Your sire slew his sire, he had seed of her who bare him, and begat you at the sources of his own being! Such are the taunts that will be cast at you; and who then will wed? The man lives not, no, it cannot be, my children, but ye must wither in barren maidenhood.

Ah, son of Menoeceus, hear me — since thou art the only father left to them, for we, their parents, are lost, both of us, — allow them not to wander poor and unwed, who are thy kinswomen, nor abase them to the level of my woes. Nay, pity them, when thou seest them at this tender age so utterly forlorn, save for thee. Signify thy promise, generous man, by the touch of thy hand! To you, my children, I would have given much counsel, were your minds mature; but now I would have this to be your prayer — that ye live where occasion suffers, and that the life which is your portion may be happier than your sire's.

CR.: Thy grief hath had large scope enough: nay, pass into the house.

OE.: I must obey, though 'tis in no wise sweet.

CR.: Yea: for it is in season that all things are good.

OE.: Knowest thou, then, on what conditions I will go?

CR.: Thou shalt name them; so shall I know them when I hear.

OE.: See that thou send me to dwell beyond this land.

CR.: Thou askest me for what the god must give.

OE.: Nay, to the gods I have become most hateful.

CR.: Then shalt thou have thy wish anon.

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OE.: So thou consentest?

CR.: 'Tis not my wont to speak idly what I do not mean.

OE.: Then 'tis time to lead me hence.

CR.: Come, then, — but let thy children go.

OE.: Nay, take not these from me!

CR.: Crave not to be master in all things: for the mastery which
didst win hath not followed thee through life.

CH. [*singing*]: Dwellers in our native Thebes, behold, this is Oed
who knew the famed riddle, and was a man most mighty; on w
fortunes what citizen did not gaze with envy? Behold into
a stormy sea of dread trouble he hath come!

Therefore, while our eyes wait to see the destined final day,
must call no one happy who is of mortal race, until he hath cro
life's border, free from pain.

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EURIPIDES

(*ca.* 484—406 B.C.)

Euripides, the youngest of the three Athenian tragedians, was born in the decade before Salamis and lived until 406 B.C.; thus he witnessed the rise to power of his native city, Athens, and her decline and eventual collapse in the Peloponnesian War. The deterioration of the great city of Athens and her imminent downfall may perhaps be reflected in the mood of increasing skepticism, doubt, and despair in some of Euripides' later plays.

Most of the details of Euripides' life which ancient tradition has preserved for us seem to derive from the ridicule of the comic poets; for example, Aristophanes never tires of making jokes about the supposed fact that his mother was a seller of vegetables; and his two marriages were generally supposed to have been unhappy, perhaps because his realistic and penetrating delineation of women in his plays had given him a reputation as a misogynist. Apart from these apocryphal stories about his private life, we know that he left Athens in 408 B.C. for the court of King Archelaus of Macedonia, where he died in 406.

Euripides wrote about ninety-two plays, but won first prize in the dramatic contests only four times. This fact suggests that he was not popular with his contemporaries, perhaps because of his bold and unorthodox views on religion and morality. Although he was constantly attacked during his lifetime by the conservative comic poets, like Aristophanes, after his death he became the most popular of the three great tragedians, and eighteen of his plays have been preserved: one satyr-play, the *Cyclops*, and seventeen tragedies: *Alcestis* (438 B.C.), *Medea* (431), *Hippolytus* (428), *Hecuba, Andromache, The Heracleidae, The Suppliants, The Trojan Women* (415), *Heracles, Iphigenia in Tauris, Ion, Electra* (413), *Helen* (412), *Orestes* (408), *The Phoenissae, The Bacchae,* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*. The last two plays were produced in Athens after the poet's death. Another tragedy, the *Rhesus*, is ascribed to Euripides, but its genuineness has frequently been doubted.

The *Hippolytus* is typical of Euripidean tragedy at its best and is dramatically well wrought. The plot is relatively simple and depends but slightly on events that have transpired prior to the opening of the play. We need only know that Theseus, the legendary king of Athens, has been living in self-imposed exile at Trozên with his young wife Phaedra. With them also dwells an illegitimate son of Theseus named Hippolytus, whom the queen of the Amazons had borne to Theseus in his youth. At the opening of the play we learn that Phaedra has conceived for Hippolytus a violent passion, which she has long struggled to conceal and to overcome. The drama grows directly from this situation, and deals

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with the problem of Phaedra's illegitimate love for her stepso conflict with the latter's unrelenting and proud chastity. In a se the tragedy studies the conflict between the two forces symbo on the divine level by Aphrodite and Artemis—passionate, se love against purity and ascetism, each of which is represented the human level by Phaedra and Hippolytus. But Euripides above the purely symbolic level through his characterization of H polytus, who is clearly a victim of *hybris,* overweening pride; bo lessly convinced of his own virtue and purity, he never cease insist on it and shows no feeling of human sympathy for the happy Phaedra. From his intense pride and unbending self-ri eousness comes the catastrophe. Yet in the closing lines of the Euripides rehabilitates the character of Hippolytus in a mov scene: the young man's eyes are opened just before he dies; longer preoccupied with his own purity, he realizes that his fa Theseus suffers a worse punishment because he must continue live.

In part, the drama is concerned with studying the meaning the Greek virtue of *sophrosyne,* moderation, self-restraint, or te perance; and at the end Hippolytus finds that it means more mere chastity. This awakening of Hippolytus, brought about pa by his own suffering and partly through Artemis, who appears the close as a *deus ex machina* and tries to comfort him in de raises the play to the level of universal tragedy.

The drama has had distinguished imitators; Seneca wrote *Phaedra,* and Racine's *Phèdre* is derived from both of these ea plays. Racine's version is well worth studying in connection w Euripides' play, since several of the French poet's innovations th into strong relief the distinctive conceptions and features of Greek tragedy.

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EURIPIDES

(*ca.* 484–406 B.C.)

HIPPOLYTUS

Translated by GILBERT MURRAY

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Characters in the Play

The Goddess Aphrodite.
The Goddess Artemis.
Theseus, *King of Athens and Trozên.*
Phaedra, *daughter of Minos, King of Crete, wife to Theseus.*
Hippolytus, *bastard son of Theseus and the Amazon Hippolytê.*
The Nurse of Phaedra.
An Old Huntsman.
A Henchman of Hippolytus.
A Chorus of Huntsmen.
A Chorus of Trozenian Women, with their Leader.
Attendants on the three Royal Persons.

"The scene is laid in Trozên. The play was first acted when E meinon was Archon, Olympiad 87, *year* 4 (B.C. 429). *Euripides first, Iophon second, Ion third."*

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HIPPOLYTUS

[*The scene represents the front of the royal castle of Trozên, the chief door being in the centre, facing the audience. Two statues are visible, that of* ARTEMIS *on the right, that of* APHRODITE *or* CYPRIS *on the left. The goddess* APHRODITE *is discovered alone.*]

APH.: Great among men, and not unnamed am I,
The Cyprian, in God's inmost halls on high.
And wheresoe'er from Pontus to the far
Red West men dwell, and see the glad day-star,
And worship Me, the pious heart I bless,
And wreck that life that lives in stubbornness.
For that there is, even in a great God's mind,
That hungereth for the praise of human kind.
So runs my word; and soon the very deed
Shall follow. For this Prince of Theseus' seed,
Hippolytus, child of that dead Amazon,
And reared by saintly Pittheus in his own
Strait ways, hath dared, alone of all Trozên,
To hold me least of spirits and most mean,
And spurns my spell and seeks no woman's kiss.
But great Apollo's sister, Artemis,
He holds of all most high, gives love and praise,
And through the wild dark woods for ever strays,
He and the Maid together, with swift hounds
To slay all angry beasts from out these bounds,
To more than mortal friendship consecrate!
I grudge it not. No grudge know I, nor hate;
Yet, seeing he hath offended, I this day
Shall smite Hippolytus. Long since my way
Was opened, nor needs now much labour more.
For once from Pittheus' castle to the shore
Of Athens came Hippolytus over-seas
Seeking the vision of the Mysteries.
And Phaedra there, his father's Queen high-born,
Saw him, and, as she saw, her heart was torn
With great love, by the working of my will.
And for his sake, long since, on Pallas' hill,
Deep in the rock, that Love no more might roam,
She built a shrine, and named it *Love-at-home*:
And the rock held it, but its face alway
Seeks Trozên o'er the seas. Then came the day
When Theseus, for the blood of kinsmen shed,
Spake doom of exile on himself, and fled,
Phaedra beside him, even to this Trozên.
And here that grievous and amazèd Queen,
Wounded and wondering, with ne'er a word,

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Wastes slowly; and her secret none hath heard
Nor dreamed.
But never thus this love shall end!
To Theseus' ear some whisper will I send,
And all be bare! And that proud Prince, my foe,
His sire shall slay with curses. Even so
Endeth that boon the great Lord of the Main
To Theseus gave, the Three Prayers not in vain.
And she, not in dishonour, yet shall die.
I would not rate this woman's pain so high
As not to pay mine haters in full fee
That vengeance that shall make all well with me.

But soft, here comes he, striding from the chase,
Our prince Hippolytus! — I will go my ways. —
And hunters at his heels: and a loud throng
Glorying Artemis with praise and song!
Little he knows that Hell's gates opened are,
And this his last look on the great Day-star!

[APHRODITE *withdraws, unseen by* HIPPOLYTUS *and a band of* HUNTSMEN, *who enter from the left, singing. They pass the Statue* APHRODITE *without notice.*]

HIP. [*singing*]: Follow, O follow me,
Singing on your ways
Her in whose hand are we,
Her whose own flock we be,
The Zeus-Child, the Heavenly;
To Artemis be praise!

HUNTSMEN [*singing*]: Hail to thee, Maiden blest,
Proudest and holiest:
God's Daughter, great in bliss,
Leto-born, Artemis!
Hail to thee, Maiden, far
Fairest of all that are,
Yea, and most high thine home,
Child of the Father's hall;
Hear, O most virginal,
Hear, O most fair of all,
In high God's golden dome.

[*The* HUNTSMEN *have gathered about the altar of* ARTEMIS. HIPPOLYTUS *now advances from them, and approaches the Statue with a wreath in his hand.*]

HIP.: To thee this wreathèd garland, from a green
And virgin meadow bear I, O my Queen,
Where never shepherd leads his grazing ewes
Nor scythe has touched. Only the river dews
Gleam, and the spring bee sings, and in the glade
Hath Solitude her mystic garden made.

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79–119]

No evil hand may cull it: only he
Whose heart hath known the heart of Purity,
Unlearned of man, and true whate'er befall.
Take therefore from pure hands this coronal,
O mistress loved, thy golden hair to twine.
For, sole of living men, this grace is mine,
To dwell with thee, and speak, and hear replies
Of voice divine, though none may see thine eyes.
Oh, keep me to the end in this same road!

[*An* OLD HUNTSMAN, *who has stood apart from the rest, here comes up to* HIPPOLYTUS.]

HUN.: My Prince — for 'Master' name I none but God —
Gave I good counsel, wouldst thou welcome it?
HIP.: Right gladly, friend; else were I poor of wit.
HUN.: Knowest thou one law, that through the world has won?
HIP.: What wouldst thou? And how runs thy law? Say on.
HUN.: It hates that Pride that speaks not all men fair!
HIP.: And rightly. Pride breeds hatred everywhere.
HUN.: And good words love, and grace in all men's sight?
HIP.: Aye, and much gain withal, for trouble slight.
HUN.: How deem'st thou of the Gods? Are they the same?
HIP.: Surely: we are but fashioned on their frame.
HUN.: Why then wilt thou be proud, and worship not . . .
HIP.: Whom? If the name be speakable, speak out!
HUN.: She stands here at thy gate: the Cyprian Queen!
HIP.: I greet her from afar: my life is clean.
HUN.: Clean? Nay, proud, proud; a mark for all to scan!
HIP.: Each mind hath its own bent, for God or man.
HUN.: God grant thee happiness . . . and wiser thought!
HIP.: These Spirits that reign in darkness like me not.
HUN.: What the Gods ask, O Son, that man must pay!
HIP. [*turning from him to the others*]:
On, huntsmen, to the Castle! Make your way
Straight to the feast room; 'tis a merry thing
After the chase, a board of banqueting.
And see the steeds be groomed, and in array
The chariot dight. I drive them forth to-day.

[*He pauses, and makes a slight gesture of reverence to the Statue on the left. Then to the* OLD HUNTSMAN.]

That for thy Cyprian, friend, and nought beside!

[HIPPOLYTUS *follows the* HUNTSMEN, *who stream off by the central door into the Castle. The* OLD HUNTSMAN *remains.*]

HUN. [*approaching the Statue and kneeling*]:
O Cyprian — for a young man in his pride
I will not follow! — here before thee, meek,
In that one language that a slave may speak,
I pray thee; Oh, if some wild heart in froth
Of youth surges against thee, be not wroth

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For ever! Nay, be far and hear not then:
Gods should be gentler and more wise than men!
[*He rises and follows the others into the Ca-*

[*The Orchestra is empty for a moment, then there enter from n and left several Trozenian women, young and old. Their num eventually amounts to fifteen.*]

strophe

CHORUS [*singing*]: There riseth a rock-born river,
Of Ocean's tribe, men say;
The crags of it gleam and quiver,
And pitchers dip in the spray:
A woman was there with raiment white
To bathe and spread in the warm sunlight,
And she told a tale to me there by the river,
The tale of the Queen and her evil day:

antistrophe

How, ailing beyond allayment,
Within she hath bowed her head,
And with shadow of silken raiment
The bright brown hair bespread.
For three long days she hath lain forlorn,
Her lips untainted of flesh or corn,
For that secret sorrow beyond allayment
That steers to the far sad shore of the dead.

strophe

Some Women: Is this some Spirit, O child of man?
Doth Hecat hold thee perchance, or Pan?
Doth She of the Mountains work her ban,
Or the dread Corybantes bind thee?
Others: Nay, is it sin that upon thee lies,
Sin of forgotten sacrifice,
In thine own Dictynna's sea-wild eyes?
Who in Limna here can find thee;
For the Deep's dry floor is her easy way,
And she moves in the salt wet whirl of the spray.

antistrophe

Others: Or doth the Lord of Erechtheus' race,
Thy Theseus, watch for a fairer face,
For secret arms in a silent place,
Far from thy love or chiding?
Others: Or hath there landed, amid the loud
Hum of Piraeus' sailor-crowd,
Some Cretan venturer, weary-browed,
Who bears to the Queen some tiding;

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159–197]

Some far home-grief, that hath bowed her low,
And chained her soul to a bed of woe?

epode

An Older Woman: Nay — know ye not? — this burden hath alway lain
On the devious being of woman; yea, burdens twain,
The burden of Wild Will and the burden of Pain.
Through my heart once that wind of terror sped;
But I, in fear confessèd,
Cried from the dark to Her in heavenly bliss,
The Helper of Pain, the Bow-Maid Artemis:
Whose feet I praise for ever, where they tread
Far off among the blessèd!

LEADER: But see, the Queen's grey nurse at the door,
Sad-eyed and sterner, methinks, than of yore,
With the Queen. Doth she lead her hither,
To the wind and sun? — Ah, fain would I know
What strange betiding hath blanched that brow,
And made that young life wither.

[*The* NURSE *comes out from the central door, followed by* PHAEDRA, *who is supported by two handmaids. They make ready a couch for* PHAEDRA *to lie upon.*]

NURSE [*chanting*]: O sick and sore are the days of men!
What wouldst thou? What shall I change again?
Here is the Sun for thee; here is the sky;
And thy weary pillows wind-swept lie,
By the castle door.
But the cloud of thy brow is dark, I ween;
And soon thou wilt back to thy bower within:
So swift to change is the path of thy feet,
And near things hateful, and far things sweet;
So was it before!

Oh, pain were better than tending pain!
For that were single, and this is twain,
With grief of heart and labour of limb.
Yet all man's life is but ailing and dim,
And rest upon earth comes never.
But if any far-off state there be,
Dearer than life to mortality;
The hand of the Dark hath hold thereof,
And mist is under and mist above.
And so we are sick for life, and cling
On earth to this nameless and shining thing.
For other life is a fountain sealed,
And the deeps below us are unrevealed,
And we drift on legends for ever!

[PHAEDRA *during this has been laid on her couch; she speaks to the*

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haidmaids. The following lines are chanted responsively bet
PHAEDRA *and the* NURSE.]

PH.: Yes; lift me: not my head so low.
There, hold my arms. — Fair arms they seem! —
My poor limbs scarce obey me now!
Take off that hood that weighs my brow,
And let my long hair stream.

NU.: Nay, toss not, Child, so feveredly.
The sickness best will win relief
By quiet rest and constancy.
All men have grief.

PH. [*not noticing her*]: Oh for a deep and dewy spring,
With runlets cold to draw and drink!
And a great meadow blossoming,
Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
To rest me by the brink!

NU.: Nay, Child! Shall strangers hear this tone
So wild, and thoughts so fever-flown?

PH.: Oh, take me to the Mountain! Oh,
Past the great pines and through the wood,
Up where the lean hounds softly go,
A-whine for wild things' blood,
And madly flies the dappled roe.
O God, to shout and speed them there,
An arrow by my chestnut hair
Drawn tight, and one keen glimmering spear —
Ah! if I could!

NU.: What wouldst thou with them — fancies all! —
Thy hunting and thy fountain brink?
What wouldst thou? By the city wall
Canst hear our own brook plash and fall
Downhill, if thou wouldst drink.

PH.: O Mistress of the Sea-lorn Mere
Where horse-hoofs beat the sand and sing,
O Artemis, that I were there
To tame Enetian steeds and steer
Swift chariots in the ring!

NU.: Nay, mountainward but now thy hands
Yearned out, with craving for the chase;
And now toward the unseaswept sands
Thou roamest, where the coursers pace!
O wild young steed, what prophet knows
The power that holds thy curb, and throws
Thy swift heart from its race?

[*At these words* PHAEDRA *gradually recovers herself and pays a*
tion.]

PH.: What have I said? Woe's me! And where
Gone straying from my wholesome mind?
What? Did I fall in some god's snare?

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243–287]

— Nurse, veil my head again, and blind
Mine eyes. — There is a tear behind
That lash. — Oh, I am sick with shame!
Aye, but it hath a sting,
To come to reason; yet the name
Of madness is an awful thing. —
Could I but die in one swift flame
Unthinking, unknowing!

NU.: I veil thy face, Child. — Would that so
Mine own were veiled for evermore,
So sore I love thee! . . . Though the lore
Of long life mocks me, and I know
How love should be a lightsome thing
Not rooted in the deep o' the heart;
With gentle ties, to twine apart
If need so call, or closer cling. —
Why do I love thee so? O fool,
O fool, the heart that bleeds for twain,
And builds, men tell us, walls of pain,
To walk by love's unswerving rule,
The same for ever, stern and true!
For 'Thorough' is no word of peace:
'Tis 'Naught-too-much' makes trouble cease,
And many a wise man bows thereto.

[*The* LEADER OF THE CHORUS *here approaches the* NURSE.]

LE.: Nurse of our Queen, thou watcher old and true,
We see her great affliction, but no clue
Have we to learn the sickness. Wouldst thou tell
The name and sort thereof, 'twould like us well.

NU.: Small leechcraft have I, and she tells no man.

LE.: Thou know'st no cause? Nor when the unrest began?

NU.: It all comes to the same. She will not speak.

LE.: How she is changed and wasted! And how weak!

NU.: 'Tis the third day she hath fasted utterly.

LE.: What, is she mad? Or doth she seek to die?

NU.: I know not. But to death it sure must lead.

LE.: 'Tis strange that Theseus takes hereof no heed.

NU.: She hides her wound, and vows it is not so.

LE.: Can he not look into her face and know?

NU.: Nay, he is on a journey these last days.

LE.: Canst thou not force her, then? Or think of ways
To trap the secret of the sick heart's pain?

NU.: Have I not tried all ways, and all in vain?
Yet will I cease not now, and thou shalt tell
If in her grief I serve my mistress well!

[*She goes across to where* PHAEDRA *lies; and presently, while speaking, kneels by her.*]

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Dear daughter mine, all that before was said
Let both of us forget; and thou instead
Be kindlier, and unlock that prisoned brow.
And I, who followed then the wrong road, now
Will leave it and be wiser. If thou fear
Some secret sickness, there be women here
To give thee comfort. [PHAEDRA *shakes her he*
No; not secret? Then
Is it a sickness meet for aid of men?
Speak, that a leech may tend thee.
Silent still?
Nay, Child, what profits silence? If 'tis ill
This that I counsel, make me see the wrong:
If well, then yield to me.
Nay, Child, I long
For one kind word, one look!
[PHAEDRA *lies motionless. The* NURSE *rises.*]
Oh, woe is me!
Women, we labour here all fruitlessly,
All as far off as ever from her heart!
She ever scorned me, and now hears no part
Of all my prayers! [*Turning to* PHAEDRA *ag*
Nay, hear thou shalt, and be,
If so thou will, more wild than the wild sea;
But know, thou art thy little ones' betrayer!
If thou die now, shall child of thine be heir
To Theseus' castle? Nay, not thine, I ween,
But hers! That barbèd Amazonian Queen
Hath left a child to bend thy children low,
A bastard royal-hearted—sayst not so?—
Hippolytus . . .

PH.: Ah!
[*She starts up, sitting, and throws the veil*
NU.: That stings thee?
PH.: Nurse, most so
Thou hast hurt me! In God's name, speak that name no
NU.: Thou seest? Thy mind is clear; but with thy mind
Thou wilt not save thy children, nor be kind
To thine own life.
PH.: My children? Nay, most dear
I love them.—Far, far other grief is here.
NU. [*after a pause, wondering*]: Thy hand is clean, O Child, f
stain of blood?
PH.: My hand is clean; but is my heart, O God?
NU.: Some enemy's spell hath made thy spirit dim?
PH.: He hates me not that slays me, nor I him.
NU.: Theseus, the King, hath wronged thee in man's wise?
PH.: Ah, could but I stand guiltless in his eyes!
NU.: O speak! What is this death-fraught mystery?

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323–359]

PH.: Nay, leave me to my wrong. I wrong not thee.

NU.: [*suddenly throwing herself in supplication at* PHAEDRA's *feet*]: Not wrong me, whom thou wouldst all desolate leave!

PH. [*rising and trying to move away*]: What wouldst thou? Force me? Clinging to my sleeve?

NU.: Yea, to thy knees; and weep; and let not go!

PH.: Woe to thee, Woman, if thou learn it, woe!

NU.: I know no bitterer woe than losing thee.

PH.: I am lost! Yet the deed shall honour me.

NU.: Why hide what honours thee? 'Tis all I claim!

PH.: Why, so I build up honour out of shame!

NU.: Then speak, and higher still thy fame shall stand.

PH.: Go, in God's name! — Nay, leave me; loose my hand!

NU.: Never, until thou grant me what I pray.

PH. [*yielding, after a pause*]: So be it. I dare not tear that hand away.

NU. [*rising and releasing* PHAEDRA]: Tell all thou wilt, Daughter. I speak no more.

PH. [*after a long pause*]: Mother, poor Mother, that didst love so sore!

NU.: What mean'st thou, Child? The Wild Bull of the Tide?

PH.: And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride! *

NU.: Child! wouldst thou shame the house where thou wast born?

PH.: And I the third, sinking most all-forlorn!

NU. [*to herself*]: I am all lost and feared. What will she say?

PH.: From there my grief comes, not from yesterday.

NU.: I come no nearer to thy parable.

PH.: Oh, would that thou couldst tell what I must tell!

NU.: I am no seer in things I wot not of.

PH. [*again hesitating*]: What is it that they mean, who say men . . . love?

NU.: A thing most sweet, my Child, yet dolorous.

PH.: Only the half, belike, hath fallen on us!

NU.: On thee? Love? — Oh, what sayst thou? What man's son?

PH.: What man's? There was a Queen, an Amazon . . .

NU.: Hippolytus, sayst thou?

PH. [*again wrapping her face in the veil*]: Nay, 'twas thou, not I!

[PHAEDRA *sinks back on the couch and covers her face again. The* NURSE *starts violently from her and walks up and down.*]

NU.: O God! What wilt thou say, Child? Wouldst thou try
To kill me? — Oh, 'tis more than I can bear;
Women, I will no more of it, this glare
Of hated day, this shining of the sky.
I will fling down my body, and let it lie
Till life be gone!

Women, God rest with you,
My works are over! For the pure and true
Are forced to evil, against their own heart's vow,
And love it!

* See Minotaur and Ariadne in the Glossary.

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[*She suddenly sees the Statue of* CYPRIS, *and stands with her riveted upon it.*]

Ah, Cyprian! No god art thou,
But more than god, and greater, that hath thrust
Me and my queen and all our house to dust!
[*She throws herself on the ground close to the statue.*]

CHORUS [*singing*]:

Some Women: O Women, have ye heard? Nay, dare ye hear
The desolate cry of the young Queen's misery?
A Woman: My Queen, I love thee dear,
Yet liefer were I dead than framed like thee.
Others: Woe, woe to me for this thy bitter bane,
Surely the food man feeds upon is pain!
Others: How wilt thou bear thee through this livelong day,
Lost, and thine evil naked to the light?
Strange things are close upon us — who shall say
How strange? — save one thing that is plain to sight,
The stroke of the Cyprian and the fall thereof
On thee, thou child of the Isle of fearful Love! *

[PHAEDRA *during this has risen from the couch and comes forward collectedly. As she speaks the* NURSE *gradually rouses herself and listens more calmly.*]

PH.: O Women, dwellers in this portal-seat
Of Pelops' land, gazing towards my Crete,
How oft, in other days than these, have I
Through night's long hours thought of man's misery,
And how this life is wrecked! And, to mine eyes,
Not in man's knowledge, not in wisdom, lies
The lack that makes for sorrow. Nay, we scan
And know the right — for wit hath many a man —
But will not to the last end strive and serve.
For some grow too soon weary, and some swerve
To other paths, setting before the Right
The diverse far-off image of Delight;
And many are delights beneath the sun!
Long hours of converse; and to sit alone
Musing — a deadly happiness! — and Shame:
Though two things there be hidden in one name,
And Shame can be slow poison if it will!
This is the truth I saw then, and see still;
Nor is there any magic that can stain
That white truth for me, or make me blind again.
Come, I will show thee how my spirit hath moved.
When the first stab came, and I knew I loved,
I cast about how best to face mine ill.
And the first thought that came, was to be still

* Crete.

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399–432]

And hide my sickness. — For no trust there is
In man's tongue, that so well admonishes
And counsels and betrays, and waxes fat
With griefs of its own gathering! — After that
I would my madness bravely bear, and try
To conquer by mine own heart's purity.
My third mind, when these two availed me naught
To quell love, was to die —

[*Motion of protest among the Women.*]

the best, best thought —
— Gainsay me not — of all that man can say!
I would not have mine honour hidden away;
Why should I have my shame before men's eyes
Kept living? And I knew, in deadly wise,
Shame was the deed and shame the suffering;
And I a woman, too, to face the thing,
Despised of all!
Oh, utterly accurst
Be she of women, whoso dared the first
To cast her honour out to a strange man!
'Twas in some great house, surely, that began
This plague upon us; then the baser kind,
When the good led towards evil, followed blind
And joyous! Cursed be they whose lips are clean
And wise and seemly, but their hearts within
Rank with bad daring! How can they, O Thou
That walkest on the waves, great Cyprian, how
Smile in their husbands' faces, and not fall,
Not cower before the Darkness that knows all,
Aye, dread the dead still chambers, lest one day
The stones find voice, and all be finished!
Nay,
Friends, 'tis for this I die; lest I stand there
Having shamed my husband and the babes I bare.
In ancient Athens they shall some day dwell,
My babes, free men, free-spoken, honourable,
And when one asks their mother, proud of me!
For, oh, it cows a man, though bold he be,
To know a mother's or a father's sin.
'Tis written, one way is there, one, to win
This life's race, could man keep it from his birth,
A true clean spirit. And through all this earth
To every false man, that hour comes apace
When Time holds up a mirror to his face,
And girl-like, marvelling, there he stares to see
How foul his heart! Be it not so with me!

LE.: Ah God, how sweet is virtue, and how wise,
And honour its due meed in all men's eyes!

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NU. [*who has now risen and recovered herself*]:
Mistress, a sharp swift terror struck me low
A moment since, hearing of this thy woe.
But now — I was a coward! And men say
Our second thought the wiser is alway.
This is no monstrous thing; no grief too dire
To meet with quiet thinking. In her ire
A most strong goddess hath swept down on thee.
Thou lovest. Is that so strange? Many there be
Beside thee! . . . And because thou lovest, wilt fall
And die! And must all lovers die, then? All
That are or shall be? A blithe law for them!
Nay, when in might she swoops, no strength can stem
Cypris; and if man yields him, she is sweet;
But is he proud and stubborn? From his feet
She lifts him, and — how think you? — flings to scorn!
She ranges with the stars of eve and morn,
She wanders in the heaving of the sea,
And all life lives from her. — Aye, this is she
That sows Love's seed and brings Love's fruit to birth;
And great Love's brethren are all we on earth!
Nay, they who con grey books of ancient days
Or dwell among the Muses, tell — and praise —
How Zeus himself once yearned for Semelê;
How maiden Eôs in her radiancy
Swept Kephalos to heaven away, away,
For sore love's sake. And there they dwell, men say,
And fear not, fret not; for a thing too stern
Hath met and crushed them! And must thou, then, turn
And struggle? Sprang there from thy father's blood
Thy little soul all lonely? Or the god
That rules thee, is he other than our gods?
Nay, yield thee to men's ways, and kiss their rods!
How many, deem'st thou, of men good and wise,
Know their own home's blot, and avert their eyes?
How many fathers, when a son has strayed
And toiled beneath the Cyprian, bring him aid,
Not chiding? And man's wisdom e'er hath been
To keep what is not good to see, unseen!
A straight and perfect life is not for man;
Nay, in a shut house, let him, if he can,
'Mid sheltered rooms, make all lines true. But here,
Out in the wide sea fallen, and full of fear,
Hopest thou so easily to swim to land?
Canst thou but set thine ill days on one hand
And more good days on the other, verily,
O child of woman, life is well with thee!
Nay, dear my daughter, cease thine evil mind,
Cease thy fierce pride! For pride it is, and blind,

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475-519]

To seek to outpass gods! — Love on and dare:
A god hath willed it! And, since pain is there,
Make the pain sleep! Songs are there to bring calm,
And magic words. And I shall find the balm,
Be sure, to heal thee. Else in sore dismay
Were men, could not we women find our way!

LE.: Help is there, Queen, in all this woman says,
To ease thy suffering. But 'tis thee I praise;
Albeit that praise is harder to thine ear
Than all her chiding was, and bitterer!

PH.: Oh, this it is hath flung to dogs and birds
Men's lives and homes and cities — fair false words!
Oh, why speak things to please our ears? We crave
Not that. 'Tis honour, honour, we must save!

NU.: Why prate so proud? 'Tis no words, brave nor base,
Thou cravest; 'tis a man's arms! [PHAEDRA *moves indignantly.*]
Up and face
The truth of what thou art, and name it straight!
Were not thy life thrown open here for Fate
To beat on; hadst thou been a woman pure
Or wise or strong; never had I for lure
Of joy nor heartache led thee on to this!
But when a whole life one great battle is,
To win or lose — no man can blame me then.

PH.: Shame on thee! Lock those lips, and ne'er again
Let word nor thought so foul have harbour there!

NU.: Foul, if thou wilt: but better than the fair
For thee and me. And better, too, the deed
Behind them, if it save thee in thy need,
Than that word Honour thou wilt die to win!

PH.: Nay, in God's name, — such wisdom and such sin
Are all about thy lips! — urge me no more.
For all the soul within me is wrought o'er
By Love; and if thou speak and speak, I may
Be spent, and drift where now I shrink away.

NU.: Well, if thou wilt! — 'Twere best never to err,
But, having erred, to take a counsellor
Is second. — Mark me now. I have within
Love-philtres, to make peace where storm hath been,
That, with no shame, no scathe of mind, shall save
Thy life from anguish; wilt but thou be brave!
[*To herself, reflecting*]
Ah, but from him, the well-beloved, some sign
We need, or word, or raiment's hem, to twine
Amid the charm, and one spell knit from twain.

PH.: Is it a potion or a salve? Be plain.

NU.: Who knows? Seek to be helped, Child, not to know.

PH.: Why art thou ever subtle? I dread thee, so.

NU.: Thou wouldst dread everything! — What dost thou dread?

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PH.: Lest to his ear some word be whisperèd.

NU.: Let be, Child! I will make all well with thee!
— Only do thou, O Cyprian of the Sea,
Be with me! And mine own heart, come what may,
Shall know what ear to seek, what word to say!

[*The* NURSE, *having spoken these last words in prayer apart to the Statue of* CYPRIS, *turns back and goes into the house.* PHAEDRA *remains pensive again on her couch till towards the end of the following Song, when she rises and bends close to the door.*]

strophe

CH. [*singing*]: Erôs, Erôs, who blindest, tear by tear,
Men's eyes with hunger; thou swift Foe, that pliest
Deep in our hearts joy like an edgèd spear;
Come not to me with Evil haunting near,
Wrath on the wind, nor jarring of the clear
Wing's music as thou fliest!
There is no shaft that burneth, not in fire,
Not in wild stars, far off and flinging fear,
As in thine hands the shaft of All Desire,
Erôs, Child of the Highest!

antistrophe

In vain, in vain, by old Alpheüs' shore
The blood of many bulls doth stain the river,
And all Greece bows on Phœbus' Pythian floor;
Yet bring we to the Master of Man no store,
The Keybearer, who standeth at the door
Close-barred, where hideth ever
The heart of the shrine. Yea, though he sack man's life
Like a sacked city, and moveth evermore
Girt with calamity and strange ways of strife,
Him have we worshipped never!

strophe

There roamed a Steed in Oechalia's wild,
A Maid without yoke, without Master,
And Love she knew not, that far King's child:
But he came, he came, with a song in the night,
With fire, with blood; and she strove in flight,
A Torrent Spirit, a Maenad white,
Faster and vainly faster,
Sealed unto Heracles by the Cyprian's Might.
Alas, thou Bride of Disaster!

antistrophe

O Mouth of Dirce, O god-built wall,
That Dirce's wells run under,
Ye know the Cyprian's fleet footfall!

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558–604]

Ye saw the heaven's around her flare,
When she lulled to her sleep that Mother fair
Of Twy-born Bacchus, and decked her there
The Bride of the bladed Thunder.
For her breath is on all that hath life, and she floats in the air,
Bee-like, death-like, a wonder.

[*During the last lines* PHAEDRA *has approached the door and is listening.*]

PH.: Silence, ye Women! Something is amiss.
LE.: How? In the house? — Phaedra, what fear is this?
PH.: Let me but listen! There are voices. Hark!
LE.: I hold my peace: yet is thy presage dark.
PH.: Oh, misery!
O God, that such a thing should fall on me!
LE. [*chanting*]: What sound, what word,
O Woman, Friend, makes that sharp terror start
Out at thy lips? What ominous cry half-heard
Hath leapt upon thine heart?
PH.: I am undone! — Bend to the door and hark,
Hark what a tone sounds there, and sinks away!
LE. [*chanting*]: Thou art beside the bars. 'Tis thine to mark
The castle's floating message. Say, Oh, say
What thing hath come to thee?
PH.: Why, what thing should it be?
The son of that proud Amazon speaks again
In bitter wrath: speaks to my handmaiden!
LE. [*chanting*]: I hear a noise of voices, nothing clear.
For thee the din hath words, as through barred locks
Floating, at thy heart it knocks.
PH.: "Pander of Sin" it says. — Now canst thou hear? —
And there: "Betrayer of a master's bed."
LE. [*chanting*]: Ah me, betrayed! Betrayed!
Sweet Princess, thou art ill bested,
Thy secret brought to light, and ruin near,
By her thou heldest dear,
By her that should have loved thee and obeyed!
PH.: Aye, I am slain. She thought to help my fall
With love instead of honour, and wrecked all.
LE.: Where wilt thou turn thee, where?
And what help seek, O wounded to despair?
PH.: I know not, save one thing, to die right soon.
For such as me God keeps no other boon.

[*The door in the centre bursts open, and* HIPPOLYTUS *comes forth, closely followed by the* NURSE. PHAEDRA *cowers aside.*]

HIP.: O Mother Earth, O Sun that makest clean,
What poison have I heard, what speechless sin!
NU.: Hush, O my Prince, lest others mark, and guess . . .
HIP.: I have heard horrors! Shall I hold my peace?

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[605–

NU.: Yea, by this fair right arm, Son, by thy pledge . . .
HIP.: Down with that hand! Touch not my garment's edge!
NU.: Oh, by thy knees, be silent or I die!
HIP.: Why, when thy speech was all so guiltless? Why?
NU.: It is not meet, fair Son, for every ear!
HIP.: Good words can bravely forth, and have no fear.
NU.: Thine oath, thine oath! I took thine oath before!
HIP.: 'Twas but my tongue, 'twas not my soul that swore.*
NU.: O Son, what wilt thou? Wilt thou slay thy kin?
HIP.: I own no kindred with the spawn of sin!
[*He flings her from h*
NU.: Nay, spare me! Man was born to err; oh, spare!
HIP.: O God, why hast Thou made this gleaming snare,
Woman, to dog us on the happy earth?
Was it Thy will to make Man, why his birth
Through Love and Woman? Could we not have rolled
Our store of prayer and offering, royal gold,
Silver and weight of bronze before Thy feet,
And bought of God new child-souls, as were meet
For each man's sacrifice, and dwelt in homes
Free, where nor Love nor Woman goes and comes?
How, is that daughter not a bane confessed,
Whom her own sire sends forth — (He knows her best!)
And, will some man but take her, pays a dower!
And he, poor fool, takes home the poison-flower;
Laughs to hang jewels on the deadly thing
He joys in; labours for her robe-wearing,
Till wealth and peace are dead. He smarts the less
In whose high seat is set a Nothingness,
A woman naught availing. Worst of all
The wise deep-thoughted! Never in my hall
May she sit throned who thinks and waits and sighs!
For Cypris breeds most evil in the wise,
And least in her whose heart has naught within;
For puny wit can work but puny sin.
Why do we let their handmaids pass the gate?
Wild beasts were best, voiceless and fanged, to wait
About their rooms, that they might speak with none,
Nor ever hear one answering human tone!
But now dark women in still chambers lay
Plans that creep out into the light of day
On handmaids' lips — [*Turning to the N*
As thine accursèd head
Braved the high honour of my Father's bed,
And came to traffic. . . Our white torrent's spray
Shall drench mine ears to wash those words away!
And couldst thou dream that *I* . . . ? I feel impure
Still at the very hearing! Know for sure,

* A famous line constantly parodied and misrepresented by the comic poets.

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656–692]

Woman, naught but mine honour saves ye both.
Hadst thou not trapped me with that guileful oath,
No power had held me secret till the King
Knew all! But now, while he is journeying,
I too will go my ways and make no sound.
And when he comes again, I shall be found
Beside him, silent, watching with what grace
Thou and thy mistress greet him face to face!
Then shall I have the taste of it, and know
What woman's guile is.— Woe upon you, woe!
How can I too much hate you, while the ill
Ye work upon the world grows deadlier still?
Too much? Make woman pure, and wild Love tame,
Or let me cry for ever on their shame!

[*He goes off in fury to the left.* PHAEDRA *still cowering in her place begins to sob.*]

PH. [*singing*]: Sad, sad and evil-starred
Is Woman's state.
What shelter now is left or guard?
What spell to loose the iron knot of fate?
And this thing, O my God,
O thou sweet Sunlight, is but my desert!
I cannot fly before the avenging rod
Falls, cannot hide my hurt.
What help, O ye who love me, can come near,
What god or man appear,
To aid a thing so evil and so lost?
Lost, for this anguish presses, soon or late,
To that swift river that no life hath crossed.
No woman ever lived so desolate!

LE.: Ah me, the time for deeds is gone; the boast
Proved vain that spake thine handmaid; and all lost!

[*At these words* PHAEDRA *suddenly remembers the* NURSE, *who is cowering silently where* HIPPOLYTUS *had thrown her from him. She turns upon her.*]

PH.: O wicked, wicked, wicked! Murderess heart
To them that loved thee! Hast thou played thy part?
Am I enough trod down?
May Zeus, my sire,
Blast and uproot thee! Stab thee dead with fire!
Said I not — Knew I not thine heart? — to name
To no one soul this that is now my shame?
And thou couldst not be silent! So no more
I die in honour. But enough; a store
Of new words must be spoke and new things thought.
This man's whole being to one blade is wrought
Of rage against me. Even now he speeds
To abase me to the King with thy misdeeds;
Tell Pittheus; fill the land with talk of sin!

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Cursèd be thou, and whoso else leaps in [69
To bring bad aid to friends that want it not.

[*The* NURSE *has raised herself, and faces* PHAEDRA, *downcast, calm.*]

NU.: Mistress, thou blamest me; and all thy lot
So bitter sore is, and the sting so wild,
I bear with all. Yet, if I would, my Child,
I have mine answer, couldst thou hearken aught.
I nursed thee, and I love thee; and I sought
Only some balm to heal thy deep despair,
And found — not what I sought for. Else I were
Wise, and thy friend, and good, had all sped right.
So fares it with us all in the world's sight.

PH.: First stab me to the heart, then humour me
With words! 'Tis fair; 'tis all as it should be!

NU.: We talk too long, Child. I did ill; but, oh,
There is a way to save thee, even so!

PH.: A way? No more ways! One way hast thou trod
Already, foul and false and loathed of god!
Begone out of my sight; and ponder how
Thine own life stands! I need no helpers now.

[*She turns from the* NURSE, *who creeps abashed away into Castle.*]

Only do ye, high Daughters of Trozên,
Let all ye hear be as it had not been;
Know naught, and speak of naught! 'Tis my last prayer.

LE.: By God's pure daughter, Artemis, I swear,
No word will I of these thy griefs reveal!

PH.: 'Tis well. But now, yea, even while I reel
And falter, one poor hope, as hope now is,
I clutch at in this coil of miseries;
To save some honour for my children's sake;
Yea, for myself some fragment, though things break
In ruin around me. Nay, I will not shame
The old proud Cretan castle whence I came,
I will not cower before King Theseus' eyes,
Abased, for want of one life's sacrifice!

LE.: What wilt thou? Some dire deed beyond recall?

PH. [*musing*]: Die; but how die?

LE.: Let not such wild words

PH.: Give thou not such light counsel! Let me be
To sate the Cyprian that is murdering me!
To-day shall be her day; and, all strife past,
Her bitter Love shall quell me at the last.
Yet, dying, shall I die another's bane!
He shall not stand so proud where I have lain
Bent in the dust! Oh, he shall stoop to share
The life I live in, and learn mercy there!

[*She goes off wildly into the Castle.*

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732–771]

strophe 1

CH. [*singing*]: Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the waters of Eridanus are clear,
And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave.

antistrophe 1

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

strophe 2

O shallop of Crete, whose milk-white wing
Through the swell and the storm-beating,
Bore us thy Prince's daughter,
Was it well she came from a joyous home
To a far King's bridal across the foam?
What joy hath her bridal brought her?
Sure some spell upon either hand
Flew with thee from the Cretan strand,
Seeking Athena's tower divine;
And there, where Munychus fronts the brine,
Crept by the shore-flung cables' line,
The curse from the Cretan water!

antistrophe 2

And, for that dark spell that about her clings,
Sick desires of forbidden things
The soul of her rend and sever;
The bitter tide of calamity
Hath risen above her lips; and she,
Where bends she her last endeavour?
She will hie her alone to her bridal room,
And a rope swing slow in the rafters' gloom;
And a fair white neck shall creep to the noose,

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A-shudder with dread, yet firm to choose [771–8
The one strait way for fame, and lose
The Love and the pain for ever.

[*The Voice of the* NURSE *is heard from within, crying, at first in articulately, then clearly.*]

VOICE: Help ho! The Queen! Help, whoso hearkeneth!
Help! Theseus' spouse caught in a noose of death!
A WOMAN: God, is it so soon finished? That bright head
Swinging beneath the rafters! Phaedra dead!
VOICE: O haste! This knot about her throat is made
So fast! Will no one bring me a swift blade?
A WOMAN: Say, friends, what think ye? Should we haste within
And from her own hand's knotting loose the Queen?
ANOTHER: Nay, are there not men there? 'Tis an ill road
In life, to finger at another's load.
VOICE: Let it lie straight! Alas! the cold white thing
That guards his empty castle for the King!
A WOMAN: Ah! "Let it lie straight!" Heard ye what she said?
No need for helpers now; the Queen is dead!

[*The* WOMEN, *intent upon the voices from the Castle, have not noticed the approach of* THESEUS. *He enters from the left; his dress and the garland on his head show that he has returned from some oracle or special abode of a God. He stands for a moment perplexed.*]

TH.: Ho, Women, and what means this loud acclaim
Within the house? The vassals' outcry came
To smite mine ears far off. It were more meet
To fling out wide the Castle gates, and greet
With joy a herald from God's Presence!

[*The confusion and horror of the* WOMEN's *faces gradually affect him. A dirge-cry comes from the Castle.*]

How?
Not Pittheus? Hath Time struck that hoary brow?
Old is he, old, I know. But sore it were,
Returning thus, to find his empty chair!

[*The* WOMEN *hesitate; then the Leader comes forward.*]

LE.: O Theseus, not on any old man's head
This stroke falls. Young and tender is the dead.
TH.: Ye Gods! One of my children torn from me?
LE.: Thy motherless children live, most grievously.
TH.: How sayst thou? What? My wife? . . .
Say how she died.
LE.: In a high death-knot that her own hands tied.
TH.: A fit of the old cold anguish — Tell me all —
That held her? Or did some fresh thing befall?
LE.: We know no more. But now arrived we be,
Theseus, to mourn for thy calamity.

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806–843]

[THESEUS stays for a moment silent, and puts his hand to his brow. He notices the wreath.]

TH.: What? And all garlanded I come to her
With flowers, most evil-starred God's-messenger!
Ho, varlets, loose the portal bars; undo
The bolts; and let me see the bitter view
Of her whose death hath brought me to mine own.

[The great central door of the Castle is thrown open wide, and the body of PHAEDRA *is seen lying on a bier, surrounded by a group of* HANDMAIDS, *wailing.]*

HANDMAIDS *[chanting]*: Ah me, what thou hast suffered and hast done:
A deed to wrap this roof in flame!
Why was thine hand so strong, thine heart so bold?
Wherefore, O dead in anger, dead in shame,
The long, long wrestling ere thy breath was cold?
O ill-starred Wife,
What brought this blackness over all thy life?

[A throng of MEN *and* WOMEN *has gradually collected.]*

TH. *[chanting]*: Ah me, this is the last
—Hear, O my countrymen! — and bitterest
Of Theseus' labours! Fortune all unblest,
How hath thine heavy heel across me passed!
Is it the stain of sins done long ago,
Some fell God still remembereth,
That must so dim and fret my life with death?
I cannot win to shore; and the waves flow
Above mine eyes, to be surmounted not.
Ah wife, sweet wife, what name
Can fit thine heavy lot?
Gone like a wild bird, like a blowing flame,
In one swift gust, where all things are forgot!
Alas! this misery!
Sure 'tis some stroke of God's great anger rolled
From age to age on me,
For some dire sin wrought by dim kings of old.

LE.: Sire, this great grief hath come to many an one,
A true wife lost. Thou art not all alone.

TH. *[chanting]*: Deep, deep beneath the Earth,
Dark may my dwelling be,
And Night my heart's one comrade, in the dearth,
O Love, of thy most sweet society.
This is my death, O Phaedra, more than thine.

[He turns suddenly on the Attendants.]

Speak who speak can? What was it? What malign
Swift stroke, O heart discounselled, leapt on thee?
What, will ye speak? Or are they dumb as death,

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This herd of thralls, my high house harboureth? [843–87
Ah me, why shouldst thou die?
A wide and royal grief I here behold,
Not to be borne in peace, not to be told.
As a lost man am I,
My children motherless and my house undone,
Since thou art vanished quite,
Purest of hearts that e'er the wandering Sun
Touched, or the star-eyed splendour of the Night.
[*He throws himself beside the body.*]

CH. [*chanting*]: Unhappy one, O most unhappy one;
With what strange evil is this Castle vexed!
Mine eyes are molten with the tears that run
For thee and thine; but what thing follows next?
I tremble when I think thereon!

[*They have noticed that there is a tablet with writing fastened to the dead woman's wrist.* THESEUS *also sees it.*]

TH.: Ha, what is this that hangs from her dear hand?
A tablet! It would make me understand
Some dying wish, some charge about her bed
And children. 'Twas the last prayer, ere her head
Was bowed for ever. [*Taking the tablet.*]
Fear not, my lost bride,
No woman born shall lie at Theseus' side,
Nor rule in Theseus' house!
A seal! Ah, see
How her gold signet here looks up at me,
Trustfully. Let me tear this thread away,
And read what tale the tablet seeks to say.

[*He proceeds to undo and read the tablet. The* CHORUS *breaks into horrified groups.*]

SOME WOMEN [*chanting*]: Woe, woe! God brings to birth
A new grief here, close on the other's tread!
My life hath lost its worth.
May all go now with what is finishèd!
The castle of my King is overthrown,
A house no more, a house vanished and gone!

OTHER WOMEN [*chanting*]: O God, if it may be in any way,
Let not this house be wrecked! Help us who pray!
I know not what is here: some unseen thing
That shows the Bird of Evil on the wing.

[THESEUS *has read the tablet and breaks out in uncontrollable emotion.*]

TH.: Oh, horror piled on horror! — Here is writ . . .
Nay, who could bear it, who could speak of it?

LE.: What, O my King? If I may hear it, speak!

TH.: Doth not the tablet cry aloud, yea, shriek,
Things not to be forgotten? — Oh, to fly
And hide mine head! No more a man am I.

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879–913]
Ah, God, what ghastly music echoes here!
LE.: How wild thy voice! Some terrible thing is near.
TH.: No; my lips' gates will hold it back no more;
This deadly word,
That struggles on the brink and will not o'er,
Yet will not stay unheard.
[*He raises his hand, to make proclamation to all present.*]
Ho, hearken all this land!
[*The people gather expectantly about him.*]
Hippolytus by violence hath laid hand
On this my wife, forgetting God's great eye.
[*Murmurs of amazement and horror;* THESEUS, *apparently calm, raises both arms to heaven.*]
Therefore, O Thou my Father, hear my cry,
Poseidon! Thou didst grant me for mine own
Three prayers; for one of these, slay now my son,
Hippolytus; let him not outlive this day,
If true thy promise was! Lo, thus I pray.
LE.: Oh, call that wild prayer back! O King, take heed!
I know that thou wilt live to rue this deed.
TH.: It may not be. — And more, I cast him out
From all my realms. He shall be held about
By two great dooms. Or by Poseidon's breath
He shall fall swiftly to the house of Death;
Or wandering, outcast, o'er strange land and sea
Shall live and drain the cup of misery.
LE.: Ah, see! here comes he at the point of need.
Shake off that evil mood, O King: have heed
For all thine house and folk. — Great Theseus, hear!
[THESEUS *stands silent in fierce gloom.* HIPPOLYTUS *comes in from the right.*]
HIP.: Father, I heard thy cry, and sped in fear
To help thee. — But I see not yet the cause
That racked thee so. — Say, Father, what it was.
[*The murmurs in the crowd, the silent gloom of his Father, and the horror of the* CHORUS-WOMEN *gradually work on* HIPPOLYTUS *and bewilder him. He catches sight of the bier.*]
Ah, what is that! Nay, Father, not the Queen
Dead! [*Murmurs in the crowd.*]
'Tis most strange. 'Tis passing strange, I ween.
'Twas here I left her. Scarce an hour hath run
Since here she stood and looked on this same sun.
What is it with her? Wherefore did she die?
[THESEUS *remains silent. The murmurs increase.*]
Father, to thee I speak. Oh, tell me, why,
Why art thou silent? What doth silence know
Of skill to stem the bitter flood of woe?
And human hearts in sorrow crave the more
For knowledge, though the knowledge grieve them sore.

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It is not love, to veil thy sorrows in [914-91
From one most near to thee, and more than kin.
TH. [*to himself*]: Fond race of men, so striving and so blind,
Ten thousand arts and wisdoms can ye find,
Desiring all and all imagining:
But ne'er have reached nor understood one thing,
To make a true heart there where no heart is!
HIP.: That were indeed beyond man's mysteries,
To make a false heart true against his will.
But why this subtle talk? It likes me ill,
Father; thy speech runs wild beneath this blow.
TH. [*as before*]: O would that God had given us here below
Some test of love, some sifting of the soul,
To tell the false and true! Or through the whole
Of men two voices ran, one true and right,
The other as chance willed it; that we might
Convict the liar by the true man's tone,
And not live duped forever, every one!
HIP.: What? Hath some friend proved false?
Or in thine ear
Whispered some slander? Stand I tainted here,
Though utterly innocent? [*Murmurs from the crowd*
Yea, dazed am I;
'Tis thy words daze me, falling all awry,
Away from reason, by fell fancies vexed!
TH.: O heart of man, what height wilt venture next?
What end comes to thy daring and thy crime?
For if with each man's life 'twill higher climb,
And every age break out in blood and lies
Beyond its fathers, must not God devise
Some new world far from ours, to hold therein
Such brood of all unfaithfulness and sin?
Look, all, upon this man, my son, his life
Sprung forth from mine! He hath defiled my wife;
And standeth here convicted by the dead,
A most black villain!
[HIPPOLYTUS *falls back with a cry and covers his face with his robe*
Nay, hide not thine head!
Pollution, is it? Thee it will not stain.
Look up, and face thy Father's eyes again!
Thou friend of Gods, of all mankind elect;
Thou the pure heart, by thoughts of ill unflecked!
I care not for thy boasts. I am not mad,
To deem that Gods love best the base and bad.
Now is thy day! Now vaunt thee; thou so pure,
No flesh of life may pass thy lips! Now lure
Fools after thee; call Orpheus King and Lord; *
Make ecstasies and wonders! Thumb thine hoard

* Theseus is taunting Hippolytus for being associated with the Orphic mystery

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934–991]

Of ancient scrolls and ghostly mysteries —
Now thou art caught and known!
Shun men like these,
I charge ye all! With solemn words they chase
Their prey, and in their hearts plot foul disgrace.
My wife is dead. — "Ha, so that saves thee now?"
That is what grips thee worst, thou caitiff, thou!
What oaths, what subtle words, shall stronger be
Than this dead hand, to clear the guilt from thee?
"She hated thee," thou sayest; "the bastard born
Is ever sore and bitter as a thorn
To the true brood." — A sorry bargainer
In the ills and goods of life thou makest her,
If all her best-beloved she cast away
To wreak blind hate on thee! — What, wilt thou say,
"Through every woman's nature one blind strand
Of passion winds, that men scarce understand?" —
Are we so different? Know I not the fire
And perilous flood of a young man's desire,
Desperate as any woman, and as blind,
When Cypris stings? Save that the man behind
Has all men's strength to aid him. Nay, 'twas thou . . .
But what avail to wrangle with thee now,
When the dead speaks for all to understand,
A perfect witness!
Hie thee from this land
To exile with all speed. Come never more
To god-built Athens, not to the utmost shore
Of any realm where Theseus' arm is strong!
What? Shall I bow my head beneath this wrong,
And cower to thee? Not Isthmian Sinis so
Will bear men witness that I laid him low,
Nor Sciron's rocks, that share the salt sea's prey,
Grant that my hand hath weight vile things to slay!

LL.: Alas! whom shall I call of mortal men
Happy? The highest are cast down again.

THP.: Father, the hot strained fury of thy heart
Is terrible. Yet, albeit so swift thou art
Of speech, if all this matter were laid bare,
Speech were not then so swift; nay, nor so fair. . .

[*Murmurs again in the crowd.*]

I have no skill before a crowd to tell
My thoughts. 'Twere best with few, that know me well. —
Nay, that is natural; tongues that sound but rude
In wise men's ears, speak to the multitude
With music.
None the less, since there is come
This stroke upon me, I must not be dumb,
But speak perforce. . . And there will I begin

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Where thou beganst, as though to strip my sin
Naked, and I not speak a word!
Dost see
This sunlight and this earth? I swear to thee
There dwelleth not in these one man — deny
All that thou wilt! — more pure of sin than I.
Two things I know on earth: God's worship first;
Next to win friends about me, few, that thirst
To hold them clean of all unrighteousness.
Our rule doth curse the tempters, and no less
Who yieldeth to the tempters. — How, thou say'st,
"Dupes that I jest at?" Nay; I make a jest
Of no man. I am honest to the end,
Near or far off, with him I call my friend.
And most in that one thing, where now thy mesh
Would grip me, stainless quite! No woman's flesh
Hath e'er this body touched. Of all such deed
Naught wot I, save what things a man may read
In pictures or hear spoke; nor am I fain,
Being virgin-souled, to read or hear again.
My life of innocence moves thee not; so be it.
Show then what hath seduced me; let me see it.
Was that poor flesh so passing fair, beyond
All women's loveliness?
Was I some fond
False plotter, that I schemed to win through her
Thy castle's heirdom? Fond indeed I were!
Nay, a stark madman! "But a crown," thou sayst,
"Usurped, is sweet." Nay, rather most unblest
To all wise-hearted; sweet to fools and them
Whose eyes are blinded by the diadem.
In contests of all valour fain would I
Lead Hellas; but in rank and majesty
Not lead, but be at ease, with good men near
To love me, free to work and not to fear.
That brings more joy than any crown or throne.

[*He sees from the demeanour of* THESEUS *and of the crowd that his words are not winning them, but rather making them bitterer than before. It comes to his lips to speak the whole truth.*]

I have said my say; save one thing . . . one alone.
O had I here some witness in my need,
As I was witness! Could she hear me plead,
Face me and face the sunlight; well I know,
Our deeds would search us out for thee, and show
Who lies!
But now, I swear — so hear me both,
The Earth beneath and Zeus who Guards the Oath —
I never touched this woman that was thine!

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1027–1069]

No words could win me to it, nor incline
My heart to dream it. May God strike me down,
Nameless and fameless, without home or town,
An outcast and a wanderer of the world;
May my dead bones rest never, but be hurled
From sea to land, from land to angry sea,
If evil is my heart and false to thee!

[*He waits a moment; but sees that his Father is unmoved. The truth again comes to his lips.*]

If 'twas some fear that made her cast away
Her life . . . I know not. More I must not say.
Right hath she done when in her was no right;
And Right I follow to mine own despite!

TH.: It is enough! God's name is witness large,
And thy great oath, to assoil thee of this charge.

TH.: Is not the man a juggler and a mage,
Cool wits and one right oath — what more? — to assuage
Sin and the wrath of injured fatherhood!

HIP.: Am I so cool? Nay, Father, 'tis thy mood
That makes me marvel! By my faith, wert thou
The son, and I the sire; and deemed I now
In very truth thou hadst my wife assailed,
I had not exiled thee, nor stood and railed,
But lifted once mine arm, and struck thee dead!

TH.: Thou gentle judge! Thou shalt not so be sped
To simple death, nor by thine own decree.
Swift death is bliss to men in misery.
Far off, friendless forever, thou shalt drain
Amid strange cities the last dregs of pain!

HIP.: Wilt verily cast me now beyond thy pale,
Not wait for Time, the lifter of the veil?

TH.: Aye, if I could, past Pontus, and the red
Atlantic marge! So do I hate thine head.

HIP.: Wilt weigh nor oath nor faith nor prophet's word
To prove me? Drive me from thy sight unheard?

TH.: This tablet here, that needs no prophet's lot
To speak from, tells me all. I ponder not
Thy fowls that fly above us! Let them fly.

HIP.: O ye great Gods, wherefore unlock not I
My lips, ere yet ye have slain me utterly,
Ye whom I love most? No. It may not be!
The one heart that I need I ne'er should gain
To trust me. I should break mine oath in vain.

TH.: Death! but he chokes me with his saintly tone! —
Up, get thee from this land! Begone! Begone!

HIP.: Where shall I turn me? Think. To what friend's door
Betake me, banished on a charge so sore?

TH.: Whoso delights to welcome to his hall

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Vile ravishers . . . to guard his hearth withal!

HIP.: Thou seekst my heart, my tears? Aye, let it be
Thus! I am vile to all men, and to thee!

TH.: There was a time for tears and thought; the time
Ere thou didst up and gird thee to thy crime.

HIP.: Ye stones, will ye not speak? Ye castle walls!
Bear witness if I be so vile, so false!

TH.: Aye, fly to voiceless witnesses! Yet here
A dumb deed speaks against thee, and speaks clear!

HIP.: Alas!
Would I could stand and watch this thing, and see
My face, and weep for very pity of me!

TH.: Full of thyself, as ever! Not a thought
For them that gave thee birth; nay, they are naught!

HIP.: O my wronged Mother! O my birth of shame!
May none I love e'er bear a bastard's name!

TH. [*in a sudden blaze of rage*]: Up, thralls, and drag him from my presence! What?
'Tis but a foreign felon! Heard ye not?

[*The thralls still hesitate in spite of his fury.*]

HIP.: They touch me at their peril! Thine own hand
Lift, if thou canst, to drive me from the land.

TH.: That will I straight, unless my will be done!

[HIPPOLYTUS *comes close to him and kneels.*]

Nay! Not for thee my pity! Get thee gone!

[HIPPOLYTUS *rises, makes a sign of submission, and slowly moves away.* THESEUS, *as soon as he sees him going, turns rapidly and enters the Castle. The door is closed again.* HIPPOLYTUS *has stopped for a moment before the Statue of* ARTEMIS, *and, as* THESEUS *departs, breaks out in prayer.*]

HIP.: So; it is done! O dark and miserable!
I see it all, but see not how to tell
The tale. — O thou belovèd, Leto's Maid,
Chase-comrade, fellow-rester in the glade,
Lo, I am driven with a caitiff's brand
Forth from great Athens! Fare ye well, O land
And city of old Erechtheus! Thou, Trozên,
What riches of glad youth mine eyes have seen
In thy broad plain! Farewell! This is the end;
The last word, the last look!
Come, every friend
And fellow of my youth that still may stay,
Give me god-speed and cheer me on my way.
Ne'er shall ye see a man more pure of spot
Than me, though mine own Father loves me not!

[HIPPOLYTUS *goes away to the right, followed by many* HUNTSMEN *and other young men. The rest of the crowd has by this time dispersed, except the Women of the* CHORUS *and some Men of the* CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.]

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1102–1136]

CHORUS [*singing*]:

strophe 1

Men: Surely the thought of the Gods hath balm in it alway, to win me
Far from my griefs; and a thought, deep in the dark of my mind,
Clings to a great Understanding. Yet all the spirit within me
Faints, when I watch men's deeds matched with the guerdon they find.
For Good comes in Evil's traces,
And the Evil the Good replaces;
And Life, 'mid the changing faces,
Wandereth weak and blind.

antistrophe 1

Women: What wilt thou grant me, O God? Lo, this is the prayer of my travail —
Some well-being; and chance not very bitter thereby;
A Spirit uncrippled by pain; and a mind not deep to unravel
Truth unseen, nor yet dark with the brand of a lie.
With a veering mood to borrow
Its light from every morrow,
Fair friends and no deep sorrow,
Well could man live and die!

strophe 2

Men: Yet my spirit is no more clean,
And the weft of my hope is torn,
For the deed of wrong that mine eyes have seen,
The lie and the rage and the scorn;
A Star among men, yea, a Star
That in Hellas was bright,
By a Father's wrath driven far
To the wilds and the night.
Oh, alas for the sands of the shore!
Alas for the brakes of the hill,
Where the wolves shall fear thee no more,
And thy cry to Dictynna is still!

antistrophe 2

Women: No more in the yoke of thy car
Shall the colts of Enetia fleet;
Nor Limna's echoes quiver afar
To the clatter of galloping feet.
The sleepless music of old,
That leaped in the lyre,
Ceaseth now, and is cold,
In the halls of thy sire.

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The bowers are discrowned and unladen
Where Artemis lay on the lea;
And the love-dream of many a maiden
Lost, in the losing of thee.

A Maiden: And I, even I, *epode*
For thy fall, O Friend,
Amid tears and tears,
Endure to the end
Of the empty years,
Of a life run dry.
In vain didst thou bear him,
Thou Mother forlorn!
Ye Gods that did snare him,
Lo, I cast in your faces
My hate and my scorn!
Ye love-linkèd Graces,
(Alas for the day!)
Was he naught, then, to you,
That ye cast him away,
The stainless and true,
From the old happy places?

LE.: Look yonder! Surely from the Prince 'tis one
That cometh, full of haste and woe-begone.
[*A* HENCHMAN *enters in haste.*
HE.: Ye women, whither shall I go to seek
King Theseus? Is he in this dwelling? Speak!
LE.: Lo, where he cometh through the Castle gate!
[THESEUS *comes out from the Castle.*
HE.: O King, I bear thee tidings of dire weight
To thee, aye, and to every man, I ween,
From Athens to the marches of Trozên.
TH.: What? Some new stroke hath touched, unknown to me,
The sister cities of my sovranty?
HE.: Hippolytus is . . . Nay, not dead; but stark
Outstretched, a hairsbreadth this side of the dark.
TH. [*as though unmoved*]: How slain? Was there some other man
whose wife
He had like mine defiled, that sought his life?
HE.: His own wild team destroyed him, and the dire
Curse of thy lips.
The boon of thy great Sire
Is granted thee, O King, and thy son slain.
TH.: Ye Gods! And thou, Poseidon! Not in vain
I called thee Father; thou hast heard my prayer!
How did he die? Speak on. How closed the snare
Of Heaven to slay the shamer of my blood?

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1173–1214]

HE: 'Twas by the bank of beating sea we stood,
We thralls, and decked the steeds, and combed each mane,
Weeping; for word had come that ne'er again
The foot of our Hippolytus should roam
This land, but waste in exile by thy doom.
So stood we till he came, and in his tone
No music now save sorrow's, like our own,
And in his train a concourse without end
Of many a chase-fellow and many a friend.
At last he brushed his sobs away, and spake:
"Why this fond loitering? I would not break
My Father's law.—Ho, there! My coursers four
And chariot, quick! This land is mine no more."
Thereat, be sure, each man of us made speed.
Swifter than speech we brought them up, each steed
Well dight and shining, at our Prince's side.
He grasped the reins upon the rail: one stride
And there he stood, a perfect charioteer,
Each foot in its own station set. Then clear
His voice rose, and his arms to heaven were spread:
"O Zeus, if I be false, strike thou me dead!
But, dead or living, let my Father see
One day, how falsely he hath hated me!"
Even as he spake, he lifted up the goad
And smote; and the steeds sprang. And down the road
We henchmen followed, hard beside the rein,
Each hand, to speed him, toward the Argive plain
And Epidaurus.
So we made our way
Up toward the desert region, where the bay
Curls to a promontory near the verge
Of our Trozên, facing the southward surge
Of Saron's gulf. Just there an angry sound,
Slow-swelling, like God's thunder underground,
Broke on us, and we trembled. And the steeds
Pricked their ears skyward, and threw back their heads.
And wonder came on all men, and affright,
Whence rose that awful voice. And swift our sight
Turned seaward, down the salt and roaring sand.
And there, above the horizon, seemed to stand
A wave unearthly, crested in the sky;
Till Sciron's Cape first vanished from mine eye,
Then sank the Isthmus hidden, then the rock
Of Epidaurus. Then it broke, one shock
And roar of gasping sea and spray flung far,
And shoreward swept, where stood the Prince's car.
Three lines of wave together raced, and, full
In the white crest of them, a wild Sea-Bull
Flung to the shore, a fell and marvellous Thing.

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The whole land held his voice, and answering
Roared in each echo. And all we, gazing there,
Gazed seeing not; 'twas more than eyes could bear.
Then straight upon the team wild terror fell.
Howbeit, the Prince, cool-eyed and knowing well
Each changing mood a horse has, gripped the reins
Hard in both hands; then as an oarsman strains
Up from his bench, so strained he on the thong,
Back in the chariot swinging. But the young
Wild steeds bit hard the curb, and fled afar;
Nor rein nor guiding hand nor morticed car
Stayed them at all. For when he veered them round,
And aimed their flying feet to grassy ground,
In front uprose that Thing, and turned again
The four great coursers, terror-mad. But when
Their blind rage drove them toward the rocky places,
Silent, and ever nearer to the traces,
It followed, rockward, till one wheel-edge grazed.
The chariot tript and flew, and all was mazed
In turmoil. Up went wheel-box with a din,
Where the rock jagged, and nave and axle-pin.
And there — the long reins round him — there was he
Dragging, entangled irretrievably.
A dear head battering at the chariot side,
Sharp rocks, and ripped flesh, and a voice that cried:
"Stay, stay, O ye who fattened at my stalls,
Dash me not into nothing! — O thou false
Curse of my Father! — Help! Help, whoso can,
An innocent, innocent and stainless man!"
Many there were that laboured then, I wot,
To bear him succour, but could reach him not,
Till — who knows how? — at last the tangled rein
Unclasped him, and he fell, some little vein
Of life still pulsing in him.
All beside,
The steeds, the hornèd Horror of the Tide,
Had vanished — who knows where? — in that wild land.
O King, I am a bondsman of thine hand;
Yet love nor fear nor duty me shall win
To say thine innocent son hath died in sin.
All women born may hang themselves, for me,
And swing their dying words from every tree
On Ida! For I know that he was true!

LE.: O God, so cometh new disaster, new
Despair! And no escape from what must be!

TH.: Hate of the man thus stricken lifted me
At first to joy at hearing of thy tale;
But now, some shame before the Gods, some pale
Pity for mine own blood, hath o'er me come.

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1260–1295]

I laugh not, neither weep, at this fell doom.

HER.: How then? Behoves it bear him here, or how
Best do thy pleasure? — Speak, Lord. Yet if thou
Wilt mark at all my word, thou wilt not be
Fierce-hearted to thy child in misery.

THES.: Aye, bring him hither. Let me see the face
Of him who durst deny my deep disgrace
And his own sin; yea, speak with him, and prove
His clear guilt by God's judgments from above.

[*The* HENCHMAN *departs to fetch* HIPPOLYTUS; THESEUS *sits waiting in stern gloom, while the* CHORUS *sing. At the close of their song a Divine Figure is seen approaching on a cloud in the air and the voice of* ARTEMIS *speaks.*]

CH. [*singing*]: Thou comest to bend the pride
Of the hearts of God and man,
Cypris; and by thy side,
In earth-encircling span,
He of the changing plumes,
The Wing that the world illumes,
As over the leagues of land flies he,
Over the salt and sounding sea.

For mad is the heart of Love,
And gold the gleam of his wing;
And all to the spell thereof
Bend, when he makes his spring;
All life that is wild and young
In mountain and wave and stream,
All that of earth is sprung,
Or breathes in the red sunbeam;
Yea, and Mankind. O'er all a royal throne,
Cyprian, Cyprian, is thine alone!

A VOICE FROM THE CLOUD:

O thou that rulest in Aegeus' Hall,
I charge thee, hearken!
Yea, it is I,
Artemis, Virgin of God most High.
Thou bitter King, art thou glad withal
For thy murdered son?
For thine ear bent low to a lying Queen,
For thine heart so swift amid things unseen?
Lo, all may see what end thou hast won!
Go, sink thine head in the waste abyss;
Or aloft to another world than this,
Birdwise with wings,
Fly far to thine hiding,
Far over this blood that clots and clings;
For in righteous men and in holy things

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No rest is thine nor abiding!

[*The cloud has become stationary in the air.*]

Hear, Theseus, all the story of thy grief!
Verily, I bring but anguish, not relief;
Yet, 'twas for this I came, to show how high
And clean was thy son's heart, that he may die
Honoured of men; aye, and to tell no less
The frenzy, or in some sort the nobleness,
Of thy dead wife. One Spirit there is, whom we
That know the joy of white virginity,
Most hate in heaven. She sent her fire to run
In Phaedra's veins, so that she loved thy son.
Yet strove she long with love, and in the stress
Fell not, till by her Nurse's craftiness
Betrayed, who stole, with oaths of secrecy,
To entreat thy son. And he, most righteously,
Nor did her will, nor, when thy railing scorn
Beat on him, broke the oath that he had sworn,
For God's sake. And thy Phaedra, panic-eyed,
Wrote a false writ, and slew thy son, and died,
Lying; but thou wast nimble to believe!

[THESEUS, *at first bewildered, then dumbfounded, now utters a deep groan.*]

It stings thee, Theseus? — Nay, hear on, and grieve
Yet sorer. Wottest thou three prayers were thine
Of sure fulfilment, from thy Sire divine?
Hast thou no foes about thee, then, that one —
Thou vile King! — must be turned against thy son?
The deed was thine. Thy Sea-born Sire but heard
The call of prayer, and bowed him to his word.
But thou in his eyes and in mine art found
Evil, who wouldst not think, nor probe, nor sound
The deeps of prophet's lore, nor day by day
Leave Time to search; but, swifter than man may,
Let loose the curse to slay thine innocent son!

TH.: O Goddess, let me die!

ARTEMIS: Nay; thou hast done
A heavy wrong; yet even beyond this ill
Abides for thee forgiveness. 'Twas the will
Of Cypris that these evil things should be,
Sating her wrath. And this immutably
Hath Zeus ordained in heaven: no God may thwart
A God's fixed will; we grieve but stand apart.
Else, but for fear of the Great Father's blame,
Never had I to such extreme of shame
Bowed me, be sure, as here to stand and see
Slain him I loved best of mortality!
Thy fault, O King, its ignorance sunders wide
From very wickedness; and she who died

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1336–1382]
By death the more disarmed thee, making dumb
The voice of question. And the storm has come
Most bitterly of all on thee! Yet I
Have mine own sorrow, too. When good men die,
There is no joy in heaven, albeit our ire
On child and house of the evil falls like fire.

[A throng is seen approaching; HIPPOLYTUS *enters, supported by his attendants.]*

CH. *[chanting]*: Lo, it is he! The bright young head
Yet upright there!
Ah, the torn flesh and the blood-stained hair;
Alas for the kindred's trouble!
It falls as fire from a God's hand sped,
Two deaths, and mourning double.

HIP. *[chanting]*: Ah, pain, pain, pain!
O unrighteous curse! O unrighteous sire!
No hope.—My head is stabbed with fire,
And a leaping spasm about my brain.
Stay, let me rest. I can no more.
O fell, fell steeds that my own hand fed,
Have ye maimed me and slain, that loved me of yore?
—Soft there, ye thralls! No trembling hands
As ye lift me, now!—Who is that that stands
At the right?—Now firm, and with measured tread,
Lift one accursèd and stricken sore
By a father's sinning.

Thou, Zeus, dost see me? Yea, it is I;
The proud and pure, the server of God,
The white and shining in sanctity!
To a visible death, to an open sod,
I walk my ways;
And all the labour of saintly days
Lost, lost, without meaning!

Ah God, it crawls
This agony, over me!
Let be, ye thralls!
Come, Death, and cover me;
Come, O thou Healer blest!

But a little more,
And my soul is clear,
And the anguish o'er
Oh, a spear, a spear!
To rend my soul to its rest!

Oh, strange, false Curse! Was there some bloodstained head,
Some father of my line, unpunishèd,
Whose guilt lived in his kin,

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And passed, and slept, till after this long day
It lights. . . Oh, why on me? Me, far away
And innocent of sin?

O words that cannot save!
When will this breathing end in that last deep
Pain that is painlessness? 'Tis sleep I crave.
When wilt thou bring me sleep,
Thou dark and midnight magic of the grave!

AR.: Sore-stricken man, bethink thee in this stress,
Thou dost but die for thine own nobleness.

HIP.: Ah!
O breath of heavenly fragrance! Though my pain
Burns, I can feel thee and find rest again.
The Goddess Artemis is with me here.

AR.: With thee and loving thee, poor sufferer!

HIP.: Dost see me, Mistress, nearing my last sleep?

AR.: Aye, and would weep for thee, if Gods could weep.

HIP.: Who now shall hunt with thee or hold thy quiver?

AR.: He dies; but my love cleaves to him for ever.

HIP.: Who guide thy chariot, keep thy shrine-flowers fresh?

AR.: The accursèd Cyprian caught him in her mesh!

HIP.: The Cyprian? Now I see it! — Aye, 'twas she.

AR.: She missed her worship, loathed thy chastity!

HIP.: Three lives by her one hand! 'Tis all clear now.

AR.: Yea, three; thy father and his Queen and thou.

HIP.: My father; yea, he too is pitiable!

AR.: A plotting Goddess tripped him, and he fell.

HIP.: Father, where art thou? . . . Oh, thou sufferest sore!

TH.: Even unto death, child. There is joy no more.

HIP.: I pity thee in this coil; aye, more than me.

TH.: Would I could lie there dead instead of thee!

HIP.: Oh, bitter bounty of Poseidon's love!

TH.: Would God my lips had never breathed thereof!

HIP. [*gently*]: Nay, thine own rage had slain me then, some wise.

TH.: A lying spirit had made blind mine eyes!

HIP.: Ah me!
Would that a mortal's curse could reach to God!

AR.: Let be! For not, though deep beneath the sod
Thou liest, not unrequited nor unsung
Shall this fell stroke, from Cypris' rancour sprung,
Quell thee, mine own, the saintly and the true!
My hand shall win its vengeance, through and through
Piercing with flawless shaft what heart soe'er
Of all men living is most dear to Her.
Yea, and to thee, for this sore travail's sake,
Honours most high in Trozên will I make;
For yokeless maids before their bridal night

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1426–1464]

Shall shear for thee their tresses; and a rite
Of honouring tears be thine in ceaseless store;
And virgins' thoughts in music evermore
Turn toward thee, and praise thee in the Song
Of Phaedra's far-famed love and thy great wrong.
O seed of ancient Aegeus, bend thee now
And clasp thy son. Aye, hold and fear not thou!
Not knowingly hast thou slain him; and man's way,
When Gods send error, needs must fall astray.
And thou, Hippolytus, shrink not from the King,
Thy father. Thou wast born to bear this thing.
Farewell! I may not watch man's fleeting breath,
Nor stain mine eyes with the effluence of death.
And sure that Terror now is very near.

[*The cloud slowly rises and floats away.*]

HIP.: Farewell, farewell, most Blessèd! Lift thee clear
Of soiling men! Thou wilt not grieve in heaven
For my long love! . . . Father, thou art forgiven.
It was Her will. I am not wroth with thee. . .
I have obeyed Her all my days! . . .
Ah me,
The dark is drawing down upon mine eyes;
It hath me! . . . Father! . . . Hold me! Help me rise!

THE. [*supporting him in his arms*]: Ah, woe! How dost thou torture me, my son!

HIP.: I see the Great Gates opening. I am gone.

THE.: Gone? And my hand red-reeking from this thing!

HIP.: Nay, nay; thou art assoiled of manslaying.

THE.: Thou leav'st me clear of murder? Sayst thou so?

HIP.: Yea, by the Virgin of the Stainless Bow!

THE.: Dear Son! Ah, now I see thy nobleness!

HIP.: Pray that a true-born child may fill my place.

THE.: Ah me, thy righteous and godfearing heart!

HIP.: Farewell;
A long farewell, dear Father, ere we part!

[THESEUS *bends down and embraces him passionately.*]

THE.: Not yet! – O hope and bear while thou hast breath!

HIP.: Lo, I have borne my burden. This is death. . .
Quick, Father; lay the mantle on my face.

[THESEUS *covers his face with a mantle and rises.*]

THE.: Ye bounds of Pallas and of Pelops' race,
What greatness have ye lost!
Woe, woe is me!
Thou Cyprian, long shall I remember thee!

CH. [*chanting*]: On all this folk, both low and high,
A grief hath fallen beyond men's fears.
There cometh a throbbing of many tears,
A sound as of waters falling.

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For when great men die,
A mighty name and a bitter cry
Rise up from a nation calling.

[*They move into the Castle, carrying the body of* HIPPOLYTUS.]

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COMEDY

Comedy was presented at the same festivals and under the same general conditions as was tragedy, and the theater was the same as that described in the introduction to tragedy. Like tragedy, the form developed from a religious ritual which involved songs and dances by a chorus, although it is still uncertain whether the immediate ancestor of comedy was the phallic song (as Aristotle tells us in the *Poetics*) or some sort of a "beast-comos," *i.e.*, a chorus of revelers disguised as animals. At any rate, the comic chorus was a most important part of the action of the play, especially in the first half, and was larger than the tragic chorus, having twenty-four members instead of twelve or fifteen.

Since the original ritual from which comedy was derived was undoubtedly some sort of fertility rite, the plays of old comedy exhibit a startling frankness and coarseness; it must be remembered that not only were the ancients a good deal more outspoken in mentioning the bodily functions than are we moderns, but also the presence of lusty and libidinous jokes in these comedies had a talismanistic purpose: the fertility of nature was to be stimulated, so to speak, by the unrestrained license of the worshipper. The connection of comedy at Athens with the festival of Dionysus, the god of fertility and wine, helped to preserve the tradition of lusty, outspoken indecency in the comic productions.

Comedy was officially recognized by the state and admitted to the City Dionysia at Athens in 487 B.C., and there is little doubt that it was recognized and encouraged by the growing democracy as a democratic measure. Early comedy is filled with outspoken abuse and satire on prominent individuals; it is, of course, characteristic of comedy in all ages to ridicule those who deviate from accepted social standards or who exalt themselves above their fellows. But clearly Athenian comedy is unrivaled, almost unparalleled in its freedom of abuse and mockery of real, living persons. Such attacks were, perhaps, part of the leveling process which took place in ancient democracies; and comedy always tended to represent the views of the average citizen—the "little fellow"—against all outstanding individuals, most of whom are presented by the comic poet as charlatans or imposters. Besides this liberty of personal abuse, comedy at Athens assumed for itself the right to discuss and comment on all aspects of civic life, including politics, education, and art. Here we should remember that education and art were inseparably connected with public life in the small city-states of Greece; the Sophistic education which Aristophanes attacked in the *Clouds*, was, after all, a training for political activity.

Aristophanes is the only poet of this early Athenian comedy whose works have been preserved. We know little about his life; he was born about 447 B.C., produced his first play in 427 and his

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last in 386. He thus lived through one of the most critical pe of Athenian history, the age of the Peloponnesian War and break-up of the Athenian Empire; his works provide for the pe a store of information and a somewhat biased commentary. wrote in all about forty plays, of which eleven are still ex these are (with the dates of their first production) the *Acharn* (425), *Knights* (424), *Clouds* (423), *Wasps* (422), *Peace* (4 *Birds* (414), *Lysistrata* (411), *Thesmophoriazusae* (410), *Fr* (405), *Ecclesiazusae* (393), and *Plutus* (388). The best know these comedies are, besides the *Clouds* which is included in volume, the *Birds,* a charming fantasy of a Utopia establishe the air by two nimble-witted Athenians, which involves sly, s comments on life in Athens; the *Lysistrata,* a Rabelaisian treat of an imaginary sex-strike conducted by the women of Greece order to force their husbands to end the Peloponnesian War; the *Frogs,* a burlesque descent to Hades where we find the p Aeschylus and Euripides arguing over the merits of their trage The comedies of Aristophanes reveal to us a man of tremen creative powers with a facility in comic invention which is u proached in literature, a dramatist careless or impatient of dram consistency and probability, a poet of great gifts in lyric, an buffoon with an unbounded delight in horseplay and ribaldry.

The *Clouds,* which was produced in 423 B.C., was a failure a first performance, coming in third (or last) in the comic co at the City Dionysia of that year. Aristophanes re-edited the p inserting the Parabasis, or address to the spectators, in the f which we now have; we do not know whether there were other significant changes and whether the revised edition, w is the one preserved to us, was ever produced or not. At any modern readers have generally admired the play and have conc in Aristophanes' judgment that it is one of the wittiest of comedies. The plot is relatively simple and almost tragic i conception. Strepsiades, an old countryman, in an effort to a paying the debts which his extravagant son has incurred, goe school under Socrates at his *Phrontisterion,* or Thoughtery (a co word invented by Aristophanes); here he hopes to learn the reasoning of the Sophists, which guarantees that the weaker unjust cause shall prevail. Unable to learn himself, he f sends his son, who successfully learns the new logic, with trous consequences to his father. The core of the drama le the Agon, or Dramatic Debate, a constant feature of these comedies; usually the dramatic action ceases while the opp principles are thrashed out in a formal debate between two characters. In the *Clouds* Aristophanes has chosen to bring two opposing principles on stage in person, that is, personifica of the two kinds of reasoning, the just, or better, and the unju worse. Each presents the case for the particular kind of educ

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he embodies and eventually the Just Reason admits himself de-
feated.

The nature of the Just and Unjust Reasoning, which are so important in the thought of the play, needs some explanation for the modern reader. The great Sophist Protagoras had first enunciated the principle that about every subject two opposing *logoi,* or propositions, could be maintained: one, the better or stronger, which was generally approved by popular sentiment and had the weight of authority and common acceptance behind it; the other, the weaker, which contradicted general belief and was harder to uphold. The object of the skilled speaker is to find arguments to strengthen this weaker side, if he wishes, and thus "to make the worse cause appear the better." Now there is nothing intrinsically immoral about this position; it is perfectly true that it *is* the object of the skilled debater to make his side seem the better, and in many cases it is the weaker side, the side less palatable and approved by the public, which is actually more just and right. But Aristophanes, following a popular misconception, has identified the weaker side with the unjust proposition and has presented as the aim of the new sophistic education the desire to make injustice prevail. In justification of Aristophanes and popular sentiment, it might be added that many of the pupils of the sophists did use their knowledge of rhetoric for unjust purposes, and the tendency of the new education seemed to be to upset and overthrow the established religion and moral order.

The figure of Socrates in the play has also aroused endless discussion. There is no doubt that Aristophanes' caricature of the great Athenian philosopher is grossly unfair: Socrates never accepted payment for teaching; he asserted that he did not teach at all, since with characteristic modesty, or Socratic irony, he claimed to be wiser than other men only in knowing that he knew nothing; he had had except in his youth little or no interest in the physical philosophy which is stressed in the first part of the *Clouds;* and the tendency of his speculations or self-examination was entirely opposed to the sophistic training in public speaking as an aid to political influence or legal chicanery. Since Aristophanes is represented by Plato as knowing Socrates quite well, the distortion must be deliberate. It has often been suggested that Socrates in the *Clouds* is a type-character, representing the sophists as a group; the name Socrates was chosen for this character simply because Socrates was well known to the Athenian populace; the mob would easily distinguish between the Sophists and Socrates, who because of his interest in ethical and moral problems had much in common with the Sophists. Other critics have seen in the Socrates of the *Clouds* a comic type-character known as the "learned imposter, or charlatan." This type is usually represented in comedy as talking in absurd learned jargon, worshipping strange gods, offering fan-

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tastic and ridiculous explanations of natural phenomena, and so
ing the vulgar herd. The suggestion then is that to the figure
the historical person Socrates Aristophanes added the traits of
comic type, and had no intention of representing the real
character as the real Socrates. None the less, Plato tells us in
Apology that the caricature of the comic poet did Socrates
harm and accounted in part for the undoubted prejudice ag
him which resulted in his death.

Whatever the answer to this question may be, Aristophanes
produced in the *Clouds* an amusing and complex work of art wh
attracts many readers for a variety of reasons; and not the
of its attractions lies in the engaging portrayal of the stupid S
siades vainly seeking to comprehend the subtleties of higher ed
tion—a comic *motif* that reappears with great effect in Mol
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

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ARISTOPHANES

(*ca.* 448-385 B.C.)

THE CLOUDS

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Characters in the Play

Strepsiades
Phidippides
Servant of Strepsiades
Disciples of Socrates
Socrates
Just Discourse
Unjust Discourse
Pasias, *a Moneylender*
Amynias, *a young man*
Chorus of Clouds

(Two of the leading characters have significant names, as is usual in ancient comedy. Strepsiades suggests "the Twister"; Phidippides' name was the result of a compromise, as his father tells us: the first part is from *pheidos*, "thrifty," while the second part suggests a "horsey" aristocratic young man. The rest of the names belong to real individuals at Athens, and are used to suggest types.)

Structure of the Comedy

1-262: Prologue
263-475: Parodos, or Entrance of the Chorus
476-509: Scene I
510-626: Parabasis of the Chorus *
627-813: Iambic Syzygy *
814-888: Scene II (or Episode)
889-948: Scene III (or Pro-agon)
949-1112: Agon I *
1113-1130: Parabasis II
1131-1302: Episode
1303-1320: Stasimon *
1321-1344: Scene IV
1345-1451: Agon II
1452-1510: Exodus *

First produced in 423 B. C.

* See the Glossary.

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THE CLOUDS

(SCENE: *In the background are two houses, that of Strepsiades and that of Socrates, the Thoughtery. The latter is small and dingy; the interior of the former is shown and two beds are seen, each occupied.*)

STREPSIADES (*sitting up*): Great gods! will these nights never end? will daylight never come? I heard the cock crow long ago and my slaves are snoring still! Ah! it wasn't like this formerly. Curses on the war! has it not done me ills enough? Now I may not even chastise my own slaves. Again there's this brave lad, who never wakes the whole long night, but, wrapped in his five coverlets, snores away to his heart's content. (*He lies down*) Come! let me nestle in well and snore too, if it be possible . . . oh! misery, it's vain to think of sleep with all these expenses, this stable, these debts, which are devouring me, thanks to this fine cavalier, who only knows how to look after his long locks, to show himself off in his chariot and to dream of horses! And I, I am nearly dead, when I see the moon bringing the third decade in her train and the interest mounting up. . . . Slave! light the lamp and bring me my tablets. (*The slave obeys.*) Who are all my creditors? Let me see and reckon up the interest. What is it I owe? . . . Twelve minae to Pasias. . . . What! twelve minae to Pasias? . . . Why did I borrow these? Ah! I know! It was to buy that thoroughbred, which cost me so much. How I should have prized the stone that had blinded him!

PHIDIPPIDES (*in his sleep*): That's not fair, Philo! Drive your chariot straight, I say.

STR.: This is what is destroying me. He raves about horses, even in his sleep.

PHI. (*still sleeping*): How many times round the track is the race for the chariots of war?

STR.: It's your own father you are driving . . . to death . . . to ruin. Come! what debt comes next, after that of Pasias? . . . Three minae to Amynias for a chariot and its two wheels.

PHI. (*still asleep*): Give the horse a good roll in the dust and lead him home.

STR.: Ah! wretched boy! it's my money that you are making roll. My creditors have distrained on my goods, and here are others again, who demand security for their interest.

PHI. (*awaking*): What is the matter with you, father, that you groan and turn about the whole night through?

STR.: I have a bum-bailiff in the bedclothes biting me.

PHI.: For pity's sake, let me have a little sleep. (*He turns over.*)

STR.: Very well, sleep on! but remember that all these debts will fall back on your shoulders. Oh! curses on the go-between who

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made me marry your mother! I lived so happily in the country, [43-
commonplace, everyday life, but a good and easy one—had
a trouble, not a care, was rich in bees, in sheep and in olives. T
indeed I had to marry the niece of Megacles, the son of Mega
I belonged to the country, she was from the town; she was
haughty, extravagant woman, a true Coesyra. On the nuptial
day, when I lay beside her, I was reeking of the dregs of the wi
cup, of cheese and of wool; she was redolent with essences, saffro
voluptuous kisses, the love of spending, of good cheer and
wanton delights. I will not say she did nothing; no, she worked
hard . . . to ruin me, and pretending all the while merely to
showing her the cloak she had woven for me, I said, "Wife y
go too fast about your work, your threads are too closely woven a
you use far too much wool." (*A slave enters with a lamp.*)

SLAVE: There is no more oil in the lamp.

STR.: Why then did you light such a thirsty lamp? Come he
I am going to beat you.

SLAVE: What for?

STR.: Because you have put in too thick a wick. . . . Later, wh
we had this boy, what was to be his name? It was the cause
much quarrelling with my loving wife. She insisted on havi
some reference to a horse in his name, that he should be ca
Xanthippus, Charippus or Callippides. I wanted to name h
Phidonides after his grandfather. We disputed long, and fina
agreed to style him Phidippides. . . . She used to fondle and co
him, saying, "Oh! what a joy it will be to me when you ha
grown up, to see you, like my father, Megacles, clothed in pur
and standing up straight in your chariot driving your steeds tow
the town." And I would say to him, "When, like your fath
you will go, dressed in a skin, to fetch back your goats fr
Phelleus." Alas! he never listened to me and his madness
horses has shattered my fortune. (*He gets out of bed.*) But
dint of thinking the livelong night, I have discovered a road
salvation, both miraculous and divine. If he will but follow
I shall be out of my trouble! First, however, he must be awa
ened, but it must be done as gently as possible. How shall
manage it? Phidippides! my little Phidippides!

PHI. (*awakening again*): What is it, father?

STR.: Kiss me and give me your hand.

PHI. (*getting up and doing as his father requests*): There! Wh
it all about?

STR.: Tell me! do you love me?

PHI.: By Posidon, the equestrian Posidon! yes, I swear I do.

STR.: Oh, do not, I pray you, invoke this god of horses; he is
one who is the cause of all my cares. But if you really love
and with your whole heart, my boy, believe me.

PHI.: Believe you? about what?

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[125-135]

STR.: Alter your habits forthwith and go and learn what I tell you.

PHI.: Say on, what are your orders?

STR.: Will you obey me ever so little?

PHI.: By Dionysus, I will.

STR.: Very well then! Look this way. Do you see that little door and that little house?

PHI.: Yes, father. But what are you driving at?

STR.: That is the Thoughtery of wise souls. There they prove that we are coals enclosed on all sides under a vast snuffer, which is the sky. If well paid, these men also teach one how to gain lawsuits, whether they be just or not.

PHI.: What do they call themselves?

STR.: I do not know exactly, but they are deep thinkers and very superior people.

PHI.: Bah! the wretches! I know them; you mean those quacks with pale faces, those barefoot fellows, such as that miserable Socrates and Chaerephon?

STR.: Silence! say nothing foolish! If you desire your father not to die of hunger, join their company and let your horses go.

PHI.: No, by Dionysus! even though you gave me the pheasants that Leogoras raises.

STR.: Oh! my beloved son, I beseech you, go and follow their teachings.

PHI.: And what is it I should learn?

STR.: It seems they have two courses of reasoning, the true and the false, and that, thanks to the false, the worst lawsuits can be gained. If then you learn this science, which is false, I shall not have to pay an obol of all the debts I have contracted on your account.

PHI.: No, I will not do it. I should no longer dare to look at our gallant horsemen, when I had so ruined my tan.

STR.: Well then, by Demeter! I will no longer support you, neither you, nor your team, nor your saddle horse. Go and hang yourself, I turn you out of house and home.

PHI.: My uncle Megacles will not leave me without horses; I shall go to him and laugh at your anger.

(*He departs.* STREPSIADES *goes over to* SOCRATES' house.)

STR.: One rebuff shall not dishearten me. With the help of the gods I will enter the Thoughtery and learn myself. (*He hesitates.*) But at my age, memory has gone and the mind is slow to grasp things. How can all these fine distinctions, these subtleties be learned? (*Making up his mind*) Bah! why should I dally thus instead of rapping at the door? Slave, slave!

(*He knocks and calls.*)

A DISCIPLE (*from within*): A plague on you! Who are you?

STR.: Strepsiades, the son of Phido, of the deme of Cicynna.

DIS. (*coming out of the door*): You are nothing but an ignorant

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and illiterate fellow to let fly at the door with such kicks. Y
have brought on a miscarriage — of an idea!

STR.: Pardon me, please; for I live far away from here in th
country. But tell me, what was the idea that miscarried?

DIS.: I may not tell it to any but a disciple.

STR.: Then tell me without fear, for I have come to pu
among you.

DIS.: Very well then, but remember that these are mystere
Lately, a flea bit Chaerephon on the brow and then from the
sprang on to the head of Socrates. Socrates asked Chaerepho
"How many times the length of its legs does a flea jump?"

STR.: And how ever did he go about measuring it?

DIS.: Oh! it was most ingenious! He melted some wax, seize
the flea and dipped its two feet in the wax, which, when cool
left them shod with true Persian slippers. These he took off a
with them measured the distance.

STR.: Ah! great Zeus! what a brain! what subtlety!

DIS.: I wonder what then would you say, if you knew another
Socrates' contrivances?

STR.: What is it? Pray tell me.

DIS.: Chaerephon of the deme of Sphettia asked him whether
thought a gnat buzzed through its proboscis or through its rump

STR.: And what did he say about the gnat?

DIS.: He said that gut of the gnat was narrow, and that, in passi
through this tiny passage, the air is driven with force towards th
breech; then after this slender channel, it encountered the rump
which was distended like a trumpet, and there it resound
sonorously.

STR.: So the rump of a gnat is a trumpet. Oh! what a splendi
investigation! Thrice happy Socrates! It would not be diffic
to succeed in a lawsuit, knowing so much about a gnat's guts!

DIS.: Not long ago a lizard caused him the loss of a sublim
thought.

STR.: In what way, please?

DIS.: One night, when he was studying the course of the moo
and its revolutions and was gazing open-mouthed at the heaven
a lizard spattered him from the top of the roof.

STR.: A lizard spattering Socrates! That's rich!

DIS.: Last night we had nothing to eat.

STR.: Well, what did he contrive, to secure you some supper?

DIS.: He spread over the table a light layer of cinders, bending
iron rod the while; then he took up a pair of compasses and at
same moment unhooked a piece of the victim which was hang
in the palaestra.

STR.: And we still dare to admire Thales! Open, open this ho
of knowledge to me quickly! Haste, haste to show me Socrat
I long to become his disciple. But do please open the door. (
door opens, revealing the interior of the Thoughtery, in which

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184–218]

DISCIPLES OF SOCRATES *are seen in various postures of meditation and study; they are pale and emaciated creatures.*) Ah! by Heracles! what country are those animals from?

DIS.: Why, what are you astonished at? What do you think they resemble?

STR.: The captives of Pylos. But why do they look so fixedly on the ground?

DIS.: They are seeking for what is below the ground.

STR.: Ah! they're looking for onions. Do not give yourselves so much trouble; I know where there are some, fine big ones. But what are those fellows doing, bent all double?

DIS.: They are sounding the abysses of Tartarus.

STR.: And what are their rumps looking at in the heavens?

DIS.: They are studying astronomy on their own account. But come in so that the master may not find us here.

STR.: Not yet; not yet; let them not change their position. I want to tell them my own little matter.

DIS.: But they may not stay too long in the open air and away from school.

STR. (*pointing to a celestial globe*): In the name of all the gods, what is that? Tell me.

DIS.: That is astronomy.

STR. (*pointing to a map*): And that?

DIS.: Geometry.

STR.: What is that used for?

DIS.: To measure the land.

STR.: But that is apportioned by lot.

DIS.: No, no, I mean the entire earth.

STR.: Ah! what a funny thing! How generally useful indeed is this invention!

DIS.: There is the whole surface of the earth. Look! Here is Athens.

STR.: Athens! you are mistaken; I see no courts in session.

DIS.: Nevertheless it is really and truly the Attic territory.

STR.: And where are my neighbours of Cicynna?

DIS.: They live here. This is Euboea; you see this island, that is so long and narrow.

STR.: I know. Because we and Pericles have stretched it by dint of squeezing it. And where is Lacedaemon?

DIS.: Lacedaemon? Why, here it is, look.

STR.: How near it is to us! Think it well over, it must be removed to a greater distance.

DIS.: But, by Zeus, that is not possible.

STR.: Then, woe to you! and who is this man suspended up in a basket?

DIS.: That's *himself*.

STR.: Who's himself?

DIS.: Socrates.

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STR.: Socrates! Oh! I pray you, call him right loudly for
DIS.: Call him yourself; I have no time to waste. (*He dep*
The machine swings in SOCRATES *in a basket.*)
STR.: Socrates! my dear little Socrates!
SOCRATES (*loftily*): Mortal, what do you want with me?
STR.: First, what are you doing up there? Tell me, I beseech y
SOC.: (*pompously*): I am traversing the air and contémpla
the sun.
STR.: Thus it's not on the solid ground, but from the heigh
this basket, that you slight the gods, if indeed . . .
SOC.: I have to suspend my brain and mingle the subtle esse
of my mind with this air, which is of the like nature, in ord
clearly to penetrate the things of heaven. I should have discove
nothing, had I remained on the ground to consider from bel
the things that are above; for the earth by its force attracts the
of the mind to itself. It's just the same with the water-cress.
STR.: What? Does the mind attract the sap into the water-cre
Ah! my dear little Socrates, come down to me! I have come to
you for lessons.
SOC.: (*descending*): And for what lessons?
STR.: I want to learn how to speak. I have borrowed money, a
my merciless creditors do not leave me a moment's peace; all
goods are at stake.
SOC.: And how was it you did not see that you were getting
much into debt?
STR.: My ruin has been the madness for horses, a most rapacio
evil; but teach me one of your two methods of reasoning, the
whose object is not to repay anything, and may the gods be
witness that I am ready to pay any fee you may name.
SOC.: You'll swear by the gods, will you? Nonsense! To beg
with, the gods are not a coin current with us.
STR.: But what do you swear by then? By the iron money
Byzantium?
SOC.: Do you really wish to know the truth of celestial matte
STR.: Why, yes, if it's possible.
SOC.: . . . and to converse with the clouds, who are our gu
STR.: Without a doubt.
SOC.: Then be seated on this sacred couch.
STR. (*sitting down*): I am seated.
SOC.: Now take this chaplet.
STR.: Why a chaplet? Alas! Socrates, would you sacrifice
like Athamas?
SOC.: No, these are the rites of initiation.
STR.: And what is it I am to gain?
SOC.: You will become a thorough rattle-pate, a hardened
stager, the fine flour of the talkers. . . . But come, keep quiet.
STR.: By Zeus! That's no lie! Soon I shall be nothing but
flour, if you powder me in that fashion.

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[263–315]

SOC.: Silence, old man, give heed to the prayers. (*In an hieroatic tone*) Oh! most mighty king, the boundless air, that keepest the earth suspended in space, thou bright Aether and ye venerable goddesses, the Clouds, who carry in your loins the thunder and the lightning, arise, ye sovereign powers and manifest yourselves in the celestial spheres to the eyes of your sage.

STR.: Not yet! Wait a bit, till I fold my mantle double, so as not to get wet. And to think that I did not even bring my travelling cap! What a misfortune!

SOC. (*ignoring this*): Come, oh! Clouds, whom I adore, come and show yourselves to this man, whether you be resting on the sacred summits of Olympus, crowned with hoar-frost, or tarrying in the gardens of Ocean, your father, forming sacred choruses with the Nymphs; whether you be gathering the waves of the Nile in golden vases or dwelling in the Maeotic marsh or on the snowy rocks of Mimas, hearken to my prayer and accept my offering. May these sacrifices be pleasing to you.

(*Amidst rumblings of thunder the* CHORUS OF CLOUDS *appears.*)

CHORUS (*singing*): Eternal Clouds, let us appear; let us arise from the roaring depths of Ocean, our father; let us fly towards the lofty mountains, spread our damp wings over their forest-laden summits, whence we will dominate the distant valleys, the harvest fed by the sacred earth, the murmur of the divine streams and the resounding waves of the sea, which the unwearying orb lights up with its glittering beams. But let us shake off the rainy fogs, which hide our immortal beauty and sweep the earth from afar with our gaze.

SOC.: Oh, venerated goddesses, yes, you are answering my call! (*To* STREPSIADES.) Did you hear their voices mingling with the awful growling of the thunder?

STR.: Oh! adorable Clouds, I revere you and I too am going to let off *my* thunder, so greatly has your own affrighted me. Faith! whether permitted or not, I must, I *must* find a pot!

SOC.: No scoffing; do not copy those damned comic poets. Come, silence! a numerous host of goddesses approaches with songs.

CHORUS (*singing*): Virgins, who pour forth the rains, let us move toward Attica, the rich country of Pallas, the home of the brave; let us visit the dear land of Cecrops, where the secret rites are celebrated, where the mysterious sanctuary flies open to the initiate. What victims are offered there to the deities of heaven! What glorious temples! What statues! What holy prayers to the rulers of Olympus! At every season nothing but sacred festivals, garlanded victims, is to be seen. Then Spring brings round again the joyous feasts of Dionysus, the harmonious contests of the choruses and the serious melodies of the flute.

STR.: By Zeus! Tell me, Socrates, I pray you, who are these women, whose language is so solemn; can they be demi-goddesses?

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SOC.: Not at all. They are the Clouds of heaven, great godd for the lazy; to them we owe all, thoughts, speeches, trick roguery, boasting, lies, sagacity.

STR.: Ah! that was why, as I listened to them, my mind spre out its wings; it burns to babble about trifles, to maintain worth arguments, to voice its petty reasons, to contradict, to tease so opponent. But are they not going to show themselves? I sho like to see them, were it possible.

SOC.: Well, look this way in the direction of Parnes; I already those who are slowly descending.

STR.: But where, where? Show them to me.

SOC.: They are advancing in a throng, following an oblique pa across the dales and thickets.

STR.: Strange! I can see nothing.

SOC.: There, close to the entrance.

STR.: Hardly, if at all, can I distinguish them.

SOC.: You *must* see them clearly now, unless your eyes are fil with gum as thick as pumpkins.

STR.: Aye, undoubtedly! Oh! the venerable goddesses! W they fill up the entire stage.

SOC.: And you did not know, you never suspected, that they w goddesses?

STR.: No, indeed; I thought the Clouds were only fog, dew vapour.

SOC.: But what you certainly do not know is that they are support of a crowd of quacks, the diviners, who were sent Thurium, the notorious physicians, the well-combed fops, w load their fingers with rings down to the nails, and the bragga who write dithyrambic verses, all these are idlers whom the Clo provide a living for, because they sing them in their verses.

STR.: It is then for this that they praise "the rapid flight of moist clouds, which veil the brightness of day" and "the wav locks of the hundred-headed Typho" and "the impetuous tempe which float through the heavens, like birds of prey with aerial wi loaded with mists" and "the rains, the dew, which the clo outpour." As a reward for these fine phrases they bolt well-gro tasty mullet and delicate thrushes.

SOC.: Yes, thanks to these. And is it not right and meet?

STR.: Tell me then why, if these really are the Clouds, they very much resemble mortals. This is not their usual form.

SOC.: What are they like then?

STR.: I don't know exactly; well, they are like great packs wool, but not like women — no, not in the least. . . . And th have noses.

SOC.: Answer my questions.

STR.: Willingly! Go on, I am listening.

SOC.: Have you not sometimes seen clouds in the sky lik centaur, a leopard, a wolf or a bull?

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147–382]

STR.: Why, certainly I have, but what of that?

SOC.: They take what metamorphosis they like. If they see a debauchee with long flowing locks and hairy as a beast, like the son of Xenophantes, they take the form of a Centaur in derision of his shameful passion.

STR.: And when they see Simon, that thiever of public money, what do they do then?

SOC.: To picture him to the life, they turn at once into wolves.

STR.: So that was why yesterday, when they saw Cleonymus, who cast away his buckler because he is the veriest poltroon amongst men, they changed into deer.

SOC.: And to-day they have seen Clisthenes; you see . . . they are women.

STR.: Hail, sovereign goddesses, and if ever you have let your celestial voice be heard by mortal ears, speak to me, oh! speak to me, ye all-powerful queens.

CHORUS-LEADER: Hail! veteran of the ancient times, you who burn to instruct yourself in fine language. And you, great high-priest of subtle nonsense, tell us your desire. To you and Prodicus alone of all the hollow orationers of to-day have we lent an ear—to Prodicus, because of his knowledge and his great wisdom, and to you, because you walk with head erect, a confident look, barefooted, resigned to everything and proud of our protection.

STR.: Oh! Earth! What august utterances! how sacred! how wondrous!

SOC.: That is because these are the only goddesses; all the rest are mere myth.

STR.: But by the Earth! is our father, Zeus, the Olympian, not a god?

SOC.: Zeus! what Zeus! Are you mad? There is no Zeus.

STR.: What are you saying now? Who causes the rain to fall? Answer me that!

SOC.: Why, these, and I will prove it. Have you ever seen it raining without clouds? Let Zeus then cause rain with a clear sky and without their presence!

STR.: By Apollo! that is powerfully argued! For my own part, I always thought it was Zeus piddling into a sieve. But tell me, who is it makes the thunder, which I so much dread?

SOC.: These, when they roll one over the other.

STR.: But how can that be? you most daring among men!

SOC.: Being full of water, and forced to move along, they are of necessity precipitated in rain, being fully distended with moisture from the regions where they have been floating; hence they bump each other heavily and burst with great noise.

STR.: But is it not Zeus who forces them to move?

SOC.: Not at all; it's the aerial Vortex.

STR.: The Vortex! ah! I did not know that. So Zeus, it seems, no longer exists, and it's the Vortex that reigns in his stead? But

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you have not yet told me what makes the roll of the thunder?

SOC.: Have you not understood me then? I tell you, that the Clouds, when full of rain, bump against one another, and thus being inordinately swollen out, they burst with a great noise.

STR.: How can you make me credit that?

SOC.: Take yourself as an example. When you have heartily gorged on stew at the Panathenaea, you get throes of stomach-ache and then suddenly your belly resounds with prolonged rumbling.

STR.: Yes, yes, by Apollo! I suffer, I get colic, then the stew sets to rumbling like thunder and finally bursts forth with a terrific noise. At first, it's but a little gurgling *pappax, pappax!* then it increases, *papapappax!* and when I rush to the pot, why, it's thunder indeed, *papapappax! pappax!! papapappax!!!* just like the clouds.

SOC.: Well then, reflect what a noise is produced by your belly which is but small. Shall not the air, which is boundless, produce these mighty claps of thunder?

STR.: But tell me this. Whence comes the lightning, the dazzling flame, which at times consumes the man it strikes, at others hardly singes him. Is it not plain, that Zeus is hurling it at the perjurers?

SOC.: Out upon the fool! the driveller! he still savours of the golden age! If Zeus strikes at the perjurers, why has he not blasted Simon, Cleonymus and Theorus? Of a surety, greater perjurers cannot exist. No, he strikes his own temple, and Sunium, the promontory of Athens, and the towering oaks. Now, why should he do that? An oak is no perjurer.

STR.: I cannot tell, but it seems to me well argued. What is the lightning then?

SOC.: When a dry wind ascends to the Clouds and gets shut in them, it blows them out like a bladder; finally, being too confined, it bursts them, escapes with fierce violence and a roar to flash into flame by reason of its own impetuosity.

STR.: Ah, that's just what happened to me one day. It was at the feast of Zeus! I was cooking a sow's belly for my family and I had forgotten to slit it open. It swelled out and, suddenly bursting, discharged itself right into my eyes and burnt my face.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS: Oh, mortal, you who desire to instruct yourself in our great wisdom, the Athenians, the Greeks will envy you your good fortune. Only you must have the memory and ardour for study, you must know how to stand the tests, hold your own, go forward without feeling fatigue, caring but little for food, abstaining from wine, gymnastic exercises and other similar follies; in fact, you must believe as every man of intellect should, that the greatest of all blessings is to live and think more clearly than the vulgar herd, to shine in the contests of words.

STR.: If it be a question of hardiness for labour, of spending whole nights at work, of living sparingly, of fighting my stomach and only eating chick-pease, rest assured, I am as hard as an anvil.

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423–477]

SOC.: Henceforward, following our example, you will recognize no other gods but Chaos, the Clouds and the Tongue, these three alone.

STR.: I would not speak to the others, even if I met them in the street; not a single sacrifice, not a libation, not a grain of incense for them!

LEADER: Tell us boldly then what you want of us; you cannot fail to succeed, if you honour and revere us and if you are resolved to become a clever man.

STR.: Oh, sovereign goddesses, it is only a very small favour that I ask of you; grant that I may outdistance all the Greeks by a hundred stadia in the art of speaking.

LEADER: We grant you this, and henceforward no eloquence shall more often succeed in the Assembly than your own.

STR.: Don't talk to me about success in the Assembly! That's not what I want. I want to be able to turn bad law suits to my own advantage and to slip through the fingers of my creditors.

LEADER: It shall be as you wish, for your ambitions are modest. Commit yourself fearlessly to our ministers, the sophists.

STR.: This I will do, for I trust in you. Moreover there is no drawing back, what with these cursed horses and this marriage, which has eaten up my vitals. (*More and more volubly from here to the end of speech*) So let them do with me as they will; I yield my body to them. Come blows, come hunger, thirst, heat or cold, little matters it to me; they may flay me, if I only escape my debts, if only I win the reputation of being a bold rascal, a fine speaker, impudent, shameless, a braggart, and adept at stringing lies, an old singer at quibbles, a complete table of laws, a thorough rattle, a fox to slip through any hole; supple as a leathern strap, slippery as an eel, an artful fellow, a blusterer, a villain; a knave with a hundred faces, cunning, intolerable, a gluttonous dog. With such epithets do I seek to be greeted; on these terms they can treat me as they choose, and, if they wish, by Demeter! they can turn me into sausages and serve me up to the philosophers.

CHORUS (*singing*): Here have we a bold and well-disposed pupil indeed. When we have taught you, your glory among the mortals will reach even to the skies.

STR. (*singing*): Wherein will that profit me?

CHORUS (*singing*): You will pass your whole life among us and will be the most envied of men.

STR. (*singing*): Shall I really ever see such happiness?

CHORUS (*singing*): Clients will be everlastingly besieging your door in crowds, burning to get at you, to explain their business to you and to consult you about their suits, which, in return for your ability, will bring you in great sums.

LEADER: But, Socrates, begin the lessons you want to teach this old man; rouse his mind, try the strength of his intelligence.

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SOC.: Come, tell me the kind of mind you have; it's impor that I know this, that I may order my batteries against you in right fashion.

STR.: Eh, what! in the name of the gods, are you purposing assault me then?

SOC.: No. I only wish to ask you some questions. Have you memory?

STR.: That depends: if anything is owed me, my memory excellent, but if I owe, alas! I have none whatever.

SOC.: Have you a natural gift for speaking?

STR.: For speaking, no; for cheating, yes.

SOC.: How will you be able to learn then?

STR.: Very easily, have no fear.

SOC.: Thus, when I throw forth some philosophical thought an things celestial, you will seize it in its very flight?

STR.: Then I am to snap up wisdom much as a dog snaps up morsel?

SOC. (*aside*): Oh, the ignoramus! the barbarian! (*to* STREPSIADE I greatly fear, old man, it will be necessary for me to have recou to blows. Now, let me hear what you do when you are bea

STR.: I receive the blow, then wait a moment, take my witnes and finally summon my assailant at law.

SOC.: Come, take off your cloak.

STR.: Have I done anything wrong?

SOC.: No, but the usual thing is to enter the school without yo cloak.

STR.: But I have not come here to look for stolen goods.*

SOC.: Off with it, fool!

STR. (*obeying*): Tell me, if I prove thoroughly attentive and lea with zeal, which of your disciples shall I resemble, do you think

SOC.: You will be the image of Chaerephon.

STR.: Ah! unhappy me! Shall I then be only half alive?

SOC.: A truce to this chatter! follow me and no more of it.

STR.: First give me a honey-cake, for to descend down there s me all a-tremble; it looks like the cave of Trophonius.

SOC.: But get in with you! What reason have you for th dallying at the door?

(*They go into the Thoughter*

LEADER: Good luck! you have courage; may you succeed, y who, though already so advanced in years, wish to instruct y mind with new studies and practise it in wisdom! (*The* CHO *turns and faces the Audience.*)

Spectators! By Dionysus, whose servant I am, I will fran tell you the truth. May I secure both victory and renown as c tainly as I hold you for adept critics and as I regard this com

* When looking for stolen goods the searcher entered a house without his cloak, that he might not secretly carry in the object alleged to be stolen.

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522–573]

as my best. I wished to give you the first view of a work, which had cost me much trouble, but which I withdrew, unjustly beaten by unskilful rivals. It is you, oh, enlightened public, for whom I have prepared my piece, that I reproach with this. Nevertheless I shall never willingly cease to seek the approval of the discerning. I have not forgotten the day, when men, whom one is happy to have for an audience, received my Virtuous Young Man and my Profligate with so much favour in this very place. Then as yet virgin, my Muse had not attained the age for maternity; she had to expose her first-born for another to adopt, and it has since grown up under your generous patronage. Ever since you have as good as sworn me your faithful alliance. Thus, like the Electra of the poets, my comedy has come to seek you to-day, hoping again to encounter such enlightened spectators. As far away as she can discern her Orestes, she will be able to recognize him by his curly head. And note her modest demeanour! She has not sewn on a piece of hanging leather, thick and red, to cause laughter among the children; she does not rail at the bald, neither does she dance the *cordax;* no old man is seen, who, while uttering his lines, batters his questioner with a stick to make his poor jests pass muster. She does not rush upon the scene carrying a torch and screaming, 'Iou! Iou!' No, she relies upon herself and her verses. . . . My value is so well known, that I put on no airs about it. I do not seek to deceive you, by reproducing the same subjects two or three times; I always invent fresh themes to present before you, themes that have no relation to each other and that are all clever. I attacked Cleon to his face and when he was all-powerful; but he has fallen, and now I have no desire to kick him when he is down. My rivals, on the contrary, now that this wretched Hyperbolus has given them the cue, have never ceased setting upon both him and his mother. First Eupolis presented his 'Maricas'; this was simply my 'Knights,' whom this plagiarist had clumsily furbished up again by adding to the piece an old drunken woman, so that she might dance the *cordax*. It was an old idea, taken from Phrynichus, who caused his old hag to be devoured by a monster of the deep. Then Hermippus fell foul of Hyperbolus and now all the others fall upon him and repeat my comparison of the eels. May those who find amusement in their pieces not be pleased with mine, but as for you, who love and applaud my inventions, why, posterity will praise your good taste.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS (*singing*): Oh, ruler of Olympus, all-powerful King of the gods, great Zeus, it is thou whom I first invoke; protect this chorus; and thou too, Posidon, whose dread trident upheaves at the will of thy anger both the bowels of the earth and the salty waves of the ocean. I invoke my illustrious father, the divine Aether, the universal sustainer of life, and Phoebus, who, from the summit of his chariot, sets the world aflame with his dazzling rays,

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Phoebus, a mighty deity amongst the gods and adored amongst mortals.

LEADER OF FIRST SEMI-CHORUS: Most wise spectators, lend us your attention. Give heed to our just reproaches. There exist gods to whom this city owes more than it does to us, whom al you forget. Not a sacrifice, not a libation is there for those w protect you! Have you decreed some mad expedition? W we thunder or we fall down in rain. When you chose that ene of heaven, the Paphlagonian tanner,* for a general, we knitted brow, we caused our wrath to break out; the lightning shot fo the thunder pealed, the moon deserted her course and the sun once veiled his beam threatening no longer to give you light, Cleon became general. Nevertheless you elected him; it is sai Athens never resolves upon some fatal step but the gods turn th errors into her greatest gain. Do you wish that his election shou even now be a success for you? It is a very simple thing to d condemn this rapacious gull named Cleon for bribery and extorti fit a wooden collar tight round his neck, and your error will b rectified and the commonweal will at once regain its old prosper

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS (*singing*): Aid me also, Phoebus, god Delos, who reignest on the cragged peaks of Cynthus; and th happy virgin, to whom the Lydian damsels offer pompous sacrifi in a temple of gold; and thou, goddess of our country, Athe armed with the aegis, the protectress of Athens; and thou, wh surrounded by the bacchants of Delphi, roamest over the rocks Parnassus shaking the flame of thy resinous torch, thou, Dionys the god of revel and joy.

LEADER OF SECOND SEMI-CHORUS: As we were preparing to co here, we were hailed by the Moon and were charged to wish j and happiness both to the Athenians and to their allies; furthe she said that she was enraged and that you treated her very sham fully, her, who does not pay you in words alone, but who rende you all real benefits. Firstly, thanks to her, you save at least drachma each month for lights, for each, as he is leaving home night, says, "Slave, buy no torches, for the moonlight is beau ful," — not to name a thousand other benefits. Nevertheless y do not reckon the days correctly and your calendar is naug but confusion. Consequently the gods load her with threats e time they get home and are disappointed of their meal, becau the festival has not been kept in the regular order of time. Wh you should be sacrificing, you are putting to the torture or ministering justice. And often, we others, the gods, are fasting token of mourning for the death of Memnon or Sarpedon, w you are devoting yourselves to joyous libations. It is for this, th last year, when the lot would have invested Hyperbolus with th duty of Amphictyon, we took his crown from him, to teach h that time must be divided according to the phases of the mo

* Cleon.

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627–669]

SOC. (*coming out*): By Respiration, the Breath of Life! By Chaos! By the Air! I have never seen a man so gross, so inept, so stupid, so forgetful. All the little quibbles, which I teach him, he forgets even before he has learnt them. Yet I will not give it up, I will make him come out here into the open air. Where are you, Strepsiades? Come, bring your couch out here.

STR. (*from within*): But the bugs will not allow me to bring it.

SOC.: Have done with such nonsense! place it there and pay attention.

STR. (*coming out, with the bed*): Well, here I am.

SOC.: Good! Which science of all those you have never been taught, do you wish to learn first? The measures, the rhythms or the verses?

STR.: Why, the measures; the flour dealer cheated me out of two *choenices* the other day.

SOC.: It's not about that I ask you, but which, according to you, is the best measure, the trimeter or the tetrameter?

STR.: The one I prefer is the semisextarius.

SOC.: You talk nonsense, my good fellow.

STR.: I will wager your tetrameter is the semisextarius.

SOC.: Plague seize the dunce and the fool! Come, perchance you will learn the rhythms quicker.

STR.: Will the rhythms supply me with food?

SOC.: First they will help you to be pleasant in company, then to know what is meant by enhoplian rhythm and what by the dactylic.

STR.: The dactyl? I know that quite well.

SOC.: What is it then?

STR.: What is it but this finger here? (*making an indecent gesture with his middle finger.*) Formerly, when I was a child, I used this one.

SOC.: You are as low-minded as you are stupid.

STR.: But, wretched man, I do not want to learn all this.

SOC.: Then what *do* you want to know?

STR.: Not that, not that, but the art of false reasoning.

SOC.: But you must first learn other things. Come, what are the male quadrupeds?

STR.: Oh! I know the males thoroughly. Do you take me for a fool? The ram, the buck, the bull, the dog, the pigeon.

SOC.: Do you see what you are doing; do you call the female pigeon the same as the male?

STR.: How else? Come now!

SOC.: How else? With you then it's pigeon and pigeon!

STR.: That's right, by Posidon! but what names do you want me to give them?

SOC.: Term the female pigeonnette and the male pigeon.

STR.: Pigeonnette! hah! by the Air! That's splendid! for that lesson bring out your kneading-trough and I will fill him with flour to the brim.

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SOC.: There you are wrong again; you make *trough* masculine and it should be feminine.

STR.: What? if I say, *him,* do I make the *trough* masculine?

SOC.: Assuredly! would you not say him for Cleonymus?

STR.: Well?

SOC.: Then trough is of the same gender as Cleonymus?

STR.: My good man! Cleonymus never had a kneading-trough he used a round mortar for the purpose. But come, tell me wh I *should* say!

SOC.: For trough you should say her as you would for Sostra

STR.: *Her?*

SOC.: In this manner you make it truly female.

STR.: That's it! *Her* for trough and *her* for Cleonymus.

SOC.: Now I must teach you to distinguish the masculine prop names from those that are feminine.

STR.: Ah! I know the female names well.

SOC.: Name some then.

STR.: Lysilla, Philinna, Clitagora, Demetria.

SOC.: And what are masculine names?

STR.: They are countless—Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.

SOC.: But, wretched man, the last two are not masculine.

STR.: You do not count them as masculine?

SOC.: Not at all. If you met Amynias, how would you hail him

STR.: How? Why, I should shout, "Hi, there, Amynia!"

SOC.: Do you see? it's a female name that you give him.

STR.: And is it not rightly done, since he refuses military servic But what use is there in learning what we all know?

SOC.: You know nothing about it. Come, lie down there.

STR.: What for?

SOC.: Ponder awhile over matters that interest you.

STR.: Oh! I pray you, not there! but, if I must lie down a ponder, let me lie on the ground.

SOC.: That's out of the question. Come! on the couch!

STR. (*as he lies down*): What cruel fate! What a torture the b will this day put me to! (*Socrates turns aside.*)

CHORUS (*singing*): Ponder and examine closely, gather y thoughts together, let your mind turn to every side of things; you meet with a difficulty, spring quickly to some other idea; abo all, keep your eyes away from all gentle sleep.

STR.: (*singing*): Ow, Wow, Wow, Wow is me!

CHORUS (*singing*): What ails you? why do you cry so?

STR.: Oh! I am a dead man! Here are these cursed Corinthia advancing upon me from all corners of the couch; they are bi me, they are gnawing at my sides, they are drinking all my blo they are digging into me, they are killing me!

LEADER: Not so much wailing and clamour, if you please.

* A pun on the Greek word *Koris,* a bedbug.

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718–759]

STR.: How can I obey? I have lost my money and my complexion, my blood and my slippers, and to cap my misery, I must keep awake on this couch, when scarce a breath of life is left in me.

(*A brief interval of silence ensues.*)

SOC.: Well now! what are you doing? are you reflecting?

STR.: Yes, by Posidon!

SOC.: What about?

STR.: Whether the bugs will entirely devour me.

SOC.: May death seize you, accursed man! (*He turns aside again.*)

STR.: Ah! it has already.

SOC.: Come, no giving way! Cover up your head; the thing to do is to find an ingenious alternative.

STR.: An alternative! ah! I only wish one would come to me from within these coverlets! (*Another interval of silence ensues.*)

SOC.: Wait! let us see what our fellow is doing! Ho! you, are you asleep?

STR.: No, by Apollo!

SOC.: Have you got hold of anything?

STR.: No, nothing whatever.

SOC.: Nothing at all?

STR. (*with another indecent gesture*): No, nothing except this, which I've got in my hand.

SOC.: Aren't you going to cover your head immediately and ponder?

STR.: On what? Come, Socrates, tell me.

SOC.: Think first what you want, and then tell me.

STR.: But I have told you a thousand times what I want. Not to pay any of my creditors.

SOC.: Come, wrap yourself up; concentrate your mind, which wanders too lightly; study every detail, scheme and examine thoroughly.

STR.: Alas! Alas!

SOC.: Keep still, and if any notion troubles you, put it quickly aside, then resume it and think over it again.

STR.: My *dear* little Socrates!

SOC.: What is it, old greybeard?

STR.: I have a scheme for not paying my debts.

SOC.: Let us hear it.

STR.: Tell me, if I hired a Thessalian witch, I could make the moon descend during the night and shut it, like a mirror, into a round box and there keep it carefully. . . .

SOC.: How would you gain by that?

STR.: How? why, if the moon did not rise, I would have no interest to pay.

SOC.: Why so?

STR.: Because money is lent by the month.

SOC.: Good! but I am going to propose another trick to you. If

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you were condemned to pay five talents, how would you manage quash that verdict? Tell me.

STR.: How? how? I don't know, I must think.

SOC.: Do you always shut your thoughts within yourself? L your ideas fly in the air, like a may-bug, tied by the foot with thread.

STR.: I have found a very clever way to annul that convictio you will admit that much yourself.

SOC.: What is it?

STR.: Have you ever seen a beautiful, transparent stone at the druggists' with which you may kindle fire?

SOC.: You mean a crystal lens.

STR.: That's right. Well, now if I placed myself with this stone in the sun and a long way off from the clerk, while he was writing out the conviction, I could make all the wax, upon which the words were written, melt.

SOC.: Well thought out, by the Graces!

STR.: Ah! I am delighted to have annulled the verdict that was to cost me five talents.

SOC.: Come, take up this next question quickly.

STR.: Which?

SOC.: If, when summoned to court, you were in danger of losing your case for want of witnesses, how would you make the conviction fall upon your opponent?

STR.: That's very simple and easy.

SOC.: Let me hear.

STR.: This way. If another case had to be pleaded before mine was called, I should run and hang myself.

SOC.: You talk rubbish!

STR.: Not so, by the gods! if I were dead, no action could be against me.

SOC.: Nonsense! Get out! I will give you no more lessons.

STR. (*imploringly*): Why not? Oh! Socrates! in the name of the gods!

SOC.: But you forget as fast as you learn. Come, what was the thing I taught you first? Tell me.

STR.: Ah! let me see. What was the first thing? What was then? Ah! that thing in which we knead the bread, oh! my god what do you call it?

SOC.: Plague take the most forgetful and silliest of old addlepates!

STR.: Alas! what a calamity! what will become of me? I am undone if I do not learn how to ply my tongue. Oh! Clouds give me good advice.

LEADER: Old man, we counsel you, if you have brought up a son to send him to learn in your stead.

STR.: Undoubtedly I have a son, as well endowed as the best, but he is unwilling to learn. What will become of me?

LEADER: And you don't make him obey you?

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799–846]

STR.: You see, he is big and strong; moreover, through his mother he is a descendant of those fine birds, the race of Coesyra. Nevertheless, I will go and find him, and if he refuses, I will turn him out of the house. Go in, Socrates, and wait for me awhile.

(SOCRATES *goes into the Thoughtery,* STREPSIADES *into his own house.*)

CHORUS (*singing*): Do you understand, Socrates, that thanks to us you will be loaded with benefits? Here is a man, ready to obey you in all things. You see how he is carried away with admiration and enthusiasm. Profit by it to clip him as short as possible; fine chances are all too quickly gone.

STR. (*coming out of his house and pushing his son in front of him*): No, by the Clouds! you stay here no longer; go and devour the ruins of your uncle Megacles' fortune.

PHI.: Oh! my poor father! what has happened to you? By the Olympian Zeus! you are no longer in your senses!

STR.: Look! "the Olympian Zeus." Oh! you fool! to believe in Zeus at your age!

PHI.: What is there in that to make you laugh?

STR.: You are then a tiny little child, if you credit such antiquated rubbish! But come here, that I may teach you; I will tell you something very necessary to know to be a man; but do not repeat it to anybody.

PHI.: Tell me, what is it?

STR.: Just now you swore by Zeus.

PHI.: Sure I did.

STR.: Do you see how good it is to learn? Phidippides, there is no Zeus.

PHI.: What is there then?

STR.: Vortex has driven out Zeus and is King now.

PHI.: What drivel!

STR.: You must realize that it is true.

PHI.: And who says so?

STR.: Socrates, the Melian, and Chaerephon, who knows how to measure the jump of a flea.

PHI.: Have you reached such a pitch of madness that you believe those bilious fellows?

STR.: Use better language, and do not insult men who are clever and full of wisdom, who, to economize, never shave, shun the gymnasia and never go to the baths, while you, you only await my death to eat up my wealth. But come, come as quickly as you can to learn in my stead.

PHI.: And what good can be learnt of them?

STR.: What good indeed? Why, all human knowledge. Firstly, you will know yourself grossly ignorant. But await me here awhile. (*He goes back into his house.*)

PHI.: Alas! what is to be done? Father has lost his wits. Must I have him certificated for lunacy, or must I order his coffin?

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STR.: (*returning with a bird in each hand*): Come! what kind bird is this? Tell me.

PHI.: A pigeon.

STR.: Good! And this female?

PHI.: A pigeon.

STR.: The same for both? You make me laugh! In the fu you must call this one a pigeonnette and the other a pigeon.

PHI.: A pigeonnette! These then are the fine things you h just learnt at the school of these sons of Earth! *

STR.: And many others; but what I learnt I forgot at once, becau I am too old.

PHI.: So this is why you have lost your cloak?

STR.: I have not lost it, I have consecrated it to Philosophy.

PHI.: And what have you done with your sandals, you poor fo

STR.: If I have lost them, it is for what was necessary, just Pericles did. But come, move yourself, let us go in; if necess do wrong to obey your father. When you were six years old still lisped, I was the one who obeyed you. I remember at feasts of Zeus you had a consuming wish for a little chariot I bought it for you with the first obol which I received as a jury in the courts.

PHI.: You will soon repent of what you ask me to do.

STR.: Oh! now I am happy! He obeys. (*loudly*) Come, Socra come! Come out quick! Here I am bringing you my son; refused, but I have persuaded him.

SOC.: Why, he is but a child yet. He is not used to these bask in which we suspend our minds.

PHI.: To make you better used to them, I would you were hu

STR.: A curse upon you! you insult your master!

SOC.: "I would you were hung!" What a stupid speech! and emphatically spoken! How can one ever get out of an accusa with such a tone, summon witnesses or touch or convince? A yet, Hyperbolus learnt all this for one talent!

STR.: Rest undisturbed and teach him. He has a most intelli nature. Even when quite little he amused himself at home making houses, carving boats, constructing little chariots of lea and understood wonderfully how to make frogs out of pomegra rinds. Teach him both methods of reasoning, the strong and the weak, which by false arguments triumphs over the strong not the two, at least the false, and that in every possible way.

SOC.: The Just and Unjust Discourse themselves shall inst him. I shall leave you.

STR.: But forget it not, he must always, always be able to found the true.

(SOCRATES *enters the Thoughtery; a moment later the* JUST *and* UNJUST DISCOURSE *come out; they are quarrelling violently.*)

* See TITANS in the Glossary.

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JUST DISCOURSE: Come here! Shameless as you may be, will you dare to show your face to the spectators?

UNJUST DISCOURSE: Take me where you will. I seek a throng, so that I may better annihilate you.

JUST DIS.: Annihilate me! Do you forget who you are?

UNJUST DIS.: I am Reasoning.

JUST DIS.: Yes, the weaker Reasoning.

UNJUST DIS.: But I triumph over you, who claim to be the stronger.

JUST DIS.: By what cunning shifts, pray?

UNJUST DIS.: By the invention of new maxims.

JUST DIS.: . . . which are received with favour by these fools. (*He points to the audience.*)

UNJUST DIS.: Say rather, by these wise men.

JUST DIS.: I am going to destroy you mercilessly.

UNJUST DIS.: How pray? Let us see you do it.

JUST DIS.: By saying what is true.

UNJUST DIS.: I shall retort and shall very soon have the better of you. First, I maintain that justice has no existence.

JUST DIS.: Has no existence?

UNJUST DIS.: No existence! Why, where is it?

JUST DIS.: With the gods.

UNJUST DIS.: How then, if justice exists, was Zeus not put to death for having put his father in chains?

JUST DIS.: Bah! this is enough to turn my stomach! A basin, quick!

UNJUST DIS.: You are an old driveller and stupid withal.

JUST DIS.: And you a degenerate and shameless fellow.

UNJUST DIS.: Hah! What sweet expressions!

JUST DIS.: An impious buffoon.

UNJUST DIS.: You crown me with roses and with lilies.

JUST DIS.: A parricide.

UNJUST DIS.: Why, you shower gold upon me.

JUST DIS.: Formerly it was a hailstorm of blows.

UNJUST DIS.: I deck myself with your abuse.

JUST DIS.: What impudence!

UNJUST DIS.: What tomfoolery!

JUST DIS.: It is because of you that the youth no longer attend the schools. The Athenians will soon recognize what lessons you teach those who are fools enough to believe you.

UNJUST DIS.: You are overwhelmed with wretchedness.

JUST DIS.: And you, you prosper. Yet you were poor when you said, "I am the Mysian Telephus," and used to stuff your wallet with maxims of Pandeletus to nibble at.

UNJUST DIS.: Oh! the beautiful wisdom, of which you are now boasting!

JUST DIS.: Madman! But yet madder the city that keeps you, you, the corrupter of its youth!

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UNJUST DIS.: It is not you who will teach this young man; you are as old and out of date as Cronus.

JUST DIS.: Nay, it will certainly be I, if he does not wish to be lost and to practise verbosity only.

UNJUST DIS. (*to* PHIDIPPIDES): Come here and leave him to beat the air.

JUST DIS.: You'll regret it, if you touch him.

CHORUS-LEADER (*stepping between them as they are about to come to blows*): A truce to your quarrellings and abuse! But you, expound what you taught us formerly, and you, your new doctrine. Thus, after hearing each of you argue, he will be able to choose betwixt the two schools.

JUST DIS.: I am quite agreeable.

UNJUST DIS.: And I too.

LEADER: Who is to speak first?

UNJUST DIS.: Let it be my opponent, he has my full consent; then I shall follow upon the very ground he shall have chosen and shall shatter him with a hail of new ideas and subtle fancies; if after that he dares to breathe another word, I shall sting him in the face and in the eyes with our maxims, which are as keen as the sting of a wasp, and he will die.

CHORUS (*singing*): Here are two rivals confident in their powers of oratory and in the thoughts over which they have pondered so long. Let us see which will come triumphant out of the contest. This wisdom, for which my friends maintain such a persistent fight, is in great danger.

LEADER: Come then, you, who crowned men of other days with so many virtues, plead the cause dear to you, make yourself known to us.

JUST DIS.: Very well, I will tell you what was the old education when I used to teach justice with so much success and when modesty was held in veneration. Firstly, it was required of a child that it should not utter a word. In the street, when they went to the music-school, all the youths of the same district marched lightly clad and ranged in good order, even when the snow was falling in great flakes. At the master's house they had to stand with their legs apart and they were taught to sing either, "Pallas, the Terrible, who overturneth cities," or "A noise resounded from afar" in the solemn tones of the ancient harmony. If anyone indulged in buffoonery or lent his voice any of the soft inflexions, like those which to-day the disciples of Phrynis take so much pains to form, he was treated as an enemy of the Muses and belaboured with blows. In the wrestling school they would sit with outstretched legs and without display of any indecency to the curious. When they rose they would smooth over the sand, so as to leave no trace to excite erotic thoughts. Never was a child rubbed with oil below the

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977–1025]

belt; the rest of their bodies thus retained its fresh bloom and down, like a velvety peach. They were not to be seen approaching a lover and themselves rousing his passion by soft modulation of the voice and lustful gaze. At table, they would not have dared, before those older than themselves, to have taken a radish, an aniseed or a leaf of parsley, and much less eat fish or thrushes or cross their legs.

UNJUST DIS.: What antiquated rubbish! Have we got back to the days of the festivals of Zeus Polieus, to the Buphonia, to the time of the poet Cecides and the golden cicadas?

JUST DIS.: Nevertheless by suchlike teaching I built up the men of Marathon. But you, you teach the children of to-day to bundle themselves quickly into their clothes, and I am enraged when I see them at the Panathenæa forgetting Athené while they dance, and covering themselves with their bucklers. Hence, young man, dare to range yourself beside me, who follow justice and truth; you will then be able to shun the public place, to refrain from the baths, to blush at all that is shameful, to fire up if your virtue is mocked at, to give place to your elders, to honour your parents, in short, to avoid all that is evil. Be modesty itself, and do not run to applaud the dancing girls; if you delight in such scenes, some courtesan will cast you her apple and your reputation will be done for. Do not bandy words with your father, nor treat him as a dotard, nor reproach the old man, who has cherished you, with his age.

UNJUST DIS.: If you listen to him, by Dionysus! you will be the image of the sons of Hippocrates and will be called *mother's big money*.

JUST DIS.: No, but you will pass your days at the gymnasia, glowing with strength and health; you will not go to the public place to cackle and wrangle as is done nowadays; you will not live in fear that you may be dragged before the courts for some trifle exaggerated by quibbling. But you will go down to the Academy to run beneath the sacred olives with some virtuous friend of your own age, your head encircled with the white reed, enjoying your ease and breathing the perfume of the yew and of the fresh sprouts of the poplar, rejoicing in the return of springtide and gladly listening to the gentle rustle of the plane tree and the elm. (*With faster warmth from here on*) If you devote yourself to practising my precepts, your chest will be stout, your colour glowing, your shoulders broad, your tongue short, your hips muscular. But if you follow the fashions of the day, you will be pallid in hue, have narrow shoulders, a narrow chest, a long tongue, small hips; you will know how to spin forth long-winded arguments on law. You will be persuaded also to regard as splendid everything that is shameful and as shameful everything that is honourable; in a word, you will wallow in degeneracy like Antimachus.

CHORUS (*singing*): How beautiful, high-souled, brilliant is this wisdom that you practise! What a sweet odour of honesty is

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emitted by your discourse! Happy were those men of other da
who lived when you were honoured! And you, seductive talk
come, find some fresh arguments, for your rival has done wonde
LEADER: You will have to bring out against him all the battery o
your wit, if you desire to beat him and not to be laughed o
of court.

UNJUST DIS.: At last! I was choking with impatience, I w
burning to upset his arguments! If I am called the We
Reasoning in the schools, it is just because I was the first to d
cover the means to confute the laws and the decrees of justic
To invoke solely the weaker arguments and yet triumph is an a
worth more than a hundred thousand drachmae. But see how
shall batter down the sort of education of which he is so pro
Firstly, he forbids you to bathe in hot water. What grounds ha
you for condemning hot baths?

JUST DIS.: Because they are baneful and enervate men.

UNJUST DIS.: Enough said! Oh! you poor wrestler! From th
very outset I have seized you and hold you round the middle; y
cannot escape me. Tell me, of all the sons of Zeus, who had th
stoutest heart, who performed the most doughty deeds?

JUST DIS.: None, in my opinion, surpassed Heracles.

UNJUST DIS.: Where have you ever seen cold baths called "B
of Heracles"? And yet who was braver than he?

JUST DIS.: It is because of such quibbles that the baths are se
crowded with young folk, who chatter there the livelong day wh
the gymnasia remain empty.

UNJUST DIS.: Next you condemn the habit of frequenting th
market-place, while I approve this. If it were wrong Homer wo
never have made Nestor speak in public as well as all his w
heroes. As for the art of speaking, he tells you, young men sho
not practise it; I hold the contrary. Furthermore he preach
chastity to them. Both precepts are equally harmful. Have y
ever seen chastity of any use to anyone? Answer and try t
confute me.

JUST DIS.: To many; for instance, Peleus won a sword there

UNJUST DIS.: A sword! Ah! what a fine present to make hi
Poor wretch! Hyperbolus, the lamp-seller, thanks to his villa
has gained more than . . . I do not know how many talents, b
certainly no sword.

JUST DIS.: Peleus owed it to his chastity that he became the h
band of Thetis.

UNJUST DIS.: . . . who left him in the lurch, for he was not arde
in those nocturnal sports between the sheets, which so pl
women, he possessed but little merit. Get you gone, you are b
an old fool. But you, young man, just consider a little what th
temperance means and the delights of which it deprives you—you
fellows, women, play, dainty dishes, wine, boisterous laugh

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1074–1114]

And what is life worth without these? Then, if you happen to commit one of these faults inherent in human weakness, some seduction or adultery, and you are caught in the act, you are lost, if you cannot speak. But follow my teaching and you will be able to satisfy your passions, to dance, to laugh, to blush at nothing. Suppose you are caught in the act of adultery. Then up and tell the husband you are not guilty, and recall to him the example of Zeus, who allowed himself to be conquered by love and by women. Being but a mortal, can you be stronger than a god?

JUST DIS.: Suppose your pupil, following your advice, suffers the extreme punishment of adulterers; how are you going to prove to him that he is not a dissolute Pathic?*

UNJUST DIS.: What's the matter with being a dissolute Pathic?

JUST DIS.: Is there anything worse than that?

UNJUST DIS.: Now what will you say, if I beat you even on this point?

JUST DIS.: I should certainly have to be silent then.

UNJUST DIS.: Well then, reply! Our advocates, what are they?

JUST DIS.: Sons of Pathics.

UNJUST DIS.: Nothing is more true. And our tragic poets?

JUST DIS.: Sons of Pathics.

UNJUST DIS.: Well said again. And our demagogues?

JUST DIS.: Sons of Pathics.

UNJUST DIS.: You admit that you have spoken nonsense. And the spectators, what are they for the most part? Look at them.

JUST DIS.: I am looking at them.

UNJUST DIS.: Well! What do you see?

JUST DIS. (*studying the audience intently*): By the gods, they are nearly all Pathics. (*pointing*) See, this one I know to be such and that one and that other with the long hair.

UNJUST DIS.: What have you to say, then?

JUST DIS.: I am beaten. Debauchees! in the name of the gods, receive my cloak; I pass over to your ranks. (*He goes back into the Thoughtery.*)

UNJUST DIS.: Well then! Are you going to take away your son or do you wish me to teach him how to speak?

STR.: Teach him, chastise him and do not fail to sharpen his tongue well, on one side for petty lawsuits and on the other for important cases.

UNJUST DIS.: Don't worry, I shall return him to you an accomplished sophist.

PHI.: Very pale then and thoroughly hang-dog-looking.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS: Take him with you. (*The* UNJUST DISCOURSE *and* PHIDIPPIDES *go into the* THOUGHTERY. *To* STREPSIADES, *who is just going into his own house.*) I think you will regret this.

* The Greek word thus translated is, unfortunately, a good bit more precise anatomically; it was, however, apparently used as a general term of abuse.

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(*The* CHORUS *turns and faces the audience.*) Judges, we are all ab to tell you what you will gain by awarding us the crown as eq requires of you. In spring, when you wish to give your fields first dressing, we will rain upon you first; the others shall wa Then we will watch over your corn and over your vinestocks; th will have no excess to fear, neither of heat nor of wet. But if mortal dares to insult the goddesses of the Clouds, let him think the ills we shall pour upon him. For him neither wine nor harvest at all! Our terrible slings will mow down his young o plants and his vines. If he is making bricks, it will rain, and round hailstones will break the tiles of his roof. If he himse marries or any of his relations or friends, we shall cause rain fall the whole night long. Verily, he would prefer to live in Eg than to have given this iniquitous verdict.

STR. (*coming out again*): Another four, three, two days, then eve, then the day, the fatal day of payment! I tremble, I quake shudder, for it's the day of the old moon and the new. Then all creditors take the oath, pay their deposits, swear my downfall my ruin. As for me, I beseech them to be reasonable, to be "My friend, do not demand this sum, wait a little for this other give me time for this third one." Then they will pretend that this rate they will never be repaid, will accuse me of bad faith will threaten me with the law. Well then, let them sue me! I c nothing for that, if only Phidippides has learnt to speak flue I am going to find out; I'll knock at the door of the school (*knocks.*) . . . Ho! slave, slave!

SOC. (*coming out*): Welcome! Strepsiades!

STR.: Welcome! Socrates! But first take this sack (*offers him sack of flour*); it is right to reward the master with some pres And my son, whom you took off lately, has he learnt this fam reasoning? Tell me.

SOC.: He has learnt it.

STR.: Wonderful! Oh! divine Knavery!

SOC.: You will win just as many causes as you choose.

STR.: Even if I have borrowed before witnesses?

SOC.: So much the better, even if there are a thousand of th

STR. (*bursting into song*): Then I am going to shout with my might. "Woe to the usurers, woe to their capital and interest and their compound interest! You shall play me no bad turns. My son is being taught there, his tongue is being sh ened into a double-edged weapon; he is my defender, the sav of my house, the ruin of my foes! His poor father was cru down with misfortune and he delivers him." Go and call hi me quickly. Oh! my child! my dear little one! run forwa your father's voice!

SOC. (*singing*): Lo, the man himself!

STR. (*singing*): Oh, my friend, my dearest friend!

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1169–1216]

SOC. (*singing*): Take your son, and get you gone.

STR. (*as* PHIDIPPIDES *appears*): Oh, my son! oh! oh! what a pleasure to see your pallor! You are ready first to deny and then to contradict; it's as clear as noon. What a child of your country you are! How your lips quiver with the famous, "What have you to say now?" How well you know, I am certain, to put on the look of a victim, when it is you who are making both victims and dupes! And what a truly Attic glance! Come, it's for you to save me, seeing it is you who have ruined me.

PHI.: What is it you fear then?

STR.: The day of the old and the new.

PHI.: Is there then a day of the old and the new?

STR.: The day on which they threaten to pay deposit against me.

PHI.: Then so much the worse for those who have deposited! for it's not possible for one day to be two.

STR.: What?

PHI.: Why, undoubtedly, unless a woman can be both old and young at the same time.

STR.: But so runs the law.

PHI.: I think the meaning of the law is quite misunderstood.

STR.: What does it mean?

PHI.: Old Solon loved the people.

STR.: What has that to do with the old day and the new?

PHI.: He has fixed two days for the summons, the last day of the old moon and the first day of the new; but the deposits must only be paid on the first day of the new moon.

STR.: And why did he also name the last day of the old?

PHI.: So, my dear sir, that the debtors, being there the day before, might free themselves by mutual agreement, or that else, if not, the creditor might begin his action on the morning of the new moon.

STR.: Why then do the magistrates have the deposits paid on the last of the month and not the next day?

PHI.: I think they do as the gluttons do, who are the first to pounce upon the dishes. Being eager to carry off these deposits, they have them paid in a day too soon.

STR.: Splendid! (*to the audience*) Ah! you poor brutes, who serve your food to us clever folk! You are only down here to swell the number, true blockheads, sheep for shearing, heap of empty pots! Since I will sing a song of victory for my son and myself. "Oh! happy Strepsiades! what cleverness is thine! and what a son thou hast here!" Thus my friends and my neighbours will say, jealous at seeing me gain all my suits. But come in, I wish to regale you first. (*They both go in. A moment later a creditor arrives, with his witness.*).

PASIAS (*to the* WITNESS): A man should never lend a single obol. It would be better to put on a brazen face at the outset than to get

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entangled in such matters. I want to see my money again and bring you here to-day to attest the loan. I am going to make foe of a neighbour; but, as long as I live, I do not wish my coun to have to blush for me. Come, I am going to summon Strep ades. . . .

STR. (*coming out of his house*): Who is this?

PAS.: . . . for the old day and the new.

STR. (*to the* WITNESS): I call you to witness, that he has name two days. What do you want of me?

PAS.: I claim of you the twelve minae, which you borrowed from me to buy the dapple-grey horse.

STR.: A horse! do you hear him? I, who detest horses, as is well known.

PAS.: I call Zeus to witness, that you swore by the gods to return them to me.

STR.: Because at that time, by Zeus! Phidippides did not yet know the irrefutable argument.

PAS.: Would you deny the debt on that account?

STR.: If not, what use is his science to me?

PAS.: Will you dare to swear by the gods that you owe me nothing?

STR. (*contemptuously*): What gods?

PAS.: By Zeus, Hermes and Posidon!

STR.: Why, I would give three obols for the pleasure of swearing by them.

PAS.: Woe upon you, impudent knave!

STR.: Oh! what a fine wine-skin you would make if flayed!

PAS.: Heaven! he jeers at me!

STR.: It would hold six gallons easily.

PAS.: By great Zeus! by all the gods! you shall not scoff at me with impunity.

STR.: Ah! how you amuse me with your gods! how ridiculous it seems to a sage to hear Zeus invoked.

PAS.: Your blasphemies will one day meet their reward. But come, will you repay me my money, yes or no? Answer me, that I may go.

STR.: Wait a moment, I am going to give you a distinct answer. (*He goes indoors and returns immediately with a kneading-trough.*)

PAS. (*to the* WITNESS): What do you think he will do? Do you think he will pay?

STR.: Where is the man who demands money? Tell me, who is this?

PAS.: Him? Why, he is your kneading-trough.

STR.: And you dare to demand money of me, when you are so ignorant? I will not return an obol to anyone who says *him* instead of *her* for a kneading-trough.

PAS.: You will not repay?

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1252–1297]

STR.: Not if I know it. Come, an end to this, pack off as quick as you can.

PAS.: I go, but, may I die, if it be not to pay my deposit for a summons. (*Exit*)

STR.: Very well! It will be so much more loss to add to the twelve minae. But truly it makes me sad, for I do pity a poor simpleton who says *him* for a kneading-trough.

(*Enter* AMYNIAS, *another creditor*)

AMYNIAS: Woe! ah woe is me!

STR.: Wait! who is this whining fellow? Can it be one of the gods of Carcinus?

AMY.: Do you want to know who I am? I am a man of misfortune!

STR.: Get on your way then.

AMY. (*in tragic style*): Oh! cruel god! Oh Fate, who hast broken the wheels of my chariot! Oh, Pallas, thou hast undone me!

STR.: What ill has Tlepolemus done you?

AMY.: Instead of jeering me, friend, make your son return me the money he has had of me; I am already unfortunate enough.

STR.: What money?

AMY.: The money he borrowed of me.

STR.: You have indeed had misfortune, it seems to me.

AMY.: Yes, by the gods! I have been thrown from a chariot.

STR.: Why then drivel as if you had fallen off an ass?

AMY.: Am I drivelling because I demand my money?

STR.: No, no, you cannot be in your right senses.

AMY.: Why?

STR.: No doubt your poor wits have had a shake.

AMY.: But by Hermes! I will sue you at law, if you do not pay me.

STR.: Just tell me; do you think it is always fresh water that Zeus lets fall every time it rains, or is it always the same water that the sun pumps over the earth?

AMY.: I neither know, nor care.

STR.: And actually you would claim the right to demand your money, when you know not an iota of these celestial phenomena?

AMY.: If you are short, pay me the interest anyway.

STR.: What kind of animal is interest?

AMY.: What? Does not the sum borrowed go on growing, growing every month, each day as the time slips by?

STR.: Well put. But do you believe there is more water in the sea now than there was formerly?

AMY.: No, it's just the same quantity. It cannot increase.

STR.: Thus, poor fool, the sea, that receives the rivers, never grows, and yet you would have your money grow? Get you gone, away with you, quick! Slave! bring me the ox-goad!

AMY.: I have witnesses to this.

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STR.: Come, what are you waiting for? Will you not budge, old nag! (*strikes him*)

AMY.: This is a clear case of assault!

STR.: Unless you start trotting, I shall catch you and stick the goad in your rear, you sorry packhorse! (AMYNIAS *runs off.*) So you start, do you? I was about to drive you pretty fast, I tell you, you and your wheels and your chariot! (*He enters his house.*)

CHORUS (*singing*): Whither does the passion of evil lead! here is a perverse old man, who wants to cheat his creditors; but some mishap, which will speedily punish this rogue for his shameless schemings, cannot fail to overtake him from to-day. For a long time he has been burning to have his son know how to fight against all justice and right and to gain even the most iniquitous cause against his adversaries every one. I think this wish is going to be fulfilled. But mayhap, mayhap, he will soon wish his son were dumb rather!

STR. (*rushing out with* PHIDIPPIDES *after him*): Oh! oh! neighbours, kinsmen, fellow-citizens, help! help! to the rescue, I am being beaten! Oh! my head! oh! my jaw! Scoundrel! Do you beat your own father?

PHI. (*calmly*): Yes, father, I do.

STR.: See! he admits he is beating me.

PHI.: Of course I do.

STR.: You villain, you parricide, you gallows-bird!

PHI.: Go on, repeat your epithets, call me a thousand other names if it please you. The more you curse, the greater my amusement.

STR.: Oh! you dissolute Pathic!

PHI.: How fragrant the perfume breathed forth in your words!

STR.: Do you beat your own father?

PHI.: Yes, by Zeus! and I am going to show you that I do right in beating you.

STR.: Oh, wretch! can it be right to beat a father?

PHI.: I will prove it to you, and you shall own yourself vanquished.

STR.: Own myself vanquished on a point like this?

PHI.: It's the easiest thing in the world. Choose whichever of the two reasonings you like.

STR.: Of which reasonings?

PHI.: The Stronger and the Weaker.

STR.: Miserable fellow! Why, I am the one who had you taught how to refute what is right, and now you would persuade me it is right a son should beat his father.

PHI.: I think I shall convince you so thoroughly that, when you have heard me, you will not have a word to say.

STR.: Well, I am curious to hear what you have to say.

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1345–1396]

CHORUS (*singing*): Consider well, old man, how you can best triumph over him. His brazenness shows me that he thinks himself sure of his case; he has some argument which gives him nerve. Note the confidence in his look!

LEADER: But how did the fight begin? tell the Chorus; you cannot help doing that much.

STR.: I will tell you what was the start of the quarrel. At the end of the meal, as you know, I bade him take his lyre and sing me the air of Simonides, which tells of the fleece of the ram. He replied bluntly, that it was stupid, while drinking, to play the lyre and sing, like a woman when she is grinding barley.

PHI.: Why, by rights I ought to have beaten and kicked you the very moment you told me to sing!

STR.: That is just how he spoke to me in the house, furthermore he added, that Simonides was a detestable poet. However, I mastered myself and for a while said nothing. Then I said to him, "At least, take a myrtle branch and recite a passage from Aeschylus to me."—"For my own part," he at once replied, "I look upon Aeschylus as chief among the poets for bombastic verses; they're nothing but incoherence, bombast and turgidity." Yet still I smothered my wrath and said, "Then recite one of the famous pieces from the modern poets." Then he commenced a piece in which Euripides shows, oh! horror! a brother, who violates his own sister. Then I could not longer restrain myself, and attacked him with the most injurious abuse; naturally he retorted; hard words were exchanged on both sides, and finally he sprang at me, broke my bones, threw me to earth, strangled and started killing me!

PHI.: I was right. What! not praise Euripides, the greatest of our poets?

STR.: *He* the greatest of our poets? Ah! if I but dared to speak! but the blows would rain upon me harder than ever.

PHI.: Undoubtedly and rightly too.

STR.: Rightly! oh! what impudence! to me, who brought you up! When you could hardly lisp, I guessed what you wanted. If you said *broo, broo,* well, I brought you your milk; if you asked for *mam,* I gave you bread; and you had no sooner said, *caca,* then I took you outside and held you out. And just now, when you were strangling me, I shouted, I bellowed that I was going to relieve myself; and you, you scoundrel, had not the heart to take me outside, so that, though almost choking, I went and did it on the spot.

CHORUS (*singing*): Young men, your hearts must be panting with impatience. What is Phidippides going to say? If, after such conduct, he proves he has done well, I would not give an obol for the hide of old men.

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LEADER: Come, you, who know how to brandish and hurl keen shafts of the new science, find a way to convince us, g your language an appearance of truth.

PHI.: How pleasant it is to know these clever new inventions to be able to defy the established laws! When I thought only ab horses, I was not able to string three words together without a take, but now that the master has altered and improved me that I live in this world of subtle thought, of reasoning and meditation, I count on being able to prove satisfactorily that I done well to thrash my father.

STR.: Mount your horse! By Zeus! I would rather defray the of a four-in-hand team than be battered with blows.

PHI.: I revert to what I was saying when you interrupted And first, answer me, did you beat me in my childhood?

STR.: Why, assuredly, for your good and in your own best inter

PHI.: Tell me, is it not right, that in turn I should beat you your good, since it is for a man's own best interest to be be What! must your body be free of blows, and not mine? am I free-born too? the children are to weep and the fathers go fr You will tell me that, according to the law, it is the lot of chil to be beaten. But I reply that the old men are children twice and that it is far more fitting to chastise them than the young there is less excuse for their faults.

STR.: But the law nowhere admits that fathers should be tre thus.

PHI.: Was not the legislator who carried this law a man like and me? In those days he got men to believe him; then should not I too have the right to establish for the future a law, allowing children to beat their fathers in turn? We make a present of all the blows which were received before his law, admit that you thrashed us with impunity. But look how the co and other animals fight with their fathers; and yet what differe is there betwixt them and ourselves, unless it be that they do propose decrees?

STR.: But if you imitate the cocks in all things, why don't scratch up the dunghill, why don't you sleep on a perch?

PHI.: That has no bearing on the case, good sir; Socrates find no connection, I assure you.

STR.: Then do not beat at all, for otherwise you have only you to blame afterwards.

PHI.: What for?

STR.: I have the right to chastise you, and you to chastise your if you have one.

PHI.: And if I have not, I shall have cried in vain, and you die laughing in my face.

STR. (*to the audience*): What say you, all here present? It s to me that he is right, and I am of opinion that they shou

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1438–1487] accorded their right. If we do wrong, it is but just we should be beaten.

PHI.: Again, consider this other point.

STR.: It will be the death of me.

PHI.: But you will certainly feel no more anger because of the blows I have given you.

STR.: Come, show me what profit I shall gain from it.

PHI.: I shall beat my mother just as I have you.

STR.: What do you say? what's that you say? Hah! this is far worse still.

PHI.: And what if I prove to you by our school reasoning, that one ought to beat one's mother?

STR.: Ah! if you do that, then you will only have to throw yourself along with Socrates and his reasoning, into the criminals' pit. Oh! Clouds! all our troubles emanate from you, from you, to whom I entrusted myself, body and soul.

LEADER: No, you alone are the cause, because you have pursued the path of evil.

STR.: Why did you not say so then, instead of egging on a poor ignorant old man?

LEADER: We always act thus, when we see a man conceive a passion for what is evil; we strike him with some terrible disgrace, so that he may learn to fear the gods.

STR.: Alas! oh Clouds! that's hard indeed, but it's just! I ought not to have cheated my creditors. . . . But come, my dear son, come with me to take vengeance on this wretched Chaerephon and on Socrates, who have deceived us both.

PHI.: I shall do nothing against our masters.

STR.: Oh! show some reverence for ancestral Zeus!

PHI.: Mark him and his ancestral Zeus! What a fool you are! Does any such being as Zeus exist?

STR.: Why, assuredly.

PHI.: No, a thousand times no! The ruler of the world is Vortex, who has unseated Zeus.

STR.: He has not dethroned him. I believed it, because of this pitcher here.* Unhappy wretch that I am! I have taken a piece of clay to be a god.

PHI.: Very well! Keep your stupid nonsense for your own consumption. (*He goes back into* STREPSIADES' *house.*)

STR.: Oh! what madness! I had lost my reason when I threw over the gods through Socrates' seductive phrases. (*Addressing the statue of Hermes*) Oh! good Hermes, do not destroy me in your wrath. Forgive me; their babbling had driven me crazy. Be my counselor. Shall I pursue them at law or shall I . . . ? Order and I obey.—You are right, no lawsuit; but up! let us burn down the house of those praters. Here, Xanthias, here! take a ladder, come with and arm yourself with an axe; now mount upon the Though-

* The Greek word also means a large, clay pot.

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tery, demolish the roof, if you love your master, and may the ho fall in upon them. Ho! bring me a blazing torch! There is no than one of them, arch-imposters as they are, on whom I am de mined to have vengeance.

A DISCIPLE (*from within*): Oh! oh!

STR. (*climbing up on the roof*): Come, torch, do your d Burst into full flame!

DIS.: What are you up to?

STR.: What am I up to? Why, I am entering upon a subtle ar ment with the beams of the house.

SECOND DISCIPLE (*from within*): Hullo! hullo! who is burn down our house?

STR.: The man whose cloak you have appropriated.

SECOND DIS.: You are killing us!

STR.: That is just exactly what I hope, unless my axe plays false, or I fall and break my neck.

SOCRATES (*appearing at the window*): Hi! you fellow on the ro what are you doing up there?

STR. (*mocking* SOCRATES' *manner*): I am traversing the air a contémplating the sun.

SOC.: Ah! ah! woe is upon me! I am suffocating!

SECOND DIS.: And I, alas, shall be burnt up!

STR.: Ah! you insulted the gods! You studied the face of moon! Chase them, strike and beat them down! Forward! have richly deserved their fate — above all, by reason of blasphemies.

LEADER: So let the Chorus file off the stage. Its part is fi played.

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HISTORY

The Greeks were not the first to chronicle the events of the past, but they invented history in the sense in which we use the word today. The Greek word *historia* means an investigation or inquiry into the alleged facts, in order to determine what the *true* facts are; in achieving this purpose the investigator is bound to apply the tests of logic and common sense to the mass of material he collects, and such a process gives rise to critical and "scientific" history. Among the Greeks this process apparently began with Hecataeus of Miletus (c. 495 B.C.), whose lost work entitled *Genealogies* began with the words: "What I write here is the account which I considered to be true. For the stories of the Greeks are numerous and, in my opinion, ridiculous." The earlier Greek historians, to be sure, fell far short of modern standards for historical criticism: their information was often insufficient, they lacked the aids of archaeological evidence and exact chronological data, and they were incurably credulous. None the less, we must not underestimate their achievement: they were the first to apply any sort of critical tests to the confused and contradictory record of the past.

The second great achievement of the Greeks in historical writing was the creation of "philosophical" history. They sought not for a record of isolated and unrelated events, but for the causes of things and the inner meaning of human events, so that history might become an approach to reality and a meaningful interpretation of life. So far as we can judge, an essentially philosophic approach to history, despite its shortcomings, first appeared in Herodotus, who saw in the constant flux of human fortunes the divine hand of Nemesis, or Retribution. He shared with many Greek thinkers a belief that cities and men were ill adapted to stand prosperity: wealth and power lead to arrogance, which is punished by an envious divinity, who does not permit men to entertain great thoughts about themselves. No doubt, such preconceptions lead to error and misinterpretations of historical material; yet the fact is that no historian can deal adequately with human events without some universal concepts to which he may refer the scattered and apparently unrelated events of the past. Thucydides is, in this respect, much more "scientific" than Herodotus; for he rejects the superhuman element in history altogether and seeks the underlying explanation of historical events in the human spheres of mass psychology and political principles. The course of human events depends not on the arbitrary actions of an unpredictable deity, but on the political institutions, the character and emotions of the men involved — factors which can be weighed and calculated in advance; it is for this reason that Thucydides proclaims his work "an everlasting possession."

Finally, the Greeks developed the presentation of historical ma-

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terial in artistic form. In part, the literary value of the Gr historians depends on the universal and philosophic aspects of tory which have already been mentioned; but it also stems from conscious attempt to cast history in a literary form, with the of a careful arrangement of material and the use of the vari rhetorical devices which contribute to an artistic prose style. C sidered as a work of art, Herodotus' history, with its broad sco its variety of incidents and interludes, and its flowing narrative has been aptly compared to the epic. Thucydides is akin rather the dramatists: his work is concentrated on a strictly delim theme, and admits few digressions; the Sicilian Expedition form sort of *peripety,* or reversal of fortune, for the Athenians; and speeches which interrupt the narrative perform, in part, the fu tion of the choral odes in a tragedy. Thucydides attains the id balance between artistic form and accurate presentation of fa after his time history steadily degenerated into a form of rhetori exercise.

In conclusion, a few words on the two historians represen here must be added; for additional material the reader is refer to the handbooks listed in the Bibliography, particularly to Bu *The Ancient Greek Historians.*

Herodotus was a native of Halicarnassus, a Greek city in A Minor, from which he was banished about 454 B.C.; he trave widely, spent some time in Athens, and went as a colonist to city of Thurii in Italy, which was founded in 444 B.C. The date his death is unknown, but he refers to events as late as 429 B His history covers the period from the founding of the Persi Empire by Cyrus to the events of the year 478 B.C.; whether or he meant to end his work at this date is an unsettled question. is filled with digressions, and, besides history in our sense, includ investigations and speculations on geography, ethnology, relig and various other topics. To its variety of contents the work ow much of its attraction for readers in all ages. But its greatest cha lies in the many engaging anecdotes which Herodotus inserts; author, save perhaps Plutarch, delights so much in a good story its own sake. Since many of these stories are incredible, not to absurd, Herodotus has earned a reputation for naive credulity; however, important to note his remark: "I am bound to relate w is told me, but I am not bound to believe it all alike—and let remark apply to all my history." (VII. 152) Within the li possible in his age, Herodotus was indeed a skeptic. Final large portion of his appeal to moderns lies in his inspiring tha Herodotus has succeeded in recapturing and conveying to his re the heroic quality of the Greek resistance which turned back invasion of Eastern despotism on the very threshold of Wes Europe.

Thucydides the Athenian, the greatest historian of antiquity, about a generation younger than Herodotus. He tells us that

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the Peloponnesian War broke out (431 B.C.), he was of mature years and started taking notes on the war, judging that it would be long and important. He was elected one of the Athenian generals in 424, and was in command in Thrace when the Athenians lost Amphipolis, their most important stronghold in that district; for his failure to hold the city he was banished and lived in exile for twenty years; after the fall of Athens in 404 B.C., he returned to his native city and lived there until his death shortly after 400. His history of the war was left incomplete, for his account breaks off in the events of the year 411. Thucydides' principles of historical investigation are carefully set forth and illustrated in the opening chapters of his first book, to which the reader is referred for a statement of his aims and ideals (pp. 395-403); in the words of a competent modern historian: "This sketch remains a shining example of sheer historical insight and grasp." * The reader should also note Thucydides' objective presentation of his material (he allows his characters to speak for themselves and seldom gives an explicit moral judgment), his use of speeches to illuminate events and to place them in their proper setting, and his keen interest in political principles, from which he largely eliminated conventional morality and sentiment.

The selections included in this volume should give the reader a good idea of the character and range of the work of these two ancient historians. The earlier selections from Herodotus illustrate his treatment of semi-legendary history and his inordinate curiosity about foreign peoples — their customs, religious beliefs, and the wonders of their lands; while the last three selections are good examples of his handling of the great battles of the Persian Wars. From Thucydides we have included his closely reasoned investigation into the early history of Greece; two notable speeches; his mordant analysis of the spirit of revolution in the Greek city-states; the searching *exposé* of Greek political principles in the Melian Dialogue; and the brilliant description of the end of the Sicilian expedition, one of the most moving and pathetic narratives in all historical literature.

*Bury, *Ancient Greek Historians*, p. 102.

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HERODOTUS

(*ca.* 490– *ca.* 425 B.C.)

THE PERSIAN WARS

BOOK I

These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which publishes, in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the rem brance of what men have done, and of preventing the great wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from lo their due meed of glory; and withal to put on record what their grounds of feud.

According to the Persians best informed in history, the Phoe cians began the quarrel. This people, who had formerly dwel the shores of the Red Sea, having migrated to the Mediterran and settled in the parts which they now inhabit, began at o they say, to adventure on long voyages, freighting their vessels the wares of Egypt and Assyria. They landed at many places the coast, and among the rest at Argos, which was then pre-emin above all the states included now under the common name Hellas. Here they exposed their merchandise, and traded with natives for five or six days; at the end of which time, when al everything was sold, there came down to the beach a number women, and among them the daughter of the king, who was, t say, agreeing in this with the Greeks, Io, the child of Inachus. T women were standing by the stern of the ship intent upon t purchases, when the Phoenicians, with a general shout, rush upon them. The greater part made their escape, but some w seized and carried off. Io herself was among the captives. T Phoenicians put the women on board their vessel, and set sail Egypt. Thus did Io pass into Egypt, according to the Persian s which differs widely from the Phoenician: and thus commen according to their authors, the series of outrages.

At a later period, certain Greeks, with whose name they are acquainted, but who would probably be Cretans, made a land at Tyre, on the Phoenician coast, and bore off the king's daug Europe. In this they only retaliated; but afterwards the Gre they say, were guilty of a second violence. They manned a of war, and sailed to Aea, a city of Colchis, on the river Ph from whence, after despatching the rest of the business on w they had come, they carried off Medea, the daughter of the of the land. The monarch sent a herald into Greece to dem reparation of the wrong, and the restitution of his child; but Greeks made answer, that having received no reparation of wrong done them in the seizure of Io the Argive, they should none in this instance.

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[I, 3-6]

In the next generation afterwards, according to the same authori-
ties, Alexander the son of Priam, bearing these events in mind,
resolved to procure himself a wife out of Greece by violence, fully
persuaded, that as the Greeks had not given satisfaction for their
outrages, so neither would he be forced to make any for his. Ac-
cordingly he made prize of Helen; upon which the Greeks decided
first, before resorting to other measures, they would send envoys to
reclaim the princess and require reparation of the wrong. Their
demands were met by a reference to the violence which had been
offered to Medea, and they were asked with what face they could
now require satisfaction, when they had formerly rejected all de-
mands for either reparation or restitution addressed to them.

Hitherto the injuries on either side had been mere acts of com-
mon violence; but in what followed the Persians consider that the
Greeks were greatly to blame, since before any attack had been
made on Europe, they led an army into Asia. Now as for the
carrying off of women, it is the deed, they say, of a rogue; but to
make a stir about such as are carried off, argues a man a fool. Men
of sense care nothing for such women, since it is plain that with-
out their own consent they would never be forced away. The
Asiatics, when the Greeks ran off with their women, never troubled
themselves about the matter; but the Greeks, for the sake of a
single Lacedaemonian girl, collected a vast armament, invaded Asia,
and destroyed the kingdom of Priam. Henceforth they ever looked
upon the Greeks as their open enemies. For Asia, with all the
various tribes of barbarians that inhabit it, is regarded by the Per-
sians as their own; but Europe and the Greek race they look on
as distinct and separate.

Such is the account which the Persians give of these matters.
They trace to the attack upon Troy their ancient enmity towards
the Greeks. The Phoenicians, however, as regards Io, vary from
the Persian statements. They deny that they used any violence
to remove her into Egypt; she herself, they say, having formed an
intimacy with the captain, while his vessel lay at Argos, and suspect-
ing herself to be with child, of her own freewill accompanied the
Phoenicians on their leaving the shore, to escape the shame of de-
tection and the reproaches of her parents. Which of these two
accounts is true I shall not trouble to decide. I shall proceed at
once to point out the person who first within my own knowledge
commenced aggressions on the Greeks, after which I shall go for-
ward with my history, describing equally the greater and the lesser
states. For the cities which were formerly great, have most of
them become insignificant; and such as are at present powerful,
were weak in the olden time. I shall therefore discourse equally
of both, convinced that human happiness never continues long in
one stay.

Croesus, son of Alyattes, by birth a Lydian, was lord of all the
nations to the west of the river Halys. This stream, which separates

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Syria from Paphlagonia, runs with a course from south to n and finally falls into the Euxine. So far as our knowledge g he was the first of the barbarians who held relations with Greeks, forcing some of them to become his tributaries, and ing into alliance with others. He conquered the Aeolians, Lo and Dorians of Asia, and made a treaty with the Lacedaemoni Up to that time all Greeks had been free. For the Cimm attack upon Ionia, which was earlier than Croesus, was not a quest of the cities, but only an inroad for plundering.

The sovereignty of Lydia, which had belonged to the Herac passed into the family of Croesus, who were called the Mermn in the manner which I will now relate. There was a certain k of Sardis, Candaules by name, whom the Greeks call Myrs He was a descendant of Alcaeus, son of Hercules. The first k of this dynasty was Agron, son of Ninus, grandson of Belus, great-grandson of Alcaeus; Candaules, son of Myrsus, was the l The kings who reigned before Agron sprang from Lydus, son Atys, from whom the people of the land, called previously Ma ians, received the name of Lydians. The Heraclidae, descend from Hercules and the slave-girl of Jardanus, having been entru by these princes with the management of affairs, obtained the k dom by an oracle. Their rule endured for twenty-two generati of men, a space of 505 years, during the whole of which per from Agron to Candaules, the crown descended in the direct li from father to son.

Now it happened that this Candaules was in love with his o wife; and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in whole world. This fancy had strange consequences. There was his bodyguard a man whom he specially favoured, Gyges, the s of Dascylus. All affairs of greatest moment were entrusted Candaules to this person, and to him he was wont to extol the s passing beauty of his wife. So matters went on for a while. length, one day, Candaules, for he was fated to end ill, thus a dressed his follower, "I see you do not credit what I tell you my lady's loveliness; but come now, since men's ears are less cre lous than their eyes, contrive some means whereby you may beh her naked." At this the other loudly exclaimed, saying, "W most unwise speech is this, master, which you have utter Would you have me behold my mistress when she is naked? Y member that a woman, with her clothes, puts off her bashfulne Our fathers, in time past, distinguished right and wrong p enough, and it is our wisdom to submit to be taught by th 'There is an old saying, 'Let each look on his own.' I hold y wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only, I beseech you, a me not to do wickedly."

Gyges thus endeavoured to decline the king's proposal, tremb lest some dreadful evil should befall him through it. But the k replied to him, "Courage, friend; suspect me not of the desig

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I. 9–12]

grave you by this discourse; nor dread your mistress, lest mischief befall you at her hands. Be sure I will so manage that she shall not even know that you have looked upon her. I will place you behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. When I enter to go to rest she will follow me. There stands a chair close to the entrance, on which she will lay her clothes one by one as she takes them off. You will be able thus at your leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair toward the bed, and her back is turned on you, be it your care that she see you not as you pass through the door-way.

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when night came, led Gyges into his sleeping-chamber, and a moment after the queen followed. She came in, and laid her garments on the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. After a while she moved toward the bed, and her back being then turned, he stealthily from the apartment. As he was passing out, however, she saw him, and instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed anything, purposing to take vengeance upon the husband who had so affronted her. For among the Lydians, and indeed among the barbarians generally, it is reckoned a deep disgrace, even to a man, to be seen naked.

No sound or sign of intelligence escaped her at the time. But in the morning, as soon as day broke, she hastened to choose from among her retinue, such as she knew to be most faithful to her, and preparing them for what was to ensue, summoned Gyges into her presence. Now it had often happened before that the queen had desired to confer with him, and he was accustomed to come to her at her call. He therefore obeyed the summons, not suspecting that she knew what had occurred. Then she addressed these words to him. "Take your choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to you. Slay Candaules, and thereby become my lord, and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. So you will not again, obeying all behests of your master, behold what is not lawful for you. It must needs be, that either he perish by whose counsel this thing was done, or you, who saw me naked, and so did break our usages." At these words Gyges stood awhile in mute astonishment; recovering after a time, he earnestly besought the queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice. But nothing he implored in vain, and that necessity was indeed laid on him to kill or to be killed, he made choice of life for himself, and replied by this inquiry, "If it must be so, and you compel me against my will to put my lord to death, come, let me hear how you will have me set on him." "Let him be attacked," she answered, "in that spot where I was by him shown naked to you, and let the assault be made when he is asleep."

All was then prepared for the attack, and when night fell, Gyges, seeing that he had no retreat or escape, but must absolutely either

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slay Candaules, or himself be slain, followed his mistress into sleeping-room. She placed a dagger in his hand, and hid carefully behind the self-same door. Then Gyges, when the was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck dead. Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into possession of his follower Gyges, of whom Archilochus the Par who lived about the same time, made mention in a poem writ in iambic trimeter verse.

Gyges was afterwards confirmed in the possession of the thr by an answer of the Delphic oracle. Enraged at the murder their king, the people flew to arms, but after a while the partis of Gyges came to terms with them, and it was agreed that if Delphic oracle declared him king of the Lydians, he should reign otherwise, he should yield the throne to the Heraclidae. As oracle was given in his favour he became king. The Pyth Priestess, however, added that, in the fifth generation from Gy vengeance should come for the Heraclidae; a prophecy of wh neither the Lydians nor their princes took any account till it fulfilled. Such was the way in which the Mermnadae deposed Heraclidae, and themselves obtained the sovereignty.

[I. 1–13, tr. G. Rawlinson

THE STORY OF CROESUS

[The line of Gyges was thus established on the throne of Lydia; he succeeded by his son Ardys, who was followed by his son, Alya Under these kings the Lydians began to attack the Greek cities on coast, especially the city of Miletus. The Milesians eventually mad treaty of friendship and alliance with Alyattes. About 560 B.C. Alya was succeeded by his son, Croesus. Herodotus tells the history of monarch in great detail, since the fall of his kingdom to Cyrus brought the Greeks into contact with the Persians. In particular should note the account of Solon's visit to Croesus; the incident almost unanimously considered fabulous, because of chronological di culties. The interview should be regarded, however, not from the p of view of its historicity but of its function in Herodotus' narra At the beginning of his account of the struggle between East and We the historian has tried to set forth in this conversation the contrast ideals and manners of the two antagonists. Solon's remarks contai good bit of Greek popular philosophy, and may be supposed to rep Herodotus' own views on the transitory nature of human fortu

On the death of Alyattes, Croesus, his son, who was in his thi fifth year, succeeded to the throne. Of the Greek cities, Ephe was the first that he attacked. The Ephesians, when he laid si to the place, made an offering of their city to Artemis, by stretch a rope from the town wall to the temple of the goddess, which distant from the ancient city, then besieged by Croesus, by a sp of about a mile. They were, as I said, the first Greeks whom attacked. Afterwards, on some pretext or other, he made war

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turn upon every Ionian and Aeolian state, bringing forward, where he could, a substantial ground of complaint; where such failed him, advancing some poor excuse.

In this way he made himself master of all the Greek cities in Asia, and forced them to become his tributaries; after which he began to think of building ships, and attacking the islanders. Everything had been made ready for this purpose, when Bias of Priene (or, as some say, Pittacus the Mytilenean) put a stop to the project. The king had made inquiry of this person, who was lately arrived at Sardis, if there were any news from Greece; to which he answered, "Yes, sire, the islanders are gathering 10,000 horse, designing an expedition against you and against your capital." Croesus, thinking he spoke seriously, broke out, "Ah, might the gods put such a thought into their minds as to attack the sons of the Lydians with cavalry!" "It seems, O king," rejoined the other, "that you desire earnestly to catch the islanders on horseback upon the mainland; you know well what would come of it. But what think you the islanders desire better, now that they hear you are about to build ships and sail against them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, and there revenge on them the wrongs of their brothers upon the mainland, whom you hold in slavery?" Croesus was charmed with the turn of the speech; and thinking there was reason in what was said, gave up his shipbuilding and concluded a league of amity with the Ionians of the isles.

Croesus afterwards, in the course of many years, brought under his sway almost all the nations to the west of the Halys. The Lycians and Cilicians alone continued free; all the other tribes he reduced and held in subjection. They were the following: the Lydians, Phrygians, Mysians, Mariandynians, Chalybians, Paphlagonians, Thynian and Bithynian Thracians, Carians, Ionians, Dorians, Aeolians, and Pamphylians.

When all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time, and among them Solon, the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretence of visiting to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which, at the request of the Athenians, he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Croesus at Sardis. Croesus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries, and show him all their greatness and magnifi-

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cence. When he had seen them all, and, so far as time allo
inspected them, Croesus addressed this question to him, "Stra
of Athens, we have heard much of your wisdom and of your tra
through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to
the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of you, whom, of
the men that you have seen, you consider the most happy?" T
he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals:
Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true se
ments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what
heard, Croesus demanded sharply, "And wherefore do you de
Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied, "First, because
country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons b
beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each
them, and these children all grew up; and further because, after
life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end
surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and
neighbours near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his coun
men, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. T
Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell,
paid him the highest honours."

Thus did Solon admonish Croesus by the example of Tellus, e
merating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he
ended, Croesus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed
him the happiest, expecting that, at any rate, he would be given
second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered, "they were
Argive race: their fortune was enough for their wants, and th
were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they
both gained prizes at the Games. Also this tale is told of the
There was a great festival in honour of the goddess Hera at Arg
to which their mother must needs to be taken in a car. Now
oxen did not come home from the field in time: so the youths, fe
ful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and the
selves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five miles th
drew her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs
witnessed by the whole assembly of worshippers, and then th
life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed fr
most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is th
life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extol
the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled
mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mo
herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, sta
ing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow
Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honoured her,
highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer en
they offered sacrifice, and partook of the holy banquet, after w
the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke m
but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them

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among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Croesus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens, is my happiness, then, valued so little by you, that you do not even put me on a level with private men?"

"Croesus," replied the other, "you asked a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives time to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, 25,200 days. Add an intercalary month to every other year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of 1,050 days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be 26,250, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For yourself, Croesus, I see that you are wonderfully rich, and the lord of many nations; but with respect to your question, I have no answer to give, until I hear that you have closed your life happily. For assuredly he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavoured of fortune, and many whose means were moderate, have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has no ability to withstand these evils (from which, however, his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If, in addition to all this, he end his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom you are in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely, indeed, can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each, while it possesses some things, lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most; so no single human being is complete in every respect—something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably, that man alone, sire, is, in my judgment, entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter we must mark well the end; for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

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[I. 33, 53-

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Croesus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honour. The king saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, and bade men always wait and mark the end.

[I. 26-33, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[When Cyrus the Great overthrew the kingdom of the Medes and increased the power of the Persians, Croesus began to consider the advisability of attacking and destroying the Persian power before it became too great. Wishing to consult an oracle about this matter, he first devised a quaint test of the powers of the various oracles in the Greek world; only Apollo at Delphi and Amphiaraus near Thebes gave satisfactory answers to the test question. To these two oracles Croesus sent valuable presents and messengers to ask the question on which he wanted divine advice.]

The messengers who had the charge of conveying these treasures to the shrines, received instructions to ask the oracles whether Croesus should go to war with the Persians, and if so, whether he should strengthen himself by the forces of an ally. According, when they had reached their destinations and presented the gifts, they proceeded to consult the oracles in the following terms: "Croesus, king of Lydia and other countries, believing that these are the only real oracles in all the world, has sent you such presents as your discoveries deserved, and now inquires of you whether he shall go to war with the Persians, and if so, whether he should strengthen himself by the forces of a confederate." Both the oracles agreed in the tenor of their reply, which was in each case a prophecy that if Croesus attacked the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire, and a recommendation to him to look and see who were the most powerful of the Greeks, and to make alliance with them.

At the receipt of these oracular replies Croesus was overjoyed and feeling sure now that he would destroy the empire of the Persians, he sent once more to Pytho, and presented to the Delphians, the number of whom he had ascertained, two gold staters apiece. In return for this the Delphians granted to Croesus and the Lydians the privilege of precedency in consulting the oracle, exemption from all charges, the most honourable seat at the festivals and the perpetual right of becoming at pleasure citizens of the town.

After sending these presents to the Delphians, Croesus a third time consulted the oracle, for having once proved its truthfulness he wished to make constant use of it. The question whereto he now desired an answer was, "Whether his kingdom would be of long duration?" The following was the reply of the Priestess:

Wait till the time shall come when a mule is monarch of Media;
Then, thou delicate Lydian, away to the pebbles of Hermus;
Haste, oh! haste thee away, nor blush to behave like a coward.

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I. 56-58]

Of all the answers that had reached him, this pleased him far the best, for it seemed incredible that a mule should ever come to be king of the Medes, and so he concluded that the sovereignty would never depart from himself or his seed after him. Afterwards he turned his thoughts to the alliance which he had been recommended to contract, and sought to ascertain by inquiry which was the most powerful of the Grecian states. His inquiries pointed out to him two states as pre-eminent above the rest. These were the Lacedaemonians and the Athenians, the former of Doric, the latter of Ionic blood. And indeed these two nations had held from very early times the most distinguished place in Greece, the one being a Pelasgic, the other a Hellenic people, and the one having never quitted its original seats, while the other had been excessively migratory; for during the reign of Deucalion, Phthiotis was the country in which the Hellenes dwelt, but under Dorus, the son of Hellen, they moved to the tract at the base of Ossa and Olympus, which is called Histiaeotis; forced to retire from that region by the Cadmeians, they settled, under the name of Macedni, in the chain of Pindus. Hence they once more removed and came to Dryopis; and from Dryopis having entered the Peloponnese in this way, they became known as Dorians.

What the language of the Pelasgi was I cannot say with any certainty. If, however, we may form a conjecture from the tongue spoken by the Pelasgi of the present day, those, for instance, who live at Creston above the Tyrrhenians, who formerly dwelt in the district named Thessaliotis, and were neighbours of the people now called the Dorians, or those again who founded Placia and Scylace upon the Hellespont, who had previously dwelt for some time with the Athenians, or those in short, of any of the cities which have adopted the name but are in fact Pelasgian; if, I say, we are to form a conjecture from any of these, we must pronounce that the Pelasgi spoke a barbarous language. If this were really so, and the entire Pelasgic race spoke the same tongue, the Athenians, who were certainly Pelasgi, must have changed their language at the same time that they passed into the Hellenic body; for it is a certain fact that the people of Creston speak a language unlike any of their neighbours, and the same is true of the Placianians, while the language spoken by these two people is the same; which shows that they both retain the idiom which they brought with them into the countries where they are now settled.

The Hellenic race has never, since its first origin, changed its speech. This at least seems evident to me. It was a branch of the Pelasgic, which separated from the main body, and at first was scanty in numbers and of little power; but it gradually spread and increased to a multitude of nations, chiefly by the voluntary entrance into its ranks of numerous tribes of barbarians. The Pelasgi, on the other hand, were, as I think, a barbarian race which never greatly multiplied.

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On inquiring into the condition of these two nations, Croe found that one, the Athenian, was in a state of grievous oppressio and distraction under Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates, who w at that time tyrant of Athens. Hippocrates, when he was a priva citizen, is said to have gone once upon a time to Olympia to se the games, when a wonderful prodigy happened to him. As h was employed in sacrificing, the cauldrons which stood near, full water and of the flesh of the victims, began to boil without the hel of fire, and continued till the water overflowed the pot. Chilon th Lacedaemonian, who happened to be there and to witness th prodigy, advised Hippocrates, if he were unmarried, never to tak into his house a wife who could bear him a child; if he already ha one, to send her back to her friends; if he had a son, to disown hi Chilon's advice did not at all please Hippocrates, who disregarde it, and some time after became the father of Pisistratus. Th Pisistratus, at a time when there was civil contention in Atti between the party of the Seacoast headed by Megacles the son o Alcmaeon, and that of the Plain headed by Lycurgus, one of th Aristolaids, formed the project of making himself tyrant, and wi this view created a third faction. Gathering together a band o partisans, and giving himself out for the protector of the Hig landers, he contrived the following stratagem. He wounded him self and his mules, and then drove his chariot into the market-place professing to have just escaped an attack of his enemies, who ha attempted his life as he was on his way into the country. He besought the people to assign him a guard to protect his person reminding them of the glory which he had gained when he led th attack upon the Megarians, and took the town of Nisaea, at th same time performing many other exploits. The Athenians, de ceived by his story, appointed him a band of citizens to serve as guard, who were to carry clubs instead of spears, and to accompan him wherever he went. Thus strengthened, Pisistratus broke int revolt and seized the citadel. In this way he acquired the sov ereignty of Athens, which he continued to hold without disturbin the previously existing offices or altering any of the laws. He ad ministered the state according to the established usages, and hi arrangements were wise and salutary.

However, after a little time, the partisans of Megacles and thos of Lycurgus agreed to forget their differences, and united to dri him out. So Pisistratus, having by the means described first mad himself master of Athens, lost his power again before it had tim to take root. No sooner, however, was he departed than th factions which had driven him out quarrelled anew, and at la Megacles, wearied with the struggle, sent a herald to Pisistratu with an offer to reestablish him on the throne if he would mar his daughter. Pisistratus consented, and on these terms an agre ment was concluded between the two, after which they proceede to devise the mode of his restoration. And here the device on whic

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they hit was the silliest to be found in all history, more especially considering that the Greeks have been from very ancient times distinguished from the barbarians by superior sagacity and freedom from foolish simpleness, and remembering that the persons on whom this trick was played were not only Greeks but Athenians, who have the credit of surpassing all other Greeks in cleverness. There was in the Paeanian district a woman named Phya, whose height was almost six feet, and who was altogether comely to look upon. This woman they clothed in complete armour, and, instructing her as to the carriage which she was to maintain in order to seem her part, they placed her in a chariot and drove to the city. Heralds had been sent forward to precede her, and to make proclamation to this effect, "Citizens of Athens, receive again Pisistratus with friendly minds. Athena, who of all men honours him the most, herself conducts him back to her own citadel." This they proclaimed in all directions, and immediately the rumour spread throughout the country districts that Athena was bringing back her favourite. They of the city also, fully persuaded that the woman was the veritable goddess, worshipped her, and received Pisistratus back.

Pisistratus, having thus recovered the sovereignty, married, according to agreement, the daughter of Megacles. As, however, he had already a family of grown up sons, and the Alcmaeonidae were supposed to be under a curse, he determined that there should be no issue of the marriage. His wife at first kept this matter to herself, but after a time, either her mother questioned her, or it may be that she told it of her own accord. At any rate, she informed her mother, and so it reached her father's ears. Megacles, indignant at receiving an affront from such a quarter, in his anger instantly made up his differences with the opposite faction, on which Pisistratus, aware of what was planning against him, took himself out of the country. Arrived at Eretria, he held a council with his children to decide what was to be done. The opinion of Hippias prevailed, and it was agreed to aim at regaining the sovereignty. The first step was to obtain advances of money from such states as were under obligations to them. By these means they collected large sums from several countries, especially from the Thebans, who gave them far more than any of the rest. To be brief, time passed, and all was at length got ready for their return. A band of Argive mercenaries arrived from the Peloponnese, and a certain Naxian named Lygdamis, who volunteered his services, was particularly zealous in the cause, supplying both men and money.

In the eleventh year of their exile the family of Pisistratus set sail from Eretria on their return home. They made the coast of Attica, near Marathon, where they encamped, and were joined by their partisans from the capital and by numbers from the country districts, who loved tyranny better than freedom. At Athens, while

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Pisistratus was obtaining funds, and even after he landed at Ma thon, no one paid any attention to his proceedings. When, how ever, it became known that he had left Marathon, and was marchin upon the city, preparations were made for resistance, the whole force of the state was levied, and led against the returning exile Meantime the army of Pisistratus, which had broken up from Marathon, meeting their adversaries near the temple of the Pa lenian Athena, pitched their camp opposite them. Here a certa soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, an Acarnanian, moved by a di vine impulse, came into the presence of Pisistratus, and approachin him uttered this prophecy in the hexameter measure:

> Now has the cast been made, the net is out-spread in the water,
> Through the moonshiny night the tunnies will enter the meshes.

Such was the prophecy uttered under a divine inspiratio Pisistratus, apprehending its meaning, declared that he accepted th oracle, and instantly led on his army. The Athenians from th city had just finished their midday meal, after which they ha betaken themselves, some to dice, others to sleep, when Pisistratu with his troops fell upon them and put them to the rout. As soo as the flight began, Pisistratus bethought himself of a most wi contrivance, whereby the Athenians might be induced to dispers and not unite in a body any more. He mounted his sons on horse back and sent them on in front to overtake the fugitives, and exhor them to be of good cheer, and return each man to his home. The Athenians took the advice, and Pisistratus became for the thir time master of Athens.

Upon this he set himself to root his power more firmly, by th aid of a numerous body of mercenaries, and by keeping up a full exchequer, partly supplied from native sources, partly from the coun tries about the river Strymon. He also demanded hostages from many of the Athenians who had remained at home, and not le Athens at his approach; and these he sent to Naxos, which he ha conquered by force of arms, and given over into the charge o Lygdamis. He also purified the island of Delos, according to th injunctions of an oracle, after the following fashion. All the dea bodies which had been interred within sight of the temple he dug up, and removed to another part of the isle. Thus was the tyranny of Pisistratus established at Athens, many of the Athenians having fallen in the battle, and many others having fled the country togethe with the sons of Alcmaeon.

Such was the condition of the Athenians when Croesus made inquiry concerning them. Proceeding to seek information concern ing the Lacedaemonians, he learnt that, after passing through a period of great depression, they had lately been victorious in a war with the people of Tegea; for, during the joint reign of Leo and Hegesicles, kings of Sparta, the Lacedaemonians, successful in all

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their other wars, suffered continual defeats at the hands of the Tegeans. At a still earlier period they had been the very worst governed people in Greece, as well in matters of internal management as in their relations towards foreigners, from whom they kept entirely aloof. The circumstances which led to their being well governed were the following: Lycurgus, a man of distinction among the Spartans, had gone to Delphi, to visit the oracle. Scarcely had he entered into the inner fane, when the priestess exclaimed aloud:

O thou great Lycurgus, that com'st to my beautiful dwelling,
Dear to Zeus, and to all who sit in the halls of Olympus,
Whether to hail thee a god I know not, or only a mortal,
But my hope is strong that a god thou wilt prove, Lycurgus.

Some report besides, that the priestess delivered to him the entire system of laws which are still observed by the Spartans. The Lacedaemonians, however, themselves assert that Lycurgus, when he was guardian of his nephew, Labotas, king of Sparta, and resident in his room, introduced them from Crete; for as soon as he became regent, he altered the whole of the existing customs, substituting new ones, which he took care should be observed by all. After this he arranged whatever appertained to war, establishing the companies of thirty, messmates, and sworn brotherhoods, besides which he instituted the senate, and the ephoralty. Such was the way in which the Lacedaemonians became a well-governed people.

On the death of Lycurgus they built him a temple, and ever since they have worshipped him with the utmost reverence. Their soil being good and the population numerous, they sprang up rapidly to power, and became a flourishing people. In consequence they soon ceased to be satisfied to stay quiet; and, regarding the Arcadians as very much their inferiors, they sent to consult the oracle about conquering the whole of Arcadia. The priestess thus answered them:

Cravest thou Arcady? Bold is thy craving. I shall not content it.
Many the men that in Arcady dwell, whose food is the acorn—
They will never allow thee. It is not I that am niggard.
I will give thee to dance in Tegea, with noisy foot-fall,
And with the measuring line mete out the glorious champaign.

When the Lacedaemonians received this reply, leaving the rest of Arcadia untouched, they marched against the Tegeans, carrying with them fetters, so confident had this oracle (which was, in truth, but of base metal) made them that they would enslave the Tegeans. The battle, however, went against them, and many fell into the enemy's hands. Then these persons, wearing the fetters which they had themselves brought, and fastened together in a

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string, measured the Tegean plain as they executed their labours. The fetters in which they worked, were still, in my day, preserved at Tegea where they hung round the walls of the temple of Athena Alea.

Throughout the whole of this early contest with the Tegeans the Lacedaemonians met with nothing but defeats; but in the time of Croesus, under the kings Anaxandrides and Ariston, fortune had turned in their favour, in the manner which I will now relate. Having been worsted in every engagement by their enemy, they sent to Delphi, and inquired of the oracle what god they must propitiate to prevail in the war against the Tegeans. The answer of the priestess was, that before they could prevail, they must remove to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. Unable to discover his burial-place, they sent a second time, and asked the god where the body of the hero had been laid. The following was the answer they received:

> Level and smooth is the plain where Arcadian Tegea standeth;
> There two winds are ever, by strong necessity, blowing,
> Counter-stroke answers stroke, and evil lies upon evil.
> There all-teeming Earth doth harbour the son of Atrides;
> Bring thou him to thy city, and then be Tegea's master.

After this reply, the Lacedaemonians were no nearer discovering the burial-place than before, though they continued to search for it diligently; until at last a man named Lichas, one of the Spartans called Agathoergi, found it. The Agathoergi are citizens who have just served their time among the knights. The five eldest of the knights go out every year, and are bound during the year after their discharge to go wherever the State sends them, and actively employ themselves in its service.

Lichas was one of this body when, partly by good luck, partly by his own wisdom, he discovered the burial-place. Intercourse between the two States existing just at this time, he went to Tegea and, happening to enter into the workshop of a smith, he saw him forging some iron. As he stood marvelling at what he beheld, he was observed by the smith who, leaving off his work, went up to him and said, "Certainly, then, you Spartan stranger, you would have been wonderfully surprised if you had seen what I have, since you make a marvel even of the working in iron. I wanted to make myself a well in this room, and began to dig it, when what think you? I came upon a coffin ten feet long. I had never believed that men were taller in the olden times than they are now; so I opened the coffin. The body inside was of the same length. I measured it, and filled up the hole again."

Such was the man's account of what he had seen. The other, on turning the matter over in his mind, conjectured that this was the body of Orestes, of which the oracle had spoken. He guessed so, because he observed that the smithy had two bellows, which

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understood to be the two winds, and the hammer and anvil would do for the stroke and the counter-stroke, and the iron that was being wrought for the evil lying upon evil. This he imagined might be so because iron had been discovered to the hurt of man. Full of these conjectures, he sped back to Sparta and laid the whole matter before his countrymen. Soon after, by a concerted plan, they brought a charge against him, and began a prosecution. Lichas betook himself to Tegea, and on his arrival acquainted the smith with his misfortune, and proposed to rent his room of him. The smith refused for some time; but at last Lichas persuaded him, and took up his abode in it. Then he opened the grave, and collecting the bones, returned with them to Sparta. From henceforth, whenever the Spartans and the Tegeans made trial of each other's skill in arms, the Spartans always had greatly the advantage; and by the time to which we are come now they were masters of most of the Peloponnese.

Croesus, informed of all these circumstances, sent messengers to Sparta, with gifts in their hands, who were to ask the Spartans to enter into alliance with him. They received strict injunctions as to what they should say, and on their arrival at Sparta spake as follows, "Croesus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, has sent us to speak thus to you, 'Lacedaemonians, the god has bidden me to make the Greek my friend; I therefore apply to you, in conformity with the oracle, knowing that you hold the first rank in Greece, and desire to become your friend and ally in all true faith and honesty.'"

Such was the message which Croesus sent by his heralds. The Lacedaemonians, who were aware beforehand of the reply given him by the oracle, were full of joy at the coming of the messengers, and at once took the oaths of friendship and alliance: this they did the more readily as they had previously contracted certain obligation towards him. They had sent to Sardis on one occasion to purchase some gold, intending to use it on a statue of Apollo — the statue, namely, which remains to this day at Thornax in Laconia, when Croesus, hearing of the matter, gave them as a gift the gold which they wanted.

This was one reason why the Lacedaemonians were so willing to make the alliance: another was because Croesus had chosen them for his friends in preference to all the other Greeks. They therefore held themselves in readiness to come at his summons, and not content with so doing, they further had a huge vase made in bronze, covered with figures of animals all round the outside of the rim, and large enough to contain 2,700 gallons, which they sent to Croesus as a return for his presents to them. The vase, however, never reached Sardis. Its miscarriage is accounted for in two quite different ways. The Lacedaemonian story is, that when it reached Samos, on its way towards Sardis, the Samians having knowledge of it put to sea in their ships of war and made it their

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prize. But the Samians declare, that the Lacedaemonians who had the vase in charge, happening to arrive too late, and learning that Sardis had fallen and that Croesus was a prisoner, sold it in their island, and the purchasers (who were, they say, private persons) made an offering of it at the shrine of Hera: the sellers were very likely on their return to Sparta to have said that they had been robbed of it by the Samians. Such, then, was the fate of the vase.

Meanwhile Croesus, taking the oracle in a wrong sense, led his forces into Cappadocia, fully expecting to defeat Cyrus and destroy the empire of the Persians. While he was still engaged in making preparations for his attack, a Lydian named Sandanis, who had always been looked upon as a wise man, but who after this obtained a very great name indeed among his countrymen, came forward and counselled the king in these words, "You are about, king, to make war against men who wear leathern trousers, and have all their other garments of leather; who feed not on what they like, but on what they can get from a soil that is sterile and unkindly; who do not indulge in wine, but drink water; who possess no figs nor anything else that is good to eat. If, then, you conquer them, what can you get from them, seeing that they have nothing at all? But if they conquer you, consider how much that is precious you will lose: if they once get a taste of our pleasant things, they will keep such hold of them that we shall never be able to make them loose their grasp. For my part, I am thankful to the gods, that they have not put it into the hearts of the Persians to invade Lydia."

Croesus was not persuaded by this speech, though it was true enough; for before the conquest of Lydia, the Persians possessed none of the luxuries or delights of life.

The Cappadocians are known to the Greeks by the name of Syrians. Before the rise of the Persian power, they had been subject to the Medes; but at the present time they were within the empire of Cyrus, for the boundary between the Median and the Lydian empires was the river Halys. This stream, which rises in the mountain country of Armenia, runs first through Cilicia; afterwards it flows for a while with the Matieni on the right, and the Phrygians on the left: then, when they are passed, it proceeds with a northern course, separating the Cappadocian Syrians from the Paphlagonians, who occupy the left bank, thus forming the boundary of almost the whole of Lower Asia, from the sea opposite Cyprus to the Euxine. Just there is the neck of the peninsula, a journey of five days across for an active walker.

There were two motives which led Croesus to attack Cappadocia: firstly, he coveted the land, which he wished to add to his own dominions; but the chief reason was that he wanted to revenge on Cyrus the wrongs of Astyages, and was made confident by the oracle of being able so to do: for the Astyages, son of Cyaxares and king of the Medes, who had been dethroned by Cyrus, son of Cambyses, was Croesus' brother by marriage. This marriage had

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taken place under circumstances which I will now relate. A band of Scythian nomads, who had left their own land on occasion of some disturbance, had taken refuge in Media. Cyaxares, son of Phraortes, and grandson of Deioces, was at that time king of the country. Recognising them as suppliants, he began by treating them with kindness, and coming presently to esteem them highly, he intrusted to their care a number of boys, whom they were to teach their language and to instruct in the use of the bow. Time passed, and the Scythians employed themselves, day after day, in hunting, and always brought home some game; but at last it chanced that one day they took nothing. On their return to Cyaxares with empty hands, that monarch, who was hot-tempered, as he showed upon the occasion, received them very rudely and insultingly. In consequence of this treatment, which they did not conceive themselves to have deserved, the Scythians determined to take one of the boys whom they had in charge, cut him in pieces, and then dressing the flesh as they were wont to dress that of the wild animals, serve it up to Cyaxares as game: after which they resolved to convey themselves with all speed to Sardis, to the court of Alyattes, the son of Sadyattes. The plan was carried out: Cyaxares and his guests ate of the flesh prepared by the Scythians, and they themselves, having accomplished their purpose, fled to Alyattes in the guise of suppliants.

Afterwards, on the refusal of Alyattes to give up his suppliants when Cyaxares sent to demand them of him, war broke out between the Lydians and the Medes, and continued for five years, with various success. In the course of it the Medes gained many victories over the Lydians, and the Lydians also gained many victories over the Medes. Among their other battles there was one night engagement. As, however, the balance had not inclined in favour of either nation, another combat took place in the sixth year, in the course of which, just as the battle was growing warm, day was on a sudden changed into night. This event had been foretold by Thales, the Milesian, who forewarned the Ionians of it, fixing for it the very year in which it actually took place.* The Medes and Lydians, when they observed the change, ceased fighting, and were alike anxious to have terms of peace agreed on. Syennesis of Cilicia, and Labynetus of Babylon, were the persons who mediated between the parties, who hastened the taking of the oaths, and brought about the exchange of espousals. It was they who advised that Alyattes should give his daughter Aryenis in marriage to Astyages the son of Cyaxares, knowing, as they did, that without some sure bond of strong necessity, there is wont to be but little security in men's covenants. Oaths are taken by these people in the same way as by the Greeks, except that they make a slight flesh wound in their arms, from which each sucks a portion of the other's blood.

*This date is fixed by the astronomers as 28 May 585 B. C.

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Cyrus had captured this Astyages, who was his mother's father, and kept him prisoner, for a reason which I shall bring forward in another part of my history. This capture formed the ground of a quarrel between Cyrus and Croesus, in consequence of which Croesus sent his servants to ask the oracle if he should attack the Persians; and when an evasive answer came, fancying it to be in his favour, carried his arms into the Persian territory. When he reached the river Halys, he transported his army across it, as I maintain, by the bridges which exist there at the present day; but according to the general belief of the Greeks, by the aid of Thales the Milesian. The tale is, that Croesus was in doubt how he should get his army across, as the bridges were not made at that time, and that Thales, who happened to be in the camp, divided the stream and caused it to flow on both sides of the army instead of on the left only. This he effected thus: Beginning some distance above the camp, he dug a deep channel, which he brought round in a semi-circle, so that it might pass rearward of the camp; and that the river, diverted from its natural course into the new channel at the point where this left the stream, might flow by the station of the army, and afterwards fall again into the ancient bed. In this way the river was split into two streams, which were both easily fordable. It is said by some that the water was entirely drained off from the natural bed of the river. But I am of a different opinion; for I do not see how, in that case, they could have crossed it on their return.

Having passed the Halys with the forces under his command Croesus entered the district of Cappadocia which is called Pteria. It lies in the neighbourhood of the city of Sinope upon the Euxine, and is the strongest position in the whole country thereabouts. Here Croesus pitched his camp, and began to ravage the fields of the Syrians. He besieged and took the chief city of the Pterians and reduced the inhabitants to slavery: he likewise made himself master of the surrounding villages. Thus he brought ruin on the Syrians, who were guilty of no offence towards him. Meanwhile Cyrus had levied an army and marched against Croesus, increasing his numbers at every step by the forces of the nations that lay in his way. Before beginning his march he had sent heralds to the Ionians, with an invitation to them to revolt from the Lydian king; they, however, had refused compliance. Cyrus, notwithstanding, marched against the enemy, and encamped opposite them in the district of Pteria, where the trial of strength took place between the contending powers. The combat was hot and bloody, and upon both sides the number of the slain was great; nor had victory declared in favour of either party, when night came down upon the battle-field. Thus both armies fought valiantly.

Croesus laid the blame of his ill success on the number of his troops, which fell very short of the enemy; and as on the next day

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Cyrus did not repeat the attack, he set off on his return to Sardis, intending to collect his allies and renew the contest in the spring. He meant to call on the Egyptians to send him aid, according to the terms of the alliance which he had concluded with Amasis, previous to his league with the Lacedaemonians. He intended also to summon to his assistance the Babylonians, under their king Labynetus, for they too were bound to him by treaty: and further, he meant to send word to Sparta, and appoint a day for the coming of their succours. Having got together these forces in addition to his own, he would, as soon as the winter was past and springtime come, march once more against the Persians. With these intentions Croesus, immediately on his return, despatched heralds to his various allies, with a request that they would join him at Sardis in the course of the fifth month from the time of the departure of his messengers. He then disbanded the army — consisting of mercenary troops — which had been engaged with the Persians and had since accompanied him to his capital, and let them depart to their homes, never imagining that Cyrus, after a battle in which victory had been so evenly balanced, would venture to march upon Sardis.

While Croesus was still in this mind, all the suburbs of Sardis were found to swarm with snakes, on the appearance of which the horses left feeding in the pasture-grounds, and flocked to the suburbs to eat them. The king, who witnessed the unusual sight, regarded it very rightly as a prodigy. He therefore instantly sent messengers to the soothsayers of Telmessus, to consult them upon the matter. His messengers reached the city, and obtained from the Telmessians an explanation of what the prodigy portended, but fate did not allow them to inform their lord; for before they entered Sardis on their return, Croesus was a prisoner. What the Telmessians had declared was that Croesus must look for the entry of an army of foreign invaders into his country, and that when they came they would subdue the native inhabitants; since the snake, said they, is a child of earth, and the horse a warrior and a foreigner. Croesus was already a prisoner when the Telmessians thus answered his inquiry, but they had no knowledge of what was taking place at Sardis, or of the fate of the monarch.

Cyrus, however, when Croesus broke up so suddenly from his quarters after the battle at Pteria, conceiving that he had marched away with the intention of disbanding his army, considered a little, and soon saw that it was advisable for him to advance upon Sardis with all haste, before the Lydians could get their forces together a second time. Having thus determined, he lost no time in carrying out his plan. He marched forward with such speed that he was himself the first to announce his coming to the Lydian king. That monarch, placed in the utmost difficulty by the turn of events which had gone so entirely against all his calculations, nevertheless led out the Lydians to battle. In all Asia there was not at that

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time a braver or more warlike people. Their manner of fighti was on horseback; they carried long lances, and were clever the management of their steeds.

The two armies met in the plain before Sardis. It is a vast bare of trees, watered by the Hyllus and a number of other strea which all flow into one larger than the rest, called the Herm This river rises in the sacred mountain of the Dindymen Mother (Cybele), and falls into the sea near the town of Phoca

When Cyrus beheld the Lydians arranging themselves in or of battle on this plan, fearful of the strength of their cavalry, adopted a device which Harpagus, one of the Medes, suggested him. He collected together all the camels that had come in t train of his army to carry the provisions and the baggage, a taking off their loads, he mounted riders upon them accoutred horsemen. These he commanded to advance in front of his oth troops against the Lydian horse; behind them were to follow t foot soldiers, and last of all the cavalry. When his arrangeme were complete, he gave his troops orders to slay all the oth Lydians who came in their way without mercy, but to spare Croe and not kill him, even if he should be seized and offer resistan The reason why Cyrus opposed his camels to the enemy's hor was because the horse has a natural dread of the camel, and cann abide either the sight or the smell of that animal. By this stratag he hoped to make Croesus's horse useless to him, the horse be what he chiefly depended on for victory. The two armies th joined battle, and immediately the Lydian war-horses, seeing a smelling the camels, turned round and galloped off; and so it ca to pass that all Croesus's hopes withered away. The Lydia however, behaved manfully. As soon as they understood what w happening, they leaped off their horses, and engaged with th Persians on foot. The combat was long; but at last, after a gre slaughter on both sides, the Lydians turned and fled. They we driven within their walls, and the Persians laid siege to Sar

Thus the siege began. Meanwhile Croesus, thinking that th place would hold out no inconsiderable time, sent off fresh herald to his allies from the beleaguered town. His former messeng had been charged to bid them assemble at Sardis in the course the fifth month; they whom he now sent were to say that he w already besieged, and to beseech them to come to his aid with possible speed. Among his other allies Croesus did not omit send to Lacedaemon.

It chanced, however, that the Spartans were themselves just this time engaged in a quarrel with the Argives about a p called Thyrea, which was within the limits of Argolis, but h been seized on by the Lacedaemonians. Indeed, the whole coun westward, as far as Cape Malea, belonged once to the Argives, not only that entire tract upon the mainland, but also Cythera, the other islands. The Argives collected troops to resist the sei

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of Thyrea, but before any battle was fought, the two parties came to terms, and it was agreed that 300 Spartans and 300 Argives should meet and fight for the place, which should belong to the nation with whom the victory rested. It was stipulated also that the other troops on each side should return home to their respective countries, and not remain to witness the combat, as there was danger, if the armies stayed, that either the one or the other, on seeing their countrymen undergoing defeat, might hasten to their assistance. These terms being agreed on, the two armies marched off, leaving 300 picked men on each side to fight for the territory. The battle began, and so equal were the combatants, that at the close of the day, when night put a stop to the fight, of the whole 600 only three men remained alive, two Argives, Alcanor and Chromius, and a single Spartan, Othryadas. The two Argives, regarding themselves as the victors, hurried to Argos. Othryadas, the Spartan, remained upon the field, and, stripping the bodies of the Argives who had fallen, carried their armour to the Spartan camp. Next day the two armies returned to learn the result. At first they disputed, both parties claiming the victory, the one, because they had the greater number of survivors; the other, because their man remained on the field, and stripped the bodies of the slain, whereas the two men of the other side ran away; but at last they fell from words to blows, and a battle was fought, in which both parties suffered great loss, but at the end the Lacedaemonians gained the victory. Upon this the Argives, who up to that time had worn their hair long, cut it off close, and made a law, to which they attached a curse, binding themselves never more to let their hair grow, and never to allow their women to wear gold, until they should recover Thyrea. At the same time the Lacedaemonians made a law the very reverse of this, namely, to wear their hair long, though they had always before cut it close. Othryadas himself, it is said, the sole survivor of the 300, prevented by a sense of shame from returning to Sparta after all his comrades had fallen, laid violent hands upon himself in Thyrea.

Although the Spartans were engaged with these matters when the herald arrived from Sardis to entreat them to come to the assistance of the besieged king, yet, notwithstanding, they instantly set to work to afford him help. They had completed their preparations, and the ships were just ready to start, when a second message informed them that the place had already fallen, and that Croesus was a prisoner. Deeply grieved at his misfortune, the Spartans suspended their efforts.

The following is the way in which Sardis was taken. On the fourteenth day of the siege Cyrus bade some horsemen ride about his lines, and make proclamation to the whole army that he would give a reward to the man who should first mount the wall. After this he made an assault, but without success. His troops retired, but a certain Mardian, Hyroeades by name, resolved to approach

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the citadel and attempt it at a place where no guards were ever
On this side the rock was so precipitous, and the citadel (as
seemed) so impregnable, that no fear was entertained of its be
carried in this place. Here was the only portion of the circ
round which their old king Meles did not carry the lion which
concubine bore to him. For when the Telmessians had decla
that if the lion were taken round the defences, Sardis would
impregnable, and Meles, in consequence, carried it round the
of the fortress where the citadel seemed open to attack, he scor
to take it round this side, which he looked on as a sheer precip
and therefore absolutely secure. It is on that side of the city wh
faces Mount Tmolus. Hyroeades, however, having the day bef
observed a Lydian soldier descend the rock after a helmet th
had rolled down from the top, and having seen him pick it up a
carry it back, thought over what he had witnessed, and formed
plan. He climbed the rock himself, and other Persians follow
in his track, until a large number had mounted to the top. Th
was Sardis taken, and given up entirely to pillage.

With respect to Croesus himself, this is what befell him at
taking of the town. He had a son, of whom I made ment
above, a worthy youth, whose only defect was that he was d
and dumb. In the days of his prosperity Croesus had done
utmost that he could for him, and among other plans which he
devised, had sent to Delphi to consult the oracle on his beh
The answer which he had received from the priestess ran th

Lydian, wide-ruling monarch, thou wondrous simple Croesus,
Wish not ever to hear in thy palace the voice thou hast prayed for
Utt'ring intelligent sounds. Far better thy son should be silent!
Ah! woe worth the day when thine ear shall first list to his accents.

When the town was taken, one of the Persians was just going
kill Croesus, not knowing who he was. Croesus saw the m
coming, but under the pressure of his affliction, did not care
avoid the blow, not minding whether he died beneath the str
Then this son of his, who was voiceless, beholding the Persian
he rushed towards Croesus, in the agony of his fear and grief bu
into speech, and said, "Man, do not kill Croesus." This was
first time that he had ever spoken a word, but afterwards he
tained the power of speech for the remainder of his life.

Thus was Sardis taken by the Persians, and Croesus hi
fell into their hands, after having reigned fourteen years, and b
besieged in his capital fourteen days; thus too did Croesus f
the oracle, which said that he should destroy a mighty empire
destroying his own. Then the Persians who had made Cro
prisoner brought him before Cyrus. Now a vast pile had b
raised by his orders, and Croesus, laden with fetters, was pl
upon it, and with him twice seven of the sons of the Lydians
know not whether Cyrus was minded to make an offering of

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first-fruits to some god or other, or whether he had vowed a vow and was performing it, or whether, as may well be, he had heard that Croesus was a holy man, and so wished to see if any of the heavenly powers would appear to save him from being burnt alive. However it might be, Cyrus was thus engaged, and Croesus was already on the pile, when it entered his mind in the depth of his woe that there was a divine warning in the words which had come to him from the lips of Solon, "No one while he lives is happy." When this thought smote him he fetched a long breath, and breaking his deep silence, groaned out aloud, thrice uttering the name of Solon. Cyrus caught the sounds, and bade the interpreters inquire of Croesus who it was he called on. They drew near and asked him, but he held his peace, and for a long time made no answer to their questionings, until at length, forced to say something, he exclaimed, "One I would give much to see converse with every monarch." Not knowing what he meant by this reply, the interpreters begged him to explain himself; and as they pressed for an answer, and grew to be troublesome, he told them how, a long time before, Solon, an Athenian, had come and seen all his splendour, and made light of it; and how whatever he had said to him had fallen out exactly as he foreshowed, although it was nothing that specially concerned him, but applied to all mankind alike, and most to those who seemed to themselves happy. Meanwhile, as he thus spoke, the pile was lighted, and the outer portion began to burn. Then Cyrus, hearing from the interpreters what Croesus had said, relented, bethinking himself that he too was a man, and that it was a fellowman, and one who had once been as blessed by fortune as himself, that he was burning alive; afraid, moreover, of retribution, and full of the thought that whatever is human is insecure. So he bade them quench the blazing fire as quickly as they could, and take down Croesus and the other Lydians, which they tried to do, but the flames were not to be mastered.

Then, the Lydians say that Croesus, perceiving by the efforts made to quench the fire that Cyrus had relented, and seeing also that all was in vain, and that the men could not get the fire under, called with a loud voice upon the god Apollo, and prayed him, if he had ever received at his hands any acceptable gift, to come to his aid, and deliver him from his present danger. As thus with tears he besought the god, suddenly, though up to that time the sky had been clear and the day without a breath of wind, dark clouds gathered, and the storm burst over their heads with rain of such violence that the flames were speedily extinguished. Cyrus, convinced by this that Croesus was a good man and a favourite of heaven, asked him after he was taken off the pile, "Who it was that had persuaded him to lead an army into his country, and so become his foe rather than continue his friend?" to which Croesus made answer as follows, "What I did, O king, was to thy advantage and to my own loss. If there be blame, it rests with the god of the

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Greeks, who encouraged me to begin the war. No one is so fo as to prefer to peace war, in which, instead of sons burying th fathers, fathers bury their sons. But the gods willed it so."

Thus did Croesus speak. Cyrus then ordered his fetters to taken off, and made him sit down near himself, and paid him m respect, looking upon him, as did also the courtiers, with a of wonder. Croesus, wrapped in thought, uttered no word. Af a while, happening to turn and perceive the Persian soldiers e gaged in plundering the town, he said to Cyrus, "May I now you, O king, what I have in my mind, or is silence best?" Cy bade him speak his mind boldly. Then he put this quest "What is it, Cyrus, which those men yonder are doing so busi "Plundering your city," Cyrus answered, "and carrying off y riches." "Not my city," rejoined the other, "nor my riches. Th are not mine any more. It is your wealth which they are pillagin

Cyrus, struck by what Croesus had said, bade all the court withdraw, and then asked Croesus what he thought it best him to do as regarded the plundering. Croesus answered, "N that the gods have made me your slave, Cyrus, it seems to me th it is my part, if I see anything to your advantage, to show it you. Your subjects, the Persians, are a poor people with a pro spirit. If then you let them pillage and possess themselves of gr wealth, I will tell you what you may expect at their hands. Th man who gets the most, look to having him rebel against y Now then, if my words please you, do thus: Let some of the bo guards be placed as sentinels at each of the city gates, and let th take their booty from the soldiers as they leave the town, and t them that they do so because the tenths are due to Zeus. So w will escape the hatred they would feel if the plunder were tak away from them by force; and they, seeing that what is propo is just, will do it willingly."

Cyrus was beyond measure pleased with this advice, so excel did it seem to him. He praised Croesus highly, and gave or to his body-guard to do as he had suggested. Then, turning Croesus, he said, "Croesus, I see that you are resolved both speech and act to show yourself a virtuous prince: ask me, the fore, whatever you wish as a gift at this moment." Croesus rep "My lord, if you will suffer me to send these fetters to the go the Greeks, whom I once honoured above all other gods, and him if it is his wont to deceive his benefactors; that will be highest favour you can confer on me." Cyrus upon this inq what charge he had to make against the god. Then Croesus him a full account of all his projects, and of the answers o oracle, and of the offerings which he had sent, on which he d especially, and told him how it was the encouragement given by the oracle which had led him to make war upon Persia. this he related, and at the end again besought permission to proach the god with his behaviour. Cyrus answered with a l

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"This I readily grant you, and whatever else you shall at any time ask at my hands." Croesus, finding his request allowed, sent certain Lydians to Delphi, enjoining them to lay his fetters upon the threshold of the temple, and ask the god, "If he were not ashamed of having encouraged him, as the destined destroyer of the empire of Cyrus, to begin a war with Persia, of which such were the first-fruits?" As they said this they were to point to the fetters; and further they were to inquire, "If it was the wont of the Greek gods to be ungrateful?"

The Lydians went to Delphi and delivered their message, on which the priestess is said to have replied, "It is not possible even for a god to escape the decree of destiny. Croesus has been punished for the sin of his fifth ancestor, who, when he was one of the body-guard of the Heraclidae, joined in a woman's fraud, and, slaying his master, wrongfully seized the throne. Apollo was anxious that the fall of Sardis should not happen in the lifetime of Croesus, but be delayed to his son's days; he could not, however, persuade the Fates. All that they were willing to allow he took and gave to Croesus. Let Croesus know that Apollo delayed the taking of Sardis three full years, and that he is thus a prisoner three years later than was his destiny. Moreover it was Apollo who saved him from the burning pile. Nor has Croesus any right to complain with respect to the oracular answer which he received. For when the god told him that, if he attacked the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire, he ought, if he had been wise, to have sent again and inquired which empire was meant, that of Cyrus or his own; but if he neither understood what was said, nor took the trouble to seek for enlightenment, he has only himself to blame for the result. Besides, he had misunderstood the last answer which had been given him about the mule. Cyrus was that mule. For the parents of Cyrus were of different races, and of different conditions, his mother a Median princess, daughter of King Astyages, and his father a Persian and a subject, who, though so far beneath her in all respects, had married his royal mistress."

Such was the answer of the priestess. The Lydians returned to Sardis and communicated it to Croesus, who confessed, on hearing it, that the fault was his, not the god's. Such was the way in which Ionia was first conquered, and so was the empire of Croesus brought to a close.

Besides the offerings which have been already mentioned, there are many others in various parts of Greece presented by Croesus; as at Thebes in Boeotia, where there is a golden tripod, dedicated by him to Ismenian Apollo; at Ephesus, where the golden heifers, and most of the columns are his gift; and at Delphi, in the temple of Pronaia, where there is a huge shield in gold, which he gave. All these offerings were still in existence in my day; many others have perished: among them those which he dedicated at Branchidae in Milesia, equal in weight, as I am informed, and in all respects

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like to those at Delphi. The Delphian presents, and those sent to Amphiaraus, came from his own private property, being the first-fruits of the fortune which he inherited from his father; his other offerings came from the riches of an enemy, who, before he mounted the throne, headed a party against him, with the view of obtaining the crown of Lydia for Pantaleon. This Pantaleon was a son of Alyattes, but by a different mother from Croesus; for the mother of Croesus was a Carian woman, but the mother of Pantaleon an Ionian. When, by the appointment of his father, Croesus obtained the kingly dignity, he seized the man who had plotted against him, and broke him upon the wheel. His property, which he had previously devoted to the service of the gods, Croesus applied in the way mentioned above. This is all I shall say about his offerings.

Lydia, unlike most other countries, scarcely offers any wonders for the historian to describe, except the gold-dust which is washed down from the range of Tmolus. It has, however, one structure of enormous size, only inferior to the monuments of Egypt and Babylon. This is the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Croesus, the base of which is formed of immense blocks of stone, the rest being a vast mound of earth. It was raised by the joint labour of the tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and courtesans of Sardis, and had at the top five stone pillars, which remained to my day, with inscriptions cut on them, showing how much of the work was done by each class of workpeople. It appeared on measurement that the portion of the courtesans was the largest. The daughters of the common people in Lydia, one and all, pursue this traffic, wishing to collect money for their portions. They continue the practice till they marry; and are wont to contract themselves in marriage. The tomb is 1,280 yards in circumference; its breadth is 440 yards. Close to the tomb is a large lake, which the Lydians say is never dry. They call it the Lake Gygaea.

The Lydians have very nearly the same customs as the Greeks, with the exception that these last do not bring up their girls in the same way. So far as we have any knowledge, they were the first nation to introduce the use of gold and silver coin, and the first who sold goods by retail. They claim also the invention of all the games which are common to them with the Greeks. These they declare that they invented about the time when they colonised Tyrrhenia, an event of which they give the following account. In the days of Atys the son of Manes, there was great scarcity throughout the whole land of Lydia. For some time the Lydians bore the affliction patiently, but finding that it did not pass away, they set to work to devise remedies for the evil. Various expedients were discovered by various persons; dice, and knuckle-bones, and ball, and all such games were invented, except draughts, the invention of which they do not claim as theirs. The plan adopted against the famine was to engage in games one day so entirely as not to feel

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any craving for food, and the next day to eat and abstain from games. In this way they passed eighteen years. Still the affliction continued and even became more grievous. So the king determined to divide the nation in half, and to make the two portions draw lots, the one to stay, the other to leave the land. He would continue to reign over those whose lot it should be to remain behind; the emigrants should have his son Tyrrhenus for their leader. The lot was cast, and they who had to emigrate went down to Smyrna, and built themselves ships, in which, after they had put on board all needful stores, they sailed away in search of new homes and better sustenance. After sailing past many countries they came to Umbria, where they built cities for themselves, and fixed their residence. Their former name of Lydians they laid aside, and called themselves after the name of the king's son, who led the colony, Tyrrhenians.

[I. 53-94, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[In the remainder of Book I Herodotus turns back to tell the story of the rise of the Persians under Cyrus the Great, who overthrew Astyages, king of the Medes, and made himself the ruler of a powerful Median-Persian Empire. It was this combination of powers that overthrew Croesus in 546 B.C.; the Greek cities of Asia Minor were next attacked and subjected to the Persian domination. Cyrus then brought most of the rest of Asia under his sway, including the kingdom and city of Babylon, which he captured in 538 B.C. Shortly thereafter he met his death in a war with the savage tribe of the Massagetae, near the Caspian Sea.

After describing the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, Herodotus inserts a typical digression on the country, wonders, and customs of the Babylonians; the following selection is characteristic of his manner in such passages.]

THE CUSTOMS OF THE BABYLONIANS

But little rain falls in Assyria, enough, however, to make the corn begin to sprout, after which the plant is nourished and the ears formed by means of irrigation from the river. For the river does not, as in Egypt, overflow the corn-lands of its own accord, but is spread over them by the hand, or by the help of engines. The whole of Babylonia is, like Egypt, intersected with canals. The largest of them all, which runs towards the winter sun, and is impassable except in boats, is carried from the Euphrates into another stream, called the Tigris, the river upon which the town of Nineveh formerly stood. Of all the countries that we know there is none which is so fruitful in grain. It makes no pretension indeed of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, or any other tree of the kind; but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two-hundred-fold, and when the production is the greatest, even three-hundred-fold. The blade of the wheat-plant and barley-plant is often four fingers in breadth. As for the millet and the sesame, I

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shall not say to what height they grow, though within my own knowledge; for I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country. The only oil they use is made from the sesame-plant. Palm-trees grow in great numbers over the whole of the flat country, mostly of the kind which bears fruit, and this fruit supplies them with bread, wine, and honey. They are cultivated like the fig-tree in all respects, among others in this. The natives tie the fruit of the male-palms, as they are called by the Greeks, to the branches of the date-bearing palm, to let the gall-fly enter the dates and ripen them, and to prevent the fruit from falling off. The male-palms, like the wild fig-trees, have usually the gall-fly in their fruit.

But the greatest wonder of all that I saw in the land, after the city itself, I will now proceed to mention. The boats which come down the river to Babylon are circular, and made of skins. The frames, which are of willow, are cut in the country of the Armenians above Assyria, and on these, which serve for hulls, a covering of skins is stretched outside, and thus the boats are made without either stem or stern, quite round like a shield. They are then entirely filled with straw, and their cargo is put on board, after which they are suffered to float down the stream. Their chief freight is wine, stored in casks made of the wood of the palm-tree. They are managed by two men who stand upright in them, each plying an oar, one pulling and the other pushing. The boats are of various sizes, some larger, some smaller; the biggest reach as high as 150 tons burthen. Each vessel has a live ass on board; those of larger size have more than one. When they reach Babylon, the cargo is landed and offered for sale; after which the men break up their boats, sell the straw and the frames, and loading their asses with the skins, set off on their way back to Armenia. The current is too strong to allow a boat to return up-stream, for which reason they make their boats of skins rather than wood. On their return to Armenia they build fresh boats for the next voyage.

The dress of the Babylonians is a linen tunic reaching to the feet, and above it another tunic made in wool, besides which they have a short white cloak thrown round them, and shoes of a peculiar fashion, not unlike those worn by the Boeotians. They have long hair, wear turbans on their heads, and anoint their whole body with perfumes. Every one carries a seal and a walking-stick carved at the top into the form of an apple, a rose, a lily, an eagle, or something similar; for it is not their habit to use a stick without an ornament.

Of their customs, whereof I shall now proceed to give an account, the following (which I understand belongs to them in common with the Illyrian tribe of the Eneti) was the wisest in my judgment:

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Once a year in each village the maidens of age to marry were collected all together into one place; while the men stood round them in a circle. Then a herald called up the damsels one by one, and offered them for sale. He began with the most beautiful. When she was sold for no small sum of money, he offered for sale the one who came next to her in beauty. All of them were sold to be wives. The richest of the Babylonians who wished to wed bid against each other for the loveliest maidens, while the humbler wife-seekers, who were indifferent about beauty, took the more homely damsels with marriage-portions. For the custom was that when the herald had gone through the whole number of the beautiful damsels, he should then call up the ugliest — a cripple, if there chanced to be one — and offer her to the men, asking who would agree to take her with the smallest marriage-portion. And the man who offered to take the smallest sum had her assigned to him. The marriage-portions were furnished by the money paid for the beautiful damsels, and thus the fairer maidens portioned out the uglier. No one was allowed to give his daughter in marriage to the man of his choice, nor might any one carry away the damsel whom he had purchased without finding bail really and truly to make her his wife; if, however, it turned out that they did not agree, the money might be paid back. All who liked might come even from distant villages and bid for the women. This was the best of all their customs, but it has now fallen into disuse. They have lately hit upon a very different plan to save their maidens from violence, and prevent their being torn from them and carried to distant cities, which is to bring up their daughters to be prostitutes. This is now done by all the poorer of the common people, who since the conquest have been maltreated by their lords, and have had ruin brought upon their families.

The following custom seems to me the wisest of their institutions next to the one lately praised. They have no physicians, but when a man is ill, they lay him in the public square, and the passers-by come up to him, and if they have ever had his disease themselves or have known any one who has suffered from it, they give him advice, recommending him to do whatever they found good in their own case, or in the case known to them. And no one is allowed to pass the sick man in silence without asking him what his ailment is.

[I. 193-197, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[Cambyses, who succeeded Cyrus as king of the Persians, next undertook the conquest of Egypt. Before treating this campaign, Herodotus inserts another digression, a lengthy description of the geography, customs, wonders, and history of Egypt; this digression fills the entire second book. Several typical selections follow, which well illustrate Herodotus' curious blend of fact, fancy, rationalistic interpretations of local legends, and plain mistakes.]

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BOOK II

THE EGYPTIANS

On the death of Cyrus, Cambyses his son by Cassandane daughter of Pharnaspes took the kingdom. Cassandane had died in the lifetime of Cyrus, who had made a great mourning for her at her death, and had commanded all the subjects of his empire to observe the like. Cambyses, the son of this woman and of Cyrus, regarding the Ionian and Aeolian Greeks as vassals of his father, took them with him in his expedition against Egypt among the other nations which owned his sway.

Now the Egyptians, before the reign of their king Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery: He took two children of the common sort and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said Becos. When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything becos, and hereupon he learnt that becos was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians.

That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Hephaestus. The Greeks, among other foolish tales relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said the bringing up was such as I have stated above. I got much other information also from conversation with these priests while I was at Memphis, and I even went to Heliopolis and to Thebes, expressly to try whether the priests of those places would agree in their accounts with the priests at Memphis. The Heliopolitans have the

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reputation of being the best skilled in history of all the Egyptians. What they told me concerning their religion it is not my intention to repeat, except the names of their deities, since I believe all men know equally little about the gods. If I relate anything else concerning these matters, it will only be when compelled to do so by the course of my narrative.

Now with regard to mere human matters, the accounts which they gave, and in which all agreed, were the following. The Egyptians, they said, were the first to discover the solar year, and to portion out its course into twelve parts. They obtained this knowledge from the stars. (To my mind they contrive their year much more cleverly than the Greeks, for these last every other year intercalate a whole month, but the Egyptians, dividing the year into twelve months of thirty days each, add every year a space of five days besides, whereby the circuit of the seasons is made to return with uniformity. The Egyptians, they went on to affirm, first brought into use the names of the twelve gods, which the Greeks adopted from them; and first erected altars, images, and temples to the gods; and also first engraved upon stone the figures of animals. In most of these cases they proved to me that what they said was true. And they told me that the first man who ruled over Egypt was Min, and that in his time all Egypt, except the Thebaic nome, was a marsh, none of the land below lake Moeris then showing itself above the surface of the water. This is a distance of seven days' sail from the sea up the river.

What they said of their country seemed to me very reasonable. For any one who sees Egypt, without having heard a word about it before, must perceive, if he has only common powers of observation, that the Egypt to which the Greeks go in their ships is an acquired country, the gift of the river. The same is true of the land above the lake, to the distance of three days' voyage, concerning which the Egyptians say nothing, but which is exactly the same kind of country.

[II. 1-5, tr. G. Rawlinson]

Concerning Egypt itself I shall extend my remarks to a great length, because there is no country that possesses so many wonders, nor any that has such a number of works which defy description. Not only is the climate different from that of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike any other rivers, but the people also, in most of their manners and customs, exactly reverse the common practice of mankind. The women attend the markets and trade, while the men sit at home at the loom; and here, while the rest of the world works the woof up the warp, the Egyptians work it down; the women likewise carry burdens upon their shoulders, while the men carry them upon their heads. Women stand up to urinate, but sit down. They eat their food out of doors in the streets, but relieve themselves in their houses, giving as a reason that what is unseemly, but necessary, ought to be done in secret, but what

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has nothing unseemly about it, should be done openly. A woman cannot serve the priestly office, either for god or goddess, but men are priests to both; sons need not support their parents unless they choose, but daughters must, whether they choose or no.

In other countries the priests have long hair, in Egypt their heads are shaven; elsewhere it is customary, in mourning, for near relations to cut their hair close; the Egyptians, who wear no hair at any other time, when they lose a relative, let their beards and the hair of their heads grow long. All other men pass their lives separate from animals, the Egyptians have animals always living with them; others make barley and wheat their food, it is a disgrace to do so in Egypt, where the grain they live on is spelt, which some call zea. Dough they knead with their feet, but they mix mud and even take up dung with their hands. They are the only people in the world — they at least, and such as have learnt the practice from them — who use circumcision. Their men wear two garments apiece, their women but one. They put on the rings and fasten the ropes to sails inside, others put them outside. When they write or calculate, instead of going, like the Greeks, from left to right, they move their hand from right to left; and they insist notwithstanding, that it is they who go to the right, and the Greeks who go to the left. They have two quite different kinds of writing, one of which is called sacred, the other common.

They are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men, and use the following ceremonies: They drink out of brazen cups, which they scour every day: there is no exception to this practice. They wear linen garments, which they are specially careful to have always fresh washed. They practise circumcision for the sake of cleanliness, considering it better to be cleanly than comely. The priests shave their whole body every other day, that no lice or other impure thing may adhere to them when they are engaged in the service of the gods. Their dress is entirely of linen, and their shoes of the papyrus plant: it is not lawful for them to wear either dress or shoes, of any other material. They bathe twice every day in cold water, and twice each night. Besides which they observe, so to speak, thousands of ceremonies. They enjoy, however, not a few advantages. They consume none of their own property, and are at no expense for anything; but every day bread is baked for them of the sacred corn, and a plentiful supply of beef and of goose's flesh is assigned to each, and also a portion of wine made from the grape. Fish they are not allowed to eat; and beans, which none of the Egyptians ever sow, or eat, if they come up of their own accord, either raw or boiled, the priests will not even endure to look on, since they consider it an unclean kind of pulse. Instead of a single priest, each god has the attendance of a college, at the head of which is a chief priest; when one of these dies, his son is appointed in his room.

[II. 35-37, tr. G. Rawlinson]

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II. 46–48]

I mentioned above that some of the Egyptians abstain from sacrificing goats, either male or female. The reason is the following: These Egyptians, who are the Mendesians, consider Pan to be one of the eight gods who existed before the twelve, and Pan is represented in Egypt by the painters and the sculptors, just as he is in Greece, with the face and legs of a goat. They do not, however, believe this to be his shape, or consider him in any respect unlike the other gods; but they represent him thus for a reason which I prefer not to relate. The Mendesians hold all goats in veneration, but the male more than the female, giving the goatherds of the males especial honour. One is venerated more highly than all the rest, and when he dies there is a great mourning throughout all the Mendesian nome. In Egyptian, the goat and Pan are both called Mendes. In my own lifetime a monstrous thing took place in this nome when a woman had intercourse with a goat in public so that it became a matter of common knowledge.

The pig is regarded among them as an unclean animal, so much so that if a man in passing accidentally touch a pig, he instantly hurries to the river, and plunges in with all his clothes on. Hence too the swineherds, notwithstanding that they are of pure Egyptian blood, are forbidden to enter into any of the temples, which are open to all other Egyptians; and further, no one will give his daughter in marriage to a swineherd, or take a wife from among them, so that the swineherds are forced to intermarry among themselves. They do not offer swine in sacrifice to any of their gods, excepting Dionysus and the Moon, whom they honour in this way at the same time, sacrificing pigs to both of them at the same full moon, and afterwards eating of the flesh. There is a reason alleged by them for their detestation of swine at all other seasons, and their use of them at this festival, with which I am well acquainted, but which I do not think it proper to mention. The following is the mode in which they sacrifice the swine to the Moon: As soon as the victim is slain, the tip of the tail, the spleen, and the caul are put together, and having been covered with all the fat that has been found in the animal's belly, are straightway burnt. The remainder of the flesh is eaten on the same day that the sacrifice is offered, which is the day of the full moon: at any other time they would not so much as taste it. The poorer sort, who cannot afford live pigs, form pigs of dough, which they bake and offer in sacrifice.

To Dionysus, on the eve of his feast, every Egyptian sacrifices a hog before the door of his house, which is then given back to the swineherd by whom it was furnished, and by him carried away. In other respects the festival is celebrated almost exactly as Dionysiac festivals are in Greece, excepting that the Egyptians have no choral dances. They also use instead of phalli another invention, consisting of images eighteen inches high, pulled by strings, which the women carry round to the villages. These images have male members of about the same size also operated by strings. A piper

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goes in front, and the women follow, singing hymns in honour of Dionysus. They give a religious reason for the peculiarities of the image.

Melampus, the son of Amytheon, cannot (I think) have been ignorant of this ceremony — nay, he must, I should conceive, have been well acquainted with it. He it was who introduced into Greece the name of Dionysus, the ceremonial of his worship, and the procession of the phallus. He did not, however, so complete apprehend the whole doctrine as to be able to communicate it entirely, but various sages since his time have carried out his teaching to greater perfection. Still it is certain that Melampus introduced the phallus, and that the Greeks learnt from him the ceremonies which they now practise. I therefore maintain that Melampus, who was a wise man, and had acquired the art of divination, having become acquainted with the worship of Dionysus through knowledge derived from Egypt, introduced it into Greece, with a few slight changes, at the same time that he brought in various other practices. For I can by no means allow that it is by mere coincidence that the ceremonies of Dionysus in Greece are so nearly the same as the Egyptian — they would then have been more Greek in their character, and less recent in their origin. Much less can I admit that the Egyptians borrowed these customs, or any other, from the Greeks. My belief is that Melampus got his knowledge of them from Cadmus the Tyrian, and the followers whom he brought from Phoenicia into the country which is now called Boeotia.

Almost all the names of the gods came into Greece from Egypt. My inquiries prove that they were all derived from a foreign source, and my opinion is that Egypt furnished the greater number. For with the exception of Poseidon and the Dioscuri, whom I mentioned above, and Hera, Hestia, Themis, the Graces, and the Nereids, the other gods have been known from time immemorial in Egypt. This I assert on the authority of the Egyptians themselves. The gods, with whose names they profess themselves well acquainted, the Greeks received, I believe, from the Pelasgi, except Poseidon. Of him they got their knowledge from the Libyans, by whom he has been always honoured, and who were ancient the only people that had a god of the name. The Egyptians differ from the Greeks also in paying no divine honours to heroes.

Besides these which have been here mentioned, there are many other practices whereof I shall speak hereafter, which the Greeks have borrowed from Egypt. The erection of the phallus, however, which they observe in their statues of Hermes they did not derive from the Egyptians, but from the Pelasgi; from them the Athenians first adopted it, and afterwards it passed from the Athenians to the other Greeks. For just at the time when the Athenians were entering into the Hellenic body, the Pelasgi came to live with them in their country, whence it was that the latter came first to be regarded as Greeks. Whoever has been initiated into the mysteries of

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Cabeiri will understand what I mean. The Samothracians received these mysteries from the Pelasgi, who, before they went to live in Attica, were dwellers in Samothrace, and imparted their religious ceremonies to the inhabitants. The Athenians, then, who were the first of all the Greeks to make their statues of Hermes with phallus erect, learnt the practice from the Pelasgians; and by this people a religious account of the matter is given, which is explained in the Samothracian mysteries.

In early times the Pelasgi, as I know by information which I got at Dodona, offered sacrifices of all kinds, and prayed to the gods, but had no distinct names or appellations for them, since they had never heard of any. They called them gods, because they had disposed and arranged all things in such a beautiful order. After a long lapse of time the names of the gods came to Greece from Egypt, and the Pelasgi learnt them, only as yet they knew nothing of Dionysus, of whom they first heard at a much later date. Not long after the arrival of the names they sent to consult the oracle at Dodona about them. This is the most ancient oracle in Greece, and at that time there was no other. To their question, "Whether they should adopt the names that had been imported from the foreigners?" the oracle replied by recommending their use. Thenceforth in their sacrifices the Pelasgi made use of the names of the gods, and from them the names passed afterwards to the Greeks.

Whence the gods severally sprang, whether or no they had all existed from eternity, what forms they bore — these are questions of which the Greeks knew nothing until the other day, so to speak. For Homer and Hesiod were the first to compose genealogies and give the gods their epithets, to allot them their several offices and occupations, and describe their forms; and they lived but 400 years before my time, as I believe. As for the poets, who are thought by some to be earlier than these, they are, in my judgment, decidedly later writers. In these matters I have the authority of the priestesses of Dodona for the former portion of my statements; what I have said of Homer and Hesiod is my own opinion.

The following tale is commonly told in Egypt concerning the oracle of Dodona in Greece, and that of Ammon in Libya. My informants on the point were the priests of Zeus at Thebes. They said that two of the sacred women were once carried off from Thebes by the Phoenicians, and that the story went that one of them was sold into Libya, and the other into Greece, and these women were the first founders of the oracles in the two countries. On my inquiring how they came to know so exactly what became of the women, they answered, that diligent search had been made after them at the time, but that it had not been found possible to discover where they were; afterwards, however, they received the information which they had given me.

This was what I heard from the priests at Thebes; at Dodona,

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however, the women who deliver the oracles relate the matter as follows, "Two black doves flew away from Egyptian Thebes, and while one directed its flight to Libya, the other came to them. She alighted on an oak, and sitting there began to speak with a human voice, and told them that on the spot where she was, there should thenceforth be an oracle of Zeus. They understood the announcement to be from heaven, so they set to work at once and erected the shrine. The dove which flew to Libya bade the Libyans to establish there the oracle of Ammon." This likewise is an oracle of Zeus. The persons from whom I received these particulars were three priestesses of the Dodonaeans, the eldest Promenea, the next Timarete, and the youngest Nicandra — what they said was confirmed by the other Dodonaeans who dwell around the temple.

My own opinion of these matters is as follows: I think that if it be true that the Phoenicians carried off the holy women, and sold them for slaves, the one into Libya and the other into Greece or Pelasgia (as it was then called), this last must have been sold by the Thesprotians. Afterwards, while undergoing servitude in those parts, she built under a real oak a temple to Jupiter, her thoughts on her new abode reverting — as it was likely they would do, if she had been an attendant in a temple of Zeus at Thebes — to that particular god. Then, having acquired a knowledge of the Greek tongue, she set up an oracle. She also mentioned that her sister had been sold for a slave into Libya by the same persons as herself.

The Dodonaeans called the women doves because they were foreigners, and seemed to them to make a noise like birds. After a while the dove spoke with a human voice, because the woman whose foreign talk had previously sounded to them like the chattering of a bird, acquired the power of speaking what they could understand. For how can it be conceived possible that a dove should really speak with the voice of a man? Lastly, by calling the dove black the Dodonaeans indicated that the woman was an Egyptian. And certainly the character of the oracles at Thebes and Dodona is very similar. Besides this form of divination, the Greeks learnt also divination by means of victims from the Egyptians.

[II. 46-57, tr. G. Rawlinson]

With respect to the Egyptians themselves, it is to be remarked that those who live in the corn country, devoting themselves, as they do, far more than any other people in the world, to the preservation of the memory of past actions, are the best skilled in history of any men that I have ever met. The following is the mode of life habitual to them: For three successive days in each month they purge the body by means of emetics and clysters, which is done out of a regard for their health, since they have a persuasion that every disease to which men are liable is occasioned by the substance whereon they feed. Apart from any such precautions, they are, I believe, next to the Libyans, the healthiest people in the world

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an effect of their climate, in my opinion, which has no sudden changes. Diseases almost always attack men when they are exposed to a change, and never more than during changes of the weather. They live on bread made of spelt, which they form into loaves called in their own tongue *cyllestis*. Their drink is a wine which they obtain from barley, as they have no vines in their country. Many kinds of fish they eat raw, either salted or dried in the sun. Quails also, and ducks and small birds, they eat uncooked, merely first salting them. All other birds and fishes, excepting those which are set apart as sacred, are eaten either roasted or boiled.

In social meetings among the rich, when the banquet is ended, a servant carries round to the several guests a coffin, in which there is a wooden image of a corpse, carved and painted to resemble nature as nearly as possible, about a cubit or two cubits in length. As he shows it to each guest in turn, the servant says, "Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be."

The Egyptians adhere to their own national customs, and adopt no foreign usages. Many of these customs are worthy of note: among others their song, the Linus, which is sung under various names not only in Egypt but in Phoenicia, in Cyprus, and in other places; and which seems to be exactly the same as that in use among the Greeks, and by them called Linus. There were very many things in Egypt which filled me with astonishment, and this was one of them. Whence could the Egyptians have got the Linus? It appears to have been sung by them from the very earliest times. For the Linus in Egyptian is called Maneros; and they told me that Maneros was the only son of their first king, and that on his untimely death he was honoured by the Egyptians with these dirgelike strains, and in this way they got their first and only melody.

There is another custom in which the Egyptians resemble a particular Greek people, namely the Lacedaemonians. Their young men, when they meet their elders in the streets, give way to them and step aside; and if an elder come in where young men are present, these latter rise from their seats. In a third point they differ entirely from all the nations of Greece. Instead of speaking to each other when they meet in the streets, they make an obeisance, bringing the hand to the knee.

They wear a linen tunic fringed about the legs, and called calasiris; over this they have a white woollen garment thrown on afterwards. Nothing of woollen, however, is taken into their temples or buried with them, as their religion forbids it. Here their practice resembles the rites called Orphic and Bacchic, but which are in reality Egyptian and Pythagorean; for no one initiated in these mysteries can be buried in a woollen shroud, a religious reason being assigned for the observance.

The Egyptians likewise discovered to which of the gods each month and day is sacred; and found out from the day of a man's

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birth, what he will meet with in the course of his life, and how
will end his days, and what sort of man he will be—discover
whereof the Greeks engaged in poetry have made a use. T
Egyptians have also discovered more prognostics than all the
of mankind besides. Whenever a prodigy takes place, they w
and record the result; then, if anything similar ever happens ag
they expect the same consequences.

With respect to divination, they hold that it is a gift which
mortal possesses, but only certain of the gods; thus they have
oracle of Heracles, one of Apollo, of Athena, of Artemis, of Ar
and of Zeus. Besides these, there is the oracle of Leto at B
which is held in much higher repute than any of the rest. T
mode of delivering the oracles is not uniform, but varies at
different shrines.

Medicine is practised among them on a plan of separation; ea
physician treats a single disorder, and no more: thus the coun
swarms with medical practitioners, some undertaking to cu
diseases of the eye, others of the head, others again of the te
others of the intestines, and some those which are not local.

The following is the way in which they conduct their mour
ings and their funerals: On the death in any house of a man
consequence, forthwith the women of the family beplaster the
heads, and sometimes even their faces, with mud; and then, leavi
the body indoors, sally forth and wander through the city, w
their dress fastened by a band, and their bosoms bare, beat
themselves as they walk. All the female relations join them a
do the same. The men too, similarly begirt, beat their bre
separately. When these ceremonies are over, the body is carri
away to be embalmed.

There are a set of men in Egypt who practise the art of em
balming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when
body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpse
made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The m
perfect is said to be after the manner of him whom I do not th
it religious to name in connexion with such a matter; the secon
sort is inferior to the first, and less costly; the third is the cheap
of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which
it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers
them, and having concluded their bargain, take their depart
while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task. T
mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is
following: They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it d
out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a port
while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs; a
they make a cut along the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone, a
take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they
cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm-wine, and again
quently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this t

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fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every other sort of spicery except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round, from head to foot, with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue, and in this state it is given back to the relations, who inclose it in a wooden case which they have had made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued: Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disembowelling, injected into the bowel. The passage is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practised in the case of the poorer classes, is to clear out the intestines with a purge, and let the body lie in natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

[II. 77-88, tr. G. Rawlinson]

When Proteus died, Rhampsinitus, the priests informed me, succeeded to the throne. His monuments were, the western gateway of the temple of Hephaestus, and the two statues which stand in front of this gateway, called by the Egyptians, the one Summer, the other Winter, each forty feet in height. The statue of Summer, which is the northernmost of the two, is worshipped by the natives, and has offerings made to it; that of Winter, which stands towards the south, is treated in exactly the contrary way. King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver, indeed to such an amount, that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. For the better custody of this money, he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived, as he was making the building, to insert in this wall a stone, which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick, when finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons, and related to them

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the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure-chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be Stewards of the royal treasury so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work; they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect, and the fastenings of the room secure. Still each time that he repeated his visits, he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came, as usual, to the treasure-chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture, made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognised, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone into its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marvelled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening, that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king, and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain: she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses

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II. 121]

sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head, and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften, and recover his good humour, drove his asses aside out of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burdens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him, and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking-bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

When it came to the king's ears that the thief's body was stolen away, he was sorely vexed. Wishing therefore, whatever it might cost, to catch the man who had contrived the trick, he had recourse (the priests said) to an expedient, which I can scarcely credit. He sent his own daughter to the common stews, with orders to admit all comers, but first to require every man to tell her what was the cleverest and wickedest thing he had done in the whole course of his life. If any one in reply told her the story of the thief, she was to lay hold of him, and not allow him to get away. The daughter did as her father willed, whereon the thief, who was well aware of the king's motive, felt a desire to outdo him in craft and cunning. Accordingly he contrived the following plan: He procured the corpse of a man lately dead, and cutting off one of the arms at the shoulder, put it under his dress, and so went to the king's daughter. When she put the question to him as she had done to all the rest, he replied, that the wickedest thing he had ever done was cutting off the head of his brother when he was caught in a trap in the king's treasury, and the cleverest was making the guards drunk and carrying off the body. As he spoke, the princess caught at him, but the thief took advantage of the darkness to hold out to her the hand of the corpse. Imagining it to be his own hand, she seized and held it fast; while the thief, leaving it in her grasp, made his escape by the door.

The king, when word was brought him of this fresh success,

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amazed at the sagacity and boldness of the man, sent messengers to all the towns in his dominions to proclaim a free pardon for the thief, and to promise him a rich reward, if he came and made himself known. The thief took the king at his word, and came boldly into his presence; whereupon Rhampsinitus, greatly admiring him, and looking on him as the most knowing of men, gave him his daughter in marriage. "The Egyptians," he said, "excel all the rest of the world in wisdom, and this man excelled all other Egyptians."

The same king, I was also informed by the priests, afterwards descended alive into the region which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Demeter, sometimes winning and sometimes suffering defeat. After a while he returned to earth, and brought with him a golden napkin, a gift which he had received from the goddess. From this descent of Rhampsinitus into Hades and return to earth again, the Egyptians, I was told, instituted a festival, which they certainly celebrated in my day. On what occasion it was that they instituted it, whether upon this or upon another, I cannot determine. The following are the ceremonies: On a certain day in the year the priests weave a mantle, and binding the eyes of one of their number with a fillet, they put the mantle upon him, and take him with them into the roadway conducting to the temple of Demeter, when they depart and leave him to himself. Then the priest, thus blindfolded, is led (they say) by two wolves to the temple of Demeter, distant three miles from the city, where he stays awhile, after which he is brought back from the temple by the wolves, and left upon the spot where they first joined him.

Such as think the tales told by the Egyptians credible are free to accept them for history. For my own part, I propose to myself throughout my whole work faithfully to record the traditions of the several nations. The Egyptians maintain that Demeter and Dionysus preside in the realms below. They were also the first to broach the opinion, that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies, it enters into the form of an animal which is born at the moment, thence passing on from one animal into another, until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air, after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew. The whole period of the transmigration is (they say) 3,000 years. There are Greek writers, some of an earlier, some of a later date, who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, and put it forward as their own. I could mention their names, but I abstain from doing so.

[II. 121-123, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[Cambyses succeeded in conquering Egypt and adding it to the Persian Empire, but (as Herodotus tells us) he was driven mad as punishment for desecrating the Egyptian gods. He had his brother

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Smerdis put to death on suspicion of treason; shortly thereafter Cambyses died by his own hand on his way back to Persia to quell a rebellion that had broken out there. After some months of confusion, Darius, son of Hystaspes (the legal heir to the throne), gained the Persian throne for himself. Darius reunited and reorganized the Persian Empire, establishing the satrapies, or provinces, of the Empire and fixing the annual tribute for each section. He then led an army over into Europe, attacked Thrace, and undertook a campaign against the barbarous Scythians beyond the Danube River, north of the Black Sea. Again Herodotus has inserted in his narrative a lengthy digression on the Scythians, the earliest account we possess of an uncivilized people. A short selection follows.]

CUSTOMS OF THE SCYTHIANS

In what concerns war, their customs are the following. The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads, and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears, and laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh, and softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle-rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the sheepskins of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies, and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy, and, stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

The skulls of their enemies, not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest, they treat as follows. Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin if they have been at feud with them, and have vanquished them in the presence of the king. When strangers whom they deem of any account come to visit them, these skulls are handed round, and the host tells how that these were his relations who made war upon him, and how that he got the better of them; all this being looked upon as proof of bravery.

Once a year the governor of each district, at a set place in his

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own province, mingles a bowl of wine, of which all Scythians have a right to drink by whom foes have been slain; while they who have slain no enemy are not allowed to taste of the bowl, but sit aloof in disgrace. No greater shame than this can happen to them. Such as have slain a very large number of foes, have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

Scythia has an abundance of soothsayers, who foretell the future by means of a number of willow wands. A large bundle of these wands is brought and laid on the ground. The soothsayer unties the bundle, and places each wand by itself, at the same time uttering his prophecy: then, while he is still speaking, he gathers the rods together again, and makes them up once more into a bundle. This mode of divination is of home growth in Scythia. The Enarees, or woman-like men, have another method, which they say Aphrodite taught them. It is done with the inner bark of the linden-tree. They take a piece of this bark, and, splitting it into three strips, keep twining the strips about their fingers, and untwining them while they prophesy.

Whenever the Scythian king falls sick, he sends for the three soothsayers of most renown at the time, who come and make trial of their art in the mode above described. Generally they say that the king is ill, because such or such a person, mentioning his name, has sworn falsely by the royal hearth. This is the usual oath among the Scythians, when they wish to swear with very great solemnity. Then the man accused of having forsworn himself is arrested and brought before the king. The soothsayers tell him that by their art it is clear he has sworn a false oath by the royal hearth, and so caused the illness of the king — he denies the charge, protests that he has sworn no false oath, and loudly complains of the wrong done to him. Upon this the king sends for six new soothsayers, who try the matter by soothsaying. If they too find the man guilty of the offence, straightway he is beheaded by those who first accused him, and his goods are parted among them: if on the contrary, they acquit him, other soothsayers, and again others, are sent for, to try the case. Should the greater number decide in favour of the man's innocence, then they who first accused him forfeit their lives.

The mode of their execution is the following: a waggon is loaded with brushwood, and oxen are harnessed to it; the soothsayers, with their feet tied together, their hands bound behind their backs, and their mouths gagged, are thrust into the midst of the brushwood; finally the wood is set alight, and the oxen, being startled, are made to rush off with the waggon. It often happens that the oxen and the soothsayers are both consumed together, but sometimes the pole of the waggon is burnt through, and the oxen escape with a scorching. Diviners — lying diviners, they call them — are burnt in the way described, for other causes besides the one have spoken of. When the king puts one of them to death, he takes

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care not to let any of his sons survive: all the male offspring are slain with the father, only the females being allowed to live.

Oaths among the Scyths are accompanied with the following ceremonies: a large earthen bowl is filled with wine, and the parties to the oath, wounding themselves slightly with a knife or an awl, drop some of their blood into the wine; then they plunge into the mixture a scimitar, some arrows, a battle-axe, and a javelin, all the while repeating prayers; lastly the two contracting parties drink each a draught from the bowl, as do also the chief men among their followers.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here, when the king dies, they dig a grave, which is square in shape, and of great size. When it is ready, they take the king's corpse, and, having opened the belly, and cleaned out the inside, fill the cavity with a preparation of chopped cyperus, frankincense, parsley-seed, and anise-seed, after which they sew up the opening, enclose the body in wax, and, placing it on a waggon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians; every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, makes a cut all round his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups; for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work, and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians—for, as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like to wait on them—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bowels are taken out, and the cavity cleaned, filled full of chaff, and straightway sewn up again. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly

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of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthwise through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

[IV. 64-72, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[Darius' expedition into the Scythian land failed to establish Persian domination there; but it is probable that the campaign was a mere demonstration, to overawe the Scythians and to protect the northern borders of Thrace, which was now added to the Persian Empire. The Persians thus gained a foothold in Europe. But any plans to extend further the Persian Empire into Greece were postponed by the revolt of the Ionian Greeks in Asia Minor (499 B.C.). The revolting cities requested aid from the leading states of mainland Greece; Athens and Eretria, one of the principal cities of Euboea, supported them and sent ships and troops which joined the Ionians in an attack on Sardis, the capital of the Persian satrapy; the city was captured and burnt to the ground—an act for which Darius never forgave the Athenians, as Herodotus tells us in a charming tale: Darius "bade one of his slaves every day, when his dinner was spread, three times repeat these words to him, 'Lord, remember the Athenians.' "

The Ionian Revolt was finally suppressed in 494 B.C., after the capture and sack of Miletus, the leading city of Ionia and the most prosperous city of the Greek world. Persian supremacy was next re-established in Thrace, and an expedition under the Persian general Mardonius forced Macedonia to submit; the object of this campaign was probably to prepare for a Persian advance into Greece to punish the cities that had aided the revolt, but a violent storm wrecked most of the Persian fleet off Mt. Athos (492 B.C.) and Mardonius retired to Asia.

In 490 B.C. Darius sent a punitive expedition of six hundred ships, including horse-transports, to Greece under two generals, Datis and Artaphernes, to capture Athens and Eretria. With them went the son of Pisistratus, Hippias, the former tyrant of Athens, who had been expelled in 511 B.C. No doubt the Persians meant to restore Hippias and leave him as ruler of Athens in the king's name. The expedition sailed straight across the Aegean, thus avoiding the dangerous promontory of Athos, and first attacked Eretria, which was captured and sacked after a siege of six days; the unfortunate inhabitants were carried off to Asia as slaves. The Persians then sailed over to Marathon, (as Herodotus says) because no other place in Attica was convenient for their horse — as a matter of fact, the cavalry didn't figure in the battle at all, and may have been left behind in Eretria — but probably

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because Hippias believed that the Highlanders, or Hillsmen, around Marathon, his father's old supporters, would rise to welcome him back as ruler of Athens and would join the Persians in the attack on the young democracy.]

MARATHON

The Persians, having thus brought Eretria into subjection after waiting a few days, sailed for Attica, greatly straitening the Athenians as they approached, and thinking to deal with them as they had dealt with the people of Eretria. And because there was no place in all Attica so convenient for their horse as Marathon, and it lay moreover quite close to Eretria, therefore Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, conducted them thither.

When intelligence of this reached the Athenians, they likewise marched their troops to Marathon, and there stood on the defensive, having at their head ten generals, of whom one was Miltiades.

Now this man's father, Cimon, the son of Stesagoras, was banished from Athens by Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates. In his banishment it was his fortune to win the four-horse chariot-race at Olympia, whereby he gained the very same honour which had before been carried off by Miltiades, his half-brother on the mother's side. At the next Olympiad he won the prize again with the same mares, upon which he caused Pisistratus to be proclaimed the winner, having made an agreement with him that on yielding up this honour he should be allowed to come back to his country. Afterwards, still with the same mares, he won the prize a third time, whereupon he was put to death by the sons of Pisistratus, since father was no longer living. They set men to lie in wait for him secretly, and these men slew him near the town-hall in the night-time. He was buried outside the city, beyond what is called the Valley Road, and right opposite his tomb were buried the mares which had won the three prizes. The same success had likewise been achieved once previously, to wit, by the mares of Stesagoras the Lacedaemonian, but never except by them. At the time of Cimon's death, Stesagoras, the elder of his two sons, was in the Chersonese, where he lived with Miltiades his uncle; the younger, who was called Miltiades after the founder of the Chersonite colony, was with his father in Athens.

It was this Miltiades who now commanded the Athenians, after escaping from the Chersonese, and twice nearly losing his life. For he was chased as far as Imbrus by the Phoenicians, who had great desire to take him and carry him up to the king; and when he had avoided this danger, and, having reached his own country, thought himself to be altogether in safety, he found his enemies waiting for him, and was cited by them before a court and impeached for his tyranny in the Chersonese. But he came off victorious here likewise, and was thereupon made general of the Athenians by the free choice of the people.

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And first, before they left the city, the generals sent off to Sparta a herald, one Philippides, who was by birth an Athenian, and by profession and practice a trained runner. This man, according to the account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, while he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name, and bade him ask the Athenians, "Why they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come?" The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and, in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honour yearly sacrifices and a torch-race.

On the occasion of which we speak, when Philippides was sent by the Athenian generals, and, according to his own account, saw Pan on his journey, he reached Sparta on the very next day after quitting the city of Athens. Upon his arrival he went before the rulers, and said:

"Men of Lacedaemon, the Athenians beseech you to hasten to their aid, and not allow that state, which is the most ancient in all Greece, to be enslaved by the barbarians. Eretria is already carried away captive, and Greece weakened by the loss of no mean city."

Thus did Philippides deliver the message committed to him. And the Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present aid, as they did not like to break their established law. It was the ninth day of the month, and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full. So they waited for the full of the moon.

The barbarians were conducted to Marathon by Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, who the night before had seen a strange vision in his sleep. He seemed to have intercourse with his mother, and conjectured the dream to mean that he would be restored to Athens, recover the power which he had lost, and afterwards live to a good old age in his native country. Such was the sense in which he interpreted the vision. He now proceeded to act as guide to the Persians, and in the first place he landed the prisoners taken from Eretria upon the island that is called Aegileia, belonging to the Styreans, after which he brought the fleet to anchor off Marathon, and marshalled the bands of the barbarians as they disembarked. As he was thus employed it chanced that he sneezed and at the same time coughed with more violence than was his wont. Now as he was a man advanced in years, and the greater number of his teeth were loose, it so happened that one of them was driven out with the force of the cough, and fell down into the sand. Hippias took all the pains he could to find it, but the tooth was nowhere to be seen; whereupon he fetched a deep sigh and said to the bystanders, "After all the land is not ours, and

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shall never be able to bring it under. All my share in it is the portion of which my tooth has possession."

So Hippias believed that this fulfilled his dream.

The Athenians were drawn up in order of battle in a precinct belonging to Heracles when they were joined by the Plataeans, who came in full force to their aid. Some time before, the Plataeans had put themselves under the rule of the Athenians, and these last had already undertaken many labours on their behalf. The occasion of the surrender was the following. The Plataeans suffered grievous things at the hands of the men of Thebes; so, as it chanced that Cleomenes, the son of Anaxandridas, and the Lacedaemonians were in their neighbourhood, they first of all offered to surrender themselves to them. But the Lacedaemonians refused to receive them, and said, "We dwell too far off from you, and ours would be but cold comfort. You might oftentimes be carried into slavery before one of us heard of it. We counsel you rather to give yourselves up to the Athenians, who are your next neighbours, and well able to shelter you."

This they said, not so much out of good will towards the Plataeans as because they wished to involve the Athenians in trouble by engaging them in wars with the Boeotians. The Plataeans, however, when the Lacedaemonians gave them this counsel, complied at once; and when the sacrifice to the Twelve Gods was being offered at Athens, they came and sat as suppliants about the altar, and gave themselves up to the Athenians. The Thebans no sooner learnt what the Plataeans had done than instantly they marched out against them, while the Athenians sent troops to their aid. As the two armies were about to join battle, the Corinthians, who chanced to be at hand, would not allow them to engage; both sides consented to take them for arbitrators, whereupon they made up the quarrel, and fixed the boundary-line between the two states upon this condition: that if any of the Boeotians wished no longer to belong to Boeotia, the Thebans should allow them to follow their own inclinations. The Corinthians, when they had thus decreed, departed to their homes; the Athenians likewise set off on their return, but the Boeotians fell upon them during the march, and a battle was fought wherein they were worsted by the Athenians. Hereupon these last would not be bound by the line which the Corinthians had fixed, but advanced beyond those limits, and made the Asopus the boundary-line between the country of the Thebans and that of the Plataeans and Hysians. Under such circumstances did the Plataeans give themselves up to Athens; and now they were come to Marathon to aid the Athenians.

The Athenian generals were divided in their opinions; and some advised not to risk a battle, because they were too few to engage such a host as that of the Medes; while others were for fighting at

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once, and among these last was Miltiades. He therefore, seeing that opinions were thus divided, and that the less worthy counsel appeared likely to prevail, resolved to go to the polemarch, and have a conference with him. For the man on whom the lot fell to be polemarch, at Athens was entitled to give his vote with the ten generals, since anciently the Athenians allowed him an equal right of voting with them. The polemarch at this juncture was Callimachus of Aphidnae; to him therefore Miltiades went, and said:

"With you it rests, Callimachus, either to bring Athens to slavery, or, by securing her freedom, to leave behind to all future generations a memory beyond even Harmodius and Aristogeiton. For never since the time that the Athenians became a people were they in so great a danger as now. If they bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Medes, the woes which they will have to suffer when given into the power of Hippias are already determined on; if, on the other hand, they fight and overcome, Athens may rise to be the very first city in Greece. How it comes to pass that these things are likely to happen, and how the determining of them in some sort rests with thee, I will now proceed to make clear. We generals are ten in number, and our votes are divided; half of us wish to engage, half to avoid a combat. Now, if we do not fight, I look to see a great disturbance at Athens which will shake men's resolutions, and then I fear they will submit themselves; but if we fight the battle before any unsoundness show itself among our citizens, let the gods but give us fair play, and we are well able to overcome the enemy. On you therefore we depend in this matter, which lies wholly in your own power. You have only to add your vote to my side and your country will be free, and not free only, but the first state in Greece. Or, if you prefer to give your vote to them who would decline the combat, then the reverse will follow."

Miltiades by these words gained Callimachus; and the addition of the polemarch's vote caused the decision to be in favour of fighting. Hereupon all those generals who had been desirous of hazarding a battle, when their turn came to command the army, gave up their right to Miltiades. He however, though he accepted their offers, nevertheless waited, and would not fight, until his own day of command arrived in due course.

Then at length, when his own turn was come, the Athenian battle was set in array, and this was the order of it. Callimachus the polemarch led the right wing, for it was at that time a rule with the Athenians to give the right wing to the polemarch. After this followed the tribes, according as they were numbered, in an unbroken line; while last of all came the Plataeans, forming the left wing. And ever since that day it has been a custom with the Athenians, in the sacrifices and assemblies held each fifth year at Athens, for the Athenian herald to implore the blessing of the gods on the Plataeans conjointly with the Athenians. Now as they marshalled the host upon the field of Marathon, in order

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that the Athenian front might be of equal length with the Median, the ranks of the centre were diminished, and it became the weakest part of the line, while the wings were both made strong with a depth of many ranks.

So when the battle was set in array, and the victims showed themselves favourable, instantly the Athenians, so soon as they were let go, charged the barbarians at a run. Now the distance between the two armies was little short of a mile. The Persians, therefore, when they saw the Greeks coming on at full speed, made ready to receive them, although it seemed to them that the Athenians were bereft of their senses, and bent upon their own destruction; for they saw a mere handful of men coming on at a run without either horsemen or archers. Such was the opinion of the barbarians; but the Athenians in close array fell upon them, and fought in a manner worthy of being recorded. They were the first of the Greeks, so far as I know, who introduced the custom of charging the enemy at a run, and they were likewise the first who dared to look upon the Median garb, and to face men clad in that fashion. Until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear.

The two armies fought together on the plain of Marathon for a length of time; and in the mid battle, where the Persians themselves and the Sacae had their place, the barbarians were victorious, and broke and pursued the Greeks into the inner country; but on the two wings the Athenians and the Plataeans defeated the enemy. Having so done, they suffered the routed barbarians to fly at their ease, and joining the two wings in one, fell upon those who had broken their own centre, and fought and conquered them. These likewise fled, and now the Athenians hung upon the runaways and cut them down, chasing them all the way to the shore, on reaching which they laid hold of the ships and called aloud for fire.

It was in the struggle here that Callimachus the polemarch, after greatly distinguishing himself, lost his life; Stesilaus too, the son of Thrasilaus, one of the generals, was slain; and Cynaegirus, the son of Euphorion, having seized on a vessel of the enemy's by the ornament at the stern, had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe, and so perished; as likewise did many other Athenians of note and name.

Nevertheless the Athenians secured in this way seven of the vessels, while with the remainder the barbarians pushed off, and taking aboard their Eretrian prisoners from the island where they had left them, doubled Cape Sunium, hoping to reach Athens before the return of the Athenians. The Alcmaeonidae were accused by their countrymen of suggesting this course to them; they had, it was said, an understanding with the Persians, and made a signal to them, by raising a shield, after they were embarked in their ships.

The Persians accordingly sailed round Sunium. But the

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Athenians with all possible speed marched away to the defence of their city, and succeeded in reaching Athens before the appearance of the barbarians; and as their camp at Marathon had been pitched in a precinct of Heracles, so now they encamped in another precinct of the same god at Cynosarges. The barbarian fleet arrived and lay to off Phalerum, which was at that time the haven of Athens; but after resting awhile upon their oars, they departed and sailed away to Asia.

There fell in this battle of Marathon, on the side of the barbarians, about 6,400 men; on that of the Athenians, 192. Such was the number of the slain on the one side and the other. A strange prodigy likewise happened at this fight. Epizelus, the son of Cuphagoras, an Athenian, was in the thick of the fray, and behaving himself as a brave man should, when suddenly he was stricken with blindness, without blow of sword or dart, and this blindness continued thenceforth during the whole of his after life. The following is the account which he himself, as I have heard, gave of the matter: he said that a gigantic warrior, with a huge beard, which shaded all his shield, stood over against him, but the ghostly semblance passed him by, and slew the man at his side. Such, as I understand, was the tale which Epizelus told. . . .

After the full of the moon 2,000 Lacedaemonians came to Athens. So eager had they been to arrive in time, that they took but three days to reach Attica from Sparta. They came, however, too late for the battle; yet, as they had a longing to behold the Medes, they continued their march to Marathon and there viewed the slain. Then, after giving the Athenians all praise for their achievement, they departed and returned home.

[VI. 102-117, 120, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[Darius' preparations for another expedition to Greece were interrupted by a revolt in Egypt in 487 B.C. The following year he died, and his plans were carried out by his son and successor, Xerxes, who in 480 B.C. undertook a full-scale invasion of Greece by land and by sea. The details of this expedition — the digging of a canal through Athos, the flogging and bridging of the Hellespont, the fantastic numbers of the king's army (which Herodotus estimates as about five millions, an absurd and impossible figure) — became legendary in ancient times.

The Greek plan of defense was to hold Xerxes' land army in check while the Greek fleet sought a decision at sea. This plan was doubtless inspired by Themistocles, who had recently increased the Athenian fleet, and used the famous oracle about the "wooden walls" to persuade the Athenians to put their trust in their ships. The Greek states of the north, particularly Thessaly, were wavering between joining the allied Greek forces or submitting to the Persians; accordingly a Greek force was sent to occupy the pass into Thessaly at Tempe, and, if possible, to bring the Thessalians in on the Greek side. But Xerxes entered Thessaly by another route, and the Greeks were forced to withdraw; at the same time the Greeks doubtless found that there were no suitable harbors along the coast of Thessaly on which to base their fleet. They

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then determined to send a holding force to Thermopylae and to engage the Persian fleet at Artemisium, the northern point of Euboea; the straits there between the island and the mainland would prevent the Persians from using their superior numbers to best advantage. In the meantime, Xerxes passed through Thessaly, which now was forced to join the Persian side, and Achaea (where he spent a few days in sight-seeing and horse-racing), and finally arrived at Malis, before the pass of Thermopylae. He was several days in advance of his fleet, which always operated together with his land army; this is probably the reason why he waited four days before attacking the Greek detachment under Leonidas.]

THERMOPYLAE

Such were the doings of Xerxes in Thessaly and in Achaea. From hence he passed on into Malis, along the shores of a bay, in which there is an ebb and flow of the tide daily. By the side of this bay lies a piece of flat land, in one part broad, but in another very narrow indeed, around which runs a range of lofty hills, impossible to climb, enclosing all Malis within them, and called the Trachinian Cliffs. The first city upon the bay, as you come from Achaea, is Anticyra, near which the river Spercheius, flowing down from the country of the Enianians, empties itself into the sea. About two miles from this stream there is a second river, called the Dyras, which is said to have appeared first to help Heracles when he was burning. Again, at the distance of about two miles, there is a stream called the Melas, near which, within half a mile, stands the city of Trachis.

At the point where this city is built, the plain between the hills and the sea is broader than at any other, for it there measures 420 miles.* South of Trachis there is a cleft in the mountain-range which shuts in the territory of Trachinia, and the river Asopus issuing from this cleft flows for a while along the foot of the hills. Further to the south, another river, called the Phoenix, which has no great body of water, flows from the same hills, and falls into the Asopus. Here is the narrowest place of all, for in this part there is only a causeway wide enough for a single carriage. From the river Phoenix to Thermopylae is a distance of two miles; and in this space is situated the village called Anthela, which the river Asopus passes before it reaches the sea. The space about Anthela is of some width, and contains a temple of Amphictyonian Demeter, as well as the seats of the Amphictyonic deputies, and a temple of Amphictyon himself.

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylae (the Hot Gates); but the natives and those who dwell in the neighbourhood, call them Pylae (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their

*This is certainly an incorrect reading. The plain is even now, at the utmost, seven miles across. It is possible to understand the passage as the whole of the plain area.

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stand; the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following: From Sparta, 300 men-at-arms: from Arcadia, 1000 Tegeans and Mantineans, 500 of each people; 120 Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and 1000 from other cities: from Corinth, 400 men: from Phlius, 200: and from Mycenae, eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Boeotia, 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans.

Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen, and sent, the former all the force they had, the latter 1000 men. For envoys had gone from the Greeks at Thermopylae among the Locrians and Phocians, to call on them for assistance, and to say, "They were themselves but the vanguard of the host, sent to precede the main body, which might every day be expected to follow them. The sea was in good keeping, watched by the Athenians, the Aeginetans, and the rest of the fleet. There was no cause why they should fear; for after all the invader was not a god but a man; and there never had been, and never would be, a man who was not liable to misfortunes from the very day of his birth, and those greater in proportion to his own greatness. The assailant therefore, being only a mortal, must needs fall from his glory." Thus urged, the Locrians and the Phocians had come with their troops to Trachis.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedaemonian Leonidas. Now Leonidas was the son of Anaxandridas, who was the son of Leo, who was the son of Eurycratidas, who was the son of Anaxander, who was the son of Eurycrates, who was the son of Polydorus, who was the son of Alcamenes, who was the son of Telecles, who was the son of Archelaus, who was the son of Agesilaus, who was the son of Doryssus, who was the son of Labotas, who was the son of Echestratus, who was the son of Agis, who was the son of Eurysthenes, who was the son of Aristodemus, who was the son of Aristomachus, who was the son of Cleodaeus, who was the son of Hyllus, who was the son of Heracles.

Leonidas had come to be king of Sparta quite unexpectedly.

Having two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he had not thought of ever mounting the throne. However when Cleomenes died without male offspring, as Dorieus was likewise deceased, having perished in Sicily, the crown fell to Leonidas, who was older than Cleombrotus, the youngest of the sons of Anaxandridas, and, moreover, was married to the daughter of Cleomenes. He had now come to Thermopylae, accompanied by the 300 men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them fathers with sons

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living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes and Thebes only was that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leant the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen Sparta backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival, which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period. None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylae decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylae, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear, and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedaemonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Heracles. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was not carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedaemonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, or paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

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Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behaviour on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said, "I spoke to you, O king, concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; you, however, only laughed at my words, when I told you of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak truth to you, sire; and now listen to it once more. These men have come to dispute the pass with us, and it is for this that they are now making ready. It is their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if you can subdue the men who are here and the Lacedaemonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defence. You have now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, "How it was possible for so small an army to contend with his?"

"O king," Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others however took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his Immortals: they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, it was with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from their numbers. The Lacedaemonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skilful in fight than their adversaries

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often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that whether they attack by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sat, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns, all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So when the Persians found no difference between this day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was at a loss, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydemus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylae; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians. This Ephialtes afterwards, from fear of the Lacedaemonians, fled into Thessaly; and during his exile, in an assembly of the Amphictyons held at Pylae, a price was set upon his head by the Pylagorae. When some time had gone by, he returned from exile, and went to Anticyra, where he was slain by Athenades, a native of Trachis. Athenades did not slay him for his treachery, but for another reason, which I shall mention in a later part of my history: yet still the Lacedaemonians honoured him none the less. Thus then did Ephialtes perish a long time afterwards.

Besides this there is another story told, which I do not at all believe, that Onetas the son of Phanagoras, a native of Carystus, and Corydallus, a man of Anticyra, were the persons who spoke on this matter to the king, and took the Persians across the mountain. One may guess which story is true, from the fact that the deputies of the Greeks, the Pylagorae, who must have had the best means of ascertaining the truth, did not offer the reward for the heads of Onetas and Corydallus, but for that of Ephialtes of Trachis; and again from the flight of Ephialtes, which we know to have been on this account. Onetas, I allow, although he was not a Malian, might have been acquainted with the path, if he had lived much

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in that part of the country; but as Ephialtes was the person who actually led the Persians round the mountain by the pathway, he leave his name on record as that of the man who did the deed.

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themselves under covert from danger. And ever since, the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The course which it takes is the following: Beginning at the Asopus, where that stream flows through the cleft in the hills, it runs along the ridge of the mountain (which is called, like the pathway over it, Anopaea), and ends at the city of Alpenus—the first Locrian town as you come from Malis—by the stone called Black-buttock and the seats of the Cercopians. Here it is as narrow as at any other point.

The Persians took this path, and crossing the Asopus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Oeta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit. Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by 1000 Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post.

The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner: During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms. In a moment barbarians came in sight, and perceiving men arming themselves were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedaemonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation these troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily to the crest of the mountain and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking

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not worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylae received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part however resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honour; knowing that, if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war, sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the priestess was that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish. The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse, and ran thus:

> O ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedaemon,
> Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the children of Perseus,
> Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian country
> Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great Heracles.
> He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls or of lions,
> Strive as they may; he is mighty as Zeus; there is nought that shall stay him,
> Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious city.

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarrelled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

To me it seems no small argument in favour of this view, that the seer also who accompanied the army, Megistias, the Acarnanian, said to have been of the blood of Melampus, and the same who was led by the appearance of the victims to warn the Greeks of the danger which threatened them, received orders to retire (as it is

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certain he did) from Leonidas, that he might escape the coming destruction. Megistias, however, though bidden to depart, refused and stayed with the army; but he had an only son present with the expedition, whom he now sent away.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the market-place is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valour against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the 300. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phratagune, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedaemonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times

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drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honour of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant left beneath showers of missile weapons.

Thus nobly did the whole body of Lacedaemonians and Thespians behave, but nevertheless one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, Dieneces the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the Medes, remains on record. One of the Trachinians told him, "Such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." Dieneces, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our Trachinian friend brings us excellent tidings. If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are said to have been left on record by this same person.

Next to him two brothers, Lacedaemonians, are reputed to have made themselves conspicuous: they were named Alpheus and Maro, and were the sons of Orsiphantus. There was also a Thespian who gained greater glory than any of his countrymen: he was a man called Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatidas.

The slain were buried where they fell; and in their honour, nor less in honour of those who died before Leonidas sent the allies away, an inscription was set up, which said:

> Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
> Against three hundred myriads bravely stand.

This was in honour of all. Another was for the Spartans alone:

> Go, stranger, and to Lacedaemon tell
> That here, obeying her behests, we fell.

This was for the Lacedaemonians. The seer had the following:

> The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
> Whom slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius' fords.
> Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
> Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords.

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These inscriptions and the pillars likewise, were all set up by the Amphictyons, except that in honour of Megistias, which was inscribed to him (on account of their sworn friendship) by Simonides, the son of Leoprepes.

[VII. 198-228, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[During the fighting at Thermopylae, the Greek fleet at Artemisium had several engagements with the enemy; they failed to defeat them, but two severe storms wrecked a large part of the Persian fleet off Magnesia and Euboea. When the news of the taking of the pass at Thermopylae reached the fleet, they withdrew to Salamis, an island off the coast of Attica; it was useless to remain at Artemisium now that the Persian land army had an open route into central Greece. While the enemy marched through Phocis and Boeotia, plundering as he went, the Athenians evacuated their city and took refuge on Salamis. The Barbarians entered the almost vacant city, seized the Acropolis, and plundered and fired the temples. At this moment the Greeks in the allied fleet were so dismayed that they nearly broke up and set sail for home, each contingent thinking only of defending its native city. Only by the most urgent pleas, and by threatening to withdraw the two hundred Athenian ships entirely, was Themistocles able to persuade Eurybiades, the Spartan admiral in command of the allied navy, to stand and engage the Persians before Salamis. In the meantime, the Peloponnesian army was building a wall across the Isthmus of Corinth to check the advance of the Persian land forces.]

SALAMIS

So the Greeks at the Isthmus toiled unceasingly as though in the greatest peril; since they never imagined that any great success would be gained by the fleet. The Greeks at Salamis, on the other hand, when they heard what the rest were about, felt greatly alarmed; but their fear was not so much for themselves, as for the Peloponnese. At first they conversed together in low tones, each man with his fellow, secretly, and marvelled at the folly shown by Eurybiades; but presently the smothered feeling broke out, and another assembly was held; whereat the old subjects provoked much talk from the speakers, one side maintaining that it was best to sail to the Peloponnese and risk battle for that, instead of abiding at Salamis and fighting for a land already taken by the enemy; while the other, which consisted of the Athenians, Aegineetans, and Megarians, was urgent to remain and have the battle fought where they were.

Then Themistocles, when he saw that the Peloponnesians would carry the vote against him, went out secretly from the council, and instructing a certain man what he should say, sent him on board a merchant ship to the fleet of the Medes. The man's name was Sicinnus; he was one of Themistocles' household slaves, and acted as tutor to his sons; in after times, when the Thespians were admitting persons to citizenship, Themistocles made him a Thespian

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and a rich man to boot. The ship brought Sicinnus to the Persian fleet, and there he delivered his message to the leaders in these words:

"The Athenian commander has sent me to you without the knowledge of the other Greeks. He is a well-wisher to the king's cause, and would rather success should attend on you than on his countrymen; wherefore he bids me tell you, that fear has seized the Greeks and they are meditating a hasty flight. Now then it is open to you to achieve the best feat you ever accomplished, if only you hinder their escaping. They no longer agree among themselves, so that they will not now make any resistance — indeed you may see a fight already begun between such as favour and such as oppose your cause." The messenger, when he had thus expressed himself, departed and was seen no more.

Then the captains, believing all that the messenger had said, proceeded to land a large body of Persian troops on the islet of Psyttaleia, which lies between Salamis and the mainland; after which, about the hour of midnight, they advanced their western wing towards Salamis, so as to close the Greeks. At the same time the force stationed about Ceos and Cynosura moved forward, and filled the whole strait as far as Munychia with their ships. This advance was made to prevent the Greeks from escaping by flight, and to block them up in Salamis, where it was thought that vengeance might be taken upon them for the battles fought near Artemisium. The Persian troops were landed on the islet of Psyttaleia, because, as soon as the battle began, the men and wrecks were likely to be drifted thither, as the isle lay in the very path of the coming fight, and they would thus be able to save their own men and destroy those of the enemy. All these movements were made in silence, that the Greeks might have no knowledge of them; and they occupied the whole night, so that the men had no time to get their sleep.

I cannot say that there is no truth in prophecies, or feel inclined to call in question those which speak with clearness, when I think of the following:

When they shall bridge with their ships to the sacred strand of Artemis
Girt with the golden falchion, and eke to marine Cynosura,
Mad hope swelling their hearts at the downfall of beautiful Athens —
Then shall godlike Right extinguish haughty Presumption,
Insult's furious offspring, who thinketh to overthrow all things.
Brass with brass shall mingle, and Ares with blood shall empurple
Ocean's waves. Then — then shall the day of Grecia's freedom
Come from Victory fair, and Cronus' son all-seeing.

When I look to this, and perceive how clearly Bacis spoke, I neither venture myself to say anything against prophecies, nor do I approve of others impugning them.

Meanwhile, among the captains at Salamis, the strife of words

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grew fierce. As yet they did not know that they were encompassed, but imagined that the barbarians remained in the same places where they had seen them the day before.

In the midst of their contention, Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, who had crossed from Aegina, arrived in Salamis. He was an Athenian, and had been ostracised by the commonalty; yet I believe, from what I have heard concerning his character, that there was not in all Athens a man so worthy or so just as he. He now came to the council, and standing outside, called for Themistocles. Now Themistocles was not his friend, but his most determined enemy. However, under the pressure of the great dangers impending, Aristides forgot their feud, and called Themistocles out of the council, since he wished to confer with him. He had heard before his arrival of the impatience of the Peloponnesians to withdraw the fleet to the Isthmus. As soon therefore as Themistocles came forth, Aristides addressed him in these words, "Our rivalry at all times, and especially at the present season, ought to be a struggle which of us shall most advantage our country. Let me then say to you, that so far as regards the departure of the Peloponnesians from this place, much talk and little will be found precisely alike. I have seen with my own eyes that which I now report; that, however much the Corinthians or Eurybiades himself may wish it, they cannot now retreat; for we are inclosed on every side by the enemy. Go in to them, and make this known."

"Your advice is excellent," answered the other, "and your tidings are also good. That which I earnestly desired to happen, your eyes have beheld accomplished. Know that what the Medes have now done was at my instance; for it was necessary, as our men would not fight here at their own free will, to make them fight whether they would or no. But come now, as you have brought the good news, go in and tell it. For if I speak to them, they will think it a feigned tale, and will not believe that the barbarians have inclosed us around. Therefore you go to them, and inform them how matters stand. If they believe you, it will be for the best; but if otherwise, it will not harm. For it is impossible that they should now flee away, if we are indeed shut in on all sides, as you say."

Then Aristides entered the assembly, and spoke to the captains: he had come, he told them, from Aegina, and had but barely escaped the blockading vessels — the Greek fleet was entirely shut closed by the ships of Xerxes — and he advised them to get themselves in readiness to resist the foe. Having said so much, he withdrew. And now another contest arose, for the greater part of the captains would not believe the tidings.

But while they still doubted, a Tenian trireme, commanded by Panaetius the son of Sosimenes, deserted from the Persians and joined the Greeks, bringing full intelligence. For this reason the Tenians were inscribed upon the tripod at Delphi among those who

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overthrew the barbarians. With this ship, which deserted to their side at Salamis, and the Lemnian vessel which came over before at Artemisium, the Greek fleet was brought to the full number of 30 ships; otherwise it fell short by two of that amount.

The Greeks now, not doubting what the Tenians told them, made ready for the coming fight. At the dawn of day, all the men-at-arms were assembled together, and speeches were made to them, of which the best was that of Themistocles; who throughout contrasted what was noble with what was base, and bade them, in all that came within the range of man's nature and constitution, always to make choice of the nobler part. Having thus wound up his discourse, he told them to go at once on board their ships, which they accordingly did; and about this time the trireme, that had been sent to Aegina for the Aeacidae, returned; whereupon the Greeks put to sea with all their fleet.

The fleet had scarce left the land when they were attacked by the barbarians. At once most of the Greeks began to back water, and were about touching the shore, when Ameinias of Pallene, one of the Athenian captains, darted forth in front of the line, and charged a ship of the enemy. The two vessels became entangled, and could not separate, whereupon the rest of the fleet came up to help Ameinias, and engaged with the Persians. Such is the account which the Athenians give of the way in which the battle began; but the Aeginetans maintain that the vessel which had been to Aegina for the Aeacidae, was the one that brought on the fight. It is also reported, that a phantom in the form of a woman appeared to the Greeks, and, in a voice that was heard from end to end of the fleet, cheered them on to the fight; first, however, rebuking them, and saying, "Strange men, how long are you going to back water?"

Against the Athenians, who held the western extremity of the line towards Eleusis, were placed the Phoenicians; against the Lacedaemonians, whose station was eastward towards the Piraeus, the Ionians. Of these last a few only followed the advice of Themistocles, to fight backwardly; the greater number did far otherwise. I could mention here the names of many captains who took vessels from the Greeks, but I shall pass over all excepting Theomestor the son of Androdamus, and Phylacus the son of Histiaeus, both Samians. I show this preference to them, inasmuch as for this service Theomestor was made tyrant of Samos by the Persians, while Phylacus was enrolled among the king's benefactors, and presented with a large estate in land. In the Persian tongue the king's benefactors are called Orosangs.

Far the greater number of the Persian ships engaged in this battle were disabled — either by the Athenians or by the Aeginetans. For as the Greeks fought in order and kept their line, while the barbarians were in confusion and had no plan in anything that they did, the issue of the battle could scarce be other than it was.

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Yet the Persians fought far more bravely here than at Euboea, and indeed surpassed themselves; each did his utmost through fear of Xerxes, for each thought that the king's eye was upon himself...

[A few chapters, with details of individual exploits on each side, are omitted here.]

As soon as the sea-fight was ended, the Greeks drew together to Salamis all the wrecks that were to be found in that quarter, and prepared themselves for another engagement, supposing that the king would renew the fight with the vessels which still remained to him. Many of the wrecks had been carried away by a western wind to the coast of Attica, where they were thrown upon the strip of shore called Colias. Thus not only were the prophecies of Bacis and Musaeus concerning this battle fulfilled completely, but likewise, by the place to which the wrecks were drifted, the prediction of Lysistratus, an Athenian soothsayer, uttered many years before these events, and quite forgotten at the time by all the Greeks, was fully accomplished. The words were:

Then shall the sight of the oars fill Colian dames with amazement.

Now this must have happened as soon as the king was departed.

Xerxes, when he saw the extent of his loss, began to be afraid lest the Greeks might be counselled by the Ionians, or without their advice might determine to sail straight to the Hellespont and break down the bridges there; in which case he would be blocked up in Europe, and run great risk of perishing. He therefore made up his mind to fly; but as he wished to hide his purpose alike from the Greeks and from his own people, he set to work to carry a mound across the channel to Salamis, and at the same time began fastening a number of Phoenician merchant ships together, to serve at once for a bridge and a wall. He likewise made many warlike preparations, as if he were about to engage the Greeks once more at sea. Now, when these things were seen, all grew fully persuaded that the king was bent on remaining, and intended to push the war in good earnest. Mardonius, however, was in no respect deceived; for long acquaintance enabled him to read all the king's thoughts. Meanwhile, Xerxes, though engaged in this way, sent off a messenger to carry intelligence of his misfortune to Persia.

Nothing mortal travels so fast as these Persian messengers. The entire plan is a Persian invention; and this is the method of it. Along the whole line of road there are men (they say) stationed with horses, in number equal to the number of days which the journey takes, allowing a man and horse to each day; and these men will not be hindered from accomplishing at their best speed the distance which they have to go, either by snow, or rain, or heat, or by the darkness of night. The first rider delivers his despatches to the second, and the second passes it to the third; and so it goes

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borne from hand to hand along the whole line, like the light in the torch-race, which the Greeks celebrate to Hephaestus. The Persians give the riding post in this manner, the name of angareion.

At Susa, on the arrival of the first message, which said that Xerxes was master of Athens, such was the delight of the Persians who had remained behind, that they forthwith strewed all the streets with myrtle boughs, and burnt incense, and fell to feasting and merriment. In like manner, when the second message reached them, so sore was their dismay, that they all with one accord rent their garments, and cried aloud, and wept and wailed without stint. They laid the blame of the disaster on Mardonius; and their grief on the occasion was less on account of the damage done to their ships, than owing to the alarm which they felt about the safety of the king. Hence their trouble did not cease till Xerxes himself, by his arrival, put an end to their fears.

[VIII. 74-86, 96-99, tr. G. Rawlinson]

[In the remainder of Book VIII Herodotus tells of Xerxes' march back to Asia with part of his forces; however, most of the Persian land army remained in Greece under the general Mardonius. They wintered in Thessaly, and in the early spring Mardonius sent an ambassador to Athens with tempting offers, which were firmly refused.

Book IX tells of the campaigns of 479 B.C., which culminated in the land victory at Plataea and the naval victory at Mycale in Asia Minor. After Mardonius and the barbarians had marched back into Attica, the Spartans, who had long hesitated to act, finally took the field; under their leading general, the regent Pausanias, they led a large allied Greek army into Boeotia, where they met the Persians near the little town of Plataea and won a great victory. The following episode, with which we conclude our selections from Herodotus, was supposed to have taken place during the sack of the Persian camp after the battle; it well illustrates what the Greeks thought of the Oriental magnificence of their enemy, and Herodotus may here be considered to be drawing a moral for the Persian Wars.]

PERSIAN MAGNIFICENCE AND GREEK SIMPLICITY

It is said that the following circumstance happened likewise at this time. Xerxes, when he fled away out of Greece, left his war-tent with Mardonius: when Pausanias, therefore, saw the tent with its adornments of gold and silver, and its hangings of divers colours, he gave commandment to the bakers and the cooks to make him ready a banquet in such fashion as was their wont for Mardonius. Then they made ready as they were bidden, and Pausanias, beholding the couches of gold and silver daintily decked out with their rich covertures, and the tables of gold and silver laid, and the feast itself prepared with all magnificence, was astonished at the good things which were set before him, and, being in a pleasant mood, gave commandment to his own followers to make

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ready a Spartan supper. When the suppers were both served, and it was apparent how vast a difference lay between the two, Pausanias laughed, and sent his servants to call to him the Greek generals. On their coming, he pointed to the two boards, and said, "I sent for you, O Greeks, to show you the folly of this Median captain, who, when he enjoyed such fare as this, must needs come here to rob us of our penury." Such, it is said, were the words of Pausanias to the Grecian generals.

[IX. 82, tr. G. Rawlinson]

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THUCYDIDES

(*ca.* 460–*ca.* 400 B.C.)

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

BOOK I

Thucydides, an Athenian, wrote the history of the war in which the Peloponnesians and the Athenians fought against one another. He began to write when they first took up arms, believing that it would be great and memorable above any previous war. For he argued that both states were then at the full height of their military power, and he saw the rest of the Hellenes either siding or intending to side with one or other of them. No movement ever stirred Hellas more deeply than this; it was shared by many of the Barbarians, and might be said even to affect the world at large. The character of the events which preceded, whether immediately or in more remote antiquity, owing to the lapse of time cannot be made out with certainty. But, judging from the evidence which I am able to trust after most careful enquiry, I should imagine that former ages were not great either in their wars or in anything else.

The country which is now called Hellas was not regularly settled in ancient times. The people were migratory, and readily left their homes whenever they were overpowered by numbers. There was no commerce, and they could not safely hold intercourse with one another either by land or sea. The several tribes cultivated their own soil just enough to obtain a maintenance from it. But they had no accumulations of wealth, and did not plant the ground; for, being without walls, they were never sure than an invader might not come and despoil them. Living in this manner and knowing that they could anywhere obtain a bare subsistence, they were always ready to migrate; so that they had neither great cities nor any considerable resources. The richest districts were most constantly changing their inhabitants; for example, the countries which are now called Thessaly and Boeotia, the greater part of the Peloponnesus with the exception of Arcadia, and all the best parts of Hellas. For the productiveness of the land increased the power of individuals; this in turn was a source of quarrels by which communities were ruined, while at the same time they were more exposed to attacks from without. Certainly Attica, of which the soil was poor and thin, enjoyed a long freedom from civil strife, and therefore retained its original inhabitants. And a striking confirmation of my argument is afforded by the fact that Attica through immigration increased in population more than any other region. For the leading men of Hellas, when driven out of their own country by war or revolution, sought an asylum at Athens; and from the very earliest times, being admitted to rights of citizenship, so greatly increased the number of inhabit-

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ants that Attica became incapable of containing them, and was at last obliged to send out colonies to Ionia.

The feebleness of antiquity is further proved to me by the circumstance that there appears to have been no common action in Hellas before the Trojan War. And I am inclined to think that the very name was not as yet given to the whole country, and in fact did not exist at all before the time of Hellen, the son of Deucalion; the different tribes, of which the Pelasgian was the most widely spread, gave their own names to different districts. But when Hellen and his sons became powerful in Phthiotis, their aid was invoked by other cities, and those who associated with them gradually began to be called Hellenes, though a long time elapsed before the name prevailed over the whole country. Of this Homer affords the best evidence; for he, although he lived long after the Trojan War, nowhere uses this name collectively, but confines it to the followers of Achilles from Phthiotis, who were the original Hellenes; when speaking of the entire host he calls them Danaans, or Argives, or Achaeans. Neither is there any mention of Barbarians in his poems, clearly because there were as yet no Hellenes opposed to them by a common distinctive name. Thus the several Hellenic tribes (and I mean by the term Hellenes those who, while forming separate communities, had a common language, and were afterwards called by a common name), owing to their weakness and isolation, were never united in any great enterprise before the Trojan War. And they only made the expedition against Troy after they had gained considerable experience of the sea.

Minos is the first to whom tradition ascribes the possession of a navy. He made himself master of a great part of what is now termed the Hellenic sea; he conquered the Cyclades, and was the first coloniser of most of them, expelling the Carians and appointing his own sons to govern in them. Lastly, it was he who, from a natural desire to protect his growing revenues, sought, as far as he was able, to clear the sea of pirates.

For in ancient times both Hellenes and Barbarians, as well the inhabitants of the coast as of the islands, when they began to find their way to one another by sea had recourse to piracy. They were commanded by powerful chiefs, who took this means of increasing their wealth and providing for their poorer followers. They would fall upon the unwalled and straggling towns, or rather villages, which they plundered, and maintained themselves by the plunder of them; for, as yet, such an occupation was held to be honourable and not disgraceful. This is proved by the practice of certain tribes on the mainland who, to the present day, glory in piratical exploits, and by the witness of the ancient poets, in whose verses the question is invariably asked of newly-arrived voyagers, whether they are pirates, which implies that neither those who are questioned disclaim, nor those who are interested in knowing censure the occupation. The land too was infested by robbers; and there are parts of Hellas in which the old practices still continue, as for example among the

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Ozolian Locrians, Aetolians, Acarnanians, and the adjacent regions of the continent. The fashion of wearing arms among these continental tribes is a relic of their old predatory habits. For in ancient times all Hellenes carried weapons because their homes were undefended and intercourse was unsafe; like the Barbarians they went armed in their every-day life. And the continuance of the custom in certain parts of the country proves that it once prevailed everywhere.

The Athenians were the first who laid aside arms and adopted an easier and more luxurious way of life. Quite recently the old-fashioned refinement of dress still lingered among the elder men of their richer class, who wore under-garments of linen, and bound back their hair in a knot with golden clasps in the form of grasshoppers; and the same customs long survived among the elders of Ionia, having been derived from their Athenian ancestors. On the other hand, the simple dress which is now common was first worn at Sparta; and there, more than anywhere else, the life of the rich was assimilated to that of the people. The Lacedaemonians too were the first who in their athletic exercises stripped naked and rubbed themselves over with oil. But this was not the ancient custom; athletes formerly, even when they were contending at Olympia, wore girdles about their loins, a practice which lasted until quite lately, and still prevails among the Barbarians, especially those of Asia, where the combatants at boxing and wrestling matches wear girdles. And many other customs which are now confined to the Barbarians might be shown to have existed formerly in Hellas.

In later times, when navigation had become general and wealth was beginning to accumulate, cities were built upon the sea-shore and fortified; peninsulas too were occupied and walled-off with a view to commerce and defence against the neighbouring tribes. But the older towns both in the islands and on the continent, in order to protect themselves against the piracy which so long prevailed, were built inland; and there they remain to this day. For the piratical tribes plundered, not only one another, but all those who, without being sailors, lived on the sea-coast.

The islanders were even more addicted to piracy than the inhabitants of the mainland. They were mostly Carian or Phoenician settlers. This is proved by the fact that when the Athenians purified Delos during the Peloponnesian War and the tombs of the dead were opened, more than half of them were found to be Carians. They were known by the fashion of their arms which were buried with them, and by their mode of burial, the same which is still practised among them.

After Minos had established his navy, communication by sea became more general. For, he having expelled the pirates when he colonized the greater part of the islands, the dwellers on the sea-coast began to grow richer and to live in a more settled manner; and some of them, finding their wealth increase beyond their expectations, surrounded their towns with walls. The love of gain made the weaker willing to serve the stronger, and the command of wealth enabled

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the more powerful to subjugate the lesser cities. This was the state of society which was beginning to prevail at the time of the Trojan War.

I am inclined to think that Agamemnon succeeded in collecting the expedition, not because the suitors of Helen had bound themselves by oath to Tyndareus, but because he was the most powerful king of his time. Those Peloponnesians who possess the most accurate traditions say that originally Pelops gained his power by the great wealth which he brought with him from Asia into a poor country, whereby he was enabled, although a stranger, to give his name to the Peloponnesus; and that still greater fortune attended his descendants after the death of Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, who was slain in Attica by the Heracleidae. For Atreus the son of Pelops was the maternal uncle of Eurystheus, who, when he went on the expedition, naturally committed to his charge the kingdom of Mycenae. Now Atreus had been banished by his father on account of the murder of Chrysippus. But Eurystheus never returned; and the Mycenaeans, dreading the Heracleidae, were ready to welcome Atreus, who was considered a powerful man and had ingratiated himself with the multitude. So he succeeded to the throne of Mycenae and the other dominions of Eurystheus. Thus the house of Pelops prevailed over that of Perseus.

And it was, as I believe, because Agamemnon inherited this power and also because he was the greatest naval potentate of his time that he was able to assemble the expedition; and the other princes followed him, not from good-will, but from fear. Of the chiefs who came to Troy, he, if the witness of Homer be accepted, brought the greatest number of ships himself, besides supplying the Arcadians with them. In the "Handing down of the Sceptre" he is described as, "The king of many islands, and of all Argos." * But, living on the mainland, he could not have ruled over any except the adjacent islands (which would not be many) unless he had possessed a considerable navy. From this expedition we must form our conjectures about the character of still earlier times.

When it is said that Mycenae was but a small place, or that any other city which existed in those days is inconsiderable in our own, this argument will hardly prove that the expedition was not as great as the poets relate and as is commonly imagined. Suppose the city of Sparta to be deserted, and nothing left but the temples and the ground-plan, distant ages would be very unwilling to believe that the power of the Lacedaemonians was at all equal to their fame. And yet they own two-fifths of the Peloponnesus, and are acknowledged leaders of the whole, as well as of numerous allies in the rest of Hellas. But their city is not regularly built, and has no splendid temples or other edifices; it rather resembles a straggling village like the ancient towns of Hellas, and would therefore make a poor show. Whereas, if the same fate befell the Athenians, the ruins of Athens would strike the eye, and we should infer their power to have been

* *Iliad*, ii. 108.

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twice as great as it really is. We ought not then to be unduly sceptical. The greatness of cities should be estimated by their real power and not by appearances. And we may fairly suppose the Trojan expedition to have been greater than any which preceded it, although according to Homer, if we may once more appeal to his testimony, not equal to those of our own day. He was a poet, and may therefore be expected to exaggerate; yet, even upon his showing, the expedition was comparatively small. For it numbered, as he tells us, 1200 ships, those of the Boeotians carrying 120 men each, those of Philoctetes fifty; and by these numbers he may be presumed to indicate the largest and the smallest ships; else why in the catalogue is nothing said about the size of any others? That the crews were all fighting men as well as rowers he clearly implies when speaking of the ships of Philoctetes; for he tells us that all the oarsmen were likewise archers. And it is not to be supposed that many who were not sailors would accompany the expedition, except the kings and principal officers; for the troops had to cross the sea, bringing with them the materials of war, in vessels without decks, built after the old piratical fashion. Now if we take a mean between the crews, the invading forces will appear not to have been very numerous when we remember that they were drawn from the whole of Hellas.

The cause of the inferiority was not so much the want of men as the want of money; the invading army was limited by the difficulty of obtaining supplies to such a number as might be expected to live on the country in which they were to fight. After their arrival at Troy, when they had won a battle (as they clearly did, for otherwise they could not have fortified their camp), even then they appear not to have used the whole of their force, but to have been driven by want of provisions to the cultivation of the Chersonese and to pillage. And in consequence of this dispersion of their forces, the Trojans were enabled to hold out against them during the whole ten years, being always a match for those who remained on the spot. Whereas if the besieging army had brought abundant supplies, and, instead of betaking themselves to agriculture or pillage, had carried on the war persistently with all their forces, they would easily have been masters of the field and have taken the city; since, even divided as they were, and with only a part of their army available at any one time, they held their ground. Or, again, they might have regularly invested Troy, and the place would have been captured in less time and with less trouble. Poverty was the real reason why the achievements of former ages were insignificant, and why the Trojan War, the most celebrated of them all, when brought to the test of facts, falls short of its fame and of the prevailing traditions to which the poets have given authority.

Even in the age which followed the Trojan War, Hellas was still in process of ferment and settlement, and had no time for peaceful growth. The return of the Hellenes from Troy after their long absence led to many changes: quarrels too arose in nearly every city, and those who were expelled by them went and founded other cities.

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Thus in the sixtieth year after the fall of Troy, the Boeotian people, having been expelled from Arnè by the Thessalians, settled in the country formerly called Cadmeis, but now Boeotia: a portion of the tribe already dwelt there, and some of these had joined in the Trojan expedition. In the eightieth year after the war, the Dorians led by the Heracleidae conquered the Peloponnesus. A considerable time elapsed before Hellas became finally settled; after a while, however, she recovered tranquillity and began to send out colonies. The Athenians colonised Ionia and most of the islands; the Peloponnesians the greater part of Italy and Sicily, and various places in Hellas. These colonies were all founded after the Trojan War.

As Hellas grew more powerful and the acquisition of wealth became more and more rapid, the revenues of her cities increased, and in most of them tyrannies were established; they had hitherto been ruled by hereditary kings, having fixed prerogatives. The Hellenes likewise began to build navies and to make the sea their element. The Corinthians are said to have first adopted something like the modern style of ship-building, and the oldest Hellenic triremes to have been constructed at Corinth. A Corinthian ship-builder, Ameinocles, appears to have built four ships for the Samians; he went to Samos about 300 years before the end of the Peloponnesian War. And the earliest naval engagement on record is that between the Corinthians and Corcyraeans which occurred about forty years later. Corinth, being seated on an isthmus, was naturally from the first a centre of commerce; for the Hellenes within and without the Peloponnese in the old days, when they communicated chiefly by land, had to pass through her territory in order to reach one another. Her wealth too was a source of power, as the ancient poets testify, who speak of Corinth the Rich. When navigation grew more common, the Corinthians, having already acquired a fleet, were able to put down piracy; they offered a market both by sea and land, and with the increase of riches the power of their city increased yet more. Later, in the time of Cyrus, the first Persian king, and of Cambyses his son, the Ionians had a large navy; they fought with Cyrus, and were for a time masters of the sea around their own coasts. Polycrates, too, who was tyrant of Samos in the reign of Cambyses, had a powerful navy and subdued several of the islands, among them Rhenea, which he dedicated to the Delian Apollo. And the Phocaeans, when they were colonising Massalia, defeated the Carthaginians in a sea-fight.

These were the most powerful navies, and even these, which came into existence many generations after the Trojan War, appear to have consisted chiefly of fifty-oared vessels and galleys of war, as in the days of Troy; as yet triremes were not common. But a little before the Persian War and the death of Darius, who succeeded Cambyses, the Sicilian tyrants and the Corcyraeans had them in considerable numbers. No other maritime powers of any consequence arose in Hellas before the expedition of Xerxes. The Aeginetans, Athenians, and a few more had small fleets, and these mostly

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consisted of fifty-oared galleys. Even the ships which the Athenians built quite recently at the instigation of Themistocles, when they were at war with the Aeginetans and in expectation of the Barbarian, even these ships with which they fought at Salamis were not completely decked.

So inconsiderable were the Hellenic navies in recent as well as in more ancient times. And yet those who applied their energies to the sea obtained a great accession of strength by the increase of their revenues and the extension of their domain. For they attacked and subjugated the islands, especially when the pressure of population was felt by them. Whereas by land, no conflict of any kind which brought increase of power ever occurred; what wars they had were mere border feuds. Foreign and distant expeditions of conquest the Hellenes never undertook; they were not as yet ranged under the command of the great states, nor did they form voluntary leagues or make expeditions on an equal footing. Their wars were only the wars of the several neighbouring tribes with one another. It was in the ancient conflict between the Chalcidians and the Eretrians that the rest of Hellas was most divided and took the greatest part.

There were different impediments to the progress of the different states. The Ionians had attained great prosperity when Cyrus and the Persians, having overthrown Croesus and subdued the countries between the river Halys and the sea, made war against them and enslaved the cities on the mainland. Some time afterwards, Darius, strong in the possession of the Phoenician fleet, conquered the islands also.

Nor again did the tyrants of the Hellenic cities extend their thoughts beyond their own interest, that is, the security of their persons, and the aggrandisement of themselves and their families. They were extremely cautious in the administration of their government, and nothing considerable was ever effected by them; they only fought with their neighbours, as in Sicily, where their power attained its greatest height. Thus for a long time everything conspired to prevent Hellas from uniting in any great action and to paralyse enterprise in the individual states.

At length the tyrants of Athens and of the rest of Hellas (which had been under their dominion long before Athens), at least the greater number of them, and with the exception of the Sicilian the last who ever ruled, were put down by the Lacedaemonians. For although Lacedaemon, after the settlement of the country by the Dorians who now inhabit it, long suffered from factions, and indeed longer than any country which we know, nevertheless she obtained good laws at an earlier period than any other, and has never been subject to tyrants; she has preserved the same form of government for rather more than four hundred years, reckoning to the end of the Peloponnesian War. It was the excellence of her constitution which gave her power, and thus enabled her to regulate the affairs of other states. Not long after the overthrow of the tyrants by the Lacedaemonians, the battle of Marathon was fought between the

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Athenians and the Persians; ten years later, the Barbarian returned with the vast armament which was to enslave Hellas. In the greatness of the impending danger, the Lacedaemonians, who were the most powerful state in Hellas, assumed the lead of the confederates. The Athenians, as the Persian host advanced, resolved to forsake their city, broke up their homes, and, taking to their ships, became sailors. The Barbarian was repelled by a common effort; but soon the Hellenes, as well those who had revolted from the King as those who formed the original confederacy, took different sides and became the allies, either of the Athenians or of the Lacedaemonians; for these were now the two leading powers, the one strong by land and the other by sea. The league between them was of short duration; they speedily quarrelled and, with their respective allies, went to war. Any of the other Hellenes who had differences of their own now resorted to one or other of them. So that from the Persian to the Peloponnesian War, the Lacedaemonians and the Athenians were perpetually fighting or making peace, either with one another or with their own revolted allies; thus they attained military efficiency, and learned experience in the school of danger.

The Lacedaemonians did not make tributaries of those who acknowledged their leadership, but took care that they should be governed by oligarchies in the exclusive interest of Sparta. The Athenians, on the other hand, after a time deprived the subject cities of their ships and made all of them pay a fixed tribute, except Chios and Lesbos. And the single power of Athens at the beginning of this war was greater than that of Athens and Sparta together at their greatest, while the confederacy remained intact.

Such are the results of my enquiry into the early state of Hellas. They will not readily be believed upon a bare recital of all the proofs of them. Men do not discriminate, and are too ready to receive ancient traditions about their own as well as about other countries. For example, most Athenians think that Hipparchus was actually tyrant when he was slain by Harmodius and Aristogeiton; they are not aware that Hippias was the eldest of the sons of Peisistratus, and succeeded him, and that Hipparchus and Thessalus were only his brothers. At the last moment, Harmodius and Aristogeiton suddenly suspected that Hippias had been forewarned by some of their accomplices. They therefore abstained from attacking him, but, wishing to do something before they were seized, and not to risk their lives in vain, they slew Hipparchus, with whom they fell in near the temple called Leocorium as he was marshalling the Panathenaic procession. There are many other matters, not obscured by time, but contemporary, about which the other Hellenes are equally mistaken. For example, they imagine that the kings of Lacedaemon in their council have not one but two votes each and that in the army of the Lacedaemonians there is a division called the Pitanate division; * whereas they never had anything of the sort. So little

* Herodotus, vi. 57 and ix. 53.

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trouble do men take in the search after truth; so readily do they accept whatever comes first to hand.

Yet any one who upon the grounds which I have given arrives at some such conclusion as my own about those ancient times, would not be far wrong. He must not be misled by the exaggerated fancies of the poets, or by the tales of chroniclers who seek to please the ear rather than to speak the truth. Their accounts cannot be tested by him; and most of the facts in the lapse of ages have passed into the region of romance. At such a distance of time he must make up his mind to be satisfied with conclusions resting upon the clearest evidence which can be had. And, though men will always judge any war in which they are actually fighting to be the greatest at the time, but, after it is over, revert to their admiration of some other which has preceded, still the Peloponnesian, if estimated by the actual facts, will certainly prove to have been the greatest ever known.

As to the speeches which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavoured, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said. Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular enquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other. And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. [My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.]

The greatest achievement of former times was the Persian War; yet even this was speedily decided in two battles by sea and two by land. But the Peloponnesian War was a protracted struggle, and attended by calamities such as Hellas had never known within a like period of time. Never were so many cities captured and depopulated —some by barbarians, others by Hellenes themselves fighting against one another; and several of them after their capture were repeopled by strangers. Never were exile and slaughter more frequent, whether in the war or brought about by civil strife. And rumours, of which the like had often been current before, but rarely verified by fact, now appeared to be well grounded. There are earthquakes unparalleled in their extent and fury, and eclipses of the sun more numerous than are recorded to have happened in any former age;

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there were also in some places great droughts causing famines, and lastly the plague which did immense harm and destroyed numbers of the people. All these calamities fell upon Hellas simultaneously with the war, which began when the Athenians and Peloponnesians violated the thirty years' truce concluded by them after the recapture of Euboea. Why they broke it and what were the grounds of quarrel I will first set forth, that in time to come no man may be at a loss to know what was the origin of this great war. The real though unavowed cause I believe to have been the growth of the Athenian power, which terrified the Lacedaemonians and forced them into war; but the reasons publicly alleged on either side were as follows.

[I. 1-23, tr. B. Jowett]

[The first dissension arose over the city of Corcyra, which became involved in a quarrel with Corinth, although Corcyra was a colony of the Corinthians. Seeing the Corinthians making preparations for a war against them, the Corcyraeans sent an embassy to Athens to request an alliance. Legally such an alliance was permissible, since Corcyra was allied to neither Athens nor Sparta and the treaty of 446 B.C. allowed neutral states to join either side. But the Corinthians sent ambassadors to Athens to oppose the suggested alliance; they warned the Athenians that such a step would be construed by Corinth as an unfriendly act and that a general war would follow. Despite this warning the Athenians made a defensive alliance with Corcyra and sent a contingent of ships to help the Corcyraeans against the expected attack. As a result, the Athenians and Corinthians fought against each other in a naval battle off Corcyra, which ended in the defeat and withdrawal of the Corinthians.

Other causes of war followed: Potidaea, a tributary ally of Athens but originally a Corinthian colony, revolted from the Athenian Empire at the instigation of Corinth; an Athenian force was sent to reduce the city, and, after defeating a mixed Peloponnesian and Potidaean army, settled down to besiege the place. At this point was held the meeting of the Spartan Assembly, which is described below, to hear the allies' grievances against Athens. In the words of the Corinthian speaker Thucydides presents a striking contrast between the characters and habits of the two main antagonists, Sparta and Athens.]

THE SPEECH OF THE CORINTHIANS

Such were the causes of ill-feeling which at this time existed between the Athenians and Peloponnesians: the Corinthians complaining that the Athenians were blockading their colony of Potidaea, which was occupied by a Corinthian and Peloponnesian garrison; the Athenians rejoining that the Peloponnesians had excited to revolt a state which was an ally and tributary of theirs, and that they had now openly joined the Potidaeans, and were fighting on their side. The Peloponnesian War, however, had not yet broken out; the peace still continued; for thus far the Corinthians had acted alone.

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But now, seeing Potidaea besieged, they bestirred themselves in earnest. Corinthian troops were shut up within the walls, and they were afraid of losing the town; so without delay they invited the allies to meet at Sparta. There they inveighed against the Athenians, whom they affirmed to have broken the treaty and to have wronged the Peloponnesians. The Aeginetans did not venture to send envoys openly, but secretly they acted with the Corinthians, and were among the chief instigators of the war, declaring that they had been robbed of the independence which the treaty guaranteed them. The Lacedaemonians themselves then proceeded to summon any of the allies who had similar charges to bring against the Athenians, and calling their own ordinary assembly told them to speak. Several of them came forward and stated their wrongs. The Megarians alleged, among other grounds of complaint, that they were excluded from all harbours within the Athenian dominion and from the Athenian market, contrary to the treaty. The Corinthians waited until the other allies had stirred up the Lacedaemonians; at length they came forward, and, last of all, spoke as follows:

"The spirit of trust, Lacedaemonians, which animates your own political and social life, makes you distrust others who, like ourselves, have something unpleasant to say, and this temper of mind, though favourable to moderation, too often leaves you in ignorance of what is going on outside your own country. Time after time we have warned you of the mischief which the Athenians would do to us, but instead of taking our words to heart, you chose to suspect that we only spoke from interested motives. And this is the reason why you have brought the allies to Sparta too late, not before but after the injury has been inflicted, and when they are smarting under the sense of it. Which of them all has a better right to speak than ourselves, who have the heaviest accusations to make, outraged as we are by the Athenians, and neglected by you? If the crimes which they are committing against Hellas were being done in a corner, then you might be ignorant, and we should have to inform you of them: but now, what need of many words? Some of us, as you see, have been already enslaved; they are at this moment intriguing against others, notably against allies of ours; and long ago they had made all their preparations in expectation of war. Else why did they seduce from her allegiance Corcyra, which they still hold in defiance of us, and why are they blockading Potidaea, the latter a most advantageous post for the command of the Thracian peninsula, the former a great naval power which might have assisted the Peloponnesians?

"And the blame of all this rests on you; for you originally allowed them to fortify their city after the Persian War, and afterwards to build their Long Walls; and to this hour you have gone on defrauding of liberty their unfortunate subjects, and are now beginning to take it away from your own allies. For the true en-

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slaver of a people is he who can put an end to their slavery but has no care about it; and all the more, if he be reputed the champion of liberty in Hellas. And so we have met at last, but with what difficulty! and even now we have no definite object. By this time we ought to have been considering, not whether we are wronged, but how we are to be revenged. The aggressor is not now threatening, but advancing; he has made up his mind, while we are resolved about nothing. And we know too well how by slow degrees and with stealthy steps the Athenians encroach upon their neighbours. While they think that you are too dull to observe them, they are more careful, but when they know that you wilfully overlook their aggressions, they will strike and not spare. Of all Hellenes, Lacedaemonians, you are the only people who never do anything: on the approach of an enemy you are content to defend yourselves against him, not by acts, but by intentions, and seek to overthrow him, not in the infancy but in the fulness of his strength. How came you to be considered safe? That reputation of yours was never justified by facts. We all know that the Persian made his way from the ends of the earth against Peloponnesus before you encountered him in a worthy manner; and now you are blind to the doings of the Athenians, who are not at a distance as he was, but close at hand. Instead of attacking your enemy, you wait to be attacked, and take the chances of a struggle which has been deferred until his power is doubled. And you know that the barbarian miscarried chiefly through his own errors; and that we have oftener been delivered from these very Athenians by blunders of their own, than by any aid from you. Some have already been ruined by the hopes which you inspired in them; for so entirely did they trust you that they took no precautions themselves. These things we say in no accusing or hostile spirit — let that be understood — but by way of expostulation. For men expostulate with erring friends, they bring accusation against enemies who have done them a wrong.

"And surely we have a right to find fault with our neighbours, if any one ever had. There are important interests at stake to which, as far as we can see, you are insensible. And you have never considered what manner of men are these Athenians with whom you will have to fight, and how utterly unlike yourselves. They are revolutionary, equally quick in the conception and in the execution of every new plan; while you are conservative — careful only to keep what you have, originating nothing, and not acting even when action is most necessary. They are bold beyond their strength; they run risks which prudence would condemn; and in the midst of misfortune they are full of hope. Whereas it is your nature, though strong, to act feebly; when your plans are most prudent, to distrust them; and when calamities come upon you, to think that you will never be delivered from them. They

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are impetuous, and you are dilatory; they are always abroad, and you are always at home. For they hope to gain something by leaving their homes; but you are afraid that any new enterprise may imperil what you have already. When conquerors, they pursue their victory to the utmost; when defeated, they fall back the least. Their bodies they devote to their country as though they belonged to other men; their true self is their mind, which is most truly their own when employed in her service. When they do not carry out an intention which they have formed, they seem to have sustained a personal bereavement; when an enterprise succeeds, they have gained a mere instalment of what is to come; but if they fail, they at once conceive new hopes and so fill up the void. With them alone to hope is to have, for they lose not a moment in the execution of an idea. This is the lifelong task, full of danger and toil, which they are always imposing upon themselves. None enjoy their good things less, because they are always seeking for more. To do their duty is their only holiday, and they deem the quiet of inaction to be as disagreeable as the most tiresome business. If a man should say of them, in a word, that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to allow peace to other men, he would simply speak the truth.

"In the face of such an enemy, Lacedaemonians, you persist in doing nothing. You do not see that peace is best secured by those who use their strength justly, but whose attitude shows that they have no intention of submitting to wrong. Fair dealing with you seems to consist in giving no annoyance to others and in not exposing yourselves to risk even in self-defence. But this policy would hardly be successful, even if your neighbours were like yourselves; and in the present case, as we pointed out just now, your ways compared with theirs are old-fashioned. And, as in the arts, so also in politics, the new must always prevail over the old. In settled times the traditions of government should be observed: but when circumstances are changing and men are compelled to meet them, much originality is required. The Athenians have had a wider experience, and therefore the administration of their state has improved faster than yours. But here let your procrastination end; send an army at once into Attica and assist your allies, especially the Potidaeans, to whom your word is pledged. Do not allow friends and kindred to fall into the hands of their worst enemies; or drive us in despair to seek the alliance of others; in taking such a course we should be doing nothing wrong either before the Gods who are the witnesses of our oaths, or before men whose eyes are upon us. For the true breakers of treaties are not those who, when forsaken, turn to others, but those who forsake allies whom they have sworn to defend. We will remain your friends if you choose to bestir yourselves; for we should be guilty of an impiety if we deserted you without cause; and we shall not easily find allies equally congenial to us. Take heed then: you

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have inherited from your fathers the leadership of Peloponnesus; see that her greatness suffers no diminution at your hands."

[I. 66-71, tr. B. Jowett]

[After further debate and deliberation, the Spartans voted that the treaty had been broken by the Athenians, and a meeting of the Peloponnesian League was called to declare war on Athens. Hostilities commenced in the early spring of 431 B.C. with a Theban attack on Plataea, an ally of Athens. The Spartans and their allies then invaded Attica; the Athenians, following the strategy of Pericles, abandoned their countryside to the enemy and crowded into the city and the space between the Long Walls.

During the next winter, following their ancestral practice, the Athenians held a funeral at the public charge for those who had fallen in the first year of the war, and the customary funeral oration was delivered by Pericles. In the speech which Thucydides here puts into the statesman's mouth, he gives an idealized portrait of the Athenian democracy at its zenith, to remind his readers of what Athens had meant to those who had fought and died for her.

Immediately following the Funeral Oration comes the famous description of the plague which ravaged Athens in 430-429 B.C. It should be noted that despite Thucydides' care to give an accurate description of the disease, in a way which reveals his familiarity with the medical works of Hippocrates, none the less modern physicians have been unable to identify the disease with any certainty.]

THE FUNERAL ORATION OF PERICLES AND THE PLAGUE

"Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honour should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that, when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honoured in deed only, and with such an honour as this public funeral, which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperilled by the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Men of kind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself, but, when the deed is beyond him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost

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of my power shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

"I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valour they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigour of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbours, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognised; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

"And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the

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whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

"Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedaemonians come into Attica not by themselves but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbour's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

"If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet with economy, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favours. Now he who confers a favour is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder

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in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbours not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

"To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, though his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

"I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! It seems to me that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly claim the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the

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rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happi
but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves al
And when the moment came they were minded to resist and su
rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from
word of dishonour, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, a
in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away fr
the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athe
and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, altho
they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spi
is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you
ever about the advantages of a brave defence which you kn
already. But instead of listening to him I would have you d
by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until y
become filled with the love of her; and when you are impres
by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has be
acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to
it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour alw
present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprize, wo
not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely ga
their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could prese
at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was i
dividually repaid to them; for they received again each one
himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of
sepulchres — I speak not of that in which their remains are
but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed alw
and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For t
whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they co
memorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, b
in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of the
graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them yo
examples, and esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to b
happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The u
fortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reas
to throw away his life than the prosperous who, if he survive,
always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accide
fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spi
cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter th
death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of cour
and animated by the general hope.

"Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the de
who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know th
your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and th
they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour,
whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorro
like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term
their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know h
hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of oth

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will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say, 'Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honour alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honour is the delight of men when they are old and useless.' To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and, however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honour and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And, if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

"I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honourably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart."

Such was the order of the funeral celebrated in this winter, with the end of which ended the first year of the Peloponnesian War. As soon as summer returned, the Peloponnesian army, comprising as before two thirds of the force of each confederate state, under the command of the Lacedaemonian king Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamus, invaded Attica, where they established themselves and ravaged the country. They had not been there many days when the plague broke out at Athens for the first time. A similar disorder is said to have previously smitten many places, particularly Lemnos, but there is no record of such a pestilence occurring elsewhere, or of so great a destruction of human life. For a while

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physicians, in ignorance of the nature of the disease, sought to apply remedies; but it was in vain, and they themselves were among the first victims, because they oftenest came into contact with it. No human art was of any avail, and as to supplications in temples, enquiries of oracles, and the like, they were utterly useless, and at last men were overpowered by the calamity and gave them all up.

The disease is said to have begun south of Egypt in Aethiopia; thence it descended into Egypt and Libya, and after spreading over the greater part of the Persian empire, suddenly fell upon Athens. It first attacked the inhabitants of the Piraeus, and it was supposed that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the cisterns, no conduits having as yet been made there. It afterwards reached the upper city, and then the mortality became far greater. As to its probable origin or the causes which might or could have produced such a disturbance of nature, every man, whether a physician or not, will give his own opinion. But I shall describe its actual course, and the symptoms by which any one who knows them beforehand may recognise the disorder should it ever reappear. For I was myself attacked, and witnessed the sufferings of others.

The season was admitted to have been remarkably free from ordinary sickness; and, if anybody was already ill of any other disease, it was absorbed in this. Many who were in perfect health all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes. Internally the throat and the tongue were quickly suffused with blood, and the breath became unnatural and fetid. There followed sneezing and hoarseness; in a short time the disorder, accompanied by a violent cough, reached the chest; then fastening lower down, it would move the stomach and bring up all the vomits of bile to which physicians have ever given names, and they were very distressing. An ineffectual retching producing violent convulsions attacked most of the sufferers; some as soon as the previous symptoms had abated, others not until long afterwards. The body externally was not so very hot to the touch, nor yet pale; it was of a livid colour inclining to red, and breaking out in pustules and ulcers. But the internal fever was intense; the sufferers could not bear to have on them even the finest linen garment; they insisted on being naked, and there was nothing which they longed for more eagerly than to throw themselves into cold water. And many of those who had no one to look after them actually plunged into the cisterns, for they were tormented by unceasing thirst, which was not in the least assuaged whether they drank little or much. They could not sleep; a restlessness which was intolerable never left them. While the disease was at its height the body, instead of wasting away, held out amid the sufferings in a marvellous manner, and either they died on the seventh or ninth day, not of weakness, for their strength was

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exhausted, but of internal fever, which was the end of most; or, if they survived, then the disease descended into the bowels and there produced violent ulceration; severe diarrhoea at the same time set in, and at a later stage caused exhaustion, which finally with few exceptions carried them off. For the disorder which had originally settled in the head passed gradually through the whole body, and, if a person got over the worst, would often seize the extremities and leave its mark, attacking the genitals and the fingers and the toes; and some escaped with the loss of these, some with the loss of their eyes. Some again had no sooner recovered from it than they were seized with a forgetfulness of all things and knew neither themselves nor their friends.

The malady took a form not to be described, and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. There was one circumstance in particular which distinguished it from ordinary diseases. The birds and animals which feed on human flesh, although so many bodies were lying unburied, either never came near them, or died if they touched them. This was proved by a remarkable disappearance of the birds of prey, who were not to be seen either about the bodies or anywhere else; while in the case of the dogs the fact was even more obvious, because they live with man.

Such was the general nature of the disease; I omit many strange peculiarities which characterized individual cases. None of the ordinary sicknesses attacked any one while it lasted, or, if they did, they ended in the plague. Some of the sufferers died from want of care, others equally who were receiving the greatest attention. No single remedy could be deemed a specific; for that which had good to one did harm to another. No constitution was of itself strong enough to resist or weak enough to escape the attacks; the disease carried off all alike and defied every mode of treatment. Most appalling was the despondency which seized upon any one who felt himself sickening; for he instantly abandoned his mind to despair and, instead of holding out, absolutely threw away his chance of life. Appalling too was the rapidity with which men caught the infection; dying like sheep if they attended on one another; and this was the principal cause of mortality. When they were afraid to visit one another, the sufferers died in their solitude, so that many houses were empty because there had been no one left to take care of the sick; or if they ventured they perished, especially those who aspired to heroism. For they went to see their friends without thought of themselves and were ashamed to leave them, even at a time when the very relations of the dying were at last growing weary and ceased to make lamentations, overwhelmed by the vastness of the calamity. But whatever instances there may have been of such devotion, more often the sick and dying were tended by the pitying care of those who had recovered, because they knew the course of the disease and were themselves

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free from apprehension, for no one was ever attacked a second time, or not with a fatal result. All men congratulated them and they themselves, in the excess of their joy at the moment, had an innocent fancy that they could not die of any other sickness.

The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most. For having no houses of their own, but inhabiting in the height of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. The temples in which they lodged were full of the corpses of those who died in them; for the violence of the calamity was such that men, not knowing where to turn, grew reckless of all law, human and divine. The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. Many, having no proper appliances, because the deaths in their household had been so frequent, made no scruple of using the burial-place of others. When one man had raised a funeral pile, others would come, and throwing on their dead first, set fire to it; or when some other corpse was already burning before they could be stopped would throw their own dead upon it and depart.

There were other and worse forms of lawlessness which the plague introduced at Athens. Men who had hitherto concealed their indulgence in pleasure now grew bolder. For, seeing the sudden change, how the rich died in a moment, and those who had nothing immediately inherited their property, they reflected that life and riches were alike transitory, and they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could, and to think only of pleasure. Who would be willing to sacrifice himself to the law of honour when he knew not whether he would ever live to be held in honour? The pleasure of the moment and any sort of thing which conduced to it took the place both of honour and of expediency. No fear of God or law of man deterred a criminal. Those who saw all perishing alike, thought that the worship or neglect of the gods made no difference. For offences against human law no punishment was to be feared; no one would live long enough to be called to account. Already a far heavier sentence had been passed and was hanging over a man's head; before that fell, why should he not take a little pleasure?

Such was the grievous calamity which now afflicted the Athenians; within the walls their people were dying, and without, their country was being ravaged. In their troubles they naturally called to mind a verse which the elder men among them declared to have been current long ago:

A Dorian war will come and a plague with it.

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There was a dispute about the precise expression; some saying that *limos*, a famine, and not *loimos*, a plague, was the original word. Nevertheless, as might have been expected, for men's memories reflected their sufferings, the argument in favour of *loimos* prevailed at the time. But if ever in future years another Dorian war arises which happens to be accompanied by a famine, they will probably repeat the verse in the other form. The answer of the oracle to the Lacedaemonians when the god was asked whether they should go to war or not, and he replied that if they fought with all their might, they would conquer, and that he himself would take their part, was not forgotten by those who had heard of it, and they quite imagined that they were witnessing the fulfilment of his words. The disease certainly did set in immediately after the invasion of the Peloponnesians, and did not spread into Peloponnesus in any degree worth speaking of, while Athens felt its ravages most severely, and next to Athens the places which were most populous. Such was the history of the plague.

[II. 35-54, tr. B. JOWETT]

[Pericles died the next year, and the leadership of Athens fell to lesser men, of whom the demagogue Cleon was the most able. As the war continued, it more and more took on the character of an ideological conflict: in almost every city of the Athenian alliance the anti-democratic faction schemed to revolt from Athens and to deliver their city to Sparta. In 428 Lesbos revolted and was only subdued by Athens with great difficulty. The next year there was trouble in Corcyra, which had voluntarily joined Athens in 434: the Corcyraean oligarchs murdered the democratic leaders and temporarily gained control of the state. Within a few days there was a successful popular uprising, and most of the oligarchs took refuge as suppliants in the temple of Hera. The Spartans sent a fleet to support the oligarchical faction; but two days later an Athenian force of sixty vessels arrived, under the command of Eurymedon, and the Peloponnesian fleet retired. The Corcyraean democrats were now able to wreak their vengeance on the oligarchs, with all the excesses which usually accompany such measures of retaliation. The event inspired Thucydides to write the gloomy analysis of the revolutionary spirit which is given below.]

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTIONS

The Peloponnesians set out that very night on their way home, keeping close to the land, and transporting the ships over the Leucadian isthmus, that they might not be seen sailing round. When the Corcyraeans perceived that the Athenian fleet was approaching, while that of the enemy had disappeared, they took the Messenian troops, who had hitherto been outside the walls, into the city, and ordered the ships which they had manned to sail round into the Hyllaic harbour. These proceeded on their way. Meanwhile they killed any of their enemies whom they caught in the city. On the arrival of the ships they disembarked those whom

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they had induced to go on board, and despatched them; they also went to the temple of Hera, and persuading about fifty of the suppliants to stand their trial, condemned them all to death. The majority would not come out, and, when they saw what was going on, destroyed one another in the enclosure of the temple where they were, except a few who hung themselves on trees, or put an end to their own lives in any other way which they could. And during the seven days which Eurymedon after his arrival remained with his sixty ships, the Corcyraeans continued slaughtering those of their fellow-citizens whom they deemed their enemies; they professed to punish them for their designs against the democracy, but in fact some were killed from motives of personal enmity, and some because money was owing to them, by the hands of their debtors. Every form of death was to be seen, and everything and more than everything that commonly happens in revolutions happened then. The father slew the son, and the suppliants were torn from the temples and slain near them; some of them were even walled up in the temple of Dionysus, and there perished. To such extremes of cruelty did revolution go; and this seemed to be the worst of revolutions, because it was the first.

For not long afterwards the whole Hellenic world was in commotion; in every city the chiefs of the democracy and of the oligarchy were struggling, the one to bring in the Athenians, the other the Lacedaemonians. Now in time of peace, men would have had no excuse for introducing either, and no desire to do so, but when they were at war and both sides could easily obtain allies to the hurt of their enemies and the advantage of themselves, the dissatisfied party was only too ready to invoke foreign aid. And revolution brought upon the cities of Hellas many terrible calamities, such as have been and always will be while human nature remains the same, but which are more or less aggravated and differ in character with every new combination of circumstances. In peace and prosperity both states and individuals are actuated by higher motives, because they do not fall under the dominion of imperious necessities; but war which takes away the comfortable provision of daily life is a hard master, and tends to assimilate men's characters to their conditions.

When troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of a man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected.

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pected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker up of parties and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good; they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest). The seal of good faith was not divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them not in a generous spirit, but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favourable opportunity first took courage and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious act than he would have had in an open act of revenge; he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general the dishonest more easily won credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness; men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power, originating in avarice and ambition, and the party-spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names, the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy, while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes; yet even these were surpassed by the magnitude of their revenges which they pursued to the very utmost, neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party-spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretence which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both; either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble nature was ridiculed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding

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enough, nor oath terrible enough to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure; he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdaining to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

[III. 81-83, tr. B. Jowett]

[In the next few years of the war the Athenians gained one notable success, the capture of a number of important Spartans at Pylos on the west coast of the Peloponnesus (425 B.C.). At this point they might have made peace almost on their own terms, but urged on by Cleon, an uncompromising imperialist and the most violent leader of the war party, they refused a Spartan offer to negotiate and held out for even more. But the following year they suffered two serious reverses, one at Delium in Boeotia, the other in Thrace, where Brasidas, an unusually able Spartan commander, won over a number of Athenian allies. In 422 Cleon led an Athenian expedition to Thrace in an effort to recapture these towns; he was defeated at Amphipolis by Brasidas, both commanders losing their lives on the field of battle. The most active supporters of the war being thus removed, the Athenians and Spartans negotiated a peace, the Peace of Nicias (421 B.C.). For the next six years Sparta and Athens, although officially at peace, struggled to improve their positions by diplomatic maneuvers; the Athenians wavered between the policy of Nicias, who favored observance of the peace and friendly relations with Sparta, and the more ambitious, daring leadership of the young Alcibiades, who continued the anti-Spartan, imperialistic tendencies of the radical faction.

The expedition against Melos in 416 B.C., which is described below, is important not so much for its military results as for the light which it throws on Greek political morality. By the device of a debate between the Athenian envoys and the Melian leaders Thucydides reveals in all its nakedness the brutal doctrine that "Might makes Right;" what he is expressing here is the Sophists' doctrine of "the law of nature" that the strong oppresses the weak and rules wherever it can. It must not be supposed, however, that Thucydides necessarily approves of the sentiments which he places in the mouths of the Athenians; he simply exhibits, without comment, what seemed to him to be the underlying, if unspoken, principles of Greek political action.]

THE MELIAN DIALOGUE

In the ensuing summer, Alcibiades sailed to Argos with twenty ships, and seized any of the Argives who were still suspected to be of the Lacedaemonian faction, 300 in number; and the Athenians deposited them in the subject islands near at hand. The Athenians

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next made an expedition against the island of Melos with thirty ships of their own, six Chian, and two Lesbian, 1200 hoplites and 300 archers besides twenty mounted archers of their own, and about 1500 hoplites furnished by their allies in the islands. The Melians are colonists of the Lacedaemonians who would not submit to Athens like the other islanders. At first they were neutral and took no part. But when the Athenians tried to coerce them by ravaging their lands, they were driven into open hostilities. The generals, Cleomedes the son of Lycomedes and Tisias the son of Tisimachus, encamped with the Athenian forces on the island. But before they did the country any harm they sent envoys to negotiate with the Melians. Instead of bringing these envoys before the people, the Melians desired them to explain their errand to the magistrates and to the chief men. They spoke as follows:

"Since we are not allowed to speak to the people, lest, forsooth, they should be deceived by seductive and unanswerable arguments which they would hear set forth in a single uninterrupted oration (for we are perfectly aware that this is what you mean in bringing us before a select few), you who are sitting here may as well make assurance yet surer. Let us have no set speeches at all, but do you reply to each several statement of which you disapprove, and criticise it at once. Say first of all how you like this mode of proceeding."

The Melian representatives answered: "The quiet interchange of explanations is a reasonable thing, and we do not object to that. But your warlike movements, which are present not only to our fears but to our eyes, seem to belie your words. We see that, although you may reason with us, you mean to be our judges; and that at the end of the discussion, if the justice of our cause prevail and we therefore refuse to yield, we may expect war; if we are convinced by you, slavery."

Athenians: Nay, but if you are only going to argue from fancies about the future, or if you meet us with any other purpose than that of looking your circumstances in the face and saving your city, we have done; but if this is your intention we will proceed.

Melians: It is an excusable and natural thing that men in our position should have much to say and should indulge in many fancies. But we admit that this conference has met to consider the question of our preservation; and therefore let the argument proceed in the manner which you propose.

Athenians: Well, then, we Athenians will use no fine words; we will not go out of our way to prove at length that we have a right to rule, because we overthrew the Persians; or that we attack you now because we are suffering any injury at your hands. We should not convince you if we did; nor must you expect to convince us by arguing that, although a colony of the Lacedaemonians, you have taken no part in their expeditions, or that you have never done us any wrong. But you and we should say what we really think, and aim only at what is possible, for we both alike know

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that into the discussion of human affairs the question of justice only enters where the pressure of necessity is equal, and that the powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must.

Melians: Well, then, since you set aside justice and invite us to speak of expediency, in our judgment it is certainly expedient that you should respect a principle which is for the common good; and that to every man when in peril a reasonable claim should be accounted a claim of right, and any plea which he is disposed to urge, even if failing of the point a little, should help his cause. Your interest in this principle is quite as great as ours, inasmuch as you, if you fall, will incur the heaviest vengeance, and will be the most terrible example to mankind.

Athenians: The fall of our empire, if it should fall, is not an event to which we look forward with dismay; for ruling states such as Lacedaemon are not cruel to their vanquished enemies. And we are fighting not so much against the Lacedaemonians, as against our own subjects who may some day rise up and overcome their former masters. But this is a danger which you may leave to us. And we will now endeavour to show that we have come in the interests of our empire, and that in what we are about to say we are only seeking the preservation of your city. For we want to make you ours with the least trouble to ourselves, and it is for the interests of us both that you should not be destroyed.

Melians: It may be your interest to be our masters, but how can it be ours to be your slaves?

Athenians: To you the gain will be that by submission you will avert the worst; and we shall be all the richer for your preservation.

Melians: But must we be your enemies? Will you not receive us as friends if we are neutral and remain at peace with you?

Athenians: No, your enmity is not half so mischievous to us as your friendship; for the one is in the eyes of our subjects an argument of our power, the other of our weakness.

Melians: But are your subjects really unable to distinguish between states in which you have no concern, and those which are chiefly your own colonies, and in some cases have revolted and been subdued by you?

Athenians: Why, they do not doubt that both of them have a good deal to say for themselves on the score of justice, but they think that states like yours are left free because they are able to defend themselves, and that we do not attack them because we dare not. So that your subjection will give us an increase of security as well as an extension of empire. For we are masters of the sea, and you who are islanders, and insignificant islanders too, must not be allowed to escape us.

Melians: But do you not recognise another danger? For, once more, since you drive us from the plea of justice and press upon us your doctrine of expediency, we must show you what is for our

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interest, and, if it be for yours also, may hope to convince you. Will you not be making enemies of all who are now neutrals? When they see how you are treating us they will expect you some day to turn against them; and if so, are you not strengthening the enemies whom you already have, and bringing upon you others who, if they could help, would never dream of being your enemies at all?

Athenians: We do not consider our really dangerous enemies to be any of the peoples inhabiting the mainland who, secure in their freedom, may defer indefinitely any measures of precaution which they take against us, but islanders who, like you, happen to be under no control, and all who may be already irritated by the necessity of submission to our empire — these are our real enemies, for they are the most reckless and most likely to bring themselves as well as us into a danger which they cannot but foresee.

Melians: Surely then, if you and your subjects will brave all this risk, you to preserve your empire and they to be quit of it, how base and cowardly would it be in us, who retain our freedom, not to do and suffer anything rather than be your slaves.

Athenians: Not so, if you calmly reflect: for you are not fighting against equals to whom you cannot yield without disgrace, but you are taking counsel whether or no you shall resist an overwhelming force. The question is not one of honour but of prudence.

Melians: But we know that the fortune of war is sometimes impartial, and not always on the side of numbers. If we yield now, all is over; but if we fight, there is yet a hope that we may stand upright.

Athenians: Hope is a good comforter in the hour of danger, and when men have something else to depend upon, although hurtful, she is not ruinous. But when her spendthrift nature has induced them to stake their all, they see her as she is in the moment of their fall, and not till then. While the knowledge of her might enable them to beware of her, she never fails. You are weak and a single turn of the scale might be your ruin. Do not you be thus deluded; avoid the error of which so many are guilty, who, although they might still be saved if they would take the natural means, when visible grounds of confidence forsake them, have recourse to the invisible, to prophecies and oracles and the like, which ruin men by the hopes which they inspire in them.

Melians: We know only too well how hard the struggle must be against your power, and against fortune, if she does not mean to be impartial. Nevertheless we do not despair of fortune; for we hope to stand as high as you in the favour of heaven, because we are righteous, and you against whom we contend are unrighteous; and we are satisfied that our deficiency in power will be compensated by the aid of our allies the Lacedaemonians; they cannot

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refuse to help us, if only because we are their kinsmen, and for the sake of their own honour. And therefore our confidence is not so utterly blind as you suppose.

Athenians: As for the gods, we expect to have quite as much of their favour as you: for we are not doing or claiming anything which goes beyond common opinion about divine or men's desires about human things. Of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a law of their nature wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us, and we are not the first who have acted upon it; we did but inherit it, and shall bequeath it to all time, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were as strong as we are, would do as we do. So much for the gods; we have told you why we expect to stand as high in their good opinion as you. And then as to the Lacedaemonians — when you imagine that out of very shame they will assist you, we admire the simplicity of your idea, but we do not envy you the folly of it. The Lacedaemonians are exceedingly virtuous among themselves, and according to their national standard of morality. But, in respect of their dealings with others, although many things might be said, a word is enough to describe them, of all men whom we know they are the most notorious for identifying what is pleasant with what is honourable, and what is expedient with what is just. But how inconsistent is such a character with your present blind hope of deliverance!

Melians: That is the very reason why we trust them; they will look to their interest, and therefore will not be willing to betray the Melians, who are their own colonists, lest they should be distrusted by their friends in Hellas and play into the hands of their enemies.

Athenians: But do you not see that the path of expediency is safe, whereas justice and honour involve danger in practice, and such dangers the Lacedaemonians seldom care to face?

Melians: On the other hand, we think that whatever perils there may be, they will be ready to face them for our sakes, and will consider danger less dangerous where we are concerned. For if they need to act we are close at hand, and they can better trust our loyal feeling because we are their kinsmen.

Athenians: Yes, but what encourages men who are invited to join in a conflict is clearly not the good-will of those who summon them to their side, but a decided superiority in real power. To this no men look more keenly than the Lacedaemonians; so little confidence have they in their own resources, that they only attack their neighbours when they have numerous allies, and therefore they are not likely to find their way by themselves to an island when we are masters of the sea.

Melians: But they may send their allies: the Cretan sea is a large place; and the masters of the sea will have more difficulty in overtaking vessels which want to escape than the pursued in escaping. If the attempt should fail they may invade Attica itself, and find

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their way to allies of yours whom Brasidas did not reach: and then you will have to fight, not for the conquest of a land in which you have no concern, but nearer home, for the preservation of your confederacy and of your own territory.

Athenians: Help may come from Lacedaemon to you as it has come to others, and should you ever have actual experience of it, then you will know that never once have the Athenians retired from a siege through fear of a foe elsewhere. You told us that the safety of your city would be your first care, but we remark that, in this long discussion, not a word has been uttered by you which would give a reasonable man expectation of deliverance. Your strongest grounds are hopes deferred, and what power you have is not to be compared with that which is already arrayed against you. Unless after we have withdrawn you mean to come, as even now you may, to a wiser conclusion, you are showing a great want of sense. For surely you cannot dream of flying to that false sense of honour which has been the ruin of so many when danger and dishonour were staring them in the face. Many men with their eyes still open to the consequences have found the word honour too much for them, and have suffered a mere name to lure them on, until it has drawn down upon them real and irretrievable calamities; through their own folly they have incurred a worse dishonour than fortune would have inflicted upon them. If you are wise you will not run this risk; you ought to see that there can be no disgrace in yielding to a great city which invites you to become her ally on reasonable terms, keeping your own land, and merely paying tribute; and that you will certainly gain no honour if, having to choose between two alternatives, safety and war, you obstinately prefer the worse. To maintain our rights against equals, to be politic with superiors, and to be moderate towards inferiors is the path of safety. Reflect once more when we have withdrawn, and say to yourselves over and over again that you are deliberating about your one and only country, which may be saved or may be destroyed by a single decision.

The Athenians left the conference: the Melians, after consulting among themselves, resolved to persevere in their refusal, and answered as follows, "Men of Athens, our resolution is unchanged; and we will not in a moment surrender that liberty which our city, founded 700 years ago, still enjoys; we will trust to the good-fortune which, by the favour of the gods, has hitherto preserved us, and for human help to the Lacedaemonians, and endeavour to save ourselves. We are ready however to be your friends, and the enemies neither of you nor of the Lacedaemonians, and we ask you to leave our country when you have made such a peace as may appear to be in the interest of both parties."

Such was the answer of the Melians; the Athenians, as they quitted the conference, spoke as follows, "Well, we must say, judging from the decision at which you have arrived, that you

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are the only men who deem the future to be more certain than the present, and regard things unseen as already realised in your fond anticipation, and that the more you cast yourselves upon the Lacedaemonians and fortune, and hope, and trust them, the more complete will be your ruin."

The Athenian envoys returned to the army; and the generals, when they found that the Melians would not yield, immediately commenced hostilities. They surrounded the town of Melos with a wall, dividing the work among the several contingents. They then left troops of their own and of their allies to keep guard both by land and by sea, and retired with the greater part of their army; the remainder carried on the blockade.

About the same time the Argives made an inroad into Phliasia and lost nearly eighty men, who were caught in an ambuscade by the Phliasians and the Argive exiles. The Athenian garrison in Pylos took much spoil from the Lacedaemonians; nevertheless the latter did not renounce the peace and go to war, but only notified by a proclamation that if any one of their own people had a mind to make reprisals on the Athenians he might. The Corinthians next declared war upon the Athenians on some private grounds, but the rest of the Peloponnesians did not join them. The Melians took that part of the Athenian wall which looked towards the agora by a night assault, killed a few men, and brought in as much corn and other necessaries as they could; they then retreated and remained inactive. After this the Athenians set a better watch. So the summer ended.

In the following winter the Lacedaemonians had intended to make an expedition into the Argive territory, but finding that the sacrifices which they offered at the frontier were unfavourable they returned home. The Argives, suspecting that the threatened invasion was instigated by citizens of their own, apprehended some of them; others however escaped.

About the same time the Melians took another part of the Athenian wall; for the fortifications were insufficiently guarded. Whereupon the Athenians sent fresh troops, under the command of Philocrates the son of Demeas. The place was now closely invested, and there was treachery among the citizens themselves. So the Melians were induced to surrender at discretion. The Athenians thereupon put to death all who were of military age and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonised the island, sending thither 500 settlers of their own.

[V. 84-116, tr. B. Jowett]

[In the spring of 415 B.C., Athens took advantage of an unimportant quarrel between two cities of Sicily to intervene in the affairs of that island. They sent a large expedition, the avowed object of which was to support their ally, Segesta; but the real purpose, Thucydides tells us, was to conquer Syracuse, the strongest city of the island, and to bring all Sicily into the Athenian Empire.

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The history of this venture, the famous and ill-fated Sicilian Expedition, fills two books of Thucydides' work, forming a self-contained unit which may have been published as a separate monograph. The complete annihilation of the Athenian force, described below, was largely responsible for the final defeat of Athens nine years later.

The Athenian forces were led by three generals, the prudent, cautious Nicias; the brilliant, daring Alcibiades; and Lamachus, a good soldier but no statesman. Shortly after the armada arrived in Sicily Alcibiades was recalled to Athens to stand trial on a trumped-up charge of impiety; rather than face his political enemies at home, he went into voluntary exile and eventually made his way to Sparta, where he stirred up the Spartans to send aid to Syracuse and to reopen the war against Athens. In the meantime, the Athenian forces in Sicily were left under the command of Nicias, who had opposed sending the expedition in the first place; in addition, he was too cautious and ill-suited to lead an expedition requiring initiative and imagination. The first year in Sicily was therefore largely wasted in minor operations. In the spring of 414 the Athenians began the siege of Syracuse, but failed to invest it completely, partly because Nicias believed that the Syracusans were about to surrender. The Syracusans then began a series of counterwalls, aimed at preventing the Athenians from surrounding the city on the landward side; under the leadership of Gylippus, a Spartan general who was sent to help, these counterworks were completed, and the Athenians were cut off from Catana, their only base in Sicily. During the following winter Nicias wrote to the Athenians urging them either to recall the expedition entirely or to send strong reinforcements; in response to this appeal, the Athenians sent 73 more triremes and 5000 hoplites, under the command of Demosthenes and Eurymedon. In the meantime, the Syracusans and Gylippus mustered a fleet and defeated the Athenian fleet in the Great Harbour of Syracuse. When the Athenian reinforcements arrived, they attempted to break through the Syracusan counter-siege works; this failed, and Demosthenes wisely counseled an immediate retreat by sea. Nicias hesitated, and while he wavered an eclipse of the moon persuaded him to postpone their departure for a more auspicious moment. The delay sealed the doom of the Athenian army; the Syracusans again attacked and defeated the Athenian fleet in the harbour, and then blocked up the mouth of the harbour with a barricade of boats. The Athenians decided to make one more trial by sea and to attempt to break through the blockade; before manning their ships, both sides were addressed by their commanding officers.]

THE END OF THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION

When Gylippus and the other Syracusan generals had, like Nicias, encouraged their troops, perceiving the Athenians to be manning their ships, they presently did the same. Nicias, overwhelmed by the situation, and seeing how great and how near the peril was (for the ships were on the very point of rowing out), feeling too, as men do on the eve of a great struggle, that all which he had done was nothing, and that he had not said half enough, again addressed the captains, and calling each of them by his father's name, and his own name, and the name of his tribe, he

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entreated those who had made any reputation for themselves not to be false to it, and those whose ancestors were eminent not to tarnish their hereditary fame. He reminded them that they were the inhabitants of the freest country in the world, and how in Athens there was no interference with the daily life of any man. He spoke to them of their wives and children and their fathers' Gods, as men will at such a time; for then they do not care whether their commonplace phrases seem to be out of date or not, but loudly reiterate the old appeals, believing that they may be of some service at the awful moment. When he thought that he had exhorted them, not enough, but as much as the scanty time allowed, he retired, and led the land-forces to the shore, extending the line as far as he could, so that they might be of the greatest use in encouraging the combatants on board ship. Demosthenes, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbour, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbour; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land-forces might at the same time be able to co-operate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbour the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them, and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbour. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manoeuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly 200 — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavoured to board. In

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many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defence, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honour of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask, of the Athenians, whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the Gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonising were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations,

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drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land-forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. They now suffered what they had done to others at Pylos. For at Pylos the Lacedaemonians, when they saw their ships destroyed, knew that their friends who had crossed over into the island of Sphacteria were lost with them. And so now the Athenians, after the rout of their fleet, knew that they had no hope of saving themselves by land unless events took some extraordinary turn.

Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory. They gathered up the wrecks and bodies of the dead, and sailing back to the city, erected a trophy. The Athenians, overwhelmed by their misery, never so much as thought of recovering their wrecks or of asking leave to collect their dead. Their intention was to retreat that very night. Demosthenes came to Nicias and proposed that they should once more man their remaining vessels and endeavour to force the passage at daybreak, saying that they had more ships fit for service than the enemy. For the Athenian fleet still numbered sixty, but the enemy had less than fifty. Nicias approved of his proposal, and they would have manned the ships, but the sailors refused to embark; for they were paralysed by their defeat, and had no longer any hope of succeeding. So the Athenians all made up their minds to escape by land.

Hermocrates the Syracusan suspected their intention, and dreading what might happen if their vast army, retreating by land and settling somewhere in Sicily, should choose to renew the war, he went to the authorities, and represented to them that they ought not to allow the Athenians to withdraw by night (mentioning his own suspicion of their intentions), but that all the Syracusans and their allies should march out before them, wall up the roads, and occupy the passes with a guard. They thought very much as he did, and wanted to carry out his plan, but doubted whether their men, who were too glad to repose after a great battle, and in time of festival — for there happened on that very day to be a sacrifice to Heracles — could be induced to obey. Most of them, in the exultation of victory, were drinking and keeping holiday, and at such a time how could they ever be expected to take up arms and go forth at the order of the generals? On these grounds the authorities decided that the thing was impossible. Whereupon Hermocrates himself, fearing lest the Athenians should gain a start and quietly pass the most difficult places in the night, contrived the

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following plan: when it was growing dark he sent certain of his own acquaintances, accompanied by a few horsemen, to the Athenian camp. They rode up within earshot, and pretending to be friends (there were known to be men in the city who gave information to Nicias of what went on) called to some of the soldiers, and bade them tell him not to withdraw his army during the night, for the Syracusans were guarding the roads; he should make preparation at leisure and retire by day. Having delivered their message they departed, and those who had heard them informed the Athenian generals.

On receiving this message, which they supposed to be genuine, they remained during the night. And having once given up the intention of starting immediately, they decided to remain during the next day, that the soldiers might, as well as they could, put together their baggage in the most convenient form, and depart, taking with them the bare necessaries of life, but nothing else.

Meanwhile the Syracusans and Gylippus, going forth before them with their land-forces, blocked the roads in the country by which the Athenians were likely to pass, guarded the fords of the rivers and streams, and posted themselves at the best points for receiving and stopping them. Their sailors rowed up to the beach and dragged away the Athenian ships. The Athenians themselves burnt a few of them, as they had intended, but the rest the Syracusans towed away, unmolested and at their leisure, from the places where they had severally run aground, and conveyed them to the city.

On the third day after the sea-fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind many were the imprecations and cries which they uttered. So that the whole army was in tears, and such was their despair that they could hardly make up their minds to stir, although they were leaving an enemy's country, having suffered calamities too great for tears already, and dreading miseries yet greater in the unknown future.

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There was also a general feeling of shame and self-reproach,—indeed they seemed, not like an army, but like the fugitive population of a city captured after a siege; and of a great city too. For the whole multitude who were marching together numbered not less than 40,000. Each of them took with him anything he could carry which was likely to be of use. Even the heavy-armed and cavalry, contrary to their practice when under arms, conveyed about their persons their own food, some because they had no attendants, others because they could not trust them; for they had long been deserting, and most of them had gone off all at once. Nor was the food which they carried sufficient; for the supplies of the camp had failed. Their disgrace and the universality of the misery, although there might be some consolation in the very community of suffering, was nevertheless at that moment hard to bear, especially when they remembered from what pomp and splendour they had fallen into their present low estate. Never had any Hellenic army experienced such a reverse. They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear that they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. Yet in face of the great danger which still threatened them all these things appeared endurable.

Nicias, seeing the army disheartened at their terrible fall, went along the ranks and encouraged and consoled them as well as he could. In his fervour he raised his voice as he passed from one to another and spoke louder and louder, desiring that the benefit of his words might reach as far as possible:

"Even now, Athenians and allies, we must hope: men have been delivered out of worse straits than these, and I would not have you judge yourselves too severely on account either of the reverses which you have sustained or of your present undeserved miseries. I too am as weak as any of you; for I am quite prostrated by my disease, as you see. And although there was a time when I might have been thought equal to the best of you in the happiness of my private and public life, I am now in as great danger, and as much at the mercy of fortune, as the meanest. Yet my days have been passed in the performance of many a religious duty, and of many a just and blameless action. Therefore my hope of the future remains unshaken, and our calamities do not appall me as they might. Who knows that they may not be lightened? For our enemies have had their full share of success, and if our expedition provoked the jealousy of any god, by this time we have been punished enough. Others ere now have attacked their neighbours; they have done as men will do, and suffered what men can bear. We may therefore begin to hope that the gods will be more merciful to us; for we now invite their pity rather than their jealousy. And

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look at your own well-armed ranks; see how many brave soldiers you are, marching in solid array, and do not be dismayed; bear in mind that wherever you plant yourselves you are a city already, and that no city of Sicily will find it easy to resist your attack, or can dislodge you if you choose to settle. Provide for the safety and good order of your own march, and remember every one of you that on whatever spot a man is compelled to fight, there if he conquer he may find a home and a fortress. We must press forward day and night, for our supplies are but scanty. The Sicels through fear of the Syracusans still adhere to us, and if we can only reach any part of their territory we shall be among friends, and you may consider yourselves secure. We have sent to them, and they have been told to meet us and bring food. In a word, soldiers, let me tell you that you must be brave; there is no place near to which a coward can fly. And if you now escape your enemies, those of you who are not Athenians may see once more the home for which they long, while you Athenians will again rear aloft the fallen greatness of Athens. For men, and not walls or ships in which are no men, constitute a state."

Thus exhorting his troops Nicias passed through the army, and wherever he saw gaps in the ranks or the men dropping out of line, he brought them back to their proper place. Demosthenes did the same for the troops under his command, and gave them similar exhortations. The army marched disposed in a hollow oblong: the division of Nicias leading, and that of Demosthenes following; the hoplites enclosed within their ranks the baggage-bearers and the rest of the army. When they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus they found a force of the Syracusans and of their allies drawn up to meet them; these they put to flight, and getting command of the ford, proceeded on their march. The Syracusans continually harassed them, the cavalry riding alongside, and the light-armed troops hurling darts at them. On this day the Athenians proceeded about four and a half miles and encamped at a hill. On the next day they started early, and, having advanced more than two miles, descended into a level plain, and encamped. The country was inhabited, and they were desirous of obtaining food from the houses, and also water which they might carry with them, as there was little to be had for many miles in the country which lay before them. Meanwhile the Syracusans had gone on before them, and at a point where the road ascends a steep hill called the Acraean height, and there is a precipitous ravine on either side, were blocking up the pass by a wall. On the next day the Athenians advanced, although again impeded by the numbers of the enemy's cavalry who rode along-side, and of their javelin-men who threw darts at them. For a long time the Athenians maintained the struggle, but at last retired to their own encampment. Their supplies were now cut off, because the horsemen circumscribed their movements.

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In the morning they started early and resumed their march. They pressed onwards to the hill where the way was barred, and found in front of them the Syracusan infantry drawn up to defend the wall, in deep array, for the pass was narrow. Whereupon the Athenians advanced and assaulted the barrier, but the enemy, who were numerous and had the advantage of position, threw missiles upon them from the hill, which was steep, and so, not being able to force their way, they again retired and rested. During the conflict, as is often the case in the fall of the year, there came on a storm of rain and thunder, whereby the Athenians were yet more disheartened, for they thought that everything was conspiring to their destruction. While they were resting, Gylippus and the Syracusans despatched a division of their army to raise a wall behind them across the road by which they had come; but the Athenians sent some of their own troops and frustrated their intention. They then retired with their whole army in the direction of the plain and passed the night. On the following day they again advanced. The Syracusans now surrounded and attacked them on every side, and wounded many of them. If the Athenians advanced they retreated, but charged them when they retired, falling especially upon the hindermost of them, in the hope that, if they could put to flight a few at a time, they might strike a panic into the whole army. In this fashion the Athenians struggled on for a long time, and having advanced about three-quarters of a mile rested in the plain. The Syracusans then left them and returned to their own encampment.

The army was now in a miserable plight, being in want of every necessary; and by the continual assaults of the enemy great numbers of the soldiers had been wounded. Nicias and Demosthenes, perceiving their condition, resolved during the night to light as many watch-fires as possible and to lead off their forces. They intended to take another route and march towards the sea in the direction opposite to that from which the Syracusans were watching them. Now their whole line of march lay, not towards Catana, but towards the other side of Sicily, in the direction of Camarina and Gela, and the cities, Hellenic or barbarian, of that region. So they lighted numerous fires and departed in the night. And then, as constantly happens in armies, especially in very great ones, and as might be expected when they were marching by night in an enemy's country, and with the enemy from whom they were flying not far off, there arose a panic among them, and they fell into confusion. The army of Nicias, which led the way, kept together, and was considerably in advance, but that of Demosthenes, which was the larger half, got severed from the other division and marched in less order. At daybreak they succeeded in reaching the sea, and striking into the Helorine road marched along it intending as soon as they arrived at the river Cacyparis to follow up the stream through the interior of the island. They were ex-

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expecting that the Sicels for whom they had sent would meet them on this road. When they had reached the river they found there also a guard of the Syracusans cutting off the passage by a wall and palisade. They forced their way through, and crossing the river, passed on towards another river which is called the Erineus, this being the direction in which their guides led them.

When daylight broke and the Syracusans and their allies saw that the Athenians had departed, most of them thought that Gylippus had let them go on purpose, and were very angry with him. They easily found the line of their retreat, and quickly following, came up with them about the time of the midday meal. The troops of Demosthenes were last; they were marching slowly and in disorder, not having recovered from the panic of the previous night, when they were overtaken by the Syracusans, who immediately fell upon them and fought. Separated as they were from the others, they were easily hemmed in by the Syracusan cavalry and driven into a narrow space. The division of Nicias was as much as six miles in advance, for he marched faster, thinking that their safety depended at such a time, not in remaining and fighting, if they could avoid it, but in retreating as quickly as they could, and resisting only when they were positively compelled. Demosthenes, on the other hand, who had been more incessantly harassed throughout the retreat, because marching last he was first attacked by the enemy, now, when he saw the Syracusans pursuing him, instead of pressing onward, had ranged his army in order of battle. Thus lingering he was surrounded, and he and the Athenians under his command were in the greatest danger and confusion. For they were crushed into a walled enclosure, having a road on both sides and planted thickly with olive-trees, and missiles were hurled at them from all points. The Syracusans naturally preferred this mode of attack to a regular engagement. For to risk themselves against desperate men would have been only playing into the hands of the Athenians. Moreover, every one was sparing of his life; their good fortune was already assured, and they did not want to fail in the hour of victory. Even by this irregular mode of fighting they thought that they could overpower and capture the Athenians.

And so when they had gone on all day assailing them with missiles from every quarter, and saw that they were quite worn out with their wounds and all their other sufferings, Gylippus and the Syracusans made a proclamation, first of all to the islanders, that any of them who pleased might come over to them and have their freedom. But only a few cities accepted the offer. At length an agreement was made for the entire force under Demosthenes. Their arms were to be surrendered, but no one was to suffer death, either from violence or from imprisonment, or from want of the bare means of life. So they all surrendered, being in number 6000, and gave up what money they had. This they threw into the hollows of shields and filled four. The captives were at once

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taken to the city. On the same day Nicias and his division reached the river Erineus, which he crossed, and halted his army on a rising ground.

On the following day he was overtaken by the Syracusans, who told him that Demosthenes had surrendered, and bade him do the same. He, not believing them, procured a truce while he sent a horseman to go and see. Upon the return of the horseman bringing assurance of the fact, he sent a herald to Gylippus and the Syracusans, saying that he would agree, on behalf of the Athenian state, to pay the expenses which the Syracusans had incurred in the war, on condition that they should let his army go; until the money was paid he would give Athenian citizens as hostages, a man for a talent. Gylippus and the Syracusans would not accept these proposals, but attacked and surrounded this division of the army as well as the other, and hurled missiles at them from every side until the evening. They too were grievously in want of food and necessaries. Nevertheless they meant to wait for the dead of the night and then to proceed. They were just resuming their arms, when the Syracusans discovered them and raised the paean. The Athenians, perceiving that they were detected, laid down their arms again, with the exception of about 300 men who broke through the enemy's guard, and made their escape in the darkness as best they could.

When the day dawned Nicias led forward his army, and the Syracusans and the allies again assailed them on every side, hurling javelins and other missiles at them. The Athenians hurried on to the river Assinarus. They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the mass of horsemen and other troops overwhelmed and crushed them; and they were worn out by fatigue and thirst. But no sooner did they reach the water than they lost all order and rushed in; every man was trying to cross first, and the enemy pressing upon them at the same time, the passage of the river became hopeless. Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot, some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the further bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drinking greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughtered them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drunk all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps upon one another in the water and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more

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confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedaemonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men. So Gylippus gave the word to make prisoners. Thereupon the survivors, not including however a large number whom the soldiers concealed, were brought in alive. As for the 300 who had broken through the guard in the night, the Syracusans sent in pursuit and seized them. The total of the public prisoners when collected was not great; for many were appropriated by the soldiers, and the whole of Sicily was full of them, they not having capitulated like the troops under Demosthenes. A large number also perished; the slaughter at the river being very great, quite as great as any which took place in the Sicilian war; and not a few had fallen in the frequent attacks which were made upon the Athenians during their march. Still many escaped, some at the time, others ran away after an interval of slavery, and all these found refuge at Catana.

The Syracusans and their allies collected their forces and returned with the spoil, and as many prisoners as they could take with them, into the city. The captive Athenians and allies they deposited in the quarries, which they thought would be the safest place of confinement. Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, although against the will of Gylippus. For Gylippus thought that to carry home with him to Lacedaemon the generals of the enemy, over and above all his other successes, would be a brilliant triumph. One of them, Demosthenes, happened to be the greatest foe, and the other the greatest friend of the Lacedaemonians, both in the same matter of Pylos and Sphacteria. For Nicias had taken up their cause, and had persuaded the Athenians to make the peace which set at liberty the prisoners taken in the island. The Lacedaemonians were grateful to him for the service, and this was the main reason why he trusted Gylippus and surrendered himself to him. But certain Syracusans, who had been in communication with him, were afraid (such was the report) that on some suspicion of their guilt he might be put to the torture and bring trouble on them in the hour of their prosperity. Others, and especially the Corinthians, feared that, being rich, he might by bribery escape and do them further mischief. So the Syracusans gained the consent of the allies and had him executed. For these or the like reasons he suffered death. No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every customary virtue.

Those who were imprisoned in the quarries were at the beginning of their captivity harshly treated by the Syracusans. There were great numbers of them, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to

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do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped one upon another. The smells were intolerable; and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. This was the condition of all the captives for about ten weeks. At length the Syracusans sold them, with the exception of the Athenians and of any Sicilian or Italian Greeks who had sided with them in the war. The whole number of the public prisoners is not accurately known, but they were not less than 7000.

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest — the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.

[VII. 69-87, tr. B. Jowett]

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PHILOSOPHY

PLATO

(*ca.* 427 — *ca.* 347 B.C.)

The indisputable facts which we possess concerning the life of Plato are very few. His dates, from about 427 to about 347, include the period from the early years of the Peloponnesian War down to about a decade before the battle of Chaeronea, which finally established Macedonian supremacy in the Greek world. Plato belonged to an aristocratic Athenian family and hence it is easy to imagine the general lines which his boyhood and youth must have followed. His uncle Critias was one of the unscrupulous Thirty Tyrants who ruled Athens with Spartan support in 404-3; as a young man of twenty-three Plato must have been acquainted with the plans of this group, but he turned away from them in revulsion when he saw how unjust their domination turned out to be. The attitude of the restored, moderate democracy in 403 pleased him better, but the condemnation and execution of Socrates was the work of the democracy, and Plato gave up the thought of an active political life in which his position and talents might have secured for him a high degree of success. We are told that before meeting Socrates Plato was a pupil of the Heraclitean philosopher Cratylus, whose position was marked by a thoroughgoing skepticism. At the age of twenty the young philosopher first came in contact with Socrates and remained his devoted pupil and associate, until the execution of the Athenian sage in 399. Tradition has it that Plato then withdrew from Athens until about 386 B.C., when he returned to establish his school, the Academy, which is rightly termed the first university of Europe, organized specifically for the free and open pursuit of truth.

The remaining forty years of Plato's life were spent in Athens except for two visits to Sicily in which he made an effort to put into practice some of his political theories for the new tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius II. Both attempts were dismal failures: Dionysius was a young man, lacking in character and intellectual stamina, and extremely jealous of his uncle Dion, who was one of Plato's best friends. Courtly flattery and palace intrigues had their usual effect: Dion was exiled and Plato found himself discredited and (if the ancient tradition be true) at one time actually in danger of losing his life. He eventually escaped and returned to Athens, where he spent the remainder of his life writing and teaching in the Academy. A number of the earlier dialogues of Socrates, as well as those dealing with the trial and death of Socrates, may have been composed before the founding of the Academy; shortly thereafter the *Republic* appeared, the masterpiece of Plato's

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maturity. In the following years his activity included lecturing and the composition of the later and more technical dialogues. The *Laws* the final work of his old age, marks the close of a long and brilliant career.

In approaching the philosophy of Plato we must consider briefly the previous philosophers and thinkers who contributed largely to his philosophic position. For the adequate understanding of Plato it is important to keep in mind certain salient features of his heritage, some of which he incorporated into his thought and enlarged, whereas others he sought to isolate and refute. These previous thinkers are the Pre-Socratic philosophers, Socrates, and the Greek poets, especially Homer and the Tragedians.

The earliest Greek philosophers had been largely preoccupied with the external world, with the problems of the nature of matter, of the order and arrangement of the universe, of being and existence. First of all, Thales and his successors had sought to identify the fundamental element or substratum underlying matter. As time went on a vast advance from practical mathematics to a pure science of number was achieved, most notably by the Pythagoreans. Before Plato both dynamic and mechanistic theories of the universe had been advanced, i.e., that the universe was a machine, or that it was created and guided by some force or intelligence or God. Leucippus and Democritus had worked out an atomic theory, a position basic to a mechanistic view of the world. The Pythagoreans had developed the religious conception of immortality. Heraclitus had argued that all is change, that impermanence is the rule of the world, that there is no abiding unity, that all is in motion. The Eleatics, such as Zeno and Parmenides, had urged, *per contra,* that the senses deceive, that motion is illusory, that all is at rest, and all that exists is Being. In addition, they made the all-important distinction between knowledge and opinion, between the truth and what men believe to be true. And last, Plato's predecessors had become aware of the principle of contradiction, the ultimate foundation of all logical thought.

Such in brief is the nature of earlier Greek philosophy, mainly oriented toward the characteristic questions of cosmology and ontology. But in the fifth century, and largely owing to the activity of Socrates, the orientation of philosophy underwent a radical change, from the outer world to the inner man. Socrates, by focusing attention upon the inner nature of man, brought to the fore the problems of ethics and epistemology. One might say that he took the old Delphic maxim, "Know thyself," and put it to work philosophically. Henceforward, philosophy has always operated in a context whose limits were extended and fixed by Socrates.

At this point the question of Plato's indebtedness to his predecessors becomes complicated by the so-called Socratic Question. Socrates is the leading figure in the dialogues of Plato, particularly those which best realize the dramatic potentialities of the dialogue

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form. In the later pieces Socrates is a less important figure and finally disappears altogether. The problem, therefore, lies in distinguishing Socrates, the dramatic character of Plato's creation, from the so-called historical Socrates. To what extent, one might ask, does the Socrates of the dialogues function merely as the mouthpiece for Plato's own ideas? Without stopping to summarize scholarly opinion, which is, of course, divided, we may state with some confidence that the "historical" Socrates was characterized by a healthy skepticism and by the continual use of the "question-and-answer method" to arrive at a closer approximation to the truth in ethical and moral matters. Thus he established the foundation of dialectic, the systematic testing and analysis of presuppositions. It is also probable that he identified in some way virtue with knowledge. This "historical" Socrates must have been uppermost in Plato's mind as he was composing his dialogues, and one cannot underestimate the debt which the younger philosopher owes to his master. Yet the fact remains that the Socrates whom we know best is the Socrates of Plato, a literary and dramatic characterization which has the historical figure at its core and which is, in the last analysis, more real than any Socrates produced by pure historical research.

Finally, one must not forget Plato's great debt to the poets and tragic writers among his predecessors; among them he found innumerable moral, ethical, and religious ideas. The tragedies of Aeschylus expressed the deepest of religious insights. The lyric poets were filled with many a moral and ethical conception. The many-sided influence of Homer, whom Plato cites more often than any other poet, must not be overlooked. Further, Herodotus had written his history around the informing idea of Nemesis, that the gods are jealous of human prosperity; Thucydides, on the other hand, eschewing the operation of divine causality in human history, had given in such passages as the *Melian Dialogue* the clearest exposition of the moral and political cynicism of his day. Thus, if we look at the rich treasures of thought and feeling which Plato received from his past, he appears great not because he himself originated a large number of philosophical conceptions, but rather because of his unrivaled powers of synthesis. How he used, by development, emphasis, and opposition, the conceptions which were more or less ready to hand gives him his distinction. So great was his achievement that the twentieth-century philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead, has said that all subsequent philosophy is by way of being footnotes to Plato.

Of the selections from Plato's work which follow, the first two have been chosen to give the reader a clear picture of the personality of Socrates, as it is revealed in his speech in his own defence (the *Apology*) and the closing moments of his life in the last pages of the *Phaedo*. All the rest of the selections have been taken from the *Republic*; and it is hoped that enough has been included to give

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the reader a fair idea of the complete contents of this masterpiece, one of the undoubted "great books" of western European literature. At the same time these passages present the central doctrines of Plato, especially his Theory of Ideas, so that the reader should be able, starting from these selections, to extend his knowledge of Platonism with a minimum of difficulty.

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How you, O Athenians, have been affected by my accusers, I cannot tell; but I know that they almost made me forget who I was—so persuasively did they speak; and yet they have hardly uttered a word of truth. But of the many falsehoods told by them, there was one which quite amazed me; — I mean when they said that you should be upon your guard and not allow yourselves to be deceived by the force of my eloquence. To say this, when they were certain to be detected as soon as I opened my lips and proved myself to be anything but a great speaker, did indeed appear to me most shameless — unless by the force of eloquence they mean the force of truth; for if such is their meaning, I admit that I am eloquent. But in how different a way from theirs! Well, as I was saying, they have scarcely spoken the truth at all; but from me you shall hear the whole truth: not, however, delivered after their manner in a set oration duly ornamented with words and phrases. No, by heaven! but I shall use the words and arguments which occur to me at the moment; for I am confident in the justice of my cause: * at my time of life I ought not to be appearing before you, O men of Athens, in the character of a juvenile orator — let no one expect it of me. And I must beg of you to grant me a favour:—If I defend myself in my accustomed manner, and you hear me using the words which I have been in the habit of using in the agora, at the tables of the money-changers, or anywhere else, I would ask you not to be surprised, and not to interrupt me on this account. For I am more than seventy years of age, and appearing now for the first time in a court of law, I am quite a stranger to the language of the place; and therefore I would have you regard me as if I were really a stranger, whom you would excuse if he spoke in his native tongue, and after the fashion of his country: — Am I making an unfair request of you? Never mind the manner, which may or may not be good; but think only of the truth of my words, and give heed to that: let the speaker speak truly and the judge decide justly.

And first, I have to reply to the older charges and to my first accusers, and then I will go on to the later ones. For of old I have had many accusers, who have accused me falsely to you during many years; and I am more afraid of them than of Anytus and his associates, who are dangerous, too, in their own way. But far more dangerous are the others, who began when you were children, and took possession of your minds with their falsehoods, telling of one Socrates, a wise man, who speculated about the heaven above, and searched into the earth beneath, and made the worse appear the better cause. The disseminators of this tale are the accusers whom I dread; for their hearers are apt to fancy that such enquirers

* Or, I am certain that I am right in taking this course.

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do not believe in the existence of the gods. And they are many, and their charges against me are of ancient date, and they were made by them in the days when you were more impressible than you are now — in childhood, or it may have been in youth — and the cause when heard went by default, for there was none to answer. And hardest of all, I do not know and cannot tell the names of my accusers; unless in the chance case of a comic poet. All who from envy and malice have persuaded you — some of them having first convinced themselves — all this class of men are most difficult to deal with; for I cannot have them up here, and cross-examine them, and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defence, and argue when there is no one who answers. I will ask you then to assume with me, as I was saying, that my opponents are of two kinds; one recent, the other ancient: and I hope that you will see the propriety of my answering the latter first, for these accusations you heard long before the others, and much oftener.

Well, then, I must make my defence, and endeavour to clear away in a short time, a slander which has lasted a long time. May I succeed, if to succeed be for my good and yours, or likely to avail me in my cause! The task is not an easy one; I quite understand the nature of it. And so leaving the event with God, in obedience to the law I will now make my defence.

I will begin at the beginning, and ask what is the accusation which has given rise to the slander of me, and in fact has encouraged Meletus to prefer this charge against me. Well, what do the slanderers say? They shall be my prosecutors, and I will sum up their words in an affidavit: 'Socrates is an evil-doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and he teaches the aforesaid doctrines to others.' Such is the nature of the accusation: it is just what you have yourselves seen in the comedy of Aristophanes,* who has introduced a man whom he calls Socrates, going about and saying that he walks on air, and talking a deal of nonsense concerning matters of which I do not pretend to know either much or little — not that I mean to speak disparagingly of any one who is a student of natural philosophy. I should be very sorry if Meletus could bring so grave a charge against me. But the simple truth is, O Athenians, that I have nothing to do with physical speculations. Very many of those here present are witnesses to the truth of this, and to them I appeal. Speak then, you who have heard me, and tell your neighbours whether any of you have ever known me hold forth in few words or in many upon such matters. . . . You hear their answer. And from what they say of this part of the charge you will be able to judge of the truth of the rest.

As little foundation is there for the report that I am a teacher, and take money; this accusation has no more truth in it than the other.

* *Clouds*, 225 ff., p. 294 above.

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19e–20e]

Although, if a man were really able to instruct mankind, to receive money for giving instruction would, in my opinion, be an honour to him. There is Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis, who go the round of the cities, and are able to persuade the young men to leave their own citizens by whom they might be taught for nothing, and come to them whom they not only pay, but are thankful if they may be allowed to pay them. There is at this time a Parian philosopher residing in Athens, of whom I have heard; and I came to hear of him in this way:—I came across a man who has spent a world of money on the Sophists, Callias, the son of Hipponicus, and knowing that he had sons, I asked him: 'Callias,' I said, 'if your two sons were foals or calves, there would be no difficulty in finding some one to put over them; we should hire a trainer of horses, or a farmer probably, who would improve and perfect them in their own proper virtue and excellence; but as they are human beings, whom are you thinking of placing over them? Is there any one who understands human and political virtue? You must have thought about the matter, for you have sons; is there any one?' 'There is,' he said. 'Who is he?' said I; 'and of what country? and what does he charge?' 'Evenus the Parian,' he replied; 'he is the man, and his charge is five minae.' Happy is Evenus, I said to myself, if he really has this wisdom, and teaches at such a moderate charge. Had I the same, I should have been very proud and conceited; but the truth is that I have no knowledge of the kind.

I dare say, Athenians, that some one among you will reply, 'Yes, Socrates, but what is the origin of these accusations which are brought against you; there must have been something strange which you have been doing? All these rumours and this talk about you would never have arisen if you had been like other men: tell us then, what is the cause of them, for we should be sorry to judge hastily of you.' Now I regard this as a fair challenge, and I will endeavour to explain to you the reason why I am called wise and have such an evil fame. Please to attend them. And although some of you may think that I am joking, I declare that I will tell you the entire truth. Men of Athens, this reputation of mine has come of a certain sort of wisdom which I possess. If you ask me what kind of wisdom, I reply, wisdom such as may perhaps be attained by man, for to that extent I am inclined to believe that I am wise; whereas the persons of whom I was speaking have a superhuman wisdom, which I may fail to describe, because I have it not myself; and he who says that I have, speaks falsely, and is trying away my character. And here, O men of Athens, I must beg you not to interrupt me, even if I seem to say something extravagant. For the word which I will speak is not mine. I will refer you to a witness who is worthy of credit; that witness shall be the God of Delphi—he will tell you about my wisdom, if I have any, and of what sort it is. You must have known

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Chaerephon; he was early a friend of mine, and also a friend of yours, for he shared in the recent exile of the people, and returned with you. Well, Chaerephon, as you know, was very impetuous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle to tell him whether — as I was saying, I must beg you not to interrupt — he asked the oracle to tell him whether any one was wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered, that there was no man wiser. Chaerephon is dead himself; but his brother, who is in court, will confirm the truth of what I am saying.

Why do I mention this? Because I am going to explain to you why I have such an evil name. When I heard the answer, I said to myself, What can the god mean? and what is the interpretation of his riddle? for I know that I have no wisdom, small or great. What then can he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? And yet he is a god, and cannot lie; that would be against his nature. After long consideration, I thought of a method of trying the question. I reflected that if I could only find a man wiser than myself, then I might go to the god with a refutation in my hand. I should say to him, 'Here is a man who is wiser than I am; but you said that I was the wisest.' Accordingly I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom, and observed him — his name I need not mention; he was a politician whom I selected for examination — and the result was as follows: When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by many, and still wiser by himself; and thereupon I tried to explain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really wise; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his enmity was shared by several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself, as I went away: Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is, — for he knows nothing, and thinks that he knows; I neither know nor think that I know. In this latter particular, then, I seem to have slightly the advantage of him. Then I went to another who had still higher pretensions to wisdom, and my conclusion was exactly the same. Whereupon I made another enemy of him, and of many others besides him.

Then I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked, and I lamented and feared this: But necessity was laid upon me, — the word of God, I thought, ought to be considered first. And I said to myself, Go I must to all who appear to know, and find out the meaning of the oracle. And I swear to you, Athenians, by the dog I swear! — for I must tell you the truth — the result of my mission was just this: I found that the men most in repute were all but the most foolish; and that others less esteemed were really wiser and better. I will tell you the tale of my wanderings and of the 'Herculean' labours, as I may call them, which I endured only to find at last the oracle irrefutable. After the politicians, I went to the poets; tragic, dithyrambic, and

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22c–23c]

of sorts. And there, I said to myself, you will be instantly detected; now you will find out that you are more ignorant than they are. Accordingly, I took them some of the most elaborate passages in their own writings, and asked what was the meaning of them — thinking that they would teach me something. Will you believe me? I am almost ashamed to confess the truth, but I must say that there is hardly a person present who would not have talked better about their poetry than they did themselves. Then I knew that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them. The poets appeared to me to be much in the same case; and I further observed that upon the strength of their poetry they believed themselves to be the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise. So I departed, conceiving myself to be superior to them for the same reason that I was superior to the politicians. At last I went to the artisans, for I was conscious that I knew nothing at all, as I may say, and I was sure that they knew many fine things; and here I was not mistaken, for they did know many things of which I was ignorant, and in this they certainly were wiser than I was. But I observed that even the good artisans fell into the same error as the poets; — because they were good workmen they thought that they also knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect in them overshadowed their wisdom; and therefore I asked myself on behalf of the oracle, whether I would like to be as I am, neither having their knowledge nor their ignorance, or like them in both; and I made answer to myself and to the oracle that I was better off as I was.

This inquisition has led to my having many enemies of the worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others: but the truth is, O men of Athens, that God only is wise; and by this answer he intends to show that the wisdom of men is worth little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only using my name by way of illustration, as if he said, He, O men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go about the world, obedient to the god, and search and make enquiry into the wisdom of any one, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and my occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give heed to any public matter of interest or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the god. There is another thing: — young men of the richer classes, who have not much to do, come about me of their own accord; they like to hear the pretenders examined, and they often imitate me, and proceed to examine others; there are plenty of persons, as they

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quickly discover, who think that they know something, but really know little or nothing; and then those who are examined by them instead of being angry with themselves are angry with me: This confounded Socrates, they say; this villainous misleader of youth! — and then if somebody asks them, Why, what evil does he practise or teach? they do not know, and cannot tell; but in order that they may not appear to be at a loss, they repeat the ready-made charges which are used against all philosophers about teaching things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause; for they do not like to confess that their pretence of knowledge has been detected — which is the truth; and as they are numerous and ambitious and energetic, and are drawn up in battle array and have persuasive tongues, they have filled your ears with their loud and inveterate calumnies. And this is the reason why my three accusers, Meletus and Anytus and Lycon, have set upon me; Meletus, who has a quarrel with me on behalf of the poets; Anytus, on behalf of the craftsmen and politicians; Lycon, on behalf of the rhetoricians: and as I said at the beginning, I cannot expect to get rid of such a mass of calumny all in a moment. And this, O men of Athens, is the truth and the whole truth; I have concealed nothing, I have dissembled nothing. And yet, I know that my plainness of speech makes them hate me, and what is their hatred but a proof that I am speaking the truth? — Hence has arisen the prejudice against me; and this is the reason of it, as you will find out either in this or in any future enquiry.

I have said enough in my defence against the first class of my accusers; I turn to the second class. They are headed by Meletus, that good man and true lover of his country, as he calls himself. Against these, too, I must try to make a defence: — Let their affidavit be read: it contains something of this kind: It says that Socrates is a doer of evil, who corrupts the youth; and who does not believe in the gods of the state, but has other new divinities of his own. Such is the charge; and now let us examine the particular counts. He says that I am a doer of evil, and corrupt the youth; but I say, O men of Athens, that Meletus is a doer of evil, in that he pretends to be in earnest when he is only in jest, and is so eager to bring men to trial from a pretended zeal and interest about matters in which he really never had the smallest interest. And the truth of this I will endeavour to prove to you.

Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?

Yes, I do.

Tell the judges, then, who is their improver; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter, and are citing and accusing me before them. Speak, then, and tell the judges who their improver is. — Observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But is not this rather disgraceful

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24d–25d]

and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

The laws.

But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is, who, in the first place, knows the laws.

The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

What, do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

Certainly they are.

What, all of them, or some only and not others?

All of them.

By the goddess Hera, that is good news! There are plenty of improvers, then. And what do you say of the audience, — do they improve them?

Yes, they do.

And the senators?

Yes, the senators improve them.

But perhaps the members of the assembly corrupt them? — or do they too improve them?

They improve them.

Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself; and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

That is what I stoutly affirm.

I am very unfortunate if you are right. But suppose I ask you a question: How about horses? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite the truth? One man is able to do them good, or at least not many; — the trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them? Is not that true, Meletus, of horses, or of any other animals? Most assuredly it is; whether you and Anytus say yes or no. Happy indeed would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world were their improvers. But you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young: your carelessness is seen in your not caring about the very things which you bring against me.

And now, Meletus, I will ask you another question — by Zeus I will: Which is better, to live among bad citizens, or among good ones? Answer, friend, I say; the question is one which may be easily answered. Do not the good do their neighbours good, and the bad do them evil?

Certainly.

And is there any one who would rather be injured than benefited by those who live with him? Answer, my good friend, the law requires you to answer — does any one like to be injured?

Certainly not.

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And when you accuse me of corrupting and deteriorating the youth, do you allege that I corrupt them intentionally or unintentionally? [25d–26a

Intentionally, I say.

But you have just admitted that the good do their neighbours good, and evil do them evil. Now, is that a truth which your superior wisdom has recognized thus early in life, and am I, at my age, in such darkness and ignorance as not to know that if a man with whom I have to live is corrupted by me, I am very likely to be harmed by him; and yet I corrupt him, and intentionally, too,—so you say, although neither I nor any other human being is ever likely to be convinced by you. But either I do not corrupt them, or I corrupt them unintentionally; and on either view of the case you lie. If my offence is unintentional, the law has no cognizance of unintentional offences: you ought to have taken me privately and warned and admonished me; for if I had been better advised, I should have left off doing what I only did unintentionally—no doubt I should; but you would have nothing to say to me and refused to teach me. And now you bring me up in this court, which is a place not of instruction, but of punishment.

It will be very clear to you, Athenians, as I was saying, that Meletus has no care at all, great or small, about the matter. But still I should like to know, Meletus, in what I am affirmed to corrupt the young. I suppose you mean, as I infer from your indictment, that I teach them not to acknowledge the gods which the state acknowledges, but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead. These are the lessons by which I corrupt the youth, as you say.

Yes, that I say emphatically.

Then, by the gods, Meletus, of whom we are speaking, tell me and the court, in somewhat plainer terms, what you mean! for I do not as yet understand whether you affirm that I teach other men to acknowledge some gods, and therefore that I do believe in gods, and am not an entire atheist — this you do not lay to my charge,—but only you say that they are not the same gods which the city recognizes — the charge is that they are different gods. Or, do you mean that I am an atheist simply, and a teacher of atheism?

I mean the latter — that you are a complete atheist.

What an extraordinary statement! Why do you think so, Meletus? Do you mean that I do not believe in the godhead of the sun or moon, like other men?

I assure you, judges, that he does not: for he says that the sun is stone, and the moon earth.

Friend Meletus, you think that you are accusing Anaxagoras, and you have but a bad opinion of the judges, if you fancy them illiterate to such a degree as not to know that these doctrines are found in the books of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian, which are full of them. And so, forsooth, the youth are said to be taught them

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26d–27d]

by Socrates, when there are not unfrequently exhibitions of them at the theatre * (price of admission one drachma at the most); and they might pay their money, and laugh at Socrates if he pretends to father these extraordinary views. And so, Meletus, you really think that I do not believe in any god?

I swear by Zeus that you believe absolutely in none at all.

Nobody will believe you, Meletus, and I am pretty sure that you do not believe yourself. I cannot help thinking, men of Athens, that Meletus is reckless and impudent, and that he has written this indictment in a spirit of mere wantonness and youthful bravado. Has he not compounded a riddle, thinking to try me? He said to himself:—I shall see whether the wise Socrates will discover my facetious contradiction, or whether I shall be able to deceive him and the rest of them. For he certainly does appear to me to contradict himself in the indictment as much as if he said that Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods, and yet of believing in them—but this is not like a person who is in earnest.

I should like you, O men of Athens, to join me in examining what I conceive to be his inconsistency; and do you, Meletus, answer. And I must remind the audience of my request that they would not make a disturbance if I speak in my accustomed manner:

Did ever man, Meletus, believe in the existence of human things, and not of human beings? . . . I wish, men of Athens, that he would answer, and not be always trying to get up an interruption. Did ever any man believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? or in flute-playing, and not in flute-players? No, my friend; I will answer to you and to the court, as you refuse to answer for yourself. There is no man who ever did. But now please to answer the next question: Can a man believe in spiritual and divine agencies, and not in spirits or demigods?

He cannot.

How lucky I am to have extracted that answer, by the assistance of the court! But then you swear in the indictment that I teach and believe in divine or spiritual agencies (new or old, no matter for that); at any rate, I believe in spiritual agencies,—so you say and swear in the affidavit; and yet if I believe in divine beings, how can I help believing in spirits or demigods;—must I not? To be sure I must; and therefore I may assume that your silence gives consent. Now what are spirits or demigods? are they not either gods or the sons of gods?

Certainly they are.

But this is what I call the facetious riddle invented by you: the demigods or spirits are gods, and you say first that I do not believe in gods, and then again that I do believe in gods; that is, if I believe in demigods. For if the demigods are the illegitimate sons

* Probably an allusion to Aristophanes who caricatured, and to Euripides who borrowed the notions of Anaxagoras, as well as to other dramatic poets.

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of gods, whether by the nymphs or by any other mothers, of whom they are said to be the sons — what human being will ever believe that there are no gods if they are the sons of gods? You might as well affirm the existence of mules, and deny that of horses and asses. Such nonsense, Meletus, could only have been intended by you to make trial of me. You have put this into the indictment because you had nothing real of which to accuse me. But no one who has a particle of understanding will ever be convinced by you that the same man can believe in divine and superhuman things, and yet not believe that there are gods and demigods and heroes.

I have said enough in answer to the charge of Meletus: any elaborate defence is unnecessary; but I know only too well how many are the enmities which I have incurred, and this is what will be my destruction if I am destroyed; — not Meletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and detraction of the world, which has been the death of many good men, and will probably be the death of many more; there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Some one will say: And are you not ashamed, Socrates, of a course of life which is likely to bring you to an untimely end? To him I may fairly answer: There you are mistaken: a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or of a bad. Whereas, upon your view, the heroes who fell at Troy were not good for much, and the son of Thetis above all, who altogether despised danger in comparison with disgrace; and when he was so eager to slay Hector, his goddess mother said to him, that if he avenged his companion Patroclus, and slew Hector, he would die himself — 'Fate,' she said, in these or the like words, 'waits for you next after Hector;' he, receiving this warning, utterly despised danger and death, and instead of fearing them, feared rather to live in dishonour, and not to avenge his friend. 'Let me die forthwith,' he replies, 'and be avenged of my enemy, rather than abide here by the beaked ships, a laughing-stock and a burden on the earth.' Had Achilles any thought of death and danger? For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I, who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death — if now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying

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29a-30b]

the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is indeed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretence of knowing the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is not this ignorance of a disgraceful sort, the ignorance which is the conceit that man knows what he does not know? And in this respect only I believe myself to differ from men in general, and may perhaps claim to be wiser than they are: — that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonourable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and are not convinced by Anytus, who said that since I had been prosecuted I must be put to death (or if not that I ought never to have been prosecuted at all); and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words — if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die; — if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: [Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: You, my friend, — a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, — are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all?] And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; then I do not leave him or let him go at once; but I proceed to interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue in him, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And I shall repeat the same words to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For know that this is the command of God; and I believe that no greater good has ever happened in the state than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, I am a mischievous person. But if any one says that this is not my teach-

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ing, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whichever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times. [30b–31c

Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an understanding between us that you should hear me to the end: I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I believe that to hear me will be good for you, and therefore I beg that you will not cry out. I would have you know that if you kill such an one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Nothing will injure me, not Meletus nor yet Anytus — they cannot, for a bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself. I do not deny that Anytus may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights: and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is inflicting a great injury upon him: but there I do not agree. For the evil of doing as he is doing — the evil of unjustly taking away the life of another — is greater far.

And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel out of temper (like a person who is suddenly awakened from sleep), and you think that you might easily strike me dead as Anytus advises, and then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you sent you another gadfly. When I say that I am given to you by God, the proof of my mission is this: — if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue; such conduct, I say, would be unlike human nature. If I had gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in my doing so; but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one; of that they have no witness. And I have a sufficient witness to the truth of what I say — my poverty.

Some one may wonder why I go about in private giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the state. I will tell you

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[31c–32e]

You have heard me speak at sundry times and in divers places of an oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign, which is a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child; it always forbids but never commands me to do anything which I am going to do. This is what deters me from being a politician. And rightly, as I think. For I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to myself. And do not be offended at my telling you the truth: for the truth is, that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly striving against the many lawless and unrighteous deeds which are done in a state, will save his life; he who will fight for the right, if he would live even for a brief space, must have a private station and not a public one.

I can give you convincing evidence of what I say, not words only, but what you value far more — actions. Let me relate to you a passage of my own life which will prove to you that I should never have yielded to injustice from any fear of death, and that 'as I should have refused to yield' I must have died at once. I will tell you a tale of the courts, not very interesting perhaps, but nevertheless true. The only office of state which I ever held, O men of Athens, was that of senator: the tribe Antiochis, which is my tribe, had the presidency at the trial of the generals who had not taken up the bodies of the slain after the battle of Arginusae; and you proposed to try them in a body, contrary to law, as you all thought afterwards; but at the time I was the only one of the Prytanes who was opposed to the illegality, and I gave my vote against you; and when the orators threatened to impeach and arrest me, and you called and shouted, I made up my mind that I would run the risk, having law and justice with me, rather than take part in your injustice because I feared imprisonment and death. This happened in the days of the democracy. But when the oligarchy of the Thirty was in power, they sent for me and four others into the rotunda, and bade us bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, as they wanted to put him to death. This was a specimen of the sort of commands which they were always giving with the view of implicating as many as possible in their crimes; and then I showed, not in word only but in deed, that, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, I cared not a straw for death, and that my great and only care was lest I should do an unrighteous or unholy thing. For the strong arm of that oppressive power did not frighten me into doing wrong; and when we came out of the rotunda the other four went to Salamis and fetched Leon, but I went quietly home. For which I might have lost my life, had not the power of the Thirty shortly afterwards come to an end. And many will witness to my words.

Now do you really imagine that I could have survived all these

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[32e–34a

years, if I had led a public life, supposing that like a good man I had always maintained the right and had made justice, as I ought, the first thing? No indeed, men of Athens, neither I nor any other man. But I have been always the same in all my actions, public as well as private, and never have I yielded any base compliance to those who are slanderously termed my disciples, or to any other. Not that I have any regular disciples. But if any one likes to come and hear me while I am pursuing my mission, whether he be young or old, he is not excluded. Nor do I converse only with those who pay; but any one, whether he be rich or poor, may ask and answer me and listen to my words; and whether he turns out to be a bad man or a good one, neither result can be justly imputed to me; for I never taught or professed to teach him anything. And if any one says that he has ever learned or heard anything from me in private which all the world has not heard, let me tell you that he is lying.

But I shall be asked, Why do people delight in continually conversing with you? I have told you already, Athenians, the whole truth about this matter: they like to hear the cross-examination of the pretenders to wisdom; there is amusement in it. Now this duty of cross-examining other men has been imposed upon me by God; and has been signified to me by oracles, visions, and in every way in which the will of divine power was ever intimated to any one. This is true, O Athenians; or, if not true, would be soon refuted. If I am or have been corrupting the youth, those of them who are now grown up and become sensible that I gave them bad advice in the days of their youth should come forward as accusers, and take their revenge; or if they do not like to come themselves, some of their relatives, fathers, brothers, or other kinsmen, should say what evil their families have suffered at my hands. Now is their time. Many of them I see in the court. There is Crito, who is of the same age and of the same deme with myself, and there is Critobulus his son, whom I also see. Then again there is Lysanias of Sphettus, who is the father of Aeschines — he is present; and also there is Antiphon of Cephisus, who is the father of Epigenes; and there are the brothers of several who have associated with me. There is Nicostratus the son of Theosdotides, and the brother of Theodotus (now Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore he, at any rate, will not seek to stop him); and there is Paralus the son of Demodocus, who had a brother Theages; and Adeimantus the son of Ariston, whose brother Plato is present; and Aeantodorus, who is the brother of Apollodorus, whom I also see. I might mention a great many others, some of whom Meletus should have produced as witnesses in the course of his speech; and let him still produce them, if he has forgotten — I will make way for him. And let him say, if he has any testimony of the sort which he can produce. Nay, Athenians, the very opposite is the truth. For all these are ready to witness on behalf of the corrupter, of the injurer of their

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34e–35c]

kindred, as Meletus and Anytus call me; not the corrupted youth only—there might have been a motive for that—but their uncorrupted elder relatives. Why should they too support me with their testimony? Why, indeed, except for the sake of truth and justice, and because they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is a liar.

Well, Athenians, this and the like of this is all the defence which I have to offer. Yet a word more. Perhaps there may be some one who is offended at me, when he calls to mind how he himself on a similar, or even a less serious occasion, prayed and entreated the judges with many tears, and how he produced his children in court, which was a moving spectacle, together with a host of relations and friends; whereas I, who am probably in danger of my life, will do none of these things. The contrast may occur to his mind, and he may be set against me, and vote in anger because he is displeased at me on this account. Now if there be such a person among you,—mind, I do not say that there is,—to him I may fairly reply: My friend, I am a man, and like other men, a creature of flesh and blood, and not 'of wood or stone,' as Homer says; and I have a family, yes, and sons, O Athenians, three in number, one almost a man, and two others who are still young; and yet I will not bring any of them hither in order to petition you for an acquittal. And why not? Not from any self-assertion or want of respect for you. Whether I am or am not afraid of death is another question, of which I will not now speak. But, having regard to public opinion, I feel that such conduct would be discreditable to myself, and to you, and to the whole state. One who has reached my years, and who has a name for wisdom, ought not to demean himself. Whether this opinion of me be deserved or not, at any rate the world has decided that Socrates is in some way superior to other men. And if those among you who are said to be superior in wisdom and courage, and any other virtue, demean themselves in this way, how shameful is their conduct! I have seen men of reputation, when they have been condemned, behaving in the strangest manner: they seemed to fancy that they were going to suffer something dreadful if they died, and that they could be immortal if you only allowed them to live; and I think that such are a dishonour to the state, and that any stranger coming in would have said of them that the most eminent men of Athens, to whom the Athenians themselves give honour and command, are no better than women. And I say that these things ought not to be done by those of us who have a reputation; and if they are done, you ought not to permit them; you ought rather to show that you are far more disposed to condemn the man who gets up a doleful scene and makes the city ridiculous, than him who holds his peace.

But, setting aside the question of public opinion, there seems to be something wrong in asking a favour of a judge, and thus procuring an acquittal, instead of informing and convincing him. For

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his duty is, not to make a present of justice, but to give judgment; and he has sworn that he will judge according to the laws, and not according to his own good pleasure; and we ought not to encourage you, nor should you allow yourself to be encouraged, in this habit of perjury — there can be no piety in that. Do not then require me to do what I consider dishonourable and impious and wrong, especially now, when I am being tried for impiety on the indictment of Meletus. For if, O men of Athens, by force of persuasion and entreaty I could overpower your oaths, then I should be teaching you to believe that there are no gods, and in defending I should simply convict myself of the charge of not believing in them. But that is not so — far otherwise. For I do believe that there are gods, and in a sense higher than that in which any of my accusers believe in them. And to you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.

There are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected it, and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say, I think, that I have escaped Meletus. I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, any one may see that he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmae.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is my due? What return shall be made to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care for — wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to be a politician and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the state before he looks to the interests of the state; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such an one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, and who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no reward so fitting as maintenance in the Prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or

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[36d–38a]

chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty fairly, I should say that maintenance in the Prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you think that I am braving you in what I am saying now, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But this is not so. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged any one, although I cannot convince you — the time has been too short; if there were a law at Athens, as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you. But I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? Because I am afraid of the penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty which would certainly be an evil? Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the magistrates of the year — of the Eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to be in prison, for money I have none, and cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love of life, if I am so irrational as to expect that when you, who are my own citizens, cannot endure my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you will have no more of them, others are likely to endure me. No indeed, men of Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering from city to city, ever changing my place of exile, and always being driven out! For I am quite sure that wherever I go, there, as here, the young men will flock to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their request; and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Some one will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that to do as you say would be a disobedience to the God, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that daily to discourse about virtue, and of those other things about which you hear me examining myself and others, is the greatest good of man, and that the unexamined life is not worth living,* you are still less likely to believe me. Yet I say what is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Also, I have never been accustomed to think that I deserve to suffer any

* This is one of the most famous sayings in Plato.

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harm. Had I money I might have estimated the offence at what I was able to pay, and not have been much the worse. But I have none, and therefore I must ask you to proportion the fine to my means. Well, perhaps I could afford a mina, and therefore I propose that penalty: Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minae, and they will be the sureties. Let thirty minae be the penalty; for which sum they will be ample security to you.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise, even although I am not wise, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now not to all of you, but only to those who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted because I have no words of the sort which would have procured my acquittal — I mean, if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone or unsaid. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words — certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to do, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I maintain, are unworthy of me. I thought at the time that I ought not to do anything common or mean when in danger: nor do I now repent of the style of my defence; I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought I or any man to use every way of escaping death. Often in battle there can be no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, — they too go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award — let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated, — and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and in the hour of death

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39c–40d]

men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my departure punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. My life you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more inconsiderate with you, and you will be more offended at them. If you think that by killing men you can prevent some one from censuring your evil lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honourable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be disabling others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a little, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the divine faculty of which the internal oracle is the source has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error in any matter; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either when I was leaving my house in the morning, or when I was on my way to the court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching the matter in hand has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this silence? I will tell you. It is an intimation that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is a great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights

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of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I myself, too, shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and any other ancient hero who has suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in the next; and I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions: assuredly not. For besides being happier than we are, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble; wherefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, — then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

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[113e]

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

[tr. B. JOWETT]

PHAEDO

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

PHAEDO, *the narrator*
SOCRATES
ATTENDANT OF THE PRISON
APOLLODORUS
SIMMIAS
CRITO
CEBES

SCENE: — *The Prison of Socrates*

[The *Phaedo* is the last in a series of dialogues which give us the story of the trial and death of Socrates. It contains a full report of the conversation which Socrates is supposed to have held on the last day of his life, as he waited in his cell for the executioner to bring him the hemlock cup. Very few dialogues of Plato are so rich in dramatic power as well as highly technical metaphysical inquiry as the *Phaedo*. After an opening section which tells of the incidents of the early morning and Socrates' awakening from a deep and peaceful sleep, the group considers at length the validity of belief in the immortality of the soul. Socrates advances several powerful arguments in favor of such a belief, adducing evidence drawn from a wide variety of sources. It is noteworthy that in these sections of the *Phaedo* Plato propounds his Theory of Ideas in full detail. At the close of the great dialectical passage, Plato, as is his wont, becomes the poet, and he puts in the mouth of Socrates a majestic myth presenting a panorama of the varied existences which constitute Total Reality. At the end he gives an imaginative description of the Underworld, stressing heavily the moral responsibility of the individual human being. Then follow the immortal pages on the death of Socrates, which reveal Plato at his narrative and dramatic best.]

Such is the nature of the other world; and when the dead arrive at the place to which the genius of each severally guides them, first of all they have sentence passed upon them, as they have lived well and piously or not. And those who appear to have lived neither well nor ill go to the river Acheron, and, embarking in any vessels which they may find, are carried in them to the lake, and there they dwell and are purified of their evil deeds, and having suffered the penalty of the wrongs which they have done to others, they are absolved, and receive the rewards of their good deeds, each of them according to his deserts. But those who appear to be incurable by reason of the greatness of their crimes — who have committed many and terrible deeds of sacrilege, murders foul and violent, or the like — such are hurled into Tartarus which is their suitable destiny, and they never come out.

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Those again who have committed crimes which, although great, are not irremediable — who in a moment of anger, for example, have done some violence to a father or a mother, and have repented for the remainder of their lives, or who have taken the life of another under the like extenuating circumstances — these are plunged into Tartarus, the pains of which they are compelled to undergo for a year, but at the end of the year the wave casts them forth — mere homicides by way of Cocytus, parricides and matricides by Pyriphlegethon — and they are borne to the Acherusian lake, and there they lift up their voices and call upon the victims whom they have slain or wronged, to have pity on them, and to be kind to them, and let them come out into the lake. And if they prevail, then they come forth and cease from their troubles; but if not, they are carried back again into Tartarus and from thence into the rivers unceasingly, until they obtain mercy from those whom they have wronged; for that is the sentence inflicted upon them by their judges.

Those too who have been pre-eminent for holiness of life are released from this earthly prison, and go to their pure home which is above, and dwell in the purer earth; and of these, such as have duly purified themselves with philosophy live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer still, which may not be described, and of which the time would fail me to tell.

Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do that we may obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great!

A man of sense ought not to say, nor will I be very confident, that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the pleasures of knowledge; and has arrayed the soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth — in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as a tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

When he had done speaking, Crito said: And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?

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115b–116c]

Nothing particular, Crito, he replied: only, as I have always told you, take care of yourselves; that is a service which you may be ever rendering to me and mine and to all of us, whether you promise to do so or not. But if you have no thought for yourselves, and care not to walk according to the rule which I have prescribed for you, not now for the first time, however much you may profess or promise at the moment, it will be of no avail.

We will do our best, said Crito: And in what way shall we bury you?

In any way that you like; but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile:—I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavour to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I was comforting you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me to him now, as at the trial he was surety to the judges for me: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was surety for me to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that whatever is usual, and what you think best.

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into a chamber to bathe; Crito followed him and told us to wait. So we remained behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him — (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; then he dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying:—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me,

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when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison — indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be — you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hurry — there is time enough.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay; but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world — even so — and so be it according to my prayer. Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate

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cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said — they were his last words — he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

[113d-118, tr. B. Jowett]

THE REPUBLIC

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

SOCRATES, *who is the narrator*
GLAUCON
ADEIMANTUS
THRASYMACHUS
CEPHALUS
POLEMARCHUS
CLEITOPHON

Others who are mute auditors

Scene: — *The House of Cephalus in the Piraeus.*

BOOK I

[At the opening of the *Republic,* Socrates tells how he went down to the Piraeus with Glaucon, the older brother of Plato, to see the festival in honor of Bendis, the Thracian Artemis. As he started home he fell in with Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, and with Adeimantus, the brother of Glaucon. Together they went to the house of Cephalus in the Piraeus, where they found a numerous company gathered; the rest of the conversation reported in the *Republic* takes place in this setting. The theme of the dialogue is the nature of *dikaiosyne,* the virtue of justice, or "righteousness," the inner quality of the soul by which a man should regulate his whole life. The question is introduced with

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great artistic skill: Cephalus, an aged and wealthy resident-alien, remarks that he can now view the end of his life with some confidence, conscious as he is that he has defrauded no one and leaves no unfulfilled obligations behind him as he departs this life. Socrates asks whether this is a satisfactory definition of justice: "To speak the truth and pay one's debts." When the definition is subjected to the usual Socratic analysis, it appears to admit of too many exceptions; for example, it is hardly just to return a man's weapons to him when he is out of his mind and may do himself injury. Polemarchus, who continues the discussion when his father has to leave the company, tries to amend the definition: "Justice is the giving to each man what is due him," and, specifically, good is what is due to one's friends, evil to one's enemies. This was, in fact, the current "working morality" of the Greeks. Against such a view Socrates advances several arguments, the most important of which amounts to this: it cannot be the function of justice to injure or to do harm to anyone; for to injure means to make worse, and men who are made worse are deteriorated in the proper virtue of man, justice. But justice cannot produce injustice any more than heat can produce cold or a musician, by the exercise of his art, can make men unmusical. [336b–e

At this point Socrates has disposed of the uncritical conceptions of justice which were held by most people of his day; before going on to a full-length philosophical treatment of the subject, he must also dispose of the views of the "new enlightenment," the position of the Sophists, who argued that justice and morality were mere conventional agreements, either imposed by society as a whole or by the ruling class in the society. This position is presented with great violence by Thrasymachus in the selection which follows. It will be observed that the theory of Thrasymachus is closely akin to the Nietzschean doctrine that "Might makes Right."]

Several times in the course of the discussion Thrasymachus had made an attempt to get the argument into his own hands, and had been put down by the rest of the company, who wanted to hear the end. But when Polemarchus and I had done speaking and there was a pause, he could no longer hold his peace; and, gathering himself up, he came at us like a wild beast, seeking to devour us. We were quite panic-stricken at the sight of him.

He roared out to the whole company: What folly, Socrates, has taken possession of you all? And why, sillybillies, do you knock under to one another? I say that if you want really to know what justice is, you should not only ask but answer, and you should not seek honour to yourself from the refutation of an opponent, but have your own answer; for there is many a one who can ask and cannot answer. And now I will not have you say that justice is duty or advantage or profit or gain or interest, for this sort of nonsense will not do for me; I must have clearness and accuracy.

I was panic-stricken at his words, and could not look at him without trembling. Indeed I believe that if I had not fixed my eye upon him, I should have been struck dumb: but when I saw

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336e–337d]

his fury rising, I looked at him first, and was therefore able to reply to him.

Thrasymachus, I said, with a quiver, don't be hard upon us. Polemarchus and I may have been guilty of a little mistake in the argument, but I can assure you that the error was not intentional. If we were seeking for a piece of gold, you would not imagine that we were 'knocking under to one another,' and so losing our chance of finding it. And why, when we are seeking for justice, a thing more precious than many pieces of gold, do you say that we are weakly yielding to one another and not doing our utmost to get at the truth? Nay, my good friend, we are most willing and anxious to do so, but the fact is that we cannot. And if so, you people who know all things should pity us and not be angry with us.

How characteristic of Socrates! he replied, with a bitter laugh; — that's your ironical style! Did I not foresee — have I not already told you, that whatever he was asked he would refuse to answer, and try irony or any other shuffle, in order that he might avoid answering?

You are a philosopher, Thrasymachus, I replied, and well know that if you ask a person what numbers make up twelve, taking care to prohibit him whom you ask from answering twice six, or three times four, or six times two, or four times three, 'for this sort of nonsense will not do for me,' — then obviously, if that is your way of putting the question, no one can answer you. But suppose that he were to retort, 'Thrasymachus, what do you mean? If one of these numbers which you interdict be the true answer to the question, am I falsely to say some other number which is not the right one? — is that your meaning?' — How would you answer him?

Just as if the two cases were at all alike! he said.

Why should they not be? I replied; and even if they are not, but only appear to be so to the person who is asked, ought he not to say what he thinks, whether you and I forbid him or not?

I presume then that you are going to make one of the interdicted answers?

I dare say that I may, notwithstanding the danger, if upon reflection I approve of any of them.

But what if I give you an answer about justice other and better, he said, than any of these? What do you deserve to have done to you?

Done to me! — as becomes the ignorant, I must learn from the wise — that is what I deserve to have done to me.

What, and no payment! a pleasant notion!

I will pay when I have the money, I replied.

But you have, Socrates, said Glaucon: and you, Thrasymachus, need be under no anxiety about money, for we will all make a contribution for Socrates.

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Yes, he replied, and then Socrates will do as he always does—refuse to answer himself, but take and pull to pieces the answer of some one else.

Why, my good friend, I said, how can any one answer who knows, and says that he knows, just nothing; and who, even if he has some faint notions of his own, is told by a man of authority not to utter them? The natural thing is that the speaker should be some one like yourself who professes to know and can tell what he knows. Will you then kindly answer, for the edification of the company and of myself?

Glaucon and the rest of the company joined in my request and Thrasymachus, as any one might see, was in reality eager to speak; for he thought that he had an excellent answer, and would distinguish himself. But at first he affected to insist on my answering; at length he consented to begin. Behold, he said, the wisdom of Socrates; he refuses to teach himself, and goes about learning of others, to whom he never even says Thank you.

That I learn of others, I replied, is quite true; but that I am ungrateful I wholly deny. Money I have none, and therefore I pay in praise, which is all I have; and how ready I am to praise any one who appears to me to speak well you will very soon find out when you answer; for I expect that you will answer well.

Listen, then, he said; I proclaim that justice is nothing else than the interest of the stronger. And now why do you not praise me? But of course you won't.

Let me first understand you, I replied. Justice, as you say, is the interest of the stronger. What, Thrasymachus, is the meaning of this? You cannot mean to say that because Polydamas, the pancratiast, is stronger than we are, and finds the eating of beef conducive to his bodily strength, that to eat beef is therefore equally for our good who are weaker than he is, and right and just for us?

That's abominable of you, Socrates; you take the words in the sense which is most damaging to the argument.

Not at all, my good sir, I said; I am trying to understand them; and I wish that you would be a little clearer.

Well, he said, have you never heard that forms of government differ; there are tyrannies, and there are democracies, and there are aristocracies?

Yes, I know.

And the government is the ruling power in each state?

Certainly.

And the different forms of government make laws democratical, aristocratical, tyrannical, with a view to their several interests; and these laws, which are made by them for their own interests, are the justice which they deliver to their subjects, and him who transgresses them they punish as a breaker of the law, and unjust. And that is what I mean when I say that in all states there is the same

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338e] principle of justice, which is the interest of the government; and as the government must be supposed to have power, the only reasonable conclusion is, that everywhere there is one principle of justice, which is the interest of the stronger.

Now I understand you, I said; and whether you are right or not I will try to discover. But let me remark, that in defining justice you have yourself used the word 'interest' which you forbade me to use. It is true, however, that in your definition the words 'of the stronger' are added.

A small addition, you must allow, he said.

Great or small, never mind about that: we must first enquire whether what you are saying is the truth. Now we are both agreed that justice is interest of some sort, but you go on to say 'of the stronger'; about this addition I am not so sure, and must therefore consider further.

Proceed.

I will; and first tell me, Do you admit that it is just for subjects to obey their rulers?

I do.

But are the rulers of states absolutely infallible, or are they sometimes liable to err?

To be sure, he replied, they are liable to err.

Then in making their laws they may sometimes make them rightly, and sometimes not?

True.

When they make them rightly, they make them agreeably to their interest; when they are mistaken, contrary to their interest; you think that?

Yes.

And the laws which they make must be obeyed by their subjects, and that is what you call justice?

Doubtless.

Then justice, according to your argument, is not only obedience to the interest of the stronger but the reverse?

What is that you are saying? he asked.

I am only repeating what you are saying, I believe. But let us consider: Have we not admitted that the rulers may be mistaken about their own interest in what they command, and also that to obey them is justice? Has not that been admitted?

Yes.

Then you must also have acknowledged justice not to be for the interest of the stronger, when the rulers unintentionally command things to be done which are to their own injury. For if, as you say, justice is the obedience which the subject renders to their commands, in that case, O wisest of men, is there any escape from the conclusion that the weaker are commanded to do, not what is for their interest, but what is for the injury of the stronger?

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Nothing can be clearer, Socrates, said Polemarchus.

Yes, said Cleitophon, interposing, if you are allowed to be his witness.

But there is no need of any witness, said Polemarchus, for Thrasymachus himself acknowledges that rulers may sometimes command what is not for their own interest, and that for subjects to obey them is justice.

Yes, Polemarchus, — Thrasymachus said that for subjects to do what was commanded by their rulers is just.

Yes, Cleitophon, but he also said that justice is the interest of the stronger, and, while admitting both these propositions, he further acknowledged that the stronger may command the weaker who are his subjects to do what is not for his own interest; whence it follows that justice is the injury quite as much as the interest of the stronger.

But, said Cleitophon, he meant by the interest of the stronger what the stronger thought to be his interest, — this was what the weaker had to do; and this was affirmed by him to be justice.

Those were not his words, rejoined Polemarchus.

Never mind, I replied, if he now says that they are, let us accept his statement. Tell me, Thrasymachus, I said, did you mean by justice what the stronger thought to be his interest, whether really so or not?

Certainly not, he said. Do you suppose that I call him who is mistaken the stronger at the time when he is mistaken?

Yes, I said, my impression was that you did so, when you admitted that the ruler was not infallible but might be sometimes mistaken.

You argue like an informer, Socrates. Do you mean, for example, that he who is mistaken about the sick is a physician in that he is mistaken? or that he who errs in arithmetic or grammar is an arithmetician or grammarian at the time when he is making the mistake, in respect of the mistake? True, we say that the physician or arithmetician or grammarian has made a mistake, but this is only a way of speaking; for the fact is that neither the grammarian nor any other person of skill ever makes a mistake in so far as he is what his name implies; they none of them err unless their skill fails them, and then they cease to be skilled artists. No artist or sage or ruler errs at the time when he is what his name implies; though he is commonly said to err, and I adopted the common mode of speaking. But to be perfectly accurate, since you are such a lover of accuracy, we should say that the ruler, in so far as he is a ruler, is unerring, and, being unerring, always commands that which is for his own interest; and the subject is required to execute his commands; and therefore, as I said at first and now repeat, justice is the interest of the stronger.

Indeed, Thrasymachus, and do I really appear to you to argue like an informer?

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341a–342a]

Certainly, he replied.

And do you suppose that I ask these questions with any design of injuring you in the argument?

Nay, he replied, 'suppose' is not the word — I know it; but you will be found out, and by sheer force of argument you will never prevail.

I shall not make the attempt, my dear man; but to avoid any misunderstanding occurring between us in future, let me ask, in what sense do you speak of a ruler or stronger whose interest, as you were saying, he being the superior, it is just that the inferior should execute — is he a ruler in the popular or in the strict sense of the term?

In the strictest of all senses, he said. And now cheat and play the informer if you can; I ask no quarter at your hands. But you never will be able, never.

And do you imagine, I said, that I am such a madman as to try and cheat Thrasymachus? I might as well shave a lion.

Why, he said, you made the attempt a minute ago, and you failed.

Enough, I said, of these civilities. It will be better that I should ask you a question: Is the physician, taken in that strict sense of which you are speaking, a healer of the sick or a maker of money? And remember that I am now speaking of the true physician.

A healer of the sick, he replied.

And the pilot — that is to say, the true pilot — is he a captain of sailors or a mere sailor?

A captain of sailors.

The circumstance that he sails in the ship is not to be taken into account; neither is he to be called a sailor; the name pilot by which he is distinguished has nothing to do with sailing, but is significant of his skill and of his authority over the sailors.

Very true, he said.

Now, I said, every art has an interest?

Certainly.

For which the art has to consider and provide?

Yes, that is the aim of art.

And the interest of any art is the perfection of it — this and nothing else?

What do you mean?

I mean what I may illustrate negatively by the example of the body. Suppose you were to ask me whether the body is self-sufficing or has wants, I should reply: Certainly the body has wants; for the body may be ill and require to be cured, and has therefore interests to which the art of medicine ministers; and this is the origin and intention of medicine, as you will acknowledge. Am I not right?

Quite right, he replied.

But is the art of medicine or any other art faulty or deficient in any quality in the same way that the eye may be deficient in sight

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or the ear fail of hearing, and therefore requires another art to provide for the interests of seeing and hearing — has art in itself, I say, any similar liability to fault or defect, and does every art require another supplementary art to provide for its interests, and that another and another without end? Or have the arts to look only after their own interests? Or have they no need either of themselves or of another? — having no faults or defects, they have no need to correct them, either by the exercise of their own art or of any other; they have only to consider the interest of their subject-matter. For every art remains pure and faultless while remaining true — that is to say, while perfect and unimpaired. Take the words in your precise sense, and tell me whether I am not right.

Yes, clearly.

Then medicine does not consider the interest of medicine, but the interest of the body?

True, he said.

Nor does the art of horsemanship consider the interests of the art of horsemanship, but the interests of the horse; neither do any other arts care for themselves, for they have no needs; they care only for that which is the subject of their art?

True, he said.

But surely, Thrasymachus, the arts are the superiors and rulers of their own subjects?

To this he assented with a good deal of reluctance.

Then, I said, no science or art considers or enjoins the interest of the stronger or superior, but only the interest of the subject and weaker?

He made an attempt to contest this proposition also, but finally acquiesced.

Then, I continued, no physician, in so far as he is a physician, considers his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for the true physician is also a ruler having the human body as a subject, and is not a mere money-maker; that has been admitted?

Yes.

And the pilot likewise, in the strict sense of the term, is a ruler of sailors and not a mere sailor?

That has been admitted.

And such a pilot and ruler will provide and prescribe for the interest of the sailor who is under him, and not for his own or the ruler's interest?

He gave a reluctant 'Yes.'

Then, I said, Thrasymachus, there is no one in any rule who, in so far as he is a ruler, considers or enjoins what is for his own interest, but always what is for the interest of his subject or suitable to his art; to that he looks, and that alone he considers in everything which he says and does.

When we had got to this point in the argument, and every one

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343d–344c]

now that the definition of justice had been completely upset, Thrasymachus, instead of replying to me, said: Tell me, Socrates, have you got a nurse?

Why do you ask such a question, I said, when you ought rather to be answering?

Because she leaves you to snivel, and never wipes your nose: she has not even taught you to know the shepherd from the sheep.

What makes you say that? I replied.

Because you fancy that the shepherd or neatherd fattens or tends the sheep or oxen with a view to their own good and not to the good of himself or his master; and you further imagine that the rulers of states, if they are true rulers, never think of their subjects as sheep, and that they are not studying their own advantage day and night. Oh, no; and so entirely astray are you in your ideas about the just and unjust as not even to know that justice and the just are in reality another's good; that is to say, the interest of the ruler and stronger, and the loss of the subject and servant; and injustice the opposite; for the unjust is lord over the truly simple and just: he is the stronger, and his subjects do what is for his interest, and minister to his happiness, which is very far from being their own. Consider further, most foolish Socrates, that the just is always a loser in comparison with the unjust. First of all, in private contracts: wherever the unjust is the partner of the just you will find that, when the partnership is dissolved, the unjust man has always more and the just less. Secondly, in their dealings with the State: when there is an income-tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust less on the same amount of income; and when there is anything to be received the one gains nothing and the other much. Observe also what happens when they take an office; there is the just man neglecting his affairs and perhaps suffering other loss, and getting nothing out of the public, because he is just; moreover he is hated by his friends and acquaintances for refusing to serve them in unlawful ways. But all this is reversed in the case of the unjust man. I am speaking, as before, of injustice on a large scale in which the advantage of the unjust is more apparent; and my meaning will be most clearly seen if we turn to that highest form of injustice in which the criminal is the happiest of men, and the sufferers or those who refuse to do injustice are the most miserable — that is to say tyranny, which by fraud and force takes away the property of others, not little by little but wholesale; comprehending in one, things sacred as well as profane, private and public; for which acts of wrong, if he were detected perpetrating any one of them singly, he would be punished and incur great disgrace — they who do such wrong in particular cases are called robbers of temples, and man-stealers and burglars and swindlers and thieves. But when a man besides taking away the money of the citizens has made slaves of them, then, instead of these names of reproach, he is termed happy and blessed, not only by the citizens

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[344c–d, 368d

but by all who hear of his having achieved the consummation of injustice. For mankind censure injustice, fearing that they may be the victims of it and not because they shrink from committing it. And thus, as I have shown, Socrates, injustice, when on a sufficient scale, has more strength and freedom and mastery than justice; and, as I said at first, justice is the interest of the stronger, whereas injustice is a man's own profit and interest.

Thrasymachus, when he had thus spoken, having, like a bath-man, deluged our ears with his words, had a mind to go away. But the company would not let him; they insisted that he should remain and defend his position; and I myself added my own humble request that he would not leave us.

[336b-344d, tr. B. Jowett]

[The remainder of Book I is devoted to the attempt to refute these views of Thrasymachus. In particular, Socrates is disturbed by the larger problem raised by Thrasymachus' assertion that injustice is better than justice; in dealing with this proposition he resorts to dialectical and eristic subtleties which, although they silence Thrasymachus, hardly satisfy the rest of the company, particularly Socrates himself.

The second book opens with a direct challenge to Socrates: Glaucon and Adeimantus are not content with the refutation of Thrasymachus and in an impressive and eloquent statement they reopen the moral issue raised in the first book. They demand to have it proved to them that justice in itself and apart from its rewards is better for a man than injustice. They ask, "Who is the happier? The man who is completely just and yet seems to be the most completely unjust, and hence is deprived of all the honors and rewards of this world; or the man who is most completely unjust and yet seems to be the most completely just, and therefore receives all the honors and rewards of this world?" Socrates accepts the challenge by insisting that the man who is most completely just is the happier, no matter what may happen to him during his life. In a sense the remainder of the *Republic* is Socrates' attempt to substantiate his position. His first step is to introduce the analogy of the state and the individual, and then, in the following selection, he begins to create his ideal State in order to find the place of justice in both states and individuals.]

BOOK II

Glaucon and the rest entreated me by all means not to let the question drop, but to proceed in the investigation. They wanted to arrive at the truth, first, about the nature of justice and injustice, and secondly, about their relative advantages. I told them, what I really thought, that the enquiry would be of a serious nature, and would require very good eyes. Seeing then, I said, that we are not great wits, I think that we had better adopt a method which I may illustrate thus; suppose that a short-sighted person had been asked by some one to read small letters from a distance; and it occurred to some one else that they might be found in another place which

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368d–369d]

was larger and in which the letters were larger — if they were the same and he could read the larger letters first, and then proceed to the lesser — this would have been thought a rare piece of good fortune.

Very true, said Adeimantus; but how does the illustration apply to our enquiry?

I will tell you, I replied; justice, which is the subject of our enquiry, is, as you know, sometimes spoken of as the virtue of an individual, and sometimes as the virtue of a State.

True, he replied.

And is not a State larger than an individual?

It is.

Then in the larger the quantity of justice is likely to be larger and more easily discernible. I propose therefore that we enquire first the nature of justice and injustice, first as they appear in the State, and secondly in the individual, proceeding from the greater to the lesser and comparing them.

That, he said, is an excellent proposal.

And if we imagine the State in process of creation, we shall see the justice and injustice of the State in process of creation also.

I dare say.

When the State is completed there may be a hope that the object of our search will be more easily discovered.

Yes, far more easily.

But ought we to attempt to construct one? I said; for to do so, as I am inclined to think, will be a very serious task. Reflect therefore.

I have reflected, said Adeimantus, and am anxious that you should proceed.

A State, I said, arises, as I conceive, out of the needs of mankind; no one is self-sufficing, but all of us have many wants. Can any other origin of a State be imagined?

There can be no other.

Then, as we have many wants, and many persons are needed to supply them, one takes a helper for one purpose and another for another; and when these partners and helpers are gathered together in one habitation the body of inhabitants is termed a State.

True, he said.

And they exchange with one another, and one gives, and another receives, under the idea that the exchange will be for their good.

Very true.

Then, I said, let us begin and create in idea a State; and yet the true creator is necessity, who is the mother of our invention.

Of course, he replied.

Now the first and greatest of necessities is food, which is the condition of life and existence.

Certainly.

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The second is a dwelling, and the third clothing and the like.

True.

And now let us see how our city will be able to supply this great demand: We may suppose that one man is a husbandman, another a builder, some one else a weaver — shall we add to them a shoemaker, or perhaps some other purveyor to our bodily wants?

Quite right.

The barest notion of a State must include four or five men.

Clearly.

And how will they proceed? Will each bring the result of his labours into a common stock? — the individual husbandman, for example, producing for four, and labouring four times as long and as much as he need in the provision of food with which he supplies others as well as himself; or will he have nothing to do with others and not be at the trouble of producing for them, but provide for himself alone a fourth of the food in a fourth of the time, and the remaining three-fourths of his time be employed in making a house or a coat or a pair of shoes, having no partnership with others, but supplying himself all his own wants?

Adeimantus thought that he should aim at producing food only and not at producing everything.

Probably, I replied, that would be the better way; and when I hear you say this, I am myself reminded that we are not all alike; there are diversities of natures among us which are adapted to different occupations.

Very true.

And will you have a work better done when the workman has many occupations, or when he has only one?

When he has only one.

Further, there can be no doubt that a work is spoilt when not done at the right time?

No doubt.

For business is not disposed to wait until the doer of the business is at leisure; but the doer must follow up what he is doing, and make the business his first object.

He must.

And if so, we must infer that all things are produced more plentifully and easily and of a better quality when one man does one thing which is natural to him and does it at the right time, and leaves other things.

Undoubtedly.

Then more than four citizens will be required; for the husbandman will not make his own plough or mattock, or other implements of agriculture, if they are to be good for anything. Neither will the builder make his tools — and he too needs many; and in like manner the weaver and shoemaker.

True.

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370d–371c]

Then carpenters, and smiths, and many other artisans, will be sharers in our little State, which is already beginning to grow?

True.

Yet even if we add neatherds, shepherds, and other herdsmen, in order that our husbandmen may have oxen to plough with, and builders as well as husbandmen may have draught cattle, and curriers and weavers fleeces and hides, — still our State will not be very large.

That is true; yet neither will it be a very small State which contains all these.

Then, again, there is the situation of the city — to find a place where nothing need be imported is wellnigh impossible.

Impossible.

Then there must be another class of citizens who will bring the required supply from another city?

There must.

But if the trader goes empty-handed, having nothing which they require who would supply his need, he will come back empty-handed.

That is certain.

And therefore what they produce at home must be not only enough for themselves, but such both in quantity and quality as to accommodate those from whom their wants are supplied.

Very true.

Then more husbandmen and more artisans will be required?

They will.

Not to mention the importers and exporters, who are called merchants?

Yes.

Then we shall want merchants?

We shall.

And if merchandise is to be carried over the sea, skilful sailors will also be needed, and in considerable numbers?

Yes, in considerable numbers.

Then, again, within the city, how will they exchange their productions? To secure such an exchange was, as you will remember, one of our principal objects when we formed them into a society and constituted a State.

Clearly they will buy and sell.

Then they will need a market-place, and a money-token for purposes of exchange.

Certainly.

Suppose now that a husbandman, or an artisan, brings some production to market, and he comes at a time when there is no one to exchange with him, — is he to leave his calling and sit idle in the market-place?

Not at all; he will find people there who, seeing the want, under-

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take the office of salesmen. In well-ordered states they are commonly those who are the weakest in bodily strength, and therefore of little use for any other purpose; their duty is to be in the market, and to give money in exchange for goods to those who desire to sell and to take money from those who desire to buy.

This want, then, creates a class of retail-traders in our State. Is not 'retailer' the term which is applied to those who sit in the market-place engaged in buying and selling, while those who wander from one city to another are called merchants?

Yes, he said.

And there is another class of servants, who are intellectually hardly on the level of companionship; still they have plenty of bodily strength for labour, which accordingly they sell, and are called, if I do not mistake, hirelings, hire being the name which is given to the price of their labour.

True.

Then hirelings will help to make up our population?

Yes.

And now, Adeimantus, is our State matured and perfected?

I think so.

Where, then, is justice, and where is injustice, and in what part of the State did they spring up?

Probably in the dealings of these citizens with one another. I cannot imagine that they are more likely to be found anywhere else.

I dare say that you are right in your suggestion, I said; we had better think the matter out, and not shrink from the enquiry.

Let us then consider, first of all, what will be their way of life now that we have thus established them. Will they not produce corn, and wine, and clothes, and shoes, and build houses for themselves? And when they are housed, they will work, in summer commonly, stripped and barefoot, but in winter substantially clothed and shod. They will feed on barley-meal and flour of wheat, baking and kneading them, making noble cakes and loaves; these they will serve up on a mat of reeds or on clean leaves, themselves reclining the while upon beds strewn with yew or myrtle. And they and their children will feast, drinking of the wine which they have made, wearing garlands on their heads, and hymning the praises of the gods, in happy converse with one another. And they will take care that their families do not exceed their means; having an eye to poverty or war.

But, said Glaucon, interposing, you have not given them a relish to their meal.

True, I replied, I had forgotten; of course they must have a relish — salt, and olives, and cheese, and they will boil roots and herbs such as country people prepare; for a dessert we shall give them figs, and peas, and beans; and they will roast myrtle-berries

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and acorns at the fire, drinking in moderation. And with such a diet they may be expected to live in peace and health to a good old age, and bequeath a similar life to their children after them.

Yes, Socrates, he said, and if you were providing for a city of pigs, how else would you feed the beasts?

But what would you have, Glaucon? I replied.

Why, he said, you should give them the ordinary conveniences of life. People who are to be comfortable are accustomed to lie on sofas, and dine off tables, and they should have sauces and sweets in the modern style.

Yes, I said, now I understand: the question which you would have me consider is, not only how a State, but how a luxurious State is created; and possibly there is no harm in this, for in such a State we shall be more likely to see how justice and injustice originate. In my opinion the true and healthy constitution of the State is the one which I have described. But if you wish also to see a State at fever-heat, I have no objection. For I suspect that many will not be satisfied with the simpler way of life. They will be for adding sofas, and tables, and other furniture; also dainties, and perfumes, and incense, and courtesans, and cakes, all these not of one sort only, but in every variety; we must go beyond the necessities of which I was at first speaking, such as houses, and clothes, and shoes: the arts of the painter and the embroiderer will have to be set in motion, and gold and ivory and all sorts of materials must be procured.

True, he said.

Then we must enlarge our borders; for the original healthy State is no longer sufficient. Now will the city have to fill and swell with a multitude of callings which are not required by any natural want; such as the whole tribe of hunters and actors, of whom one large class have to do with forms and colours; another will be the votaries of music—poets and their attendant train of rhapsodists, players, dancers, contractors; also makers of divers kinds of articles, including women's dresses. And we shall want more servants. Will not tutors be also in request, and nurses wet and dry, tirewomen and barbers, as well as confectioners and cooks; and swineherds, too, who were not needed and therefore had no place in the former condition of our State, but are needed now? They must not be forgotten; and there will be animals of many other kinds, if people eat them.

Certainly.

And living in this way we shall have much greater need of physicians than before?

Much greater.

And the country which was enough to support the original inhabitants will be too small now, and not enough?

Quite true.

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Then a slice of our neighbours' land will be wanted by us for pasture and tillage, and they will want a slice of ours, if, like ourselves, they exceed the limit of necessity, and give themselves up to the unlimited accumulation of wealth?

That, Socrates, will be inevitable.

And so we shall go to war, Glaucon. Shall we not?

Most certainly, he replied.

Then, without determining as yet whether war does good or harm, thus much we may affirm, that now we have discovered war to be derived from causes which are also the causes of almost all the evils in States, private as well as public.

Undoubtedly.

And our State must once more enlarge; and this time the enlargement will be nothing short of a whole army, which will have to go out and fight with the invaders for all that we have, as well as for the things and persons whom we were describing above.

Why? he said; are they not capable of defending themselves?

No, I said; not if we were right in the principle which was acknowledged by all of us when we were framing the State: the principle, as you will remember, was that one man cannot practise many arts with success.

Very true, he said.

But is not war an art?

Certainly.

And an art requiring as much attention as shoemaking?

Quite true.

And the shoemaker was not allowed by us to be a husbandman, or a weaver, or a builder — in order that we might have our shoes well made; but to him and to every other worker was assigned one work for which he was by nature fitted, and at that he was to continue working all his life long and at no other; he was not to let opportunities slip, and then he would become a good workman. Now nothing can be more important than that the work of a soldier should be well done. But is war an art so easily acquired that a man may be a warrior who is also a husbandman, or shoemaker, or other artisan; although no one in the world would be a good dice or draught player who merely took up the game as a recreation, and had not from his earliest years devoted himself to this and nothing else? No tools will make a man a skilled workman, or master of defence, nor be of any use to him who has not learned how to handle them, and has never bestowed any attention upon them. How then will he who takes up a shield or other implement of war become a good fighter all in a day, whether with heavy-armed or any other kind of troops?

Yes, he said, the tools which would teach men their own use would be beyond price.

And the higher the duties of the guardian, I said, the more time and skill, and art, and application will be needed by him?

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374e–375d]

No doubt, he replied.

Will he not also require natural aptitude for his calling?

Certainly.

Then it will be our duty to select, if we can, natures which are fitted for the task of guarding the city?

It will.

And the selection will be no easy matter, I said; but we must be brave and do our best.

We must.

Is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog in respect of guarding and watching?

What do you mean?

I mean that both of them ought to be quick to see, and swift to overtake the enemy when they see him; and strong too if, when they have caught him, they have to fight with him.

All these qualities, he replied, will certainly be required by them.

Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well?

Certainly.

And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit, whether horse or dog or any other animal? Have you never observed how invincible and unconquerable is spirit and how the presence of it makes the soul of any creature to be absolutely fearless and indomitable?

I have.

Then now we have a clear notion of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian.

True.

And also of the mental ones; his soul is to be full of spirit?

Yes.

But are not these spirited natures apt to be savage with one another, and with everybody else?

A difficulty by no means easy to overcome, he replied.

Whereas, I said, they ought to be dangerous to their enemies, and gentle to their friends; if not, they will destroy themselves without waiting for their enemies to destroy them.

True, he said.

What is to be done then? I said; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for the one is the contradiction of the other?

True.

He will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities; and yet the combination of them appears to be impossible; and hence we must infer that to be a good guardian is impossible.

I am afraid that what you say is true, he replied.

Here feeling perplexed I began to think over what had preceded.—My friend I said, no wonder that we are in a perplexity; for we have lost sight of the image which we had before us.

What do you mean? he said.

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I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

And where do you find them?

Many animals, I replied, furnish examples of them; our friend the dog is a very good one: you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers.

Yes, I know.

Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities?

Certainly not.

Would not he who is fitted to be a guardian, besides the spirited nature, need to have the qualities of a philosopher?

I do not apprehend your meaning.

The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in the animal.

What trait?

Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

The matter never struck me before; but I quite recognise the truth of your remark.

And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming;—your dog is a true philosopher.

Why?

Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not an animal be a lover of learning who determines what he likes and dislikes by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

Most assuredly.

And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

They are the same, he replied.

And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

That we may safely affirm.

Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

Undoubtedly.

Then we have found the desired natures; and now that we have found them, how are they to be reared and educated? Is not this an enquiry which may be expected to throw light on the greater enquiry which is our final end—How do justice and injustice grow up in States? for we do not want either to omit what is to the point or to draw out the argument to an inconvenient length.

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376d–377c]

Adeimantus thought that the enquiry would be of great service to us.

Then, I said, my dear friend, the task must not be given up, even if somewhat long.

Certainly not.

Come then, and let us pass a leisure hour in story-telling, and our story shall be the education of our heroes.

By all means.

And what shall be their education? Can we find a better than the traditional sort? — and this has two divisions, gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul.

True.

Shall we begin education with music, and go on to gymnastic afterwards?

By all means.

And when you speak of music, do you include literature or not?

I do.

And literature may be either true or false?

Yes.

And the young should be trained in both kinds, and we begin with the false?

I do not understand your meaning, he said.

You know, I said, that we begin by telling children stories which, though not wholly destitute of truth, are in the main fictitious; and these stories are told them when they are not of an age to learn gymnastics.

Very true.

That was my meaning when I said that we must teach music before gymnastics.

Quite right, he said.

You know also that the beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken.

Quite true.

And shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons, and to receive into their minds ideas for the most part the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?

We cannot.

Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorised ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those which are now in use must be discarded.

Of what tales are you speaking? he said.

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You may find a model of the lesser in the greater, I said; for they are necessarily of the same type, and there is the same spirit in both of them.

Very likely, he replied; but I do not as yet know what you would term the greater.

Those, I said, which are narrated by Homer and Hesiod, and the rest of the poets, who have ever been the great story-tellers of mankind.

But which stories do you mean, he said; and what fault do you find with them?

A fault which is most serious, I said; the fault of telling a lie, and, what is more, a bad lie.

But when is this fault committed?

Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes, — as when a painter paints a portrait not having the shadow of a likeness to the original.

Yes, he said, that sort of thing is certainly very blameable; but what are the stories which you mean?

First of all, I said, there was that greatest of all lies, in high places, which the poet told about Uranus, and which was a bad lie too, — I mean what Hesiod says that Uranus did, and how Cronus retaliated on him. The doings of Cronus, and the sufferings which in turn his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought certainly not to be lightly told to young and thoughtless persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery, and they should sacrifice not a common [Eleusinian] pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; and then the number of the hearers will be very few indeed.

Why, yes, said he, those stories are extremely objectionable.

Yes, Adeimantus, they are stories not to be repeated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous; and that even if he chastises his father when he does wrong, in whatever manner he will only be following the example of the first and greatest among the gods.

I entirely agree with you, he said; in my opinion those stories are quite unfit to be repeated.

Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling among themselves as of all things the basest, should any word be said to them of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, for they are not true. No, we shall never mention the battles of the giants, or let them be embroidered on garments; and we shall be silent about the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relatives. If they would only believe us we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and

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378c–379c]

old women should begin by telling children; and when they grow age, the poets also should be told to compose for them in a similar spirit. But the narrative of Hephaestus binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten, and all the battles of the gods in Homer—these tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For a young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; but if any one asks where are such models to be found and of what tales are you speaking—how shall we answer him?

I said to him, You and I, Adeimantus, at this moment are not poets, but founders of a State: now the founders of a State ought to know the general forms in which poets should cast their tales, and the limits which must be observed by them, but to make the tales is not their business.

Very true, he said; but what are these forms of theology which you mean?

Something of this kind, I replied:—God is always to be represented as he truly is, whatever be the sort of poetry, epic, lyric or tragic, in which the representation is given.

Right.

And is he not truly good? and must he not be represented as such?

Certainly.

And no good thing is hurtful?

No, indeed.

And that which is not hurtful hurts not?

Certainly not.

And that which hurts not does no evil?

No.

And can that which does no evil be a cause of evil?

Impossible.

And the good is advantageous?

Yes.

And therefore the cause of well-being?

Yes.

It follows therefore that the good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only?

Assuredly.

Then God, if he be good, is not the author of all things, as the many assert, but he is the cause of a few things only, and not of most things that occur to men. For few are the goods of human life, and many are the evils, and the good is to be attributed to God

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alone; of the evils the causes are to be sought elsewhere, and not in him.

That appears to me to be most true, he said.

Then we must not listen to Homer or to any other poet who is guilty of the folly of saying that two casks

'Lie at the threshold of Zeus, full of lots, one of good, the other of evil lots,' [Iliad xxiv. 527.]

and that he to whom Zeus gives a mixture of the two

'Sometimes meets with evil fortune, at other times with good;'

but that he to whom is given the cup of unmingled ill,

'Him wild hunger drives o'er the beauteous earth.'

And again —

'Zeus, who is the dispenser of good and evil to us.'

And if any one asserts that the violation of oaths and treaties, which was really the work of Pandarus, was brought about by Athene and Zeus, or that the strife and contention of the gods was instigated by Themis and Zeus, he shall not have our approval; neither will we allow our young men to hear the words of Aeschylus, that

'God plants guilt among men when he desires utterly to destroy a house.'

And if a poet writes of the sufferings of Niobe — the subject of the tragedy in which these iambic verses occur — or of the house of Pelops, or of the Trojan war or on any similar theme, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, he must devise some explanation of them such as we are seeking; he must say that God did what was just and right, and they were the better for being punished; but that those who are punished are miserable, and that God is the author of their misery — the poet is not to be permitted to say; though he may say that the wicked are miserable because they require to be punished and are benefited by receiving punishment from God; but that God being good is the author of evil to any one is to be strenuously denied, and not to be said or sung or heard in verse or prose by any one whether old or young in any well-ordered commonwealth. Such a fiction is suicidal, ruinous, impious.

I agree with you, he replied, and am ready to give my assent to the law.

Let this then be one of our rules and principles concerning the gods, to which our poets and reciters will be expected to conform — that God is not the author of all things, but of good only.

[368b-380c, tr. B. Jowett]

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401b–402a]

[The discussion of the elementary education of the citizen-body continues with more details about the censorship of poetry and myth: Socrates lays down the principles that God never changes, never deceives men by putting on various shapes, and never lies; poets are to be forbidden to represent God as doing any of these things. In Book III Socrates turns to the myths about heroes, with special attention to their effect on the character of the Guardians. Here too he argues for the necessity of censoring or expurgating the traditional myths of the Greeks, and he concludes this section with an attack on imitative (*i.e.*, dramatic) poetry as tending to undermine the ideal character which the Guardians must develop from their earliest youth. The result of all this is to exclude from the ideal state almost all forms of poetry except hymns to the gods and songs in praise of virtuous men.

Socrates next takes up the question of suitable melodies and rhythms, a topic which is still under discussion at the opening of the next selection, which is notable for its eloquent words on the value of harmony and beauty, in both sights and sounds, for the training of the young.]

BOOK III

But shall our superintendence go no further, and are the poets only to be required by us to express the image of the good in their works, on pain, if they do anything else, of expulsion from our State? Or is the same control to be extended to other artists, and are they also to be prohibited from exhibiting the opposite forms of vice and intemperance and meanness and indecency in sculpture and building and the other creative arts; and is he who cannot conform to this rule of ours to be prevented from practising his art in our State, lest the taste of our citizens be corrupted by him? We would not have our guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul. Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason.

There can be no nobler training than that, he replied.

And therefore, I said, Glaucon, musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he

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will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognise and salute the friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

Yes, he said, I quite agree with you in thinking that our youth should be trained in music and on the grounds which you mention.

Just as in learning to read, I said, we were satisfied when we knew the letters of the alphabet, which are very few, in all their recurring sizes and combinations; not slighting them as unimportant whether they occupy a space large or small, but everywhere eager to make them out; and not thinking ourselves perfect in the art of reading until we recognise them wherever they are found:

True —

Or, as we recognise the reflection of letters in the water, or in a mirror, only when we know the letters themselves; the same art and study giving us the knowledge of both:

Exactly —

Even so, as I maintain, neither we nor our guardians, whom we have to educate, can ever become musical until we and they know the essential forms, in all their combinations, and can recognise them and their images wherever they are found, not slighting them either in small things or great, but believing them all to be within the sphere of one art and study.

Most assuredly.

And when a beautiful soul harmonizes with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mould, that will be the fairest of sights to him who has an eye to see it?

The fairest indeed.

And the fairest is also the loveliest?

That may be assumed.

And the man who has the spirit of harmony will be most in love with the loveliest; but he will not love him who is of an inharmonious soul?

That is true, he replied, if the deficiency be in his soul; but if there be any merely bodily defect in another he will be patient of it, and will love all the same.

I perceive, I said, that you have or have had experiences of this sort, and I agree. But let me ask you another question: Has excess of pleasure any affinity to temperance?

How can that be? he replied; pleasure deprives a man of the use of his faculties quite as much as pain.

Or any affinity to virtue in general?

None whatever.

Any affinity to wantonness and intemperance?

Yes, the greatest.

And is there any greater or keener pleasure than that of sensual love?

No, nor a madder.

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Whereas true love is a love of beauty and order — temperate and harmonious?

Quite true, he said.

Then no intemperance or madness should be allowed to approach true love?

Certainly not.

Then mad or intemperate pleasure must never be allowed to come near the lover and his beloved; neither of them can have any part in it if their love is of the right sort?

No, indeed, Socrates, it must never come near them.

Then I suppose that in the city which we are founding you would make a law to the effect that a friend should use no other familiarity to his love than a father would use to his son, and then only for a noble purpose, and he must first have the other's consent; and this rule is to limit him in all his intercourse, and he is never to be seen going further, or, if he exceeds, he is to be deemed guilty of coarseness and bad taste.

I quite agree, he said.

Thus much of music, which makes a fair ending; for what should be the end of music if not the love of beauty?

I agree, he said.

After music comes gymnastic, in which our youth are next to be trained.

Certainly.

Gymnastic as well as music should begin in early years; the training in it should be careful and should continue through life. Now my belief is, — and this is a matter upon which I should like to have your opinion in confirmation of my own, but my own belief is, — not that the good body by any bodily excellence improves the soul, but, on the contrary, that the good soul, by her own excellence, improves the body as far as this may be possible. What do you say?

Yes, I agree.

Then, to the mind when adequately trained, we shall be right in handing over the more particular care of the body; and in order to avoid prolixity we will now only give the general outlines of the subject.

Very good.

That they must abstain from intoxication has been already remarked by us; for of all persons a guardian should be the last to get drunk and not know where in the world he is.

Yes, he said; that a guardian should require another guardian to take care of him is ridiculous indeed.

But next, what shall we say of their food; for the men are in training for the great contest of all — are they not?

Yes, he said.

And will the habit of body of our ordinary athletes be suited to them?

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Why not? [404a–e

I am afraid, I said, that a habit of body such as they have is but a sleepy sort of thing, and rather perilous to health. Do you not observe that these athletes sleep away their lives, and are liable to most dangerous illnesses if they depart, in ever so slight a degree, from their customary regimen?

Yes, I do.

Then, I said, a finer sort of training will be required for our warrior athletes, who are to be like wakeful dogs, and to see and hear with the utmost keenness; amid the many changes of water and also of food, of summer heat and winter cold, which they will have to endure when on a campaign, they must not be liable to break down in health.

That is my view.

The really excellent gymnastic is twin sister of that simple music which we were just now describing.

How so?

Why, I conceive that there is a gymnastic which, like our music, is simple and good; and especially the military gymnastic.

What do you mean?

My meaning may be learned from Homer; he, you know, feeds his heroes at their feasts, when they are campaigning, on soldiers' fare; they have no fish, although they are on the shores of the Hellespont, and they are not allowed boiled meats but only roast, which is the food most convenient for soldiers, requiring only that they should light a fire, and not involving the trouble of carrying about pots and pans.

True.

And I can hardly be mistaken in saying that sweet sauces are nowhere mentioned in Homer. In proscribing them, however, he is not singular; all professional athletes are well aware that a man who is to be in good condition should take nothing of the kind.

Yes, he said; and knowing this, they are quite right in not taking them.

Then you would not approve of Syracusan dinners, and the refinements of Sicilian cookery?

I think not.

Nor, if a man is to be in condition, would you allow him to have a Corinthian girl as his fair friend?

Certainly not.

Neither would you approve of the delicacies, as they are thought, of Athenian confectionary?

Certainly not.

All such feeding and living may be rightly compared by us to melody and song composed in the panharmonic style, and in all the rhythms.

Exactly.

There complexity engendered licence, and here disease; whereas

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simplicity in music was the parent of temperance in the soul; and simplicity in gymnastic of health in the body.

Most true, he said.

But when intemperance and disease multiply in a State, halls of justice and medicine are always being opened; and the arts of the doctor and the lawyer give themselves airs, finding how keen is the interest which not only the slaves but the freemen of a city take about them.

Of course.

And yet what greater proof can there be of a bad and disgraceful state of education than this, that not only artisans and the meaner sort of people need the skill of first-rate physicians and judges, but also those who would profess to have had a liberal education? Is it not disgraceful, and a great sign of want of good-breeding, that a man should have to go abroad for his law and physic because he has none of his own at home, and must therefore surrender himself into the hands of other men whom he makes lords and judges over him?

Of all things, he said, the most disgraceful.

Would you say 'most,' I replied, when you consider that there is a further stage of the evil in which a man is not only a life-long litigant, passing all his days in the courts, either as plaintiff or defendant, but is actually led by his bad taste to pride himself on his litigiousness; he imagines that he is a master in dishonesty; able to take every crooked turn, and wriggle into and out of every hole, bending like a withy and getting out of the way of justice: and all for what?—in order to gain small points not worth mentioning, he not knowing that so to order his life as to be able to do without a napping judge is a far higher and nobler sort of thing. Is not that still more disgraceful?

Yes, he said, that is still more disgraceful.

Well, I said, and to require the help of medicine, not when a wound has to be cured, or on occasion of an epidemic, but just because, by indolence and a habit of life such as we have been describing, men fill themselves with waters and winds, as if their bodies were a marsh, compelling the ingenious sons of Asclepius to find more names for diseases, such as flatulence and catarrh; is not this, too, a disgrace?

Yes, he said, they do certainly give very strange and new-fangled names to diseases.

Yes, I said, and I do not believe that there were any such diseases in the days of Asclepius; and this I infer from the circumstance that the hero Eurypylus, after he has been wounded in Homer, drinks a posset of Pramnian wine well besprinkled with barley-meal and grated cheese, which are certainly inflammatory, and yet the sons of Asclepius who were at the Trojan war do not blame the damsel who gives him the drink, or rebuke Patroclus, who is treating his case.

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Well, he said, that was surely an extraordinary drink to be given to a person in his condition.

Not so extraordinary, I replied, if you bear in mind that in former days, as is commonly said, before the time of Herodicus, the guild of Asclepius did not practise our present system of medicine, which may be said to educate diseases. But Herodicus, being a trainer, and himself of a sickly constitution, by a combination of training and doctoring found out a way of torturing first and chiefly himself, and secondly the rest of the world.

How was that? he said.

By the invention of lingering death; for he had a mortal disease which he perpetually tended, and as recovery was out of the question, he passed his entire life as a valetudinarian; he could do nothing but attend upon himself, and he was in constant torment whenever he departed in anything from his usual regimen, and so dying hard, by the help of science he struggled on to old age.

A rare reward of his skill!

Yes, I said; a reward which a man might fairly expect who never understood that, if Asclepius did not instruct his descendants in valetudinarian arts, the omission arose, not from ignorance or inexperience of such a branch of medicine, but because he knew that in all well-ordered states every individual has an occupation to which he must attend, and has therefore no leisure to spend in continually being ill. This we remark is the case of the artisan, but, ludicrously enough, do not apply the same rule to people of the richer sort.

How do you mean? he said.

I mean this: When a carpenter is ill he asks the physician for a rough and ready cure; an emetic or a purge or a cautery or the knife, — these are his remedies. And if some one prescribes for him a course of dietetics, and tells him that he must swathe and swaddle his head, and all that sort of thing, he replies at once that he has no time to be ill, and that he sees no good in a life which is spent in nursing his disease to the neglect of his customary employment; and therefore bidding good-bye to this sort of physician, he resumes his ordinary habits, and either gets well and lives and does his business, or, if his constitution fails, he dies and has no more trouble.

Yes, he said, and a man in his condition of life ought to use the art of medicine thus far only.

Has he not, I said, an occupation; and what profit would there be in his life if he were deprived of his occupation?

Quite true, he said.

But with the rich man this is otherwise; of him we do not say that he has any specially appointed work which he must perform, if he would live.

He is generally supposed to have nothing to do.

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Then you never heard of the saying of Phocylides, that as soon as a man has a livelihood he should practise virtue?

Nay, he said, I think that he had better begin somewhat sooner.

Let us not have a dispute with him about this, I said; but rather ask ourselves: Is the practice of virtue obligatory on the rich man, or can he live without it? And if obligatory on him, then let us raise a further question, whether this dieting of disorders, which is an impediment to the application of the mind in carpentering and the mechanical arts, does not equally stand in the way of the sentiment of Phocylides?

Of that, he replied, there can be no doubt; such excessive care of the body, when carried beyond the rules of gymnastic, is most inimical to the practice of virtue.

Yes, indeed, I replied, and equally incompatible with the management of a house, an army, or an office of state; and, what is most important of all, irreconcilable with any kind of study or thought or self-reflection — there is a constant suspicion that headache and giddiness are to be ascribed to philosophy, and hence all practising or making trial of virtue in the higher sense is absolutely stopped; for a man is always fancying that he is being made ill, and is in constant anxiety about the state of his body.

Yes, likely enough.

And therefore our politic Asclepius may be supposed to have exhibited the power of his art only to persons who, being generally of healthy constitution and habits of life, had a definite ailment; such as these he cured by purges and operations, and bade them live as usual, herein consulting the interests of the State; but bodies which disease had penetrated through and through he would not have attempted to cure by gradual processes of evacuation and infusion: he did not want to lengthen out good-for-nothing lives, or to have weak fathers begetting weaker sons; — if a man was not able to live in the ordinary way he had no business to cure him; for such a cure would have been of no use either to himself, or to the State.

Then, he said, you regard Asclepius as a statesman.

Clearly; and his character is further illustrated by his sons. Note that they were heroes in the days of old and practised the medicines of which I am speaking at the siege of Troy: You will remember how, when Pandarus wounded Menelaus, they

> 'Sucked the blood out of the wound, and sprinkled
> soothing remedies,'

but they never prescribed what the patient was afterwards to eat or drink in the case of Menelaus, any more than in the case of Eurypylus; the remedies, as they conceived, were enough to heal any man who before he was wounded was healthy and regular in his habits; and even though he did happen to drink a posset of

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Pramnian wine, he might get well all the same. But they would have nothing to do with unhealthy and intemperate subjects, whose lives were of no use either to themselves or others; the art of medicine was not designed for their good, and though they were as rich as Midas, the sons of Asclepius would have declined to attend them.

They were very acute persons, those sons of Asclepius.

Naturally so, I replied. Nevertheless, the tragedians and Pindar disobeying our behests, although they acknowledge that Asclepius was the son of Apollo, say also that he was bribed into healing a rich man who was at the point of death, and for this reason he was struck by lightning. But we, in accordance with the principle already affirmed by us, will not believe them when they tell us both; —if he was the son of a god, we maintain that he was not avaricious; or, if he was avaricious, he was not the son of a god.

All that, Socrates, is excellent; but I should like to put a question to you: Ought there not to be good physicians in a State, and are not the best those who have treated the greatest number of constitutions good and bad? and are not the best judges in like manner those who are acquainted with all sorts of moral natures?

Yes, I said, I too would have good judges and good physicians. But do you know whom I think good?

Will you tell me?

I will, if I can. Let me however note that in the same question you join two things which are not the same.

How so? he asked.

Why, I said, you join physicians and judges. Now the most skilful physicians are those who, from their youth upwards, have combined with the knowledge of their art the greatest experience of disease; they had better not be robust in health, and should have had all manner of diseases in their own persons. For the body, as I conceive, is not the instrument with which they cure the body; in that case we could not allow them ever to be or to have been sickly; but they cure the body with the mind, and the mind which has become and is sick can cure nothing.

That is very true, he said.

But with the judge it is otherwise; since he governs mind by mind; he ought not therefore to have been trained among vicious minds, and to have associated with them from youth upwards, and to have gone through the whole calendar of crime, only in order that he may quickly infer the crimes of others as he might their bodily diseases from his own self-consciousness; the honourable mind which is to form a healthy judgment should have had no experience or contamination of evil habits when young. And this is the reason why in youth good men often appear to be simple, and are easily practised upon by the dishonest, because they have no examples of what evil is in their own souls.

Yes, he said, they are far too apt to be deceived.

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409b–410c]

Therefore, I said, the judge should not be young; he should have learned to know evil, not from his own soul, but from late and long observation of the nature of evil in others: knowledge should be his guide, not personal experience.

Yes, he said, that is the ideal of a judge.

Yes, I replied, and he will be a good man (which is my answer to your question); for he is good who has a good soul. But the cunning and suspicious nature of which we spoke, — he who has committed many crimes, and fancies himself to be a master in wickedness, when he is amongst his fellows, is wonderful in the precautions which he takes, because he judges of them by himself: but when he gets into the company of men of virtue, who have the experience of age, he appears to be a fool again, owing to his unseasonable suspicions; he cannot recognise an honest man, because he has no pattern of honesty in himself; at the same time, as the bad are more numerous than the good, and he meets with them oftener, he thinks himself, and is by others thought to be, rather wise than foolish.

Most true, he said.

Then the good and wise judge whom we are seeking is not this man, but the other; for vice cannot know virtue too, but a virtuous nature, educated by time, will acquire a knowledge both of virtue and vice: the virtuous, and not the vicious man has wisdom — in my opinion.

And in mine also.

This is the sort of medicine, and this is the sort of law, which you will sanction in your state. They will minister to better natures, giving health both of soul and of body; but those who are diseased in their bodies they will leave to die, and the corrupt and incurable souls they will put an end to themselves.

That is clearly the best thing both for the patients and for the State.

And thus our youth, having been educated only in that simple music which, as we said, inspires temperance, will be reluctant to go to law.

Clearly.

And the musician, who, keeping to the same track, is content to practice the simple gymnastic, will have nothing to do with medicine unless in some extreme case.

That I quite believe.

The very exercises and toils which he undergoes are intended to stimulate the spirited element of his nature, and not to increase his strength; he will not, like common athletes, use exercise and regimen to develop his muscles.

Very right, he said.

Neither are the two arts of music and gymnastic really designed, as is often supposed, the one for the training of the soul, the other for the training of the body.

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What then is the real object of them?

I believe, I said, that the teachers of both have in view chiefly the improvement of the soul.

How can that be? he asked.

Did you never observe, I said, the effect on the mind itself of exclusive devotion to gymnastic, or the opposite effect of an exclusive devotion to music?

In what way shown? he said.

The one producing a temper of hardness and ferocity, the other of softness and effeminacy, I replied.

Yes, he said, I am quite aware that the mere athlete becomes too much of a savage, and that the mere musician is melted and softened beyond what is good for him.

Yet surely, I said, this ferocity only comes from spirit, which, if rightly educated, would give courage, but, if too much intensified, is liable to become hard and brutal.

That I quite think.

On the other hand the philosopher will have the quality of gentleness. And this also, when too much indulged, will turn to softness, but, if educated rightly, will be gentle and moderate.

True.

And in our opinion the guardians ought to have both these qualities?

Assuredly.

And both should be in harmony?

Beyond question.

And the harmonious soul is both temperate and courageous?

Yes.

And the inharmonious is cowardly and boorish?

Very true.

And, when a man allows music to play upon him and to pour into his soul through the funnel of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs of which we were just now speaking, and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song; in the first stage of the process the passion or spirit which is in him is tempered like iron, and made useful, instead of brittle and useless. But, if he carries on the softening and soothing process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste, until he has wasted away his spirit and cut out the sinews of his soul; and he becomes a feeble warrior.

Very true.

If the element of spirit is naturally weak in him the change is speedily accomplished, but if he have a good deal, then the power of music weakening the spirit renders him excitable; — on the least provocation he flames up at once, and is speedily extinguished; instead of having spirit he grows irritable and passionate and is quite impracticable.

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Exactly.

And so in gymnastics, if a man takes violent exercise and is a great feeder, and the reverse of a great student of music and philosophy, at first the high condition of his body fills him with pride and spirit, and he becomes twice the man that he was.

Certainly.

And what happens? if he do nothing else, and holds no converse with the Muses, does not even that intelligence which there may be in him, having no taste of any sort of learning or enquiry or thought or culture, grow feeble and dull and blind, his mind never waking up or receiving nourishment, and his senses not being purged of their mists?

True, he said.

And he ends by becoming a hater of philosophy, uncivilized, never using the weapon of persuasion, — he is like a wild beast, all violence and fierceness, and knows no other way of dealing; and he lives in all ignorance and evil conditions, and has no sense of propriety and grace.

That is quite true, he said.

And as there are two principles of human nature, one the spirited and the other the philosophical, some God, as I should say, has given mankind two arts answering to them (and only indirectly to the soul and body), in order that these two principles (like the strings of an instrument) may be relaxed or drawn tighter until they are duly harmonized.

That appears to be the intention.

And he who mingles music with gymnastic in the fairest proportions, and best attempers them to the soul, may be rightly called the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings.

You are quite right, Socrates.

And such a presiding genius will be always required in our State if the government is to last.

Yes, he will be absolutely necessary.

Such, then, are our principles of nurture and education: Where would be the use of going into further details about the dances of our citizens, or about their hunting and coursing, their gymnastic and equestrian contests? For these all follow the general principle, and having found that, we shall have no difficulty in discovering them.

I dare say that there will be no difficulty.

Very good, I said; then what is the next question? Must we not ask who are to be rulers and who subjects?

Certainly.

There can be no doubt that the elder must rule the younger.

Clearly.

And that the best of these must rule.

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That is also clear.

Now, are not the best husbandmen those who are most devoted to husbandry?

Yes.

And as we are to have the best of guardians for our city, must they not be those who have most the character of guardians?

Yes.

And to this end they ought to be wise and efficient, and to have a special care of the State?

True.

And a man will be most likely to care about that which he loves?

To be sure.

And he will be most likely to love that which he regards as having the same interests with himself, and that of which the good or evil fortune is supposed by him at any time most to affect his own?

Very true, he replied.

Then there must be a selection. Let us note among the guardians those who in their whole life show the greatest eagerness to do what is for the good of their country, and the greatest repugnance to do what is against her interests.

Those are the right men.

And they will have to be watched at every age, in order that we may see whether they preserve their resolution, and never, under the influence either of force or enchantment, forget or cast off their sense of duty to the State.

How cast off? he said.

I will explain to you, I replied. A resolution may go out of a man's mind either with his will or against his will; with his will when he gets rid of a falsehood and learns better, against his will whenever he is deprived of a truth.

I understand, he said, the willing loss of a resolution; the meaning of the unwilling I have yet to learn.

Why, I said, do you not see that men are unwillingly deprived of good, and willingly of evil? Is not to have lost the truth an evil, and to possess the truth a good? and you would agree that to conceive things as they are is to possess the truth?

Yes, he replied; I agree with you in thinking that mankind are deprived of truth against their will.

And is not this involuntary deprivation caused either by theft, or force, or enchantment?

Still, he replied, I do not understand you.

I fear that I must have been talking darkly, like the tragedians. I only mean that some men are changed by persuasion and that others forget; argument steals away the hearts of one class, and time of the other; and this I call theft. Now you understand me?

Yes.

Those again who are forced are those whom the violence of some pain or grief compels to change their opinion.

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413b-414c]

I understand, he said, and you are quite right.

And you would also acknowledge that the enchanted are those who change their minds either under the softer influence of pleasure, or the sterner influence of fear?

Yes, he said; everything that deceives may be said to enchant.

Therefore, as I was just now saying, we must enquire who are the best guardians of their own conviction that what they think the interest of the State is to be the rule of their lives. We must watch them from their youth upwards, and make them perform actions in which they are most likely to forget or to be deceived, and he who remembers and is not deceived is to be selected, and he who fails in the trial is to be rejected. That will be the way?

Yes.

And there should also be toils and pains and conflicts prescribed for them, in which they will be made to give further proof of the same qualities.

Very right, he replied.

And then, I said, we must try them with enchantments — that is the third sort of test — and see what will be their behaviour: like those who take colts amid noise and tumult to see if they are of a timid nature, so must we take our youth amid terrors of some kind, and again pass them into pleasures, and prove them more thoroughly than gold is proved in the furnace, that we may discover whether they are armed against all enchantments, and of a noble bearing always, good guardians of themselves and of the music which they have learned, and retaining under all circumstances a rhythmical and harmonious nature, such as will be most serviceable to the individual and to the State. And he who at every age, as boy and youth and in mature life, has come out of the trial victorious and pure, shall be appointed a ruler and guardian of the State; he shall be honoured in life and death, and shall receive sepulture and other memorials of honour, the greatest that we have to give. But him who fails, we must reject. I am inclined to think that this is the sort of way in which our rulers and guardians should be chosen and appointed. I speak generally, and not with any pretension to exactness.

And, speaking generally, I agree with you, he said.

And perhaps the word 'guardian' in the fullest sense ought to be applied to this higher class only who preserve us against foreign enemies and maintain peace among our citizens at home, that the one may not have the will, or the others the power, to harm us. The young men whom we before called guardians may be more properly designated auxiliaries and supporters of the principles of the rulers.

I agree with you, he said.

How then may we devise one of those needful falsehoods of which we lately spoke — just one royal lie which may deceive the rulers, if that be possible, and at any rate the rest of the city?

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What sort of lie? he said.

Nothing new, I replied; only an old Phoenician tale of what has often occurred before now in other places, (as the poets say, and have made the world believe,) though not in our time, and I do not know whether such an event could ever happen again, or could now even be made probable, if it did.

How your words seem to hesitate on your lips!

You will not wonder, I replied, at my hesitation when you have heard.

Speak, he said, and fear not.

Well then, I will speak, although I really know not how to look you in the face, or in what words to utter the audacious fiction, which I propose to communicate gradually, first to the rulers, then to the soldiers, and lastly to the people. They are to be told that their youth was a dream, and the education and training which they received from us, an appearance only; in reality during all that time they were being formed and fed in the womb of the earth, where they themselves and their arms and appurtenances were manufactured; when they were completed, the earth, their mother, sent them up; and so, their country being their mother and also their nurse, they are bound to advise for her good, and to defend her against attacks, and her citizens they are to regard as children of the earth and their own brothers.

You had good reason, he said, to be ashamed of the lie which you were going to tell.

True, I replied, but there is more coming; I have only told you half. Citizens, we shall say to them in our tale, you are brothers, yet God has framed you differently. Some of you have the power of command, and in the composition of these he has mingled gold, wherefore also they have the greatest honour; others he has made of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again who are to be husbandmen and craftsmen he has composed of brass and iron; and the species will generally be preserved in the children. But as all are of the same original stock, a golden parent will sometimes have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son. And God proclaims as a first principle to the rulers, and above all else, that there is nothing which they should so anxiously guard, or of which they are to be such good guardians, as of the purity of the race. They should observe what elements mingle in their offspring; for if the son of a golden or silver parent has an admixture of brass and iron, then nature orders a transposition of ranks, and the eye of the ruler must not be pitiful towards the child because he has to descend in the scale and become a husbandman or artisan, just as there may be sons of artisans who having an admixture of gold or silver in them are raised to honour, and become guardians or auxiliaries. For an oracle says that when a man of brass or iron guards the State, it will be destroyed. Such is the tale; is there any possibility of making our citizens believe in it?

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[415d–416d]

Not in the present generation, he replied; there is no way of accomplishing this; but their sons may be made to believe in the tale, and their sons' sons, and posterity after them.

I see the difficulty, I replied; yet the fostering of such a belief will make them care more for the city and for one another. Enough, however, of the fiction, which may now fly abroad upon the wings of rumour, while we arm our earth-born heroes, and lead them forth under the command of their rulers. Let them look round and select a spot whence they can best suppress insurrection, if any prove refractory within, and also defend themselves against enemies, who like wolves may come down on the fold from without; there let them encamp, and when they have encamped, let them sacrifice to the proper Gods and prepare their dwellings.

Just so, he said.

And their dwellings must be such as will shield them against the cold of winter and the heat of summer.

I suppose that you mean houses, he replied.

Yes, I said; but they must be the houses of soldiers, and not of shop-keepers.

What is the difference? he said.

That I will endeavour to explain, I replied. To keep watch-dogs, which from want of discipline or hunger, or some evil habit or other, would turn upon the sheep and worry them, and behave not like dogs but wolves, would be a foul and monstrous thing in a shepherd?

Truly monstrous, he said.

And therefore every care must be taken that our auxiliaries, being stronger than our citizens, may not grow to be too much for them and become savage tyrants instead of friends and allies?

Yes, great care should be taken.

And would not a really good education furnish the best safeguard?

But they are well-educated already, he replied.

I cannot be so confident, my dear Glaucon, I said; I am much more certain that they ought to be, and that true education, whatever that may be, will have the greatest tendency to civilize and humanize them in their relations to one another, and to those who are under their protection.

Very true, he replied.

And not only their education, but their habitations, and all that belongs to them, should be such as will neither impair their virtue as guardians, nor tempt them to prey upon the other citizens. Any man of sense must acknowledge that.

He must.

Then let us consider what will be their way of life, if they are to realize our idea of them. In the first place, none of them should have any property of his own beyond what is absolutely necessary; neither should they have a private house or store closed against any

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one who has a mind to enter; their provisions should be only such as are required by trained warriors, who are men of temperance and courage; they should agree to receive from the citizens a fixed rate of pay, enough to meet the expenses of the year and no more; and they will go to mess and live together like soldiers in a camp. Gold and silver we will tell them that they have from God; the diviner metal is within them, and they have therefore no need of the dross which is current among men, and ought not to pollute the divine by any such earthy admixture; for that common metal has been the source of many unholy deeds, but their own is undefiled. And they alone of all the citizens may not touch or handle silver or gold, or be under the same roof with them, or wear them, or drink from them. And this will be their salvation, and they will be the saviours of the State. But should they ever acquire homes or lands or moneys of their own, they will become housekeepers and husbandmen instead of guardians, enemies and tyrants instead of allies of the other citizens; hating and being hated, plotting and being plotted against, they will pass their whole life in much greater terror of internal than of external enemies, and the hour of ruin, both to themselves and to the rest of the State, will be at hand. For all which reasons may we not say that thus shall our State be ordered, and that these shall be the regulations appointed by us for our guardians concerning their houses and all other matters?

Yes, said Glaucon.

[401b-417b, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK IV

[Here Adeimantus raises the objection that the rulers will not be happy. Socrates replies that they may very well be the happiest of men, hinting that there is a higher conception of happiness than the popular one; at any rate, he adds, our aim was not the disproportionate happiness of any one class in the state, but the greatest possible happiness of the whole. If the whole state grows up in a noble order and prospers, the several classes will receive the proportion of happiness which is compatible with the right performance of their proper functions.

In concluding his regulations for the state Socrates touches on its proper size, stresses the importance of maintaining gymnastic and music in their original and pure form, and observes that as long as the good education is preserved, further legislation about details is unnecessary. The organization of formal religion will be left to Apollo at Delphi. Then follows the analysis of the four canonical virtues—wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice — which is given in full in the next selection.]

But where, amid all this, is justice? son of Ariston, tell me where. Now that our city has been made habitable, light a candle and search, and get your brother and Polemarchus and the rest of our friends to help, and let us see where in it we can discover justice

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427d–428c]

and where injustice, and in what they differ from one another, and which of them the man who would be happy should have for his possession, whether seen or unseen by gods and men.

Nonsense, said Glaucon: did you not promise to search yourself, saying that for you not to help justice in her need would be an impiety?

I do not deny that I said so; and as you remind me, I will be as good as my word; but you must join.

We will, he replied.

Well, then, I hope to make the discovery in this way: I mean to begin with the assumption that our State, if rightly ordered, is perfect.

That is most certain.

And being perfect, is therefore wise and valiant and temperate and just.

That is likewise clear.

And whichever of these qualities we find in the State, the one which is not found will be the residue?

Very good.

If there were four things, and we were searching for one of them, wherever it might be, the one sought for might be known to us from the first, and there would be no further trouble; or we might know the other three first, and then the fourth would clearly be the one left.

Very true, he said.

And is not a similar method to be pursued about the virtues, which are also four in number?

Clearly.

First among the virtues found in the State, wisdom comes into view, and in this I detect a certain peculiarity.

What is that?

The State which we have been describing is said to be wise as being good in counsel?

Very true.

And good counsel is clearly a kind of knowledge, for not by ignorance, but by knowledge, do men counsel well?

Clearly.

And the kinds of knowledge in a State are many and diverse?

Of course.

There is the knowledge of the carpenter; but is that the sort of knowledge which gives a city the title of wise and good in counsel?

Certainly not; that would only give a city the reputation of skill in carpentering.

Then a city is not to be called wise because possessing a knowledge which counsels for the best about wooden implements?

Certainly not.

Nor by reason of a knowledge which advises about brazen pots, or tilled, nor as possessing any other similar knowledge?

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Not by reason of any of them, he said.

Nor yet by reason of a knowledge which cultivates the earth, that would give the city the name of agricultural?

Yes.

Well, I said, and is there any knowledge in our recently-founded State among any of the citizens which advises, not about any particular thing in the State, but about the whole, and considers how a State can best deal with itself and with other States?

There certainly is.

And what is this knowledge, and among whom is it found? I asked.

It is the knowledge of the guardians, he replied, and is found among those whom we were just now describing as perfect guardians.

And what is the name which the city derives from the possession of this sort of knowledge?

The name of good in counsel and truly wise.

And will there be in our city more of these true guardians or more smiths?

The smiths, he replied, will be far more numerous.

Will not the guardians be the smallest of all the classes who receive a name from the profession of some kind of knowledge?

Much the smallest.

And so by reason of the smallest part or class, and of the knowledge which resides in this presiding and ruling part of itself, the whole State, being thus constituted according to nature, will be wise; and this, which has the only knowledge worthy to be called wisdom, has been ordained by nature to be of all classes the least.

Most true.

Thus, then, I said, the nature and place in the State of one of the four virtues has somehow or other been discovered.

And, in my humble opinion, very satisfactorily discovered, he replied.

Again, I said, there is no difficulty in seeing the nature of courage, and in what part that quality resides which gives the name of courageous to the State.

How do you mean?

Why, I said, every one who calls any State courageous or cowardly, will be thinking of the part which fights and goes out to war on the State's behalf.

No one, he replied, would ever think of any other.

The rest of the citizens may be courageous or may be cowardly, but their courage or cowardice will not, as I conceive, have the effect of making the city either the one or the other.

Certainly not.

The city will be courageous in virtue of a portion of herself which preserves under all circumstances that opinion about the

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ure of things to be feared and not to be feared in which our lucator educated them; and this is what you term courage.

I should like to hear what you are saying once more, for I do not ink that I perfectly understand you.

I mean that courage is a kind of salvation.

Salvation of what?

Of the opinion respecting things to be feared, what they are and what nature, which the law implants through education; and I mean by the words 'under all circumstances' to intimate that in pleasure or in pain, or under the influence of desire or fear, a man preserves, and does not lose this opinion. Shall I give you an illustration?

If you please.

You know, I said, that dyers, when they want to dye wool for making the true sea-purple, begin by selecting their white colour first; this they prepare and dress with much care and pains, in order that the white ground may take the purple hue in full perfection. The dyeing then proceeds; and whatever is dyed in this manner becomes a fast colour, and no washing either with lyes or without them can take away the bloom. But, when the ground has not been duly prepared, you will have noticed how poor is the look either of purple or of any other colour.

Yes, he said; I know that they have a washed-out and ridiculous appearance.

Then now, I said, you will understand what our object was in selecting our soldiers, and educating them in music and gymnastic; we were contriving influences which would prepare them to take the dye of the laws in perfection, and the colour of their opinion about dangers and of every other opinion was to be indelibly fixed by their nurture and training, not to be washed away by such potent lyes as pleasure — mightier agent far in washing the soul than any soda or lye; or by sorrow, fear, and desire, the mightiest of all other solvents. And this sort of universal saving power of true opinion in conformity with law about real and false dangers I call and maintain to be courage, unless you disagree.

But I agree, he replied; for I suppose that you mean to exclude mere uninstructed courage, such as that of a wild beast or of a slave—this, in your opinion, is not the courage which the law ordains, and ought to have another name.

Most certainly.

Then I may infer courage to be such as you describe?

Why, yes, said I, you may, and if you add the words 'of a citizen,' you will not be far wrong; -- hereafter, if you like, we will carry the examination further, but at present we are seeking not for courage but justice; and for the purpose of our enquiry we have said enough.

You are right, he replied.

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Two virtues remain to be discovered in the State—first temperance, and then justice which is the end of our search.

Very true.

Now, can we find justice without troubling ourselves about temperance?

I do not know how that can be accomplished, he said, nor do I desire that justice should be brought to light and temperance lost sight of; and therefore I wish that you would do me the favour of considering temperance first.

Certainly, I replied, I should not be justified in refusing your request.

Then consider, he said.

Yes, I replied; I will; and as far as I can at present see, the virtue of temperance has more of the nature of harmony and symphony than the preceding.

How so? he asked.

Temperance, I replied, is the ordering or controlling of certain pleasures and desires; this is curiously enough implied in the saying of 'a man being his own master;' and other traces of the same notion may be found in language.

No doubt, he said.

There is something ridiculous in the expression 'master of himself;' for the master is also the servant and the servant the master; and in all these modes of speaking the same person is denoted.

Certainly.

The meaning is, I believe, that in the human soul there is a better and also a worse principle; and when the better has the worse under control, then a man is said to be master of himself; and this is a term of praise: but when, owing to evil education or association, the better principle, which is also the smaller, is overwhelmed by the greater mass of the worse — in this case he is blamed and is called the slave of self and unprincipled.

Yes, there is reason in that.

And now, I said, look at our newly-created State, and there you will find one of these two conditions realized; for the State, as you will acknowledge, may be justly called master of itself, if the words 'temperance' and 'self-mastery' truly express the rule of the better part over the worse.

Yes, he said, I see that what you say is true.

Let me further note that the manifold and complex pleasures and desires and pains are generally found in children and women and servants, and in the freemen so called who are the lowest and more numerous class.

Certainly, he said.

Whereas the simple and moderate desires which follow reason and are under the guidance of mind and true opinion, are to be found only in a few, and those the best born and best educated.

Very true.

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These two, as you may perceive, have a place in our State; and the meaner desires of the many are held down by the virtuous desires and wisdom of the few.

That I perceive, he said.

Then if there be any city which may be described as master of its own pleasures and desires, and master of itself, ours may claim such a designation?

Certainly, he replied.

It may also be called temperate, and for the same reasons?

Yes.

And if there be any State in which rulers and subjects will be agreed as to the question who are to rule, that again will be our State?

Undoubtedly.

And the citizens being thus agreed among themselves, in which will temperance be found — in the rulers or in the subjects?

In both, as I should imagine, he replied.

Do you observe that we were not far wrong in our guess that temperance was a sort of harmony?

Why so?

Why, because temperance is unlike courage and wisdom, each which resides in a part only, the one making the State wise and the other valiant; not so temperance, which extends to the whole, and runs through all the notes of the scale, and produces a harmony of the weaker and the stronger and the middle class, whether you suppose them to be stronger or weaker in wisdom or power or numbers or wealth, or anything else. Most truly then may we deem temperance to be the agreement of the naturally superior and inferior, as to the right to rule of either, both in states and individuals.

I entirely agree with you.

And so, I said, we may consider three out of the four virtues to have been discovered in our State. The last of those qualities which make a state virtuous must be justice, if we only knew what it was.

The inference is obvious.

The time then has arrived, Glaucon, when, like huntsmen, we should surround the cover, and look sharp that justice does not slip away, and pass out of sight and escape us; for beyond a doubt she is somewhere in this country: watch therefore and strive to catch a sight of her, and if you see her first, let me know.

Would that I could but you should regard me rather as a follower who has just eyes enough to see what you show him — that is about as much as I am good for.

Offer up a prayer with me and follow.

I will, but you must show me the way.

There is no path, I said, and the wood is dark and perplexing; but we must push on.

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Let us push on.

Here I saw something: Halloo! I said, I begin to perceive a track, and I believe that the quarry will not escape.

Good news, he said.

Truly, I said, we are stupid fellows.

Why so?

Why, my good sir, at the beginning of our enquiry, ages ago, there was justice tumbling out at our feet, and we never saw her; nothing could be more ridiculous. Like people who go about looking for what they have in their hands — that was the way with us — we looked not at what we were seeking, but at what was far off in the distance; and therefore, I suppose, we missed her.

What do you mean?

I mean to say that in reality for a long time past we have been talking of justice, and have failed to recognise her.

I grow impatient at the length of your exordium.

Well then, tell me, I said, whether I am right or not: You remember the original principle which we were always laying down at the foundation of the State, that one man should practise one thing only, the thing to which his nature was best adapted; — now justice is this principle or a part of it.

Yes, we often said that one man should do one thing only.

Further, we affirmed that justice was doing one's own business, and not being a busybody; we said so again and again, and many others have said the same to us.

Yes, we said so.

Then to do one's own business in a certain way may be assumed to be justice. Can you tell me whence I derive this inference?

I cannot, but I should like to be told.

Because I think that this is the only virtue which remains in the State when the other virtues of temperance and courage and wisdom are abstracted; and, that this is the ultimate cause and condition of the existence of all of them, and while remaining in them is also their preservative; and we were saying that if the three were discovered by us, justice would be the fourth or remaining one.

That follows of necessity.

If we are asked to determine which of these four qualities by its presence contributes most to the excellence of the State, whether the agreement of rulers and subjects, or the preservation in the soldiers of the opinion which the law ordains about the true nature of dangers, or wisdom and watchfulness in the rulers, or whether this other which I am mentioning, and which is found in children and women, slave and freeman, artisan, ruler, subject, — the quality I mean, of every one doing his own work, and not being a busybody, would claim the palm — the question is not so easily answered.

Certainly, he replied, there would be a difficulty in saying which.

Then the power of each individual in the State to do his own

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which appears to compete with the other political virtues, wisdom, temperance, courage.

Yes, he said.

And the virtue which enters into this competition is justice?

Exactly.

Let us look at the question from another point of view: Are not the rulers in a State those to whom you would entrust the office of determining suits at law?

Certainly.

And are suits decided on any other ground but that a man may neither take what is another's, nor be deprived of what is his own?

Yes; that is their principle.

Which is a just principle?

Yes.

Then on this view also justice will be admitted to be the having and doing what is a man's own, and belongs to him?

Very true.

Think, now, and say whether you agree with me or not. Suppose a carpenter to be doing the business of a cobbler, or a cobbler of a carpenter; and suppose them to exchange their implements or their duties, or the same person to be doing the work of both, or whatever be the change; do you think that any great harm would result to the State?

Not much.

But when the cobbler or any other man whom nature designed to be a trader, having his heart lifted up by wealth or strength or the number of his followers, or any like advantage, attempts to force his way into the class of warriors, or a warrior into that of legislators and guardians, for which he is unfitted, and either to take the implements or the duties of the other; or when one man is trader, legislator, and warrior all in one, then I think you will agree with me in saying that this interchange and this meddling of one with another is the ruin of the State.

Most true.

Seeing then, I said, that there are three distinct classes, any meddling of one with another, or the change of one into another, is the greatest harm to the State, and may be most justly termed evil-doing?

Precisely.

And the greatest degree of evil-doing to one's own city would be termed by you injustice?

Certainly.

This then is injustice; and on the other hand when the trader, the auxiliary, and the guardian each do their own business, that is justice, and will make the city just.

I agree with you.

We will not, I said, be over-positive as yet; but if, on trial, this conception of justice be verified in the individual as well as in the

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State, there will be no longer any room for doubt; if it be not verified, we must have a fresh enquiry. First let us complete the old investigation, which we began, as you remember, under the impression that, if we could previously examine justice on the larger scale, there would be less difficulty in discerning her in the individual. That larger example appeared to be the State, and accordingly we constructed as good a one as we could, knowing well that in the good State justice would be found. Let the discovery which we made be now applied to the individual—if they agree, we shall be satisfied; or, if there be a difference in the individual, we will come back to the State and have another trial of the theory. The friction of the two when rubbed together may possibly strike a light in which justice will shine forth, and the vision which is then revealed we will fix in our souls.

That will be in regular course; let us do as you say.

I proceeded to ask: When two things, a greater and less, are called by the same name, are they like or unlike in so far as they are called the same?

Like, he replied.

The just man then, if we regard the idea of justice only, will be like the just State?

He will.

And a State was thought by us to be just when the three classes in the State severally did their own business; and also thought to be temperate and valiant and wise by reason of certain other affections and qualities of these same classes?

True, he said.

And so of the individual; we may assume that he has the same three principles in his own soul which are found in the State; and he may be rightly described in the same terms, because he is affected in the same manner?

Certainly, he said.

Once more then, O my friend, we have alighted upon an easy question — whether the soul has these three principles or not?

An easy question! Nay, rather, Socrates, the proverb holds that hard is the good.

Very true, I said; and I do not think that the method which we are employing is at all adequate to the accurate solution of this question; the true method is another and a longer one. Still we may arrive at a solution not below the level of the previous enquiry.

May we not be satisfied with that? he said; — under the circumstances, I am quite content.

I too, I replied, shall be extremely well satisfied.

Then faint not in pursuing the speculation, he said.

Must we not acknowledge, I said, that in each of us there are the same principles and habits which there are in the State; and that from the individual they pass into the State? — how else can

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come there? Take the quality of passion or spirit; — it would be ridiculous to imagine that this quality, when found in States, is not derived from the individuals who are supposed to possess it, as the Thracians, Scythians, and in general the northern nations; and the same may be said of the love of knowledge, which is the special characteristic of our part of the world, or of the love of money, which may, with equal truth, be attributed to the Phoenicians and Egyptians.

Exactly so, he said.

There is no difficulty in understanding this.

None whatever.

But the question is not quite so easy when we proceed to ask whether these principles are three or one; whether, that is to say, we learn with one part of our nature, are angry with another, and with a third part desire the satisfaction of our natural appetites; or whether the whole soul comes into play in each sort of action — to determine that is the difficulty.

Yes, he said; there lies the difficulty.

Then let us now try and determine whether they are the same or different.

How can we? he asked.

I replied as follows: The same thing clearly cannot act or be acted upon in the same part or in relation to the same thing at the same time, in contrary ways; and therefore whenever this contradiction occurs in things apparently the same, we know that they are really not the same, but different.

Good.

For example, I said, can the same thing be at rest and in motion at the same time in the same part?

Impossible.

Still, I said, let us have a more precise statement of terms, lest we should hereafter fall out by the way. Imagine the case of a man who is standing and also moving his hands and his head, and suppose a person to say that one and the same person is in motion and at rest at the same moment — to such a mode of speech we should object, and should rather say that one part of him is in motion while another is at rest.

Very true.

And suppose the objector to refine still further, and to draw the nice distinction that not only parts of tops, but whole tops, when they spin round with their pegs fixed on the spot, are at rest and in motion at the same time (and he may say the same of anything which revolves in the same spot), his objection would not be admitted by us, because in such cases things are not at rest and in motion in the same parts of themselves; we should rather say that they have both an axis and a circumference; and that the axis stands still, for there is no deviation from the perpendicular; and that

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the circumference goes round. But if, while revolving, the axis inclines either to the right or left, forwards or backwards, then in no point of view can they be at rest.

That is the correct mode of describing them, he replied.

Then none of these objections will confuse us, or incline us to believe that the same thing at the same time, in the same part or in relation to the same thing, can act or be acted upon in contrary ways.

Certainly not, according to my way of thinking.

Yet, I said, that we may not be compelled to examine all such objections, and prove at length that they are untrue, let us assume their absurdity, and go forward on the understanding that hereafter if this assumption turn out to be untrue, all the consequences which follow shall be withdrawn.

Yes, he said, that will be the best way.

Well, I said, would you not allow that assent and dissent, desire and aversion, attraction and repulsion, are all of them opposites, whether they are regarded as active or passive (for that makes no difference in the fact of their opposition)?

Yes, he said, they are opposites.

Well, I said, and hunger and thirst, and the desires in general and again willing and wishing, — all these you would refer to the classes already mentioned. You would say — would you not? — that the soul of him who desires is seeking after the object of his desires; or that he is drawing to himself the thing which he wishes to possess: or again, when a person wants anything to be given him, his mind, longing for the realization of his desires, intimates his wish to have it by a nod of assent, as if he had been asked a question?

Very true.

And what would you say of unwillingness and dislike and the absence of desire; should not these be referred to the opposite class of repulsion and rejection?

Certainly.

Admitting this to be true of desire generally, let us suppose a particular class of desires, and out of these we will select hunger and thirst, as they are termed, which are the most obvious of them.

Let us take that class, he said.

The object of one is food, and of the other drink?

Yes.

And here comes the point: is not thirst the desire which the soul has of drink, and of drink only; not of drink qualified by anything else; for example, warm or cold, or much or little, or, in a word, drink of any particular sort: but if the thirst be accompanied by heat, then the desire is of cold drink; or, if accompanied by cold, then of warm drink; or, if the thirst be excessive, then the drink which is desired will be excessive; or, if not great, the quantity of drink will also be small: but thirst pure and simple will

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drink pure and simple, which is the natural satisfaction of as food is of hunger?

he said; the simple desire is, as you say, in every case of the object, and the qualified desire of the qualified object.

here a confusion may arise; and I should wish to guard an opponent starting up and saying that no man desires only, but good drink, or food only, but good food; for good universal object of desire, and thirst being a desire, will rily be thirst after good drink; and the same is true of other desire.

he replied, the opponent might have something to say.

nevertheless I should still maintain, that of relatives some have ity attached to either term of the relation; others are simple have their correlatives simple.

do not know what you mean.

you know of course that the greater is relative to the less?

rtainly.

the much greater to the much less?

s.

the sometime greater to the sometime less, and the greater to be to the less that is to be?

rtainly, he said.

so of more and less, and of other correlative terms, such as uble and the half, or again, the heavier and the lighter, the and the slower; and of hot and cold, and of any other ves;—is not this true of all of them?

s.

does not the same principle hold in the sciences? The of science is knowledge (assuming that to be the true defini- but the object of a particular science is a particular kind of edge; I mean, for example, that the science of house-building kind of knowledge which is defined and distinguished from kinds and is therefore termed architecture.

rtainly.

ause it has a particular quality which no other has?

it has this particular quality because it has an object of a ular kind; and this is true of the other arts and sciences?

, then, if I have made myself clear, you will understand my l meaning in what I said about relatives. My meaning that if one term of a relation is taken alone, the other is taken if one term is qualified, the other is also qualified. I do mean to say that relatives may not be disparate, or that the e of health is healthy, or of disease necessarily diseased, or the sciences of good and evil are therefore good and evil; but that, when the term science is no longer used absolutely, but qualified object which in this case is the nature of health and

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disease, it becomes defined, and is hence called not merely science but the science of medicine.

I quite understand, and I think as you do.

Would you not say that thirst is one of these essentially relative terms, having clearly a relation —

Yes, thirst is relative to drink.

And a certain kind of thirst is relative to a certain kind of drink, but thirst taken alone is neither of much nor little, nor of good nor bad, nor of any particular kind of drink, but of drink only?

Certainly.

Then the soul of the thirsty one, in so far as he is thirsty, desires only drink; for this he yearns and tries to obtain it?

That is plain.

And if you suppose something which pulls a thirsty soul away from drink, that must be different from the thirsty principle which draws him like a beast to drink; for, as we were saying, the same thing cannot at the same time with the same part of itself act in contrary ways about the same.

Impossible.

No more than you can say that the hands of the archer push and pull the bow at the same time, but what you say is that one hand pushes and the other pulls.

Exactly so, he replied.

And might a man be thirsty, and yet unwilling to drink?

Yes, he said, it constantly happens.

And in such a case what is one to say? Would you not say that there was something in the soul bidding a man to drink, and something else forbidding him, which is other and stronger than the principle which bids him?

I should say so.

And the forbidding principles derived from reason, and that which bids and attracts proceeds from passion and disease?

Clearly.

Then we may fairly assume that they are two, and that they differ from one another; the one with which a man reasons, we may call the rational principle of the soul, the other, with which he loves and hungers and thirsts and feels the flutterings of any other desire, may be termed the irrational or appetitive, the ally of sundry pleasures and satisfactions?

Yes, he said, we may fairly assume them to be different.

Then let us finally determine that there are two principles existing in the soul. And what of passion, or spirit? Is it a third or akin to one of the preceding?

I should be inclined to say — akin to desire.

Well, I said, there is a story which I remember to have heard and in which I put faith. The story is, that Leontius, the son of Aglaion, coming up one day from the Piraeus, under the north wall on the outside, observed some dead bodies lying on the ground

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at the place of execution. He felt a desire to see them, and also a shrinking and abhorrence of them; for a time he struggled and covered his eyes, but at length the desire got the better of him; and forcing them open, he ran up to the dead bodies, saying, Look, ye wretches, take your fill of the fair sight.

I have heard the story myself, he said.

The moral of the tale is, that anger at times goes to war with desire, as though they were two distinct things.

Yes; that is the meaning, he said.

And are there not many other cases in which we observe that when a man's desires violently prevail over his reason, he reviles himself, and is angry at the violence within him, and that in this struggle, which is like the struggle of factions in a State, his spirit is on the side of his reason; — but for the passionate or spirited element to take part with the desires when reason decides that she should not be opposed, is a sort of thing which I believe that you never observed occurring in yourself, nor, as I should imagine, in any one else?

Certainly not.

Suppose that a man thinks he has done a wrong to another, the nobler he is the less able is he to feel indignant at any suffering, such as hunger, or cold, or any other pain which the injured person may inflict upon him — these he deems to be just, and, as I say, his anger refuses to be excited by them.

True, he said.

But when he thinks that he is the sufferer of the wrong, then he boils and chafes, and is on the side of what he believes to be justice; and because he suffers hunger or cold or other pain he is only the more determined to persevere and conquer. His noble spirit will not be quelled until he either slays or is slain; or until he hears the voice of the shepherd, that is, reason, bidding his dog bark no more.

The illustration is perfect, he replied; and in our State, as we were saying, the auxiliaries were to be dogs, and to hear the voice of the rulers, who are their shepherds.

I perceive, I said, that you quite understand me; there is, however, a further point which I wish you to consider.

What point?

You remember that passion or spirit appeared at first sight to be a kind of desire, but now we should say quite the contrary; for in the conflict of the soul spirit is arrayed on the side of the rational principle.

Most assuredly.

Then a further question arises: Is passion different from reason, or only a kind of reason; in which latter case, instead of three principles in the soul, there will only be two, the rational and the concupiscent; or rather, as the State was composed of three classes, rulers, auxiliaries, counsellors, so may there not be in the indi-

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vidual soul a third element which is passion or spirit, and wh not corrupted by bad education is the natural auxiliary of reason

Yes, he said, there must be a third.

Yes, I replied, if passion, which has already been shown to b different from desire, turn out also to be different from reason.

But that is easily proved: — We may observe even in young ch dren that they are full of spirit almost as soon as they are bor whereas some of them never seem to attain to the use of reason and most of them late enough.

Excellent, I said, and you may see passion equally in brut animals, which is a further proof of the truth of what you sa saying. And we may once more appeal to the words of Homer which have been already quoted by us,

'He smote his breast, and thus rebuked his soul;'

for in this verse Homer has clearly supposed the power whic reasons about the better and worse to be different from the un reasoning anger which is rebuked by it.

Very true, he said.

And so, after much tossing, we have reached land, and are fairl agreed that the same principles which exist in the State exist al in the individual, and that they are three in number.

Exactly.

Must we not then infer that the individual is wise in the same way, and in virtue of the same quality which makes the State wise

Certainly.

Also that the same quality which constitutes courage in the Sta constitutes courage in the individual, and that both the State and the individual bear the same relation to all the other virtues?

Assuredly.

And the individual will be acknowledged by us to be just in the same way in which the State is just?

That follows of course.

We cannot but remember that the justice of the State consisted in each of the three classes doing the work of its own class?

We are not very likely to have forgotten, he said.

We must recollect that the individual in whom the several quali ties of his nature do their own work will be just, and will do his own work?

Yes, he said, we must remember that too.

And ought not the rational principle, which is wise, and has the care of the whole soul, to rule, and the passionate or spirited prin ciple to be the subject and ally?

Certainly.

And, as we were saying, the united influence of music and gym nastic will bring them into accord, nerving and sustaining the reason with noble words and lessons, and moderating and soothing

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and civilizing the wildness of passion by harmony and rhythm?

Quite true, he said.

And these two, thus nurtured and educated, and having learned truly to know their own functions, will rule over the concupiscent, which in each of us is the largest part of the soul and by nature most insatiable of gain; over this they will keep guard, lest, waxing great and strong with the fulness of bodily pleasures, as they are termed, the concupiscent soul, no longer confined to her own sphere, should attempt to enslave and rule those who are not her natural-born subjects, and overturn the whole life of man?

Very true, he said.

Both together will they not be the best defenders of the whole soul and the whole body against attacks from without; the one counselling, and the other fighting under his leader, and courageously executing his commands and counsels?

True.

And he is to be deemed courageous whose spirit retains in pleasure and in pain the commands of reason about what he ought or ought not to fear?

Right, he replied.

And him we call wise who has in him that little part which rules, and which proclaims these commands; that part too being supposed to have a knowledge of what is for the interest of each of the three parts and of the whole?

Assuredly.

And would you not say that he is temperate who has these same elements in friendly harmony, in whom the one ruling principle of reason, and the two subject ones of spirit and desire are equally agreed that reason ought to rule, and do not rebel?

Certainly, he said, that is the true account of temperance whether in the State or individual.

And surely, I said, we have explained again and again how and by virtue of what quality a man will be just.

That is very certain.

And is justice dimmer in the individual, and is her form different, or is she the same which we found her to be in the State?

There is no difference in my opinion, he said.

Because, if any doubt is still lingering in our minds, a few commonplace instances will satisfy us of the truth of what I am saying.

What sort of instances do you mean?

If the case is put to us, must we not admit that the just State, or the man who is trained in the principles of such a State, will be less likely than the unjust to make away with a deposit of gold or silver? Would any one deny this?

No one, he replied.

Will the just man or citizen ever be guilty of sacrilege or theft, or treachery either to his friends or to his country?

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Never.

Neither will he ever break faith where there have been oaths or agreements?

Impossible.

No one will be less likely to commit adultery, or to dishonour his father and mother, or to fail in his religious duties?

No one.

And the reason is that each part of him is doing its own business, whether in ruling or being ruled?

Exactly so.

Are you satisfied then that the quality which makes such men and such states is justice, or do you hope to discover some other?

Not I, indeed.

Then our dream has been realized; and the suspicion which we entertained at the beginning of our work of construction, that some divine power must have conducted us to a primary form of justice, has now been verified?

Yes, certainly.

And the division of labour which required the carpenter and the shoemaker and the rest of the citizens to be doing each his own business, and not another's, was a shadow of justice, and for that reason it was of use?

Clearly.

But in reality justice was such as we were describing, being concerned however, not with the outward man, but with the inward, which is the true self and concernment of man; for the just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others, — he sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law, and at peace with himself; and when he has bound together the three principles within him, which may be compared to the higher, lower, and middle notes of the scale, and the intermediate intervals — when he has bound all these together, and is no longer many, but has become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he proceeds to act, if he has to act, whether in a matter of property, or in the treatment of the body, or in some affair of politics or private business; always thinking and calling that which preserves and co-operates with this harmonious condition just and good action, and the knowledge which presides over it wisdom, and that which at any time impairs this condition, he will call unjust action, and the opinion which presides over it ignorance.

You have said the exact truth, Socrates.

Very good; and if we were to affirm that we had discovered the just man and the just State, and the nature of justice in each of them, we should not be telling a falsehood?

Most certainly not.

May we say so, then?

Let us say so.

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And now, I said, injustice has to be considered.

Clearly.

Must not injustice be a strife which arises among the three principles—a meddlesomeness, and interference, and rising up of a part of the soul against the whole, an assertion of unlawful authority, which is made by a rebellious subject against a true prince, of whom he is the natural vassal,—what is all this confusion and disorder but injustice, and intemperance and cowardice and ignorance, and every form of vice?

Exactly so.

And if the nature of justice and injustice be known, then the meaning of acting unjustly and being unjust, or, again, of acting justly, will also be perfectly clear?

What do you mean? he said.

Why, I said, they are like disease and health; being in the soul are what disease and health are in the body.

How so? he said.

Why, I said, that which is healthy causes health, and that which is unhealthy causes disease.

Yes.

And just actions cause justice, and unjust actions cause injustice?

That is certain.

And the creation of health is the institution of a natural order and government of one by another in the parts of the body; and the creation of disease is the production of a state of things at variance with this natural order?

True.

And is not the creation of justice the institution of a natural order and government of one by another in the parts of the soul, and the creation of injustice the production of a state of things at variance with the natural order?

Exactly so, he said.

Then virtue is the health and beauty and well-being of the soul, and vice the disease and weakness and deformity of the same?

True.

And do not good practices lead to virtue, and evil practices to vice?

Assuredly.

Still our old question of the comparative advantage of justice and injustice has not been answered: Which is the more profitable, to be just and act justly and practise virtue, whether seen or unseen of gods and men, or to be unjust and act unjustly, if only unpunished and unreformed?

In my judgment, Socrates, the question has now become ridiculous. We know that, when the bodily constitution is gone, life is no longer endurable, though pampered with all kinds of meats and drinks, and having all wealth and all power; and shall we be told that when the very essence of the vital principle is undermined

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and corrupted, life is still worth having to a man, if only he be allowed to do whatever he likes with the single exception that he is not to acquire justice and virtue, or to escape from injustice and vice; assuming them both to be such as we have described? [445a–e

Yes, I said, the question is, as you say, ridiculous. Still, as we are near the spot at which we may see the truth in the clearest manner with our own eyes, let us not faint by the way.

Certainly not, he replied.

Come up hither, I said, and behold the various forms of vice, those of them, I mean, which are worth looking at.

I am following you, he replied: proceed.

I said, The argument seems to have reached a height from which, as from some tower of speculation, a man may look down and see that virtue is one, but that the forms of vice are innumerable; there being four special ones which are deserving of note.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean, I replied, that there appear to be as many forms of the soul as there are distinct forms of the State.

How many?

There are five of the State, and five of the soul, I said.

What are they?

The first, I said, is that which we have been describing, and which may be said to have two names, monarchy and aristocracy, accordingly as rule is exercised by one distinguished man or by many.

True, he replied.

But I regard the two names as describing one form only; for whether the government is in the hands of one or many, if the governors have been trained in the manner which we have supposed, the fundamental laws of the State will be maintained.

That is true, he replied.

[427c-445e, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK V

[As Socrates is about to proceed with the description of the four degenerate types of the state, Adeimantus interrupts: he demands a fuller explanation of a casual remark made by Socrates in the fourth book (424a), to the effect that the Guardians were to have women and children, like all other things, in common. Socrates, after some hesitation, lays down the principle that women have the same capacities as men; hence the women of the Guardian class should have the same education as the men. Next he advances the famous proposal for "the community of women and children," i.e., an ingenious system of communistic marriage confined, be it noted, to the Guardians. The argument is divided into two parts, which Socrates playfully describes as two great waves of paradox which threaten to overwhelm him: first he discusses the details by which such a scheme might be made to work and lays down rules for a practicable system of eugenics. Then he turns, in the selection which follows, to the utility and desirability of

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such a scheme, stressing the unity and harmony of a state so ordered. The stage is now set for the famous paradox which follows, that until philosophers are kings or kings philosophers, states "will never have rest from their evils." The remainder of Book V and all of Books VI and VII develop this statement. They are concerned with two main questions: (1) What do we mean by a philosopher? (2) By what training and education can we make our Guardians true Philosopher-Kings?]

Such is the scheme, Glaucon, according to which the guardians of our State are to have their wives and families in common. And now you would have the argument show that this community is consistent with the rest of our polity, and also that nothing can be better — would you not?

Yes, certainly.

Shall we try to find a common basis by asking of ourselves what ought to be the chief aim of the legislator in making laws and in the organization of a State, — what is the greatest good, and what the greatest evil, and then consider whether our previous description has the stamp of the good or of the evil?

By all means.

Can there be any greater evil than discord and distraction and duality where unity ought to reign? or any greater good than the bond of unity?

There cannot.

And there is unity where there is community of pleasures and pains — where all the citizens are glad or grieved on the same occasions of joy and sorrow?

No doubt.

Yes; and where there is no common but only private feeling a state is disorganized — when you have one half of the world triumphing and the other plunged in grief at the same events happening to the city or the citizens?

Certainly.

Such differences commonly originate in a disagreement about the use of the terms 'mine' and 'not mine,' 'his' and 'not his.'

Exactly so.

And is not that the best-ordered State in which the greatest number of persons apply the terms 'mine' and 'not mine' in the same way to the same thing?

Quite true.

Or that again which most nearly approaches to the condition of an individual — as in the body, when but a finger of one of us moves, the whole frame, drawn towards the soul as a centre and forming one kingdom under the ruling power therein, feels the pain and sympathizes all together with the part affected, and we say that the man has a pain in his finger; and the same expression is used about any other part of the body, which has a sensation of pain at suffering or of pleasure at the alleviation of suffering.

Very true, he replied; and I agree with you that in the best-

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ordered State there is the nearest approach to this common feeling which you describe.

Then when any one of the citizens experiences any good or evil, the whole State will make his case their own, and will either rejoice or sorrow with him?

Yes, he said, that is what will happen in a well-ordered State.

It will now be time, I said, for us to return to our State and see whether this or some other form is most in accordance with these fundamental principles.

Very good.

Our State like every other has rulers and subjects?

True.

All of whom will call one another citizens?

Of course.

But is there not another name which people give to their rulers in other States?

Generally they call them masters, but in democratic States they simply call them rulers.

And in our State what other name besides that of citizens do the people give the rulers?

They are called saviours and helpers, he replied.

And what do the rulers call the people?

Their maintainers and foster-fathers.

And what do they call them in other States?

Slaves.

And what do the rulers call one another in other States?

Fellow-rulers.

And what in ours?

Fellow-guardians.

Did you ever know an example in any other State of a ruler who would speak of one of his colleagues as his friend and of another as not being his friend?

Yes, very often.

And the friend he regards and describes as one in whom he has an interest, and the other as a stranger in whom he has no interest?

Exactly.

But would any of your guardians think or speak of any other guardian as a stranger?

Certainly he would not; for every one whom they meet will be regarded by them either as a brother or sister, or father or mother, or son or daughter, or as the child or parent of those who are thus connected with him.

Capital, I said; but let me ask you once more: Shall they be a family in name only; or shall they in all their actions be true to the name? For example, in the use of the word 'father,' would the care of a father be implied and the filial reverence and duty and obedience to him which the law commands; and is the violator of

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these duties to be regarded as an impious and unrighteous person who is not likely to receive much good either at the hands of God or of man? Are these to be or not to be the strains which the children will hear repeated in their ears by all the citizens about those who are intimated to them to be their parents and the rest of their kinsfolk?

These, he said, and none other; for what can be more ridiculous than for them to utter the names of family ties with the lips only and not to act in the spirit of them?

Then in our city the language of harmony and concord will be more often heard than in any other. As I was describing before, when any one is well or ill, the universal word will be 'with me it is well' or 'it is ill.'

Most true.

And agreeably to this mode of thinking and speaking, were we not saying that they will have their pleasures and pains in common?

Yes, and so they will.

And they will have a common interest in the same thing which they will alike call 'my own,' and having this common interest they will have a common feeling of pleasure and pain?

Yes, far more so than in other States.

And the reason of this, over and above the general constitution of the State, will be that the guardians will have a community of women and children?

That will be the chief reason.

And this unity of feeling we admitted to be the greatest good, as was implied in our own comparison of a well-ordered State to the relation of the body and the members, when affected by pleasure or pain?

That we acknowledged, and very rightly.

Then the community of wives and children among our citizens is clearly the source of the greatest good to the State?

Certainly.

And this agrees with the other principle which we were affirming—that the guardians were not to have houses or lands or any other property; their pay was to be their food, which they were to receive from the other citizens, and they were to have no private expenses; for we intended them to preserve their true character of guardians.

Right, he replied.

Both the community of property and the community of families, as I am saying, tend to make them more truly guardians; they will not tear the city in pieces by differing about 'mine' and 'not mine;' each man dragging any acquisition which he has made into a separate house of his own, where he has a separate wife and children and private pleasures and pains; but all will be affected as

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far as may be by the same pleasures and pains because they are all of one opinion about what is near and dear to them, and therefore they all tend towards a common end.

Certainly, he replied.

And as they have nothing but their persons which they can call their own, suits and complaints will have no existence among them; they will be delivered from all those quarrels of which money or children or relations are the occasion.

Of course they will.

Neither will trials for assault or insult ever be likely to occur among them. For that equals should defend themselves against equals we shall maintain to be honourable and right; we shall make the protection of the person a matter of necessity.

That is good, he said.

Yes; and there is a further good in the law; viz. that if a man has a quarrel with another he will satisfy his resentment then and there, and not proceed to more dangerous lengths.

Certainly.

To the elder shall be assigned the duty of ruling and chastising the younger.

Clearly.

Nor can there be a doubt that the younger will not strike or do any other violence to an elder, unless the magistrates command him; nor will he slight him in any way. For there are two guardians, shame and fear, mighty to prevent him: shame, which makes men refrain from laying hands on those who are to them in the relation of parents; fear, that the injured one will be succoured by the others who are his brothers, sons, fathers.

That is true, he replied.

Then in every way the laws will help the citizens to keep the peace with one another?

Yes, there will be no want of peace.

And as the guardians will never quarrel among themselves there will be no danger of the rest of the city being divided either against them or against one another.

None whatever.

I hardly like even to mention the little meannesses of which they will be rid, for they are beneath notice: such, for example, as the flattery of the rich by the poor, and all the pains and pangs which men experience in bringing up a family, and in finding money to buy necessaries for their household, borrowing and then repudiating, getting how they can, and giving the money into the hands of women and slaves to keep — the many evils of so many kinds which people suffer in this way are mean enough and obvious enough, and not worth speaking of.

Yes, he said, a man has no need of eyes in order to perceive that.

And from all these evils they will be delivered, and their life

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will be blessed as the life of Olympic victors and yet more blessed.

How so?

The Olympic victor, I said, is deemed happy in receiving a part only of the blessedness which is secured to our citizens, who have won a more glorious victory and have a more complete maintenance at the public cost. For the victory which they have won is the salvation of the whole State; and the crown with which they and their children are crowned is the fulness of all that life needs; they receive rewards from the hands of their country while living, and after death have an honourable burial.

Yes, he said, and glorious rewards they are.

Do you remember, I said, how in the course of the previous discussion some one who shall be nameless accused us of making our guardians unhappy — they had nothing and might have possessed all things — to whom we replied that, if an occasion offered, we might perhaps hereafter consider this question, but that, as at present advised, we would make our guardians truly guardians, and that we were fashioning the State with a view to the greatest happiness, not of any particular class, but of the whole?

Yes, I remember.

And what do you say, now that the life of our protectors is made out to be far better and nobler than that of Olympic victors — is the life of shoemakers, or any other artisans, or of husbandmen, to be compared with it?

Certainly not.

At the same time I ought here to repeat what I have said elsewhere, that if any of our guardians shall try to be happy in such a manner that he will cease to be a guardian, and is not content with this safe and harmonious life, which, in our judgment, is of all lives the best, but infatuated by some youthful conceit of happiness which gets up into his head shall seek to appropriate the whole state to himself, then he will have to learn how wisely Hesiod spoke, when he said, 'half is more than the whole.'

If he were to consult me, I should say to him: Stay where you are, when you have the offer of such a life.

You agree then, I said, that men and women are to have a common way of life such as we have described — common education, common children; and they are to watch over the citizens in common whether abiding in the city or going out to war; they are to keep watch together, and to hunt together like dogs; and always and in all things, as far as they are able, women are to share with the men? And in so doing they will do what is best, and will not violate, but preserve the natural relation of the sexes.

I agree with you, he replied.

The enquiry, I said, has yet to be made, whether such a community will be found possible — as among other animals, so also among men — and if possible, in what way possible?

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You have anticipated the question which I was about to suggest.

There is no difficulty, I said, in seeing how war will be carried on by them.

How?

Why, of course they will go on expeditions together; and will take with them any of their children who are strong enough, that, after the manner of the artisan's child, they may look on at the work which they will have to do when they are grown up; and besides looking on they will have to help and be of use in war, and to wait upon their fathers and mothers. Did you never observe in the arts how the potters' boys look on and help, long before they touch the wheel?

Yes, I have.

And shall potters be more careful in educating their children and in giving them the opportunity of seeing and practising their duties than our guardians will be?

The idea is ridiculous, he said.

There is also the effect on the parents, with whom, as with other animals, the presence of their young ones will be the greatest incentive to valour.

That is quite true, Socrates; and yet if they are defeated, which may often happen in war, how great the danger is! the children will be lost as well as their parents, and the State will never recover.

True, I said; but would you never allow them to run any risk?

I am far from saying that.

Well, but if they are ever to run a risk should they not do so on some occasion when, if they escape disaster, they will be the better for it?

Clearly.

Whether the future soldiers do or do not see war in the days of their youth is a very important matter, for the sake of which some risk may fairly be incurred.

Yes, very important.

This then must be our first step, — to make our children spectators of war; but we must also contrive that they shall be secured against danger; then all will be well.

True.

Their parents may be supposed not to be blind to the risks of war, but to know, as far as human foresight can, what expeditions are safe and what dangerous?

That may be assumed.

And they will take them on the safe expeditions and be cautious about the dangerous ones?

True.

And they will place them under the command of experienced veterans who will be their leaders and teachers?

Very properly.

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Still, the dangers of war cannot be always foreseen; there is a good deal of chance about them?

True.

Then against such chances the children must be at once furnished with wings, in order that in the hour of need they may fly away and escape.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean that we must mount them on horses in their earliest youth, and when they have learnt to ride, take them on horseback to see war: the horses must not be spirited and warlike, but the most tractable and yet the swiftest that can be had. In this way they will get an excellent view of what is hereafter to be their own business; and if there is danger they have only to follow their elder leaders and escape.

I believe that you are right, he said.

Next, as to war; what are to be the relations of your soldiers to one another and to their enemies? I should be inclined to propose that the soldier who leaves his rank or throws away his arms, or is guilty of any other act of cowardice, should be degraded into the rank of a husbandman or artisan. What do you think?

By all means, I should say.

And he who allows himself to be taken prisoner may as well be made a present of to his enemies; he is their lawful prey, and let them do what they like with him.

Certainly.

But the hero who has distinguished himself, what shall be done to him? In the first place, he shall receive honour in the army from his youthful comrades; every one of them in succession shall crown him. What do you say?

I approve.

And what do you say to his receiving the right hand of fellowship?

To that too, I agree.

But you will hardly agree to my next proposal.

What is your proposal?

That he should kiss and be kissed by them.

Most certainly, and I should be disposed to go further, and say: Let no one whom he has a mind to kiss refuse to be kissed by him while the expedition lasts. So that if there be a lover in the army, whether his love be youth or maiden, he may be more eager to win the prize of valour.

Capital, I said. That the brave man is to have more wives than others has been already determined: and he is to have first choices in such matters more than others, in order that he may have as many children as possible?

Agreed.

Again, there is another manner in which, according to Homer, brave youths should be honoured; for he tells how Ajax, after he

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had distinguished himself in battle, was rewarded with long chines, which seems to be a compliment appropriate to a hero in the flower of his age, being not only a tribute of honour but also a very strengthening thing.

Most true, he said.

Then in this, I said, Homer shall be our teacher; and we too, at sacrifices and on the like occasions, will honour the brave according to the measure of their valour, whether men or women, with hymns and those other distinctions which we were mentioning; also with

'seats of precedence, and meats and full cups;' [*Iliad*, viii. 162]

and in honouring them, we shall be at the same time training them.

That, he replied, is excellent.

Yes, I said; and when a man dies gloriously in war shall we not say, in the first place, that he is of the golden race?

To be sure.

Nay, have we not the authority of Hesiod for affirming that when they are dead

'They are holy angels upon the earth, authors of good, averters of evil, the guardians of speech-gifted men'?

Yes; and we accept his authority.

We must learn of the god how we are to order the sepulture of divine and heroic personages, and what is to be their special distinction; and we must do as he bids?

By all means.

And in ages to come we will reverence them and kneel before their sepulchres as at the graves of heroes. And not only they but any who are deemed pre-eminently good, whether they die from age, or in any other way, shall be admitted to the same honours.

That is very right, he said.

Next, how shall our soldiers treat their enemies? What about this?

In what respect do you mean?

First of all, in regard to slavery? Do you think it right that Hellenes should enslave Hellenic States, or allow others to enslave them, if they can help? Should not their custom be to spare them, considering the danger which there is that the whole race may one day fall under the yoke of the barbarians?

To spare them is infinitely better.

Then no Hellene should be owned by them as a slave; that is a rule which they will observe and advise the other Hellenes to observe.

Certainly, he said; they will in this way be united against the barbarians and will keep their hands off one another.

Next as to the slain; ought the conquerors, I said, to take any-

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thing but their armour? Does not the practice of despoiling an enemy afford an excuse for not facing the battle? Cowards skulk about the dead, pretending that they are fulfilling a duty, and many an army before now has been lost from this love of plunder.

Very true.

And is there not illiberality and avarice in robbing a corpse, and also a degree of meanness and womanishness in making an enemy of the dead body when the real enemy has flown away and left only his fighting gear behind him — is not this rather like a dog who cannot get at his assailant, quarrelling with the stones which strike him instead?

Very like a dog, he said.

Then we must abstain from spoiling the dead or hindering their burial?

Yes, he replied, we most certainly must.

Neither shall we offer up arms at the temples of the gods, least of all the arms of Hellenes, if we care to maintain good feeling with other Hellenes; and, indeed, we have reason to fear that the offering of spoils taken from kinsmen may be a pollution unless commanded by the god himself?

Very true.

Again, as to the devastation of Hellenic territory or the burning of houses, what is to be the practice?

May I have the pleasure, he said, of hearing your opinion?

Both should be forbidden, in my judgment; I would take the annual produce and no more. Shall I tell you why?

Pray do.

Why, you see, there is a difference in the names 'discord' and 'war', and I imagine that there is also a difference in their natures; the one is expressive of what is internal and domestic, the other of what is external and foreign; and the first of the two is termed discord, and only the second, war.

That is a very proper distinction, he replied.

And may I not observe with equal propriety that the Hellenic race is all united together by ties of blood and friendship, and alien and strange to the barbarians?

Very good, he said.

And therefore when Hellenes fight with barbarians and barbarians with Hellenes, they will be described by us as being at war when they fight, and by nature enemies, and this kind of antagonism should be called war; but when Hellenes fight with one another we shall say that Hellas is then in a state of disorder and discord, they being by nature friends; and such enmity is to be called discord.

I agree.

Consider then, I said, when that which we have acknowledged to be discord occurs, and a city is divided, if both parties destroy the lands and burn the houses of one another, how wicked does the

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strife appear! No true lover of his country would bring himself to tear in pieces his own nurse and mother; there might be reason in the conqueror depriving the conquered of their harvest, but still they would have the idea of peace in their hearts, and would not mean to go on fighting for ever.

Yes, he said, that is a better temper than the other.

And will not the city which you are founding be an Hellenic city?

It ought to be, he replied.

Then will not the citizens be good and civilized?

Yes, very civilized.

And will they not be lovers of Hellas and think of Hellas as their own land, and share in the common temples?

Most certainly.

And any discord which rises among them will be regarded by them as discord only — a quarrel among friends which is not to be called a war?

Certainly not.

Then they will quarrel as those who intend some day to be reconciled?

Certainly.

They will use friendly correction, but will not enslave or destroy their opponents; they will be correctors, not enemies?

Just so.

And as they are Hellenes themselves they will not devastate Hellas, nor will they burn houses, nor ever suppose that the whole population of a city — men, women, and children — are equally their enemies, for they know that the guilt of war is always confined to a few persons and that the many are their friends. And for all these reasons they will be unwilling to waste their lands and raze their houses; their enmity to them will only last until the many innocent have compelled the guilty few to give satisfaction?

I agree, he said, that our citizens should thus deal with their Hellenic enemies; and with barbarians as the Hellenes now deal with one another.

Then let us enact this law also for our guardians: — they are neither to devastate the lands of Hellenes nor to burn their houses.

Agreed; and we may agree also in thinking that these, like all our previous enactments, are very good.

But still I must say, Socrates, that if you are allowed to go on in this way you will entirely forget the other question which at the commencement of this discussion you thrust aside: — Is such an order of things possible, and how, if at all? For I am quite ready to acknowledge that the plan which you propose, if only feasible, would do all sorts of good to the State. I will add, what you have omitted, that your citizens will be the bravest of warriors, and will never leave their ranks, for they will all know one another, and

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471d–472e]

each will call the other father, brother, son; and if you suppose the women to join their armies, whether in the same rank or in the rear, either as a terror to the enemy, or as auxiliaries in case of need, I know that they will then be absolutely invincible; and there are many domestic advantages which might also be mentioned and which I also fully acknowledge: but, as I admit all these advantages and as many more as you please, if only this State of yours were to come into existence, we need say no more about them; assuming then the existence of the State, let us now turn to the question of possibility and ways and means — the rest may be left.

If I loiter for a moment, you instantly make a raid upon me, I said, and have no mercy; I have hardly escaped the first and second waves,* and you seem not to be aware that you are now bringing upon me the third, which is the greatest and heaviest. When you have seen and heard the third wave, I think you will be more considerate and will acknowledge that some fear and hesitation was natural respecting a proposal so extraordinary as that which I have now to state and investigate.

The more appeals of this sort which you make, he said, the more determined are we that you shall tell us how such a State is possible: speak out and at once.

Let me begin by reminding you that we found our way hither in the search after justice and injustice.

True, he replied; but what of that?

I was only going to ask whether, if we have discovered them, we are to require that the just man should in nothing fail of absolute justice; or may we be satisfied with an approximation, and the attainment in him of a higher degree of justice than is to be found in other men?

The approximation will be enough.

We are enquiring into the nature of absolute justice and into the character of the perfectly just, and into injustice and the perfectly unjust, that we might have an ideal. We were to look at these in order that we might judge of our own happiness and unhappiness according to the standard which they exhibited and the degree in which we resembled them, but not with any view of showing that they could exist in fact.

True, he said.

Would a painter be any the worse because, after having delineated with consummate art an ideal of a perfectly beautiful man, he was unable to show that any such man could ever have existed?

He would be none the worse.

Well, and were we not creating an ideal of a perfect State?

To be sure.

And is our theory a worse theory because we are unable to prove the possibility of a city being ordered in the manner described?

Surely not, he replied.

*i.e., "waves of paradox" which, Socrates has said, bid fair to overwhelm him.

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That is the truth, I said. But if, at your request, I am to try and show how and under what conditions the possibility is highest, I must ask you, having this in view, to repeat your former admissions.

What admissions?

I want to know whether ideals are ever fully realized in language? Does not the word express more than the fact, and must not the actual, whatever a man may think, always, in the nature of things, fall short of the truth? What do you say?

I agree.

Then you must not insist on my proving that the actual State will in every respect coincide with the ideal: if we are only able to discover how a city may be governed nearly as we proposed, you will admit that we have discovered the possibility which you demand; and will be contented. I am sure that I should be contented—will not you?

Yes, I will.

Let me next endeavour to show what is that fault in States which is the cause of their present maladministration, and what is the least change which will enable a State to pass into the truer form; and let the change, if possible, be of one thing only, or, if not, of two; at any rate, let the changes be as few and slight as possible.

Certainly, he replied.

I think, I said, that there might be a reform of the State if only one change were made, which is not a slight or easy though still a possible one.

What is it? he said.

Now then, I said, I go to meet that which I liken to the greatest of the waves; yet shall the word be spoken, even though the wave break and drown me in laughter and dishonour; and do you mark my words.

Proceed.

I said: *Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils,—no, nor the human race, as I believe,—and then only will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day.* Such was the thought, my dear Glaucon, which I would fain have uttered if it had not seemed too extravagant; for to be convinced that in no other State can there be happiness private or public is indeed a hard thing.

Socrates, what do you mean? I would have you consider that the word which you have uttered is one at which numerous persons, and very respectable persons too, in a figure pulling off their coats all in a moment, and seizing any weapon that comes to hand, will run at you might and main, before you know where you are, intending to do heaven knows what; and if you don't prepare an

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power, and put yourself in motion, you will be 'pared by their fine wits,' and no mistake.

You got me into the scrape, I said.

And I was quite right; however, I will do all I can to get you out of it; but I can only give you good-will and good advice, and perhaps, I may be able to fit answers to your questions better than another—that is all. And now, having such an auxiliary, you must do your best to show the unbelievers that you are right.

I ought to try, I said, since you offer me such invaluable assistance. And I think that, if there is to be a chance of our escaping, we must explain to them whom we mean when we say that philosophers are to rule in the State; then we shall be able to defend ourselves: There will be discovered to be some natures who ought to study philosophy and to be leaders in the State; and others who are not born to be philosophers, and are meant to be followers rather than leaders.

Then now for a definition, he said.

Follow me, I said, and I hope that I may in some way or other be able to give you a satisfactory explanation.

Proceed.

I dare say that you remember, and therefore I need not remind you, that a lover, if he is worthy of the name, ought to show his love not to some one part of that which he loves, but to the whole. I really do not understand, and therefore beg of you to assist my memory.

Another person, I said, might fairly reply as you do; but a man of pleasure like yourself ought to know that all who are in the flower of youth do somehow or other raise a pang or emotion in the lover's breast, and are thought by him to be worthy of his affectionate regards. Is not this a way which you have with the love: one has a snub nose, and you praise his charming face; the hook-nose of another has, you say, a royal look; while he who is neither snub nor hooked has the grace of regularity: the dark visage is manly, the fair are children of the gods; and as to the sweet 'honey pale,' as they are called, what is the very name but the invention of a lover who talks in diminutives, and is not adverse to paleness if appearing on the cheek of youth? In a word, there is no excuse which you will not make, and nothing which you will not say, in order not to lose a single flower that blooms in the spring-time of youth.

If you make me an authority in matters of love, for the sake of your argument, I assent.

And what do you say of lovers of wine? Do you not see them doing the same? They are glad of any pretext of drinking any wine.

Very good.

And the same is true of ambitious men; if they cannot command an army, they are willing to command a file; and if they cannot be

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honoured by really great and important persons, they are glad to be honoured by lesser and meaner people, — but honour of some kind they must have.

Exactly.

Once more let me ask: Does he who desires any class of goods desire the whole class or a part only?

The whole.

And may we not say of the philosopher that he is a lover, not of a part of wisdom only, but of the whole?

Yes, on the whole.

And he who dislikes learning, especially in youth, when he has no power of judging what is good and what is not, such an one we maintain not to be a philosopher or a lover of knowledge, just as he who refuses his food is not hungry, and may be said to have a bad appetite and not a good one?

Very true, he said.

Whereas he who has a taste for every sort of knowledge and who is curious to learn and is never satisfied, may be justly termed a philosopher? Am I not right?

Glaucon said: If curiosity makes a philosopher, you will find many a strange being will have a title to the name. All the lovers of sights have a delight in learning, and must therefore be included. Musical amateurs, too, are a folk strangely out of place among philosophers, for they are the last persons in the world who would come to anything like a philosophical discussion, if they could help, while they run about at the Dionysiac festivals as if they had let out their ears to hear every chorus; whether the performance is in town or country — that makes no difference — they are there. Now are we to maintain that all these and any who have similar tastes, as well as the professors of quite minor arts, are philosophers?

Certainly not, I replied; they are only an imitation.

He said: Who then are the true philosophers?

Those, I said, who are lovers of the vision of truth.

That is also good, he said; but I should like to know what you mean?

To another, I replied, I might have a difficulty in explaining; but I am sure that you will admit a proposition which I am about to make.

What is the proposition?

That since beauty is the opposite of ugliness, they are two?

Certainly.

And inasmuch as they are two, each of them is one?

True again.

And of just and unjust, good and evil, and of every other class, the same remark holds: taken singly, each of them is one; but from the various combinations of them with actions and things and with one another, they are seen in all sorts of lights and appear many?

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[476b–477a]

Very true.

And this is the distinction which I draw between the sight-loving, art-loving, practical class and those of whom I am speaking, and who are alone worthy of the name of philosophers.

How do you distinguish them? he said.

The lovers of sounds and sights, I replied, are, as I conceive, fond of fine tones and colours and forms and all the artificial products that are made out of them, but their mind is incapable of seeing or loving absolute beauty.

True, he replied.

Few are they who are able to attain to the sight of this.

Very true.

And he who, having a sense of beautiful things has no sense of absolute beauty, or who, if another lead him to a knowledge of that beauty is unable to follow — of such an one I ask, Is he awake or is a dream only? Reflect: is not the dreamer, sleeping or waking, one who likens dissimilar things, who puts the copy in the place of the real object?

I should certainly say that such an one was dreaming.

But take the case of the other, who recognises the existence of absolute beauty and is able to distinguish the idea from the objects which participate in the idea, neither putting the objects in the place of the idea nor the idea in the place of the objects — is he a dreamer, or is he awake?

He is wide awake.

And may we not say that the mind of the one who knows has knowledge, and that the mind of the other, who opines only, has opinion?

Certainly.

But suppose that the latter should quarrel with us and dispute our statement, can we administer any soothing cordial or advice to him, without revealing to him that there is sad disorder in his mind?

We must certainly offer him some good advice, he replied.

Come, then, and let us think of something to say to him. Shall we begin by assuring him that he is welcome to any knowledge which he may have, and that we are rejoiced at his having it? But we should like to ask him a question: Does he who has knowledge know something or nothing? (You must answer for him.)

I answer that he knows something.

Something that is or is not?

Something that is; for how can that which is not ever be known?

And are we assured, after looking at the matter from many points of view, that absolute being is or may be absolutely known, but that the utterly non-existent is utterly unknown?

Nothing can be more certain.

Good. But if there be anything which is of such a nature as to

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be and not to be, that will have a place intermediate between pure being and the absolute negation of being?

Yes, between them.

And, as knowledge corresponded to being and ignorance of necessity to not-being, for that intermediate between being and not-being there has to be discovered a corresponding intermediate between ignorance and knowledge, if there be such?

Certainly.

Do we admit the existence of opinion?

Undoubtedly.

As being the same with knowledge, or another faculty?

Another faculty.

Then opinion and knowledge have to do with different kinds of matter corresponding to this difference of faculties?

Yes.

And knowledge is relative to being and knows being. But before I proceed further I will make a division.

What division?

I will begin by placing faculties in a class by themselves: they are powers in us, and in all other things by which we do as we do. Sight and hearing, for example, I should call faculties. Have I clearly explained the class which I mean?

Yes, I quite understand.

Then let me tell you my view about them. I do not see them, and therefore the distinctions of figure, colour, and the like, which enable me to discern the differences of some things, do not apply to them. In speaking of a faculty I think only of its sphere and its result; and that which has the same sphere and the same result I call the same faculty, but that which has another sphere and another result I call different. Would that be your way of speaking?

Yes.

And will you be so very good as to answer one more question? Would you say that knowledge is a faculty, or in what class would you place it?

Certainly knowledge is a faculty, and the mightiest of all faculties.

And is opinion also a faculty?

Certainly, he said; for opinion is that with which we are able to form an opinion.

And yet you were acknowledging a little while ago that knowledge is not the same as opinion?

Why, yes, he said: how can any reasonable being ever identify that which is infallible with that which errs?

An excellent answer, proving, I said, that we are quite conscious of a distinction between them.

Yes.

Then knowledge and opinion having distinct powers have also distinct spheres or subject-matters?

That is certain.

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[476a–d]

Being is the sphere or subject-matter of knowledge, and knowledge is to know the nature of being?

Yes.

And opinion is to have an opinion?

Yes.

And do we know what we opine? or is the subject-matter of opinion the same as the subject-matter of knowledge?

Nay, he replied, that has been already disproven; if difference in faculty implies difference in the sphere or subject-matter, and if, as we were saying, opinion and knowledge are distinct faculties, then the sphere of knowledge and of opinion cannot be the same.

Then if being is the subject-matter of knowledge, something else must be the subject-matter of opinion?

Yes, something else.

Well then, is not-being the subject-matter of opinion? or, rather, how can there be an opinion at all about not-being? Reflect: when a man has an opinion, has he not an opinion about something? Can he have an opinion which is an opinion about nothing?

Impossible.

He who has an opinion has an opinion about some one thing?

Yes.

And not-being is not one thing but, properly speaking, nothing?

True.

Of not-being, ignorance was assumed to be the necessary correlative; of being, knowledge?

True, he said.

Then opinion is not concerned either with being or with not-being?

Not with either.

And can therefore neither be ignorance nor knowledge?

That seems to be true.

But is opinion to be sought without and beyond either of them, in a greater clearness than knowledge, or in a greater darkness than ignorance?

In neither.

Then I suppose that opinion appears to you to be darker than knowledge, but lighter than ignorance?

Both; and in no small degree.

And also to be within and between them?

Yes.

Then you would infer that opinion is intermediate?

No question.

But were we not saying before, that if anything appeared to be of a sort which is and is not at the same time, that sort of thing would appear also to lie in the interval between pure being and absolute not-being; and that the corresponding faculty is neither knowledge nor ignorance, but will be found in the interval between them?

True.

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And in that interval there has now been discovered something which we call opinion?

There has.

Then what remains to be discovered is the object which partakes equally of the nature of being and not-being, and cannot rightly be termed either, pure and simple; this unknown term, when discovered, we may truly call the subject of opinion, and assign each to their proper faculty, — the extremes to the faculties of the extremes and the mean to the faculty of the mean.

True.

This being premised, I would ask the gentleman who is of opinion that there is no absolute or unchangeable idea of beauty — in whose opinion the beautiful is the manifold — he, I say, your lover of beautiful sights, who cannot bear to be told that the beautiful is one, and the just is one, or that anything is one — to him I would appeal, saying, Will you be so very kind, sir, as to tell us whether, of all these beautiful things, there is one which will not be found ugly; or of the just, which will not be found unjust; or of the holy, which will not also be unholy?

No, he replied; the beautiful will in some point of view be found ugly; and the same is true of the rest.

And may not the many which are doubles be also halves? — doubles, that is, of one thing, and halves of another?

Quite true.

And things great and small, heavy and light, as they are termed, will not be denoted by these any more than by the opposite names?

True; both these and the opposite names will always attach to all of them.

And can any one of those many things which are called by particular names be said to be this rather than not to be this?

He replied: They are like the punning riddles which are asked at feasts or the children's puzzle about the eunuch aiming at the bat, with what he hit him, as they say in the puzzle, and upon what the bat was sitting.* The individual objects of which I am speaking are also a riddle, and have a double sense: nor can you fix them in your mind, either as being or not-being, or both, or neither.

Then what will you do with them? I said. Can they have a better place than between being and not-being? For they are clearly not in greater darkness or negation than not-being, or more full of light and existence than being.

That is quite true, he said.

Thus then we seem to have discovered that the many ideas

* Cf. P. Shorey, *Republic*, Loeb Library, 1930, note *ad loc.*

"[The riddle] might run in English,

A tale there is, a man yet not a man,
Seeing, saw not, a bird and not a bird,
Perching upon a bough and not a bough,
And hit it — not, with a stone and not a stone.

The key words of the answer are eunuch, bat, reed, pumice-stone."

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[479d-480]

which the multitude entertain about the beautiful and about all other things are tossing about in some region which is half-way between pure being and pure not-being?

We have.

Yes; and we had before agreed that anything of this kind which we might find was to be described as matter of opinion, and not as matter of knowledge; being the intermediate flux which is caught and detained by the intermediate faculty.

Quite true.

Then those who see the many beautiful, and who yet neither see absolute beauty, nor can follow any guide who points the way thither; who see the many just, and not absolute justice, and the like—such persons may be said to have opinion but not knowledge?

That is certain.

But those who see the absolute and eternal and immutable may be said to know, and not to have opinion only?

Neither can that be denied.

The one love and embrace the subjects of knowledge, the other those of opinion? The latter are the same, as I dare say you will remember, who listened to sweet sounds and gazed upon fair colours, but would not tolerate the existence of absolute beauty.

Yes, I remember.

Shall we then be guilty of any impropriety in calling them lovers of opinion rather than lovers of wisdom, and will they be very angry with us for thus describing them?

I shall tell them not to be angry; no man should be angry at what is true.

But those who love the truth in each thing are to be called lovers of wisdom and not lovers of opinion.

Assuredly.

[461e-480, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK VI

The true philosopher having been thus defined, Socrates describes at length his qualities and virtues, which are derived from his love of knowledge and truth. He then explains why it is that philosophers are without honour in states as they are: the true philosophic nature is a rare compound of many qualities, and is likely to be led astray and corrupted in youth by the adulation and power of the mob. "The very qualities which make a man a philosopher may, if he be ill-educated, divert him from philosophy, no less than riches and the other so-called goods of life."

The education needed to train the Philosopher-Kings is now discussed in detail. This topic begins in the next selection, in which Plato introduces his famous concept of the Idea of the Good; Plato's Theory of Ideas is here explained by the use of the simile of the Divided Line, and the explanation is then reinforced by the famous Myth of the Cave at the beginning of Book VII. Difficult as this metaphysical passage

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may seem at first reading, it is worth careful study; for here we find the most clear and precise exposition of Plato's central doctrine, the Theory of Ideas.]

And so with pain and toil we have reached the end of one subject, but more remains to be discussed; — how and by what studies and pursuits will the saviours of the constitution be created, and at what ages are they to apply themselves to their several studies?

Certainly.

I omitted the troublesome business of the possession of women and the procreation of children, and the appointment of the rulers, because I knew that the perfect State would be eyed with jealousy and was difficult of attainment; but that piece of cleverness was not of much service to me, for I had to discuss them all the same. The women and children are now disposed of, but the other question of the rulers must be investigated from the very beginning. We were saying, as you will remember, that they were to be lovers of their country, tried by the test of pleasures and pains, and neither in hardships, nor in dangers, nor at any other critical moment were to lose their patriotism — he was to be rejected who failed, but he who always came forth pure, like gold tried in the refiner's fire, was to be made a ruler, and to receive honours and rewards in life and after death. This was the sort of thing which was being said, and then the argument turned aside and veiled her face; not liking to stir the question which has now arisen.

I perfectly remember, he said.

Yes, my friend, I said, and I then shrank from hazarding the bold word; but now let me dare to say — that the perfect guardian must be a philosopher.

Yes, he said, let that be affirmed.

And do not suppose that there will be many of them; for the gifts which were deemed by us to be essential rarely grow together, they are mostly found in shreds and patches.

What do you mean? he said.

You are aware, I replied, that quick intelligence, memory, sagacity, cleverness, and similar qualities, do not often go together, and that persons who possess them and are at the same time high-spirited and magnanimous are not so constituted by nature as to live orderly and in a peaceful and settled manner; they are driven any way by their impulses, and all solid principle goes out of them.

Very true, he said.

On the other hand, those steadfast natures which can better be depended upon, which in a battle are impregnable to fear and unmovable, are equally immovable when there is anything to be learned; they are always in a torpid state, and are apt to yawn and go to sleep over any intellectual toil.

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Quite true.

And yet we were saying that both qualities were necessary in those to whom the higher education is to be imparted, and who are to share in any office or command.

Certainly, he said.

And will they be a class which is rarely found?

Yes, indeed.

Then the aspirant must not only be tested in those labours and dangers and pleasures which we mentioned before, but there is another kind of probation which we did not mention — he must be exercised also in many kinds of knowledge, to see whether the soul will be able to endure the highest of all, or will faint under them, as in any other studies and exercises.

Yes, he said, you are quite right in testing him. But what do you mean by the highest of all knowledge?

You may remember, I said, that we divided the soul into three parts; and distinguished the several natures of justice, temperance, courage, and wisdom?

Indeed, he said, if I had forgotten, I should not deserve to hear more.

And do you remember the word of caution which preceded the discussion of them?

To what do you refer?

We were saying, if I am not mistaken, that he who wanted to see them in their perfect beauty must take a longer and more circuitous way, at the end of which they would appear; but that we could add on a popular exposition of them on a level with the discussion which had preceded. And you replied that such an exposition would be enough for you, and so the enquiry was conducted in what to me seemed to be a very inaccurate manner; whether you were satisfied or not, it is for you to say.

Yes, he said, I thought and the others thought that you gave us fair measure of truth.

But, my friend, I said, a measure of such things which in any degree falls short of the whole truth is not fair measure; for nothing imperfect is the measure of anything, although persons are too apt to be contented and think that they need search no further.

Not an uncommon case when people are indolent.

Yes, I said; and there cannot be any worse fault in a guardian of the State and of the laws.

True.

The guardian then, I said, must be required to take the longer circuit, and toil at learning as well as at gymnastics, or he will never reach the highest knowledge of all which, as we were just now saying, is his proper calling.

What, he said, is there a knowledge still higher than this — higher than justice and the other virtues?

Yes, I said, there is. And of the virtues too we must behold not

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the outline merely, as at present — nothing short of the most finished picture should satisfy us. When little things are elaborated with an infinity of pains, in order that they may appear in their full beauty and utmost clearness, how ridiculous that we should not think the highest truths worthy of attaining the highest accuracy!

A right noble thought; but do you suppose that we shall refrain from asking you what is this highest knowledge?

Nay, I said, ask if you will; but I am certain that you have heard the answer many times, and now you either do not understand me or, as I rather think, you are disposed to be troublesome; for you have often been told that the idea of good is the highest knowledge, and that all other things become useful and advantageous only by their use of this. You can hardly be ignorant that of this I was about to speak, concerning which, as you have often heard me say, we know so little; and, without which, any other knowledge or possession of any kind will profit us nothing. Do you think that the possession of all other things is of any value if we do not possess the good? or the knowledge of all other things if we have no knowledge of beauty and goodness?

Assuredly not.

You are further aware that most people affirm pleasure to be the good, but the finer sort of wits say it is knowledge?

Yes.

And you are aware too that the latter cannot explain what they mean by knowledge, but are obliged after all to say knowledge of the good?

How ridiculous!

Yes, I said, that they should begin by reproaching us with our ignorance of the good, and then presume our knowledge of it — for the good they define to be knowledge of the good, just as if we understood them when they use the term 'good' — this is of course ridiculous.

Most true, he said.

And those who make pleasure their good are in equal perplexity, for they are compelled to admit that there are bad pleasures as well as good.

Certainly.

And therefore to acknowledge that bad and good are the same?

True.

There can be no doubt about the numerous difficulties in which this question is involved.

There can be none.

Further, do we not see that many are willing to do or to have or to seem to be what is just and honourable without the reality, but no one is satisfied with the appearance of good — the reality is what they seek; in the case of the good, appearance is despised by every one.

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Very true, he said.

Of this then, which every soul of man pursues and makes the end of all his actions, having a presentiment that there is such an end, and yet hesitating because neither knowing the nature nor having the same assurance of this as of other things, and therefore losing whatever good there is in other things, — of a principle such and so great as this ought the best men in our State, to whom everything is entrusted, to be in the darkness of ignorance?

Certainly not, he said.

I am sure, I said, that he who does not know how the beautiful and the just are likewise good will be but a sorry guardian of them; and I suspect that no one who is ignorant of the good will have a true knowledge of them.

That, he said, is a shrewd suspicion of yours.

And if we only have a guardian who has this knowledge our State will be perfectly ordered?

Of course, he replied; but I wish that you would tell me whether you conceive this supreme principle of the good to be knowledge or pleasure, or different from either?

Ave, I said, I knew all along that a fastidious gentleman like you would not be contented with the thoughts of other people about these matters.

True, Socrates; but I must say that one who like you has passed a lifetime in the study of philosophy should not be always repeating the opinions of others, and never telling his own.

Well, but has any one a right to say positively what he does not know?

Not, he said, with the assurance of positive certainty; he has no right to do that: but he may say what he thinks, as a matter of opinion.

And do you not know, I said, that all mere opinions are bad, and the best of them blind? You would not deny that those who have any true notion without intelligence are only like blind men who hit their way along the road?

Very true.

And do you wish to behold what is blind and crooked and base, when others will tell you of brightness and beauty?

Still, I must implore you, Socrates, said Glaucon, not to turn away just as you are reaching the goal; if you will only give such an explanation of the good as you have already given of justice and temperance and the other virtues, we shall be satisfied.

Yes, my friend, and I shall be at least equally satisfied, but I cannot help fearing that I shall fail, and that my indiscreet zeal will bring ridicule upon me. No, sweet sirs, let us not at present ask what is the actual nature of the good, for to reach what is now in my thoughts would be an effort too great for me. But of the child of the good who is likest him, I would fain speak, if I could be sure that you wished to hear — otherwise, not.

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By all means, he said, tell us about the child, and you shall remain in our debt for the account of the parent.

I do indeed wish, I replied, that I could pay, and you receive, the account of the parent, and not, as now, of the offspring only; take however this latter by way of interest,* and at the same time have a care that I do not render a false account, although I have no intention of deceiving you.

Yes, we will take all the care that we can: proceed.

Yes, I said, but I must first come to an understanding with you, and remind you of what I have mentioned in the course of this discussion, and at many other times.

What?

The old story, that there is a many beautiful and a many good, and so of other things which we describe and define; to all of them 'many' is applied.

True, he said.

And there is an absolute beauty and an absolute good, and of other things to which the term 'many' is applied there is an absolute; for they may be brought under a single idea, which is called the essence of each.

Very true.

The many, as we say, are seen but not known, and the ideas are known but not seen.

Exactly.

And what is the organ with which we see the visible things?

The sight, he said.

And with the hearing, I said, we hear, and with the other senses perceive the other objects of sense?

True.

But have you remarked that sight is by far the most costly and complex piece of workmanship which the artificer of the senses ever contrived?

No, I never have, he said.

Then reflect: has the ear or voice need of any third or additional nature in order that the one may be able to hear and the other to be heard?

Nothing of the sort.

No, indeed, I replied; and the same is true of most, if not all, the other senses — you would not say that any of them requires such an addition?

Certainly not.

But you see that without the addition of some other nature there is no seeing or being seen?

How do you mean?

Sight being, as I conceive, in the eyes, and he who has eyes wishing to see; colour being also present in them, still unless there be a

* A play upon τοκος, which means both 'offspring' and 'interest.'

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third nature specially adapted to the purpose, the owner of the eyes will see nothing and the colours will be invisible.

Of what nature are you speaking?

Of that which you term light, I replied.

True, he said.

Noble, then, is the bond which links together sight and visibility, and great beyond other bonds by no small difference of nature; for light is their bond, and light is no ignoble thing?

Nay, he said, the reverse of ignoble.

And which, I said, of the gods in heaven would you say was the lord of this element? Whose is that light which makes the eye to see perfectly and the visible to appear?

You mean the sun, as you and all mankind say.

May not the relation of sight to this deity be described as follows?

How?

Neither sight nor the eye in which sight resides is the sun?

No.

Yet of all the organs of sense the eye is the most like the sun?

By far the most like.

And the power which the eye possesses is a sort of effluence which is dispensed from the sun?

Exactly.

Then the sun is not sight, but the author of sight who is recognised by sight.

True, he said.

And this is he whom I call the child of the good, whom the good begat in his own likeness, to be in the visible world, in relation to sight and the things of sight, what the good is in the intellectual world in relation to mind and the things of mind.

Will you be a little more explicit? he said.

Why, you know, I said, that the eyes, when a person directs them towards objects on which the light of day is no longer shining, but the moon and stars only, see dimly, and are nearly blind; they seem to have no clearness of vision in them?

Very true.

But when they are directed towards objects on which the sun shines, they see clearly and there is sight in them?

Certainly.

And the soul is like the eye: when resting upon that on which truth and being shine, the soul perceives and understands and is radiant with intelligence; but when turned towards the twilight of becoming and perishing, then she has opinion only, and goes blinking about, and is first of one opinion and then of another, and seems to have no intelligence?

Just so.

Now, that which imparts truth to the known and the power of

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knowing to the knower is what I would have you term the idea of good, and this you will deem to be the cause of science, and of truth, in so far as the latter becomes the subject of knowledge; beautiful too, as are both truth and knowledge, you will be right in esteeming this other nature as more beautiful than either; and, as in the previous instance, light and sight may be truly said to be like the sun, and yet not to be the sun, so in this other sphere, science and truth may be deemed to be like the good, but not the good; the good has a place of honour yet higher.

What a wonder of beauty that must be, he said, which is the author of science and truth, and yet surpasses them in beauty; for you surely cannot mean to say that pleasure is the good?

God forbid, I replied; but may I ask you to consider the image in another point of view?

In what point of view?

You would say, would you not, that the sun is not only the author of visibility in all visible things, but of generation and nourishment and growth, though he himself is not generation?

Certainly.

In like manner the good may be said to be not only the author of knowledge to all things known, but of their being and essence, and yet the good is not essence, but far exceeds essence in dignity and power.

Glaucon said, with a ludicrous earnestness: By the light of heaven, how amazing!

Yes, I said, and the exaggeration may be set down to you; for you made me utter my fancies.

And pray continue to utter them; at any rate let us hear if there is anything more to be said about the similitude of the sun.

Yes, I said, there is a great deal more.

Then omit nothing, however slight.

I will do my best, I said; but I should think that a great deal will have to be omitted.

You have to imagine, then, that there are two ruling powers, and that one of them is set over the intellectual world, the other over the visible. I do not say heaven, lest you should fancy that I am playing upon the name (οὐρανός, ὁρατός). May I suppose that you have this distinction of the visible and intelligible fixed in your mind?

I have.

Now take a line which has been cut into two unequal parts, and divide each of them again in the same proportion, and suppose the two main divisions to answer, one to the visible and the other to the intelligible, and then compare the subdivisions in respect of their clearness and want of clearness, and you will find that the first section in the sphere of the visible consists of images. And by images I mean, in the first place, shadows, and in the second place

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reflections in water and in solid, smooth and polished bodies and the like: Do you understand?

Yes, I understand.

Imagine, now, the other section, of which this is only the resemblance, to include the animals which we see, and everything that grows or is made.

Very good.

Would you not admit that both the sections of this division have different degrees of truth, and that the copy is to the original as the sphere of opinion is to the sphere of knowledge?

Most undoubtedly.

Next proceed to consider the manner in which the sphere of the intellectual is to be divided.

In what manner?

Thus:—There are two subdivisions, in the lower of which the soul uses the figures given by the former division as images; the inquiry can only be hypothetical, and instead of going upwards to a principle descends to the other end; in the higher of the two, the soul passes out of hypotheses, and goes up to a principle which is above hypotheses, making no use of images as in the former case, but proceeding only in and through the ideas themselves.

I do not quite understand your meaning, he said.

Then I will try again; you will understand me better when I have made some preliminary remarks. You are aware that students of geometry, arithmetic, and the kindred sciences assume the odd and the even and the figures and three kinds of angles and the like in their several branches of science; these are their hypotheses, which they and everybody are supposed to know, and therefore they do not deign to give any account of them either to themselves or others; but they begin with them, and go on until they arrive at last, and in a consistent manner, at their conclusion?

Yes, he said, I know.

And do you not know also that although they make use of the visible forms and reason about them, they are thinking not of these, but of the ideals which they resemble; not of the figures which they draw, but of the absolute square and the absolute diameter, and so on—the forms which they draw or make, and which have shadows and reflections in water of their own, are converted by them into images, but they are really seeking to behold the things themselves, which can only be seen with the eye of the mind?

That is true.

And of this kind I spoke as the intelligible, although in the search after it the soul is compelled to use hypotheses; not ascending to a first principle, because she is unable to rise above the region of hypothesis, but employing the objects of which the shadows below are the resemblances in their turn as images, they having in relation to

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the shadows and reflections of them a greater distinctness, and [511a-d
therefore a higher value.

I understand, he said, that you are speaking of the province of geometry and the sister arts.

And when I speak of the other division of the intelligible, you will understand me to speak of that other sort of knowledge which reason herself attains by the power of dialectic, using the hypotheses not as first principles, but only as hypotheses — that is to say, as steps and points of departure into a world which is above hypotheses, in order that she may soar beyond them to the first principle of the whole; and clinging to this and then to that which depends on this, by successive steps she descends again without the aid of any sensible object, from ideas, through ideas, and in ideas she ends.

I understand you, he replied; not perfectly, for you seem to me to be describing a task which is really tremendous; but, at any rate, I understand you to say that knowledge and being, which the science of dialectic contemplates, are clearer than the notions of the arts, as they are termed, which proceed from hypotheses only: these are also contemplated by the understanding, and not by the senses: yet, because they start from hypotheses and do not ascend to a principle, those who contemplate them appear to you not to exercise the higher reason upon them, although when a first principle is added to them they are cognizable by the higher reason. And the habit which is concerned with geometry and the cognate sciences I suppose that you would term understanding and not reason, as being intermediate between opinion and reason.

You have quite conceived my meaning, I said; and now, corresponding to these four divisions, let there be four faculties in the soul — reason answering to the highest, understanding to the second, faith to the third, and perception of shadows to the last — and let there be a scale of them, and let us suppose that the several faculties have clearness in the same degree that their objects have truth.

I understand, he replied, and give my assent, and accept your arrangement.*

* This whole passage may be understood better if studied with the aid of the accompanying diagram.

	The Sun		The Idea of the Good	
	The Realm of Opinion		The Realm of Knowledge or "Science"	
	A	D	C	E
Objective:	Images	Natural Objects, Artefacta	The Objects of Mathematics	Ideas
Subjective:	Conjecture	Belief	Understanding	The Higher Reason

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514a–515d]

BOOK VII

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened:—Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence,

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he has a clearer vision, — what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them, — will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honours among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer,

'Better to be the poor servant of a poor master,'

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516d–517e]

and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such an one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it was better not even to think of ascending; and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed — whether rightly or wrongly God knows. But, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

Moreover, I said, you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell; which desire of theirs is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Yes, very natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to the evil state of man, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner; if, while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other place, about the images or the shadows of images of justice, and is endeavouring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen absolute justice?

Anything but surprising, he replied.

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Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul of man has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or, if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets him who returns from above out of the light into the den.

That, he said, is a very just distinction.

But then, if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes.

They undoubtedly say this, he replied.

Whereas, our argument shows that the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already; and that just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and of the brightest and best of being, or in other words of the good.

Very true.

And must there not be some art which will effect conversion in the easiest and quickest manner; not implanting the faculty of sight, for that exists already, but has been turned in the wrong direction, and is looking away from the truth?

Yes, he said, such an art may be presumed.

And whereas the other so-called virtues of the soul seem to be akin to bodily qualities, for even when they are not originally innate they can be implanted later by habit and exercise, the virtue of wisdom more than anything else contains a divine element which always remains, and by this conversion is rendered useful and profitable; or, on the other hand, hurtful and useless. Did you never observe the narrow intelligence flashing from the keen eye of a clever rogue — how eager he is, how clearly his paltry soul sees the way to his end; he is the reverse of blind, but his keen eye-sight is forced into the service of evil, and he is mischievous in proportion to his cleverness?

Very true, he said.

But what if there had been a circumcision of such natures in the days of their youth; and they had been severed from those sensual pleasures, such as eating and drinking, which, like leaden weights, were attached to them at their birth, and which drag them down

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[519b–520c]

and turn the vision of their souls upon the things that are below — if, I say, they had been released from these impediments and turned in the opposite direction, the very same faculty in them would have seen the truth as keenly as they see what their eyes are turned to now.

Very likely.

Yes, I said; and there is another thing which is likely or, rather a necessary inference from what has preceded, that neither the uneducated and uninformed of the truth, nor yet those who never make an end of their education, will be able ministers of State; not the former, because they have no single aim of duty which is the rule of all their actions, private as well as public; nor the latter, because they will not act at all except upon compulsion, fancying that they are already dwelling apart in the islands of the blest.

Very true, he replied.

Then, I said, the business of us who are the founders of the State will be to compel the best minds to attain that knowledge which we have already shown to be the greatest of all — they must continue to ascend until they arrive at the good; but when they have ascended and seen enough we must not allow them to do as they do now.

What do you mean?

I mean that they remain in the upper world: but this must not be allowed; they must be made to descend again among the prisoners in the den, and partake of their labours and honours, whether they are worth having or not.

But is not this unjust? he said; ought we to give them a worse life, when they might have a better?

You have again forgotten, my friend, I said, the intention of the legislator, who did not aim at making any one class in the State happy above the rest; the happiness was to be in the whole State, and he held the citizens together by persuasion and necessity, making them benefactors of the State, and therefore benefactors of one another; to this end he created them, not to please themselves, but to be his instruments in binding up the State.

True, he said, I had forgotten.

Observe, Glaucon, that there will be no injustice in compelling our philosophers to have a care and providence of others; we shall explain to them that in other States, men of their class are not obliged to share in the toils of politics: and this is reasonable, for they grow up at their own sweet will, and the government would rather not have them. Being self-taught, they cannot be expected to show any gratitude for a culture which they have never received. But we have brought you into the world to be rulers of the hive, kings of yourselves and of the other citizens, and have educated you far better and more perfectly than they have been educated, and you are better able to share in the double duty. Wherefore each of you, when his turn comes, must go down to the general

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underground abode, and get the habit of seeing in the dark. When you have acquired the habit, you will see ten thousand times better than the inhabitants of the den, and you will know what the several images are, and what they represent, because you have seen the beautiful and just and good in their truth. And thus our State which is also yours will be a reality, and not a dream only, and will be administered in a spirit unlike that of other States, in which men fight with one another about shadows only and are distracted in the struggle for power, which in their eyes is a great good. Whereas the truth is that the State in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern is always the best and most quietly governed, and the State in which they are most eager, the worst.

Quite true, he replied.

And will our pupils, when they hear this, refuse to take their turn at the toils of State, when they are allowed to spend the greater part of their time with one another in the heavenly light?

Impossible, he answered; for they are just men, and the commands which we impose upon them are just, there can be no doubt that every one of them will take office as a stern necessity, and not after the fashion of our present rulers of State.

Yes, my friend, I said; and there lies the point. You must contrive for your future rulers another and a better life than that of a ruler, and then you may have a well-ordered State; for only in the State which offers this, will they rule who are truly rich, not in silver and gold, but in virtue and wisdom, which are the true blessings of life. Whereas if they go to the administration of public affairs, poor and hungering after their own private advantage, thinking that hence they are to snatch the chief good, order there can never be; for they will be fighting about office, and the civil and domestic broils which thus arise will be the ruin of the rulers themselves and of the whole State.

Most true, he replied.

And the only life which looks down upon the life of political ambition is that of true philosophy. Do you know of any other?

Indeed, I do not, he said.

And those who govern ought not to be lovers of the task? For, if they are, there will be rival lovers, and they will fight.

No question.

Who then are those whom we shall compel to be guardians? Surely they will be the men who are wisest about affairs of State, and by whom the State is best administered, and who at the same time have other honours and another and a better life than that of politics?

They are the men, and I will choose them, he replied.

[502c-521b, tr. B. Jowett]

[What remains is to consider in detail the education and curriculum which will lead the Guardians "from darkness to light." The subjects

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[551b–e]

of study are to be Arithmetic (the pure science of number), Geometry (plane and solid), Astronomy (which presents solids in motion), Harmonics, and finally Dialectics, which passes beyond the hypotheses of the other sciences and alone ascends to a first principle. This higher education is to be given to a carefully selected few, those who are best qualified for it, Dialectics in particular being reserved for the more mature students. The seventh book then concludes with a precise outline of the training of the philosopher-ruler, which involves a constant alternation of theoretical studies with practical experience in the affairs of state, until he is finally prepared to assume responsible office.

In the eighth and ninth books Plato describes in detail the various types of degenerate states and their corresponding individuals. Starting from the perfect, ideal state, we find, in descending order, timocracy, oligarchy, democracy, and tyranny. The following selection on Plato's conception of democracy reveals that what Plato meant by "democracy" was something nearer to anarchy, or the unrestricted "dictatorship of the proletariat"; this fact will serve to explain why the so-called "democratic" form of the state and the individual is placed so low in the list of corrupt forms.]

BOOK VIII

Next comes democracy; of this the origin and nature have still to be considered by us; and then we will enquire into the ways of the democratic man, and bring him up for judgment.

That, he said, is our method.

Well, I said, and how does the change from oligarchy into democracy arise? Is it not on this wise? — The good at which such a State aims is to become as rich as possible, a desire which is insatiable?

What then?

The rulers, being aware that their power rests upon their wealth, refuse to curtail by law the extravagance of the spendthrift youth because they gain by their ruin; they take interest from them and buy up their estates and thus increase their own wealth and importance?

To be sure.

There can be no doubt that the love of wealth and the spirit of moderation cannot exist together in citizens of the same State to any considerable extent; one or the other will be disregarded.

That is tolerably clear.

And in oligarchical States, from the general spread of carelessness and extravagance, men of good family have often been reduced to beggary?

Yes, often.

And still they remain in the city; there they are, ready to sting and fully armed, and some of them owe money, some have forfeited their citizenship; a third class are in both predicaments; and they hate and conspire against those who have got their property, and against everybody else, and are eager for revolution.

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That is true.

On the other hand, the men of business, stooping as they walk, and pretending not even to see those whom they have already ruined, insert their sting — that is, their money — into some one else who is not on his guard against them, and recover the parent sum many times over multiplied into a family of children: and so they make drone and pauper to abound in the State.

Yes, he said, there are plenty of them — that is certain.

The evil blazes up like a fire; and they will not extinguish it, either by restricting a man's use of his own property, or by another remedy:

What other?

One which is the next best, and has the advantage of compelling the citizens to look to their characters: — Let there be a general rule that every one shall enter into voluntary contracts at his own risk, and there will be less of this scandalous money-making, and the evils of which we were speaking will be greatly lessened in the State.

Yes, they will be greatly lessened.

At present the governors, induced by the motives which I have named, treat their subjects badly; while they and their adherents, especially the young men of the governing class, are habituated to lead a life of luxury and idleness both of body and mind; they do nothing, and are incapable of resisting either pleasure or pain.

Very true.

They themselves care only for making money, and are as indifferent as the pauper to the cultivation of virtue.

Yes, quite as indifferent.

Such is the state of affairs which prevails among them. And often rulers and their subjects may come in one another's way, whether on a pilgrimage or a march, as fellow-soldiers or fellow-sailors; aye and they may observe the behaviour of each other in the very moment of danger — for where danger is, there is no fear that the poor will be despised by the rich — and very likely the wiry sunburnt poor man may be placed in battle at the side of a wealthy one who has never spoilt his complexion and has plenty of superfluous flesh — when he sees such an one puffing and at his wits'-end, how can he avoid drawing the conclusion that men like him are only rich because no one has the courage to despoil them? And when they meet in private will not people be saying to one another 'Our warriors are not good for much'?

Yes, he said, I am quite aware that this is their way of talking.

And, as in a body which is diseased the addition of a touch from without may bring on illness, and sometimes even when there is no external provocation a commotion may arise within — in the same way wherever there is weakness in the State there is also likely to be illness, of which the occasions may be very slight, the one party introducing from without their oligarchical, the other their

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democratical allies, and then the State falls sick, and is at war with herself; and may be at times distracted, even when there is no external cause.

Yes, surely.

And then democracy comes into being after the poor have conquered their opponents, slaughtering some and banishing some, while to the remainder they give an equal share of freedom and power; and this is the form of government in which the magistrates are commonly elected by lot.

Yes, he said, that is the nature of democracy, whether the revolution has been effected by arms, or whether fear has caused the opposite party to withdraw.

And now what is their manner of life, and what sort of a government have they? for as the government is, such will be the man.

Clearly, he said.

In the first place, are they not free; and is not the city full of freedom and frankness — a man may say and do what he likes?

'Tis said so, he replied.

And where freedom is, the individual is clearly able to order for himself his own life as he pleases?

Clearly.

Then in this kind of State there will be the greatest variety of human natures?

There will.

This, then, seems likely to be the fairest of States, being like an embroidered robe which is spangled with every sort of flower. And just as women and children think a variety of colours to be of all things most charming, so there are many men to whom this State, which is spangled with the manners and characters of mankind, will appear to be the fairest of States.

Yes.

Yes, my good Sir, and there will be no better in which to look for a government.

Why?

Because of the liberty which reigns there — they have a complete assortment of constitutions; and he who has a mind to establish a State, as we have been doing, must go to a democracy as he would to a bazaar at which they sell them, and pick out the one that suits him; then, when he has made his choice, he may found his State.

He will be sure to have patterns enough.

And there being no necessity, I said, for you to govern in this State, even if you have the capacity, or to be governed, unless you like, or go to war when the rest go to war, or to be at peace when others are at peace, unless you are so disposed — there being no necessity also, because some law forbids you to hold office or be a dicast, that you should not hold office or be a dicast, if you have a fancy — is not this a way of life which for the moment is supremely delightful?

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For the moment, yes.

And is not their humanity to the condemned * in some cases quite charming? Have you not observed how, in a democracy, many persons, although they have been sentenced to death or exile, just stay where they are and walk about the world — the gentleman parades like a hero, and nobody sees or cares?

Yes, he replied, many and many a one.

See too, I said, the forgiving spirit of democracy, and the 'don't care' about trifles, and the disregard which she shows of all the fine principles which we solemnly laid down at the foundation of the city — as when we said that, except in the case of some rarely gifted nature, there never will be a good man who has not from his childhood been used to play amid things of beauty and make of them a joy and a study — how grandly does she trample all these fine notions of ours under her feet, never giving a thought to the pursuits which make a statesman, and promoting to honour any one who professes to be the people's friend.

Yes, she is of a noble spirit.

These and other kindred characteristics are proper to democracy, which is a charming form of government, full of variety and disorder, and dispensing a sort of equality to equals and unequals alike.

We know her well.

Consider now, I said, what manner of man the individual is, or rather consider, as in the case of the State, how he comes into being.

Very good, he said.

Is not this the way — he is the son of the miserly and oligarchical father who has trained him in his own habits?

Exactly.

And, like his father, he keeps under by force the pleasures which are of the spending and not of the getting sort, being those which are called unnecessary?

Obviously.

Would you like, for the sake of clearness, to distinguish which are the necessary and which are the unnecessary pleasures?

I should.

Are not necessary pleasures those of which we cannot get rid, and of which the satisfaction is a benefit to us? And they are rightly so, because we are framed by nature to desire both what is beneficial and what is necessary, and cannot help it.

True.

We are not wrong therefore in calling them necessary?

We are not.

And the desires of which a man may get rid, if he takes pains from his youth upwards — of which the presence, moreover, does no good, and in some cases the reverse of good — shall we not be right in saying that all these are unnecessary?

* Or, 'the philosophical temper of the condemned.'

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Yes, certainly.

Suppose we select an example of either kind, in order that we may have a general notion of them?

Very good.

Will not the desire of eating, that is, of simple food and condiments, in so far as they are required for health and strength, be of the necessary class?

That is what I should suppose.

The pleasure of eating is necessary in two ways; it does us good and it is essential to the continuance of life?

Yes.

But the condiments are only necessary in so far as they are good for health?

Certainly.

And the desire which goes beyond this, of more delicate food, or other luxuries, which might generally be got rid of, if controlled and trained in youth, and is hurtful to the body, and hurtful to the soul in the pursuit of wisdom and virtue, may be rightly called unnecessary?

Very true.

May we not say that these desires spend, and that the others make money because they conduce to production?

Certainly.

And of the pleasures of love, and all other pleasures, the same holds good?

True.

And the drone of whom we spoke was he who was surfeited in pleasures and desires of this sort, and was the slave of the unnecessary desires, whereas he who was subject to the necessary only was miserly and oligarchical?

Very true.

Again, let us see how the democratical man grows out of the oligarchical: the following, as I suspect, is commonly the process.

What is the process?

When a young man who has been brought up as we were just now describing, in a vulgar and miserly way, has tasted drones' honey and has come to associate with fierce and crafty natures who are able to provide for him all sorts of refinements and varieties of pleasure—then, as you may imagine, the change will begin of the oligarchical principle within him into the democratical?

Inevitably.

And as in the city like was helping like, and the change was effected by an alliance from without assisting one division of the citizens, so too the young man is changed by a class of desires coming from without to assist the desires within him, that which is akin and alike again helping that which is akin and alike?

Certainly.

And if there be any ally which aids the oligarchical principle

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within him, whether the influence of a father or of kindred, advising or rebuking him, then there arises in his soul a faction and an opposite faction, and he goes to war with himself.

It must be so.

And there are times when the democratical principle gives way to the oligarchical, and some of his desires die, and others are banished; a spirit of reverence enters into the young man's soul and order is restored.

Yes, he said, that sometimes happens.

And then, again, after the old desires have been driven out, fresh ones spring up, which are akin to them, and because he their father does not know how to educate them, wax fierce and numerous.

Yes, he said, that is apt to be the way.

They draw him to his old associates, and holding secret intercourse with them, breed and multiply in him.

Very true.

At length they seize upon the citadel of the young man's soul, which they perceive to be void of all accomplishments and fair pursuits and true words, which make their abode in the minds of men who are dear to the gods, and are their best guardians and sentinels.

None better.

False and boastful conceits and phrases mount upwards and take their place.

They are certain to do so.

And so the young man returns into the country of the lotus-eaters, and takes up his dwelling there in the face of all men; and if any help be sent by his friends to the oligarchical part of him, the aforesaid vain conceits shut the gate of the king's fastness; and they will neither allow the embassy itself to enter, nor if private advisers offer the fatherly counsel of the aged will they listen to them or receive them. There is a battle and they gain the day, and then modesty, which they call silliness, is ignominiously thrust into exile by them, and temperance, which they nickname unmanliness, is trampled in the mire and cast forth; they persuade men that moderation and orderly expenditure are vulgarity and meanness, and so, by the help of a rabble of evil appetites, they drive them beyond the border.

Yes, with a will.

And when they have emptied and swept clean the soul of him who is now in their power and who is being initiated by them in great mysteries, the next thing is to bring back to their house insolence and anarchy and waste and impudence in bright array having garlands on their heads, and a great company with them, hymning their praises and calling them by sweet names; insolence they term breeding, and anarchy liberty, and waste magnificence, and impudence courage. And so the young man passes out of his original

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561a–562a]

nature, which was trained in the school of necessity, into the freedom and libertinism of useless and unnecessary pleasures.

Yes, he said, the change in him is visible enough.

After this he lives on, spending his money and labour and time on unnecessary pleasures quite as much as on necessary ones; but if he be fortunate, and is not too much disordered in his wits, when years have elapsed, and the heyday of passion is over — supposing that he then re-admits into the city some part of the exiled virtues, and does not wholly give himself up to their successors — in that case he balances his pleasures and lives in a sort of equilibrium, entrusting the government of himself into the hands of the one which comes first and wins the turn; and when he has had enough of that, then into the hands of another; he despises none of them but encourages them all equally.

Very true, he said.

Neither does he receive or let pass into the fortress any true word of advice; if any one says to him that some pleasures are the satisfactions of good and noble desires, and others of evil desires, and that he ought to use and honour some and chastise and master the others — whenever this is repeated to him he shakes his head and says that they are all alike, and that one is as good as another.

Yes, he said; that is the way with him.

Yes, I said, he lives from day to day indulging the appetite of the hour; and sometimes he is lapped in drink and strains of the flute; then he becomes a water-drinker, and tries to get thin; then he takes a turn at gymnastics; sometimes idling and neglecting everything, then once more living the life of a philosopher; often he is busy with politics, and starts to his feet and says and does whatever comes into his head; and, if he is emulous of any one who is a warrior, off he is in that direction, or of men of business, once more in that. His life has neither law nor order; and this distracted existence he terms joy and bliss and freedom; and so he goes on.

Yes, he replied, he is all liberty and equality.

Yes, I said; his life is motley and manifold and an epitome of the lives of many; — he answers to the State which we described as fair and spangled. And many a man and many a woman will take him for their pattern, and many a constitution and many an example of manners is contained in him.

Just so.

Let him then be set over against democracy; he may truly be called the democratic man.

[555b-562a, tr. B. Jowett]

[The series of degenerate types ends with a presentation of the utter misery of the tyrant and tyranny. The argument of the *Republic* formally closes here and Socrates maintains that he has now answered

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adequately the challenge of Glaucon and Adeimantus. In the first part of the tenth book Plato seeks to confirm and strengthen the argument for banishing poets and other "imitative" artists from his state. At the end, however, he invites the lovers of poetry to come to her defence: if it can be shown that poetry is not only pleasant but also beneficial to the state, "we will gladly take her in again; for we are conscious of the charm she works upon us." Plato then proceeds to reaffirm his belief in the immortality of the soul, and thus he is ready to introduce the concluding myth, the *Vision of Er*, in which he develops fully the implications of this doctrine for the human individual.] [614a–d

BOOK X

THE VISION OF ER

These, then, are the prizes and rewards and gifts which are bestowed upon the just by gods and men in this present life, in addition to the other good things which justice herself provides.

Yes, he said; and they are fair and lasting.

And yet, I said, all these are as nothing, either in number or greatness in comparison with those other recompenses which await both just and unjust after death. And you ought to hear them, and then both just and unjust will have received from us a full payment of the debt which the argument owes to them.

Speak, he said; there are few things which I would more gladly hear.

Well, I said, I will tell you a tale; not one of the tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous, yet this too is a tale of a hero, Er the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up already in a state of corruption, his body was found unaffected by decay, and carried away home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. [He said that when his soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company,] and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and had bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the

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earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously enquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. The story, Glaucon, would take too long to tell; but the sum was this: — he said that for every wrong which they had done to any one they suffered tenfold; or once in a hundred years — such being reckoned to be the length of man's life, and the penalty being thus paid ten times in a thousand years. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behaviour, for each and all of their offences they received punishment ten times over, and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murderers, there were retributions other and greater far which he described. He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, 'Where is Ardiaeus the Great?' (Now this Ardiaeus lived a thousand years before the time of Er: he had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes.) The answer of the other spirit was: 'He comes not hither and will never come. And this,' said he, 'was one of the dreadful sights which we ourselves witnessed. We were at the mouth of the cavern, and, having completed all our experiences, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Ardiaeus appeared and several others most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants private individuals who had been great criminals: they were just, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world, but the mouth, instead of admitting them gave a roar, whenever any of these incurable sinners or some one who had not been sufficiently punished tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by and heard the sound, seized and carried them off; and Ardiaeus and others they bound head and foot and hand and threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell.' And of all the many terrors which they had endured, he said

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that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment, lest they should hear the voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with exceeding joy. These, said Er, were the penalties and retributions, and there were blessings as great.

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see from above a line of light, straight as a column, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in colour resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the chains of heaven let down from above: for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the under-girders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. The shaft and hook of this spindle are made of steel, and the whorl is made partly of steel and also partly of other materials. Now the whorl is in form like the whorl used on earth; and the description of it implied that there is one large hollow whorl which is quite scooped out, and into this is fitted another lesser one, and another, and another, and four others, making eight in all, like vessels which fit into one another; the whorls show their edges on the upper side, and on their lower side all together form one continuous whorl. This is pierced by the spindle, which is driven home through the centre of the eighth. The first and outermost whorl has the rim broadest, and the seven inner whorls are narrower, in the following proportions—the sixth is next to the first in size, the fourth next to the sixth, then comes the eighth; the seventh is fifth, the fifth is sixth, the third is seventh, last and eighth comes the second. The largest [or fixed stars] is spangled, and the seventh [or sun] is brightest; the eighth [or moon] coloured by the reflected light of the seventh; the second and fifth [Saturn and Mercury] are in colour like one another, and yellower than the preceding; the third [Venus] has the whitest light; the fourth [Mars] is reddish; the sixth [Jupiter] is in whiteness second. Now the whole spindle has the same motion; but as the whole revolves in one direction, the seven inner circles move slowly in the other, and of these the swiftest is the eighth; next in swiftness are the seventh, sixth, and fifth, which move together; third in swiftness appeared to move according to the law of this reversed motion the fourth; the third appeared fourth and the second fifth. The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity; and on the upper surface of each circle is a siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single tone or note. The eight together form one harmony; and round about, at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne: these are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white robes and

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[617c–618d]

chaplets upon their heads, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos, accompany with their voices the harmony of the sirens — Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future; Clotho from time to time assisting with a touch of her right hand the revolution of the outer circle of the whorl or spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner one, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows: 'Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility rests with the chooser — God is justified.' When the Interpreter had thus spoken he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself (this was not allowed), and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal and of man in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the virtues of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of these for the opposite qualities. And of women likewise; there was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, in choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. But there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health; and there were mean states also. And here, my dear Glaucon, is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things which have been mentioned severally and collectively upon virtue; he should know what the effect of beauty is when combined with poverty or wealth in a particular soul, and what are the good and

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evil consequences of noble and humble birth, of private and public station, of strength and weakness, of cleverness and dullness, and of all the natural and acquired gifts of the soul, and the operation of them when conjoined; he will then look at the nature of the soul and from the consideration of all these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in truth and right, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest coming upon tyrannies and similar villainies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the mean and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life but in all that which is to come. For this is the way of happiness.

And according to the report of the messenger from the other world this was what the prophet said at the time: 'Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair.' And when he had spoken, he who had the first choice came forward and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny; his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter before he chose, and did not at first sight perceive that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the prophet; for, instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune on himself, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered State, but his virtue was a matter of habit only, and he had no philosophy. And it was true of others who were similarly overtaken, that the greater number of them came from heaven and therefore they had never been schooled by trial, whereas the pilgrims who came from earth having themselves suffered and seen others suffer were not in a hurry to choose. And owing to this inexperience of theirs, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil or an evil for a good. For if a man had always on his arrival in this world dedicated himself from the first to sound philosophy, and had been moderately fortunate in the number of the lot, he might, as the messenger reported, be happy here, and also his journey to another life and return to this, instead of being rough and underground, would be smooth and heavenly. Most curious, he said, was the spectacle — sad and laughable and

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strange; for the choice of the souls was in most cases based on their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he beheld also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, wanting to be men. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment about the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature by reason of his sufferings. About the middle came the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great honour of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation: and after her there followed the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had no cares; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had his lot been first instead of last, and that he was delighted to have it. And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals tame and wild who changed into one another and into corresponding human natures—the good into the gentle and the evil into the savage, in all sorts of combinations.

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen, to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice: this genius led the souls first to Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible, whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, whose water no vessel can hold; of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one as he drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven upwards in all manner of

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ways to their birth, like stars shooting. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only, in the morning awaking suddenly, he found himself lying on the pyre. [621b]

And thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved and has not perished, and will save us if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast ever to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been describing.

[614a-621d, tr. B. Jowett]

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ARISTOTLE

(384–322 B.C.)

Aristotle was born in Stageira, a small town in Thrace, in 384 B.C., ost two years after Plato had founded the Academy at Athens. e came to Athens at the age of seventeen and entered Plato's hool, where he remained for the next twenty years, until the eath of the elder philosopher. This period is unique, for here we nd two of the greatest minds in all European history in intimate d close contact with one another for a long space of time, and ne of it have emerged ideas, concepts, and principles which have ntributed deeply to the civilization in which we now live. On to's death Aristotle left Athens, perhaps because Speusippus, the w head of the Academy, seemed to be too preoccupied with thematics, a tendency to which Aristotle objected. At all events, went to Assos, a small town in the Troad, and lectured there for o or three years. He was subsequently called by Philip of cedon to become the tutor of the young Alexander. At about e time of Philip's death (336 B.C.) Aristotle returned to Athens, nded his school, the Lyceum, and taught there for the next ven years. We are told that in the morning he delivered esoteric ures for his special students which dealt with more difficult terial, such as logic, physics, biology, psychology, and meta-ysics. In the afternoon he delivered his so-called exoteric lectures ich were public and somewhat more popular; the subjects here re ethics, politics, rhetoric, and literary criticism. On Alexander's th in 323 B.C. the enemies of Macedon in Athens trumped up e charges against Aristotle and he left the city, so the story goes, ching on the death of Socrates and determined not to allow the henians, as he remarked, "to sin twice against Philosophy." He ed to Chalcis in Euboea and died there the following year. Aristotle left an enormous amount of material, much of which is w lost. The preserved corpus, which fills eleven good-sized lumes, is generally supposed to contain the lecture notes of stotle himself. The style is uneven, and many passages are d choppy, and repetitious. Furthermore, the writings are borately cross-referenced, and there are alternate treatments of e same topics. For these reasons scholars have adopted the hy-thesis that these are the notes from which Aristotle lectured, ge in a fluid condition as the master made frequent revisions and orations as time went on.

In studying the works of Aristotle which follow here one must ave in mind some conception of Aristotle's basic philosophic sition. The most fundamental principle which should be asso-ted with Aristotle is his profound and unshakeable conviction at the individual thing is that which is ultimately real: that is,

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the individual desk, chair, tree, animal, or man. It is the particular in all its complexity that is real for Aristotle. Here we find a sharp distinction with Plato who maintained that the non-spatial non-temporal Idea was real and the "thing" in Aristotle's sense was that which is subject to change and decay, is impermanent, and therefore relatively less real than the Idea. Plato, as a result, is not preoccupied with these "things" in and for themselves, while Aristotle definitely is.

Aristotle's analysis of these individual things which he believes to be real begins with a scrutiny of them in an attempt to arrive at their inner essence and then to apprehend their relation with other objects. To take the example of a desk, when it is subjected to analysis it appears to be a composite of some kind of matter or material, wood or metal, which has had some kind of form imposed upon it. Hence two concepts immediately emerge which are very important for Aristotle, viz., matter and form. As he continues, he burrows further into the object and differentiates between what he calls "essence," that which makes a thing to be precisely what it is, and "accidents," qualities which may change or vary, or may accidentally be attached to an object. For example, that a desk is brown is in Aristotle's sense an "accident." Its essence or essential nature as a desk would not be changed if it were painted black.

Thus far we have been considering Aristotle as he examines things or objects from a static point of view. When he approaches them from a dynamic point of view, as they change and develop, he advances his famous doctrine of causality. This doctrine maintains that each thing has four causes: material, formal, efficient, and final. If we may take the illustration of a house, according to Aristotle's analysis, the material cause is the wood, plaster, etc., out of which the house is constructed. The formal cause would be the architect's plans, the efficient cause, the builder or contractor, and the final cause, the purpose of the building, namely to be a living place to provide shelter for human beings. From this dynamic approach also arises Aristotle's distinction between potentiality and actuality. The familiar illustration of the acorn and the oak may serve us here. The acorn has in it the capacity of becoming an oak tree, or as Aristotle would put it, the acorn is potentially an oak tree. Similarly a boy is potentially a man. Manhood is his aim or end, and he continually moves toward this state of actuality. Furthermore, Aristotle would insist that we should not look at this actualization of man merely from a physical point of view. He insists that the complete actualization of man lies in the moral sphere and he believes that each individual should become as close to the most complete actualization of man as possible. In summary, then, we have these basic Aristotelian concepts: the individual thing is ultimately real; and when analyzed it reveals the fundamental notions of matter and form.

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substance and accidents, causality, and potentiality as opposed to actuality.

From the foregoing analysis one can easily see that there is a fundamental and radical opposition between the philosophy of Plato and that of Aristotle. In the first place, anyone who believes that the ultimate reality of individual things will have little sympathy for a person who maintains that ultimate reality lies in an abstract realm of non-spatial, non-temporal Ideas. So Aristotle objects seriously to Plato's Theory of Ideas; he argues that the Platonists cannot give a satisfactory account of the relation between a particular thing and an Idea, and he maintains that the Ideas have no real function except as logical universals, which, in Aristotle's view, inhere *in* particular things. In the second place, because of his emphasis on the actualization of man in this life, Aristotle has little sympathy for Plato's insistence that human happiness is independent of the goods of fortune. Complete happiness, the complete actualization of man, says Aristotle with sturdy common sense, needs the goods of the body, external goods, and the goods of fortune; with this attitude we may compare the fervent eloquence of Plato when he maintains in the *Republic* that the just man will be happy even when scourged, racked, and crucified. Finally it should be remembered that the opposition between these two philosophers is not to be viewed merely in an antiquarian light, but has persisted in western thought from their day to our own. For example, in the history of the Christian Church we have on one hand St. Augustine whose philosophy is strongly influenced by Plato, and on the other St. Thomas Aquinas who adapted in practically all its features the system of Aristotle to the Christian religion. Similarly, in secular thought there have been periods when Plato's influence was strong, as in the Renaissance or in the Romantic Age in English literature, and other periods which have found the Aristotelian position more congenial. These facts may be taken to justify Coleridge in having said that all men are either Platonists or Aristotelians.

The following selections should be read with the foregoing brief outline of Aristotle's basic position in mind. The first book of the Ethics will introduce the reader to Aristotle's analysis of the problems of human conduct and his conception of human happiness. The second book is important because it contains Aristotle's statements of the doctrine of the mean, which is obviously the key concept of his ethical theory. The passage from the tenth book shows Aristotle in one of the rare moments when he writes with eloquence and fervor. When he urges man in the living of his life to make himself as divine as is possible for him, we find Aristotle writing under Platonic influence. Certainly this section should indicate that although Plato and Aristotle were radically opposed, there is scarcely a page in the works of the later philosophers which does not bespeak great indebtedness to his master.

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In the several shorter selections from the *Politics* there are a number of Aristotle's important contributions to the political thought of Western Europe. We find here his concept that the state is logically prior to the individual, so that man may be defined as a "political animal," that is, an animal that can only attain his actualization in the social organization; we may also note his analysis of existing constitutions, his strong affirmation of the belief that the state exists to provide the "good life" for man, and his preference for the "middle-class state"—a preference that is clearly connected with his doctrine of the mean. The last three selections from the *Politics* throw light on Aristotle's conception of the ideal state, and reveal the importance which he placed on the function of education in unifying a commonwealth.

The *Poetics,* which is one of Aristotle's less technical treatises, reveals that he has studied poetry with the same analytical power which he brought to bear in the various other fields of thought. The selection given in this volume is about one half of the whole work, and includes his more notable remarks on tragedy, viz., his definition of tragedy, his conception of the tragic hero, his analysis of the constituent elements of tragedy, his conception of art as imitation, and his opinion that the aim of tragedy is to provide a catharsis of pity and fear and similar emotions. All of these statements have had a profound influence on later criticism, and a study of the *Poetics* is almost essential as an introduction to literary criticism in any of the great epochs of European literature. But perhaps the greatest value of the work lies in Aristotle's convincing argument that art is serious and philosophical, and it is in this context that all the great achievements in the creation and criticism of art have been viewed in this history of Western culture.

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NICOMACHEAN ETHICS

BOOK I

THE GOOD FOR MAN

Every art and every inquiry, and similarly every action and
pursuit, is thought to aim at some good; and for this reason the
good has rightly been declared to be that at which all things aim.
But a certain difference is found among ends; some are activities,
others are products apart from the activities that produce them.
Where there are ends apart from the actions, it is the nature of
the products to be better than the activities. Now, as there are
many actions, arts, and sciences, their ends also are many; the
end of the medical art is health, that of shipbuilding a vessel, that
of strategy victory, that of economics wealth. But where such arts
are under a single capacity — as bridle-making and the other arts
concerned with the equipment of horses fall under the art of riding,
and this and every military action under strategy, in the same way
other arts fall under yet others — in all of these the ends of the
master arts are to be preferred to all the subordinate ends; for it is
for the sake of the former that the latter are pursued. It makes no
difference whether the activities themselves are the ends of the
actions, or something else apart from the activities, as in the case of
the sciences just mentioned.

If, then, there is some end of the things we do, which we desire
for its own sake (everything else being desired for the sake of this),
and if we do not choose everything for the sake of something else
(for at that rate the process would go on to infinity, so that our
desire would be empty and vain), clearly this must be the good and
the chief good. Will not the knowledge of it, then, have a great
influence on life? Shall we not, like archers who have a mark to
aim at, be more likely to hit upon what is right? If so, we must
try, in outline at least to determine what it is, and of which of the
sciences or capacities it is the object. It would seem to belong to
the most authoritative art and that which is most truly the master
art. And politics appears to be of this nature; for it is this that
determines which of the sciences should be studied in a state, and
which each class of citizens should learn and up to what point they
should learn them; and we see even the most highly esteemed of
capacities to fall under this, e.g. strategy, economics, rhetoric; now,
since politics uses the rest of the sciences, and since, again, it
legislates as to what we are to do and what we are to abstain from,
the end of this science must include those of the others, so that this
end must be the good for man. For even if the end is the same for
a single man and for a state, that of the state seems at all events
something greater and more complete whether to attain or to pre-

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serve; though it is worth while to attain the end merely for one man, it is finer and more godlike to attain it for a nation or for city-states. These, then, are the ends at which our inquiry aims, since it is political science, in one sense of that term. [1094b]

3. Our discussion will be adequate if it has as much clearness as the subject-matter admits of, for precision is not to be sought for alike in all discussions, any more than in all the products of the crafts. Now fine and just actions, which political science investigates, admit of much variety and fluctuation of opinion, so that they may be thought to exist only by convention, and not by nature. And goods also give rise to a similar fluctation because they bring harm to many people; for before now men have been undone by reason of their wealth, and others by reason of their courage. We must be content, then, in speaking of such subjects and with such premisses to indicate the truth roughly and in outline, and in speaking about things which are only for the most part true and with premisses of the same kind to reach conclusions that are no better. In the same spirit, therefore, should each type of statement be *received*; for it is the mark of an educated man to look for precision in each class of things just so far as the nature of the subject admits; it is evidently equally foolish to accept probable reasoning from a mathematician and to demand from a rhetorician scientific proofs.

Now each man judges well the things he knows, and of these he is a good judge. And so the man who has been educated in a subject is a good judge of that subject, and the man who has received an all-round education is a good judge in general. Hence a young man is not a proper hearer of lectures on political science, for he is inexperienced in the actions that occur in life, but its discussions start from these and are about these; and, further, since he tends to follow his passions, his study will be vain and unprofitable because the end aimed at is not knowledge but action. And it makes no difference whether he is young in years or youthful in character; the defect does not depend on time, but on his living and pursuing each successive object, as passion directs. For to such persons, as to the incontinent, knowledge brings no profit; but to those who desire and act in accordance with a rational principle knowledge about such matters will be of great benefit.

These remarks about the student, the sort of treatment to be expected, and the purpose of the inquiry, may be taken as our preface.

4. Let us resume our inquiry and state, in view of the fact that all knowledge and every pursuit aims at some good, what it is that we say political science aims at and what is the highest of all goods achievable by action. Verbally there is very general agreement, for both the general run of men and people of superior refinement say that it is happiness, and identify living well and doing well

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[1094b22]

with being happy; but with regard to what happiness is they differ, and the many do not give the same account as the wise. For the latter think it is some plain and obvious thing, like pleasure, wealth, or honour; they differ, however, from one another — and often even the same man identifies it with different things, with health when he is ill, with wealth when he is poor; but, conscious of their ignorance, they admire those who proclaim some great and that is above their comprehension. Now some * thought that apart from these many goods there is another which is self-subsistent and causes the goodness of all these as well. To examine all the opinions that have been held were perhaps somewhat fruitless; enough to examine those that are most prevalent or that seem to be arguable.

Let us not fail to notice, however, that there is a difference between arguments from and those to the first principles. For Plato, too, was right in raising this question and asking, as he used to do, 'are we on the way from or to the first principles?' There is a difference, as there is in a race-course between the course from the judges to the turning-point and the way back. For, while we must begin with what is known, things are objects of knowledge in two senses — some to us, some without qualification. Presumably, then, *we* must begin with things known to *us*. Hence any man who is to listen intelligently to lectures about what is noble and just and, generally, about the subjects of political science must have been brought up in good habits. For the fact is the starting-point, and if this is sufficiently plain to him, he will not at the start need the reason as well; and the man who has been well brought up has or can easily get starting-points. And as for him who neither has nor can get them, let him hear the words of Hesiod:

> Far best is he who knows all things himself;
> Good, he that hearkens when men counsel right;
> But he who neither knows, nor lays to heart
> Another's wisdom, is a useless wight.

Let us, however, resume our discussion from the point at which we digressed. To judge from the lives that men lead, most men, and men of the most vulgar type, seem (not without some ground) to identify the good, or happiness, with pleasure; which is the reason why they love the life of enjoyment. For there are, we may say, three prominent types of life — that just mentioned, the political, and thirdly the contemplative life. Now the mass of mankind are evidently quite slavish in their tastes, preferring a life suitable to beasts, but they get some ground for their view from the fact that many of those in high places share the tastes of Sardanapalus. A consideration of the prominent types of life shows that people of superior refinement and of active disposition identify happiness

* A reference to Plato; cf. *Republic* VI, 504 ff. (pp. 543-550 above), on the Idea of the Good.

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with honour; for this is, roughly speaking, the end of the politic[illegible] [1095b2[illegible]
life. But it seems too superficial to be what we are looking fo[illegible]
since it is thought to depend on those who bestow honour rathe[illegible]
than on him who receives it, but the good we divine to be some[illegible]
thing proper to a man and not easily taken from him. Furthe[illegible]
men seem to pursue honour in order that they may be assured o[illegible]
their goodness; at least it is by men of practical wisdom that the[illegible]
seek to be honoured, and among those who know them, and o[illegible]
the ground of their virtue; clearly, then, according to them, at any
rate, virtue is better. And perhaps one might even suppose th[illegible]
to be, rather than honour, the end of the political life. But eve[illegible]
this appears somewhat incomplete; for possession of virtue seem[illegible]
actually compatible with being asleep, or with lifelong inactivity
and, further, with the greatest sufferings and misfortunes; but a[illegible]
man who was living so no one would call happy, unless he wer[illegible]
maintaining a thesis at all costs. But enough of this; for the su[illegible]
ject has been sufficiently treated even in the current discussio[illegible]
Third comes the contemplative life, which we shall consider la[illegible]

The life of money-making is one undertaken under compulsio[illegible]
and wealth is evidently not the good we are seeking; for it i[illegible]
merely useful and for the sake of something else. And so one
might rather take the aforenamed objects to be ends; for they are
loved for themselves. But it is evident that not even these are
ends; yet many arguments have been thrown away in support o[illegible]
them. Let us leave this subject, then.

6. We had perhaps better consider the universal good and discu[illegible]
thoroughly what is meant by it, although such an inquiry is mad[illegible]
an uphill one by the fact that the Forms have been introduced b[illegible]
friends of our own. Yet it would perhaps be thought to be better
indeed to be our duty, for the sake of maintaining the truth eve[illegible]
to destroy what touches us closely, especially as we are philosophe[illegible]
or lovers of wisdom; for, while both are dear, piety requires u[illegible]
to honour truth above our friends.

The men who introduce this doctrine did not posit Ideas o[illegible]
classes within which they recognized priority and posterior[illegible]
(which is the reason why they did not maintain the existence of a[illegible]
Idea embracing all numbers); but the term 'good' is used both i[illegible]
the category of substance and in that of quality and in that o[illegible]
relation, and that which is *per se*, i.e. substance, is prior in nat[illegible]
to the relative (for the latter is like an offshoot and accident o[illegible]
being); so that there could not be a common Idea set over all the[illegible]
goods. Further, since 'good' has as many senses as 'being' (for
is predicated both in the category of substance, as of God and
reason, and in quality, i.e. of the virtues, and in quantity, i.e. o[illegible]
that which is moderate, and in relation, i.e. of the useful, and
time, i.e. of the right opportunity, and in place, i.e. of the rig[illegible]
locality and the like), clearly it cannot be something univers[illegible]

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[1096b31]

nent in all cases and single; for then it could not have been
ated in all the categories but in one only. Further, since of
things answering to one Idea there is one science, there would
been one science of all the goods; but as it is there are many
ences even of the things that fall under one category, e.g. of op-
unity, for opportunity in war is studied by strategics and in
ease by medicine, and the moderate in food is studied by medi-
e and in exercise by the science of gymnastics. And one might
the question, what in the world they *mean* by 'a thing itself,'
(as is the case) in 'man himself' and in a particular man the
ount of man is one and the same. For in so far as they are
they will in no respect differ; and if this is so, neither will
d itself' and particular goods, in so far as they are good. But
it will not be good any the more for being eternal, since that
h lasts long is no whiter than that which perishes in a day.
Pythagoreans seem to give a more plausible account of the
when they place the one in the column of goods; and it is
that Speusippus seems to have followed.

But let us discuss these matters elsewhere; an objection to what
have said, however, may be discerned in the fact that the
nists have not been speaking about *all* goods, and that the
ds that are pursued and loved for themselves are called good by
rence to a single Form, while those which tend to produce or
reserve these somehow or to prevent their contraries are called
by reference to these, and in a secondary sense. Clearly, then,
ds must be spoken of in two ways, and some must be good in
mselves, the others by reason of these. Let us separate, then,
gs good in themselves from things useful, and consider whether
former are called good by reference to a single Idea. What
of goods would one call good in themselves? Is it those that
pursued even when isolated from others, such as intelligence,
, and certain pleasures and honours? Certainly, if we pursue
also for the sake of something else, yet one would place them
ng things good in themselves. Or is nothing other than the
of good good in itself? In that case the Form will be empty.
if the things we have named are also things good in themselves,
account of the good will have to appear as something identical
hem all, as that of whiteness is identical in snow and in white
But of honour, wisdom, and pleasure, just in respect of their
dness, the accounts are distinct and diverse. The good, there-
is not some common element answering to one Idea.

But what then do we mean by the good? It is surely not like
things that only chance to have the same name. Are goods
then, by being derived from one good or by all contributing
one good, or are they rather one by analogy? Certainly as sight
in the body, so is reason in the soul, and so on in other cases.
perhaps these subjects had better be dismissed for the present;
perfect precision about them would be more appropriate to

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another branch of philosophy. And similarly with regard to the [1096b31
Idea; even if there is some one good which is universally predicable of goods or is capable of separate and independent existence, clearly it could not be achieved or attained by man; but we are now seeking something attainable. Perhaps, however, some one might think it worth while to recognize this with a view to the goods that are attainable and achievable; for having this as a sort of pattern we shall know better the goods that are good for us, and if we know them shall attain them. This argument has some plausibility, but seems to clash with the procedure of the sciences; for all of these, though they aim at some good and seek to supply the deficiency of it, leave on one side the knowledge of *the* good. Yet that all the exponents of the arts should be ignorant of, and should not even seek, so great an aid is not probable. It is hard, too, to see how a weaver or a carpenter will be benefited in regard to his own craft by knowing this 'good itself,' or how the man who has viewed the Idea itself will be a better doctor or general thereby. For a doctor seems not even to study health in this way, but the health of man, or perhaps rather the health of a particular man; it is individuals that he is healing. But enough of these topics.

7. Let us again return to the good we are seeking, and ask what it can be. It seems different in different actions and arts; it is different in medicine, in strategy, and in other arts likewise. What then is the good of each? Surely that for whose sake everything else is done. In medicine this is health, in strategy victory, in architecture a house, in any other sphere something else, and in every action and pursuit the end; for it is for the sake of this that all men do whatever else they do. Therefore, if there is an end for all that we do, this will be the good achievable by action, and if there are more than one, these will be the goods achievable by action.

So the argument has by a different course reached the same point, but we must try to state this even more clearly. Since there are evidently more than one end, and we choose some of these (e.g. wealth, flutes, and in general instruments) for the sake of something else, clearly not all ends are final ends; but the chief good is evidently something final. Therefore, if there is only one final end, this will be what we are seeking, and if there are more than one, the most final of these will be what we are seeking. Now we call that which is in itself worthy of pursuit more final than that which is worthy of pursuit for the sake of something else, and that which is never desirable for the sake of something else more final than the things that are desirable both in themselves and for the sake of that other thing, and therefore we call final without qualification that which is always desirable in itself and never for the sake of something else.

Now such a thing happiness, above all else, is held to be; for this

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1097b] we choose always for itself and never for the sake of something
else but honour, pleasure, reason, and every virtue we choose
indeed for themselves (for if nothing resulted from them we should
still choose each of them), but we choose them also for the sake
of happiness, judging that by means of them we shall be happy.
Happiness, on the other hand, no one chooses for the sake of these,
nor in general, for anything other than itself.

From the point of view of self-sufficiency the same result seems
to follow; for the final good is thought to be self-sufficient. Now
by self-sufficient we do not mean that which is sufficient for a man
by himself, for one who lives a solitary life, but also for parents,
children, wife, and in general for his friends and fellow citizens,
since man is born for citizenship. But some limit must be set to
this; for if we extend our requirement to ancestors and descendants
and friends' friends we are in for an infinite series. Let us examine
this question, however, on another occasion; the self-sufficient we
now define as that which when isolated makes life desirable and
lacking in nothing; and such we think happiness to be; and further
we think it most desirable of all things, without being counted as
one good thing among others — if it were so counted it would
clearly be made more desirable by the addition of even the least of
goods; for that which is added becomes an excess of goods, and
of goods the greater is always more desirable. Happiness, then,
is something final and self-sufficient, and is the end of action.

Presumably, however, to say that happiness is the chief good
seems a platitude, and a clearer account of what it is is still desired.
This might perhaps be given, if we could first ascertain the function
of man. For just as for a flute-player, a sculptor, or any artist, and,
in general, for all things that have a function or activity, the good
and the 'well' is thought to reside in the function, so would it seem
to be for man, if he has a function. Have the carpenter, then, and
the tanner certain functions or activities, and has man none? Is
he born without a function? Or as eye, hand, foot, and in general
each of the parts evidently has a function, may one lay it down that
man similarly has a function apart from all these? What then
can this be? Life seems to be common even to plants, but we are
seeking what is peculiar to man. Let us exclude, therefore, the
life of nutrition and growth. Next there would be a life of per-
ception, but *it* also seems to be common even to the horse, the ox,
and every animal. There remains, then, an active life of the
element that has a rational principle; of this, one part has such
principle in the sense of being obedient to one, the other in the
sense of possessing one and exercising thought. And, as 'life of
the rational element' also has two meanings, we must state that life
in the sense of activity is what we mean; for this seems to be the
more proper sense of the term. Now if the function of man is an
activity of soul which follows or implies a rational principle, and
we say 'a so-and-so' and 'a good so-and-so' have a function which

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is the same in kind, e.g. a lyre-player and a good lyre-player, and so without qualification in all cases, eminence in respect of goodness being added to the name of the function (for the function of a lyre-player is to play the lyre, and that of a good lyre-player is to do so well): if this is the case, [and we state the function of man to be a certain kind of life, and this to be an activity or actions of the soul implying a rational principle, and the function of a good man to be the good and noble performance of these, and if any action is well performed when it is performed in accordance with the appropriate excellence: if this is the case,] human good turns out to be activity of soul in accordance with virtue, and if there are more than one virtue, in accordance with the best and most complete. [1098a

But we must add 'in a complete life'. For one swallow does not make a summer, nor does one day; and so too one day, or a short time, does not make a man blessed and happy.

Let this serve as an outline of the good; for we must presumably first sketch it roughly, and then later fill in the details. But it would seem that any one is capable of carrying on and articulating what has once been well outlined, and that time is a good discoverer or partner in such a work; to which facts the advances of the arts are due; for any one can add what is lacking. And we must also remember what has been said before, and not look for precision in all things alike, but in each class of things such precision as accords with the subject-matter, and so much as is appropriate to the inquiry. For a carpenter and a geometer investigate the right angle in different ways; the former does so in so far as the right angle is useful for his work, while the latter inquires what it is or what sort of thing it is; for he is a spectator of the truth. We must act in the same way, then, in all other matters as well, that our main task may not be subordinated to minor questions. Nor must we demand the cause in all matters alike; it is enough in some cases that the *fact* be well established, as in the case of the first principles the fact is the primary thing or first principle. Now of first principles we see some by induction, some by perception, some by certain habituation, and others too in other ways. But each set of principles we must try to investigate in the natural way, and we must take pains to state them definitely, since they have a great influence on what follows. For the beginning is thought to be more than half of the whole, and many of the questions we ask are cleared up by it.

8. We must consider it, however, in the light not only of our conclusion and our premisses, but also of what is commonly said about it; for with a true view all the data harmonize, but with a false one the facts soon clash. Now goods have been divided into three classes, and some are described as external, others as relating to soul or to body; we call those that relate to soul most properly and

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[1099a24] goods, and physical actions and activities we class as relating to soul. Therefore our account must be sound, at least according to this view, which is an old one and agreed on by philosophers. It is correct also in that we identify the end with certain actions and activities; for thus it falls among goods of the soul and not among external goods. Another belief which harmonizes with our account is that the happy man lives well and does well; for we have practically defined happiness as a sort of good life and good action. The characteristics that are looked for in happiness seem also, all of them, to belong to what we have defined happiness as being. For some identify happiness with virtue, some with practical wisdom, others with a kind of philosophic wisdom, others with these, or one of these, accompanied by pleasure or not without pleasure; while others include also external prosperity. Now some of these views have been held by many men and men of old, others by a few eminent persons; and it is not probable that either of these should be entirely mistaken, but rather than they should be right in at least some one respect or even in most respects.

With those who identify happiness with virtue or some one virtue our account is in harmony; for to virtue belongs virtuous activity. But it makes, perhaps, no small difference whether we place the chief good in possession or in use, in state of mind or in activity. For the state of mind may exist without producing any good result, as in a man who is asleep or in some other way quite inactive, but the activity cannot; for one who has the activity will of necessity be acting, and acting well. And as in the Olympic Games it is not the most beautiful and the strongest that are crowned but those who compete (for it is some of these that are victorious), so those who act win, and rightly win, the noble and good things in life.

Their life is also in itself pleasant. For pleasure is a state of soul, and to each man that which he is said to be a lover of is pleasant; e.g. not only is a horse pleasant to the lover of horses, and a spectacle to the lover of sights, but also in the same way just acts are pleasant to the lover of justice and in general virtuous acts to the lover of virtue. Now for most men their pleasures are in conflict with one another because these are not by nature pleasant, but the lovers of what is noble find pleasant the things that are by nature pleasant; and virtuous actions are such, so that these are pleasant for such men as well as in their own nature. Their life, therefore, has no further need of pleasure as a sort of adventitious charm, but has its pleasure in itself. For, besides what we have said, the man who does not rejoice in noble actions is not even good; since no one would call a man just who did not enjoy acting justly, nor any man liberal who did not enjoy liberal actions; and similarly in all other cases. If this is so, virtuous actions must be in themselves pleasant. But they are also *good* and *noble,* and have each of these attributes in the highest degree, since the good man judges well about these attributes; his judgment is such as we

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have described. Happiness then is the best, noblest, and most [1099a24
pleasant thing in the world, and these attributes are not severed as in the inscription at Delos —

> Most noble is that which is justest, and best is health;
> But pleasantest is it to win what we love.

For all these properties belong to the best activities; and these, or one — the best — of these, we identify with happiness.

Yet evidently, as we said, it needs the external goods as well; for it is impossible, or not easy, to do noble acts without the proper equipment. In many actions we use friends and riches and political power as instruments; and there are some things the lack of which takes the lustre from happiness, as good birth, goodly children, beauty; for the man who is very ugly in appearance or ill-born or solitary and childless is not very likely to be happy, and perhaps a man would be still less likely if he had thoroughly bad children or friends or had lost good children or friends by death. As we said, then, happiness seems to need this sort of prosperity in addition; for which reason some identify happiness with good fortune, though others identify it with virtue.

9. For this reason also the question is asked, whether happiness is to be acquired by learning or by habituation or some other sort of training, or comes in virtue of some divine providence or again by chance. Now if there is *any* gift of the gods to men, it is reasonable that happiness should be god-given, and most surely god-given of all human things inasmuch as it is the best. But this question would perhaps be more appropriate to another inquiry; happiness seems, however, even if it is not god-sent but comes as a result of virtue and some process of learning or training, to be among the most god-like things; for that which is the prize and end of virtue seems to be the best thing in the world, and something godlike and blessed.

It will also on this view be very generally shared; for all who are not maimed as regards their potentiality for virtue may win it by a certain kind of study and care. But if it is better to be happy thus than by chance, it is reasonable that the facts should be so, since everything that depends on the action of nature is by nature as good as it can be, and similarly everything that depends on art or any rational cause, and especially if it depends on the best of all causes. To entrust to chance what is greatest and most noble would be a very defective arrangement.

The answer to the question we are asking is plain also from the definition of happiness; for it has been said to be a virtuous activity of soul, of a certain kind. Of the remaining goods, some must necessarily pre-exist as conditions of happiness, and others are naturally co-operative and useful as instruments. And this will be found to agree with what we said at the outset; for we stated

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1100b5] the end of political science to be the best end, and political science spends most of its pains on making the citizens to be of a certain character, viz. good and capable of noble acts.

It is natural, then, that we call neither ox nor horse nor any other of the animals happy; for none of them is capable of sharing in such activity. For this reason also a boy is not happy; for he is not yet capable of such acts, owing to his age; and boys who are called happy are being congratulated by reason of the hopes we have for them. For there is required, as we said, not only complete virtue but also a complete life, since many changes occur in life, and all manner of chances, and the most prosperous may fall into great misfortunes in old age, as is told of Priam in the Trojan Cycle; and one who has experienced such chances and has ended wretchedly no one calls happy.

10. Must no one at all, then, be called happy while he lives; must we, as Solon says,* see the end? Even if we are to lay down this doctrine, is it also the case that a man *is* happy when he is *dead?* Is it not this quite absurd, especially for us who say that happiness is an activity? But if we do not call the dead man happy, and if Solon does not mean this, but that one can then safely *call* a man blessed as being at last beyond evils and misfortunes, this also affords matter for discussion; for both evil and good are thought to exist for a dead man, as much as for one who is alive but not aware of them; e.g. honours and dishonours and the good or bad fortunes of children and in general of descendants. And this also presents a problem; for though a man has lived happily up to old age and has had a death worthy of his life, many reverses may befall his descendants — some of them may be good and attain the life they deserve, while with others the opposite may be the case; and clearly so the degrees of relationship between them and their ancestors may vary indefinitely. It would be odd, then, if the dead man were to share in these changes and become at one time happy, at another wretched; while it would also be odd if the fortunes of the descendants did not for *some* time have *some* effect on the happiness of their ancestors.

But we must return to our first difficulty; for perhaps by a consideration of it our present problem might be solved. Now if we must see the end and only then call a man happy, not as being happy but as having been so before, surely this is a paradox, that when he is happy the attribute that belongs to him is not to be truly predicated of him because we do not wish to call living men happy, on account of the changes that may befall them, and because we have assumed happiness to be something permanent and by no means easily changed, while a single man may suffer many turns of fortune's wheel. For clearly if we were to keep pace with his fortunes, we should often call the same man happy and again

* Cf. Herodotus, Book I. 29-33 (pp. 331-333 above).

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wretched, making the happy man out to be a 'chameleon and [1100b] insecurely based'. Or is this keeping pace with his fortunes quite wrong? Success or failure in life does not depend on these, but human life, as we said, needs these as mere additions, while virtuous activities or their opposites are what constitute happiness or the reverse.

The question we have now discussed confirms our definition. For no function of man has so much permanence as virtuous activities (these are thought to be more durable even than knowledge of the sciences), and of these themselves the most valuable are more durable because those who are happy spend their life most readily and most continuously in these; for this seems to be the reason why we do not forget them. The attribute in question, [Durability] then, will belong to the happy man, and he will be happy throughout his life; for always, or by preference to everything else, he will be engaged in virtuous action and contemplation, and he will bear the chances of life most nobly and altogether decorously, if he is 'truly good' and 'foursquare beyond reproach'.

Now many events happen by chance, and events differing in importance; small pieces of good fortune or of its opposite clearly do not weigh down the scales of life one way or the other, but a multitude of great events if they turn out well will make life happier (for not only are they themselves such as to add beauty to life, but the way a man deals with them may be noble and good), while if they turn out ill they crush and maim happiness; for they both bring pain with them and hinder many activities. Yet even in these nobility shines through, when a man bears with resignation many great misfortunes, not through insensibility to pain but through nobility and greatness of soul.

If activities are, as we said, what gives life its character, no happy man can become miserable; for he will never do the acts that are hateful and mean. For the man who is truly good and wise, we think, bears all the chances of life becomingly and always makes the best of circumstances, as a good general makes the best military use of the army at his command and a good shoemaker makes the best shoes out of the hides that are given him; and so with all other craftsmen. And if this is the case, the happy man can never become miserable — though he will not reach *blessedness,* if he meet with fortunes like those of Priam.

Nor, again, is he many-coloured and changeable; for neither will he be moved from his happy state easily or by any ordinary misadventures, but only by many great ones, nor, if he has had many great misadventures, will he recover his happiness in a short time, but if at all, only in a long and complete one in which he has attained many splendid successes.

Why then should we not say that he is happy who is active in accordance with complete virtue and is sufficiently equipped with external goods, not for some chance period but throughout a com-

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1101b7] there life? Or must we add 'and who is destined to live thus and this as befits his life'? Certainly the future is obscure to us, while happiness, we claim, is an end and something in every way final. If so, we shall call happy those among living men in whom these conditions are, and are to be, fulfilled — but happy *men*. So much for these questions.

[1094a1-1101a20, tr. W. D. Ross]

KINDS OF VIRTUE

13 Since happiness is an activity of soul in accordance with perfect virtue, we must consider the nature of virtue; for perhaps we shall thus see better the nature of happiness. The true student of politics, too, is thought to have studied virtue above all things; for he wishes to make his fellow citizens good and obedient to the laws. As an example of this we have the lawgivers of the Cretans and the Spartans, and any others of the kind that there may have been. And if this inquiry belongs to political science, clearly the pursuit of it will be in accordance with our original plan. But clearly the virtue we must study is human virtue; for the good we were seeking was human good and the happiness human happiness. By human virtue we mean not that of the body but that of the soul; and happiness too we call an activity of soul. But if this is so, clearly the student of politics must know somehow the facts about soul, as the man who is to heal the eyes or the body as a whole must know about the eyes or the body; and all the more since politics is more prized and better than medicine; but even among doctors the best educated spend much labour on acquiring knowledge of the body. The student of politics, then, must study the soul, and must study it with these objects in view, and do so just to the extent which is sufficient for the questions we are discussing; for further precision is perhaps something more laborious than our purposes require.

Some things are said about it, adequately enough, even in the discussions outside our school, and we must use these; e.g. that one element in the soul is irrational and one has a rational principle. Whether these are separated as the parts of the body or of anything divisible are, or are distinct by definition but by nature inseparable, like convex and concave in the circumference of a circle, does not affect the present question.

Of the irrational element one division seems to be widely diffused, and vegetative in its nature, I mean that which causes nutrition and growth; for it is this kind of power of the soul that one must assign to all nurslings and to embryos, and this same power to full-grown creatures; this is more reasonable than to assign some different power to them. Now the excellence of this seems to be common to all species and not specifically human; for this part or faculty seems to function most in sleep, while goodness and badness are least manifest in sleep (whence comes the saying that the happy are no better off than the wretched for half their lives; and

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this happens naturally enough, since sleep is an inactivity of the [1102b
soul in that respect in which it is called good or bad), unless per-
haps to a small extent some of the movements actually penetrate
to the soul, and in this respect the dreams of good men are better
than those of ordinary people. Enough of this subject, however; let
us leave the nutritive faculty alone, since it has by its nature no
share in human excellence.

There seems to be also another irrational element in the soul—
one which in a sense, however, shares in a rational principle. For
we praise the rational principle of the continent man and of the
incontinent, and the part of their soul that has such a principle
since it urges them aright and towards the best objects; but there
is found in them also another element naturally opposed to the
rational principle, which fights against and resists that principle.
For exactly as paralysed limbs when we intend to move them to
the right turn on the contrary to the left, so is it with the soul;
the impulses of incontinent people move in contrary directions. But
while in the body we see that which moves astray, in the soul we
do not. No doubt, however, we must none the less suppose that in
the soul too there is something contrary to the rational principle
resisting and opposing it. In what sense it is distinct from the other
elements does not concern us. Now even this seems to have a share
in a rational principle, as we said; at any rate in the continent man
it obeys the rational principle — and presumably in the temperate
and brave man it is still more obedient; for in him it speaks, on all
matters, with the same voice as the rational principle.

Therefore the irrational element also appears to be twofold. For
the vegetative element in no way shares in a rational principle, but
the appetitive, and in general the desiring element in a sense shares
in it, in so far as it listens to and obeys it; this is the sense in which
we speak of 'taking account' of one's father or one's friends, not
that in which we speak of 'accounting' for a mathematical proposition.
That the irrational element is in some sense persuaded by a rational
principle is indicated also by the giving of advice and by all reproof
and exhortation. And if this element also must be said to have a
rational principle, that which has a rational principle (as well as
that which has not) will be twofold, one subdivision having it in
the strict sense and in itself, and the other having a tendency to
obey as one does one's father.

Virtue too is distinguished into kinds in accordance with this
difference; for we say that some of the virtues are intellectual and
others moral, philosophic wisdom and understanding and practical
wisdom being intellectual, liberality and temperance moral. For in
speaking about a man's character we do not say that he is wise or
has understanding but that he is good-tempered or temperate; yet
we praise the wise man also with respect to his state of mind; and
of states of mind we call those which merit praise virtues.

[1102a5-1103a10, tr. W. D. Ross]

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BOOK II

THE DEFINITION OF MORAL VIRTUE

Virtue, then, being of two kinds, intellectual and moral, intellectual virtue in the main owes both its birth and its growth to teaching (for which reason it requires experience and time), while moral virtue comes about as a result of habit, whence also its name *ethike* is one that is formed by a slight variation from the word *ethos* (habit). From this it is also plain that none of the moral virtues arises in us by nature; for nothing that exists by nature can form a habit contrary to its nature. For instance the stone which by nature moves downwards cannot be habituated to move upwards, not even if one tries to train it by throwing it up ten thousand times; nor can fire be habituated to move downwards, nor can anything else that by nature behaves in one way be trained to behave in another. Neither by nature, then, nor contrary to nature do the virtues arise in us; rather we are adapted by nature to receive them, and are made perfect by habit.

Again, of all the things that come to us by nature we first acquire the potentiality and later exhibit the activity (this is plain in the case of the senses; for it was not by often seeing or often hearing that we got these senses, but on the contrary we had them before we used them, and did not come to have them by using them); but the virtues we get by first exercising them, as also happens in the case of the arts as well. For the things we have to learn before we can do them, we learn by doing them, e.g. men become builders by building and lyre-players by playing the lyre; so too we become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts, brave by doing brave acts.

This is confirmed by what happens in states; for legislators make the citizens good by forming habits in them, and this is the wish of every legislator, and those who do not effect it miss their mark, and it is in this that a good constitution differs from a bad one.

Again, it is from the same causes and by the same means that every virtue is both produced and destroyed, and similarly every art; for it is from playing the lyre that both good and bad lyre-players are produced. And the corresponding statement is true of builders and of all the rest; men will be good or bad builders as a result of building well or badly. For if this were not so, there would have been no need of a teacher, but all men would have been born good or bad at their craft. This, then, is the case with the virtues also; by doing the acts that we do in our transactions with other men we become just or unjust, and by doing the acts that we do in the presence of danger, and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we become brave or cowardly. The same is true of appetites and feelings of anger; some men become temperate and good-tempered, others self-indulgent and irascible, by behaving in one way or the other in the appropriate circumstances. Thus,

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in one word, states of character arise out of like activities. This is why the activities we exhibit must be of a certain kind; it is because the states of character correspond to the differences between these. It makes no small difference, then, whether we form habits of one kind or of another from our very youth; it makes a very great difference, or rather *all* the difference. [1103b21

2. Since, then, the present inquiry does not aim at theoretical knowledge like the others (for we are inquiring not in order to know what virtue is, but in order to become good, since otherwise our inquiry would have been of no use), we must examine the nature of actions, namely how we ought to do them; for these determine also the nature of the states of character that are produced, as we have said. Now, that we must act according to the right rule is a common principle and must be assumed—it will be discussed later, i.e. both what the right rule is, and how it is related to the other virtues. But this must be agreed upon beforehand, that the whole account of matters of conduct must be given in outline and not precisely, as we said at the very beginning that the accounts we demand must be in accordance with the subject-matter; matters concerned with conduct and questions of what is good for us have no fixity, any more than matters of health. The general account being of this nature, the account of particular cases is yet more lacking in exactness; for they do not fall under any art or precept but the agents themselves must in each case consider what is appropriate to the occasion, as happens also in the art of medicine or of navigation.

But though our present account is of this nature we must give what help we can. First, then, let us consider this, that it is the nature of such things to be destroyed by defect and excess, as we can see in the case of strength and of health (for to gain light on things imperceptible we must use the evidence of sensible things); both excessive and defective exercise destroy the strength, and similarly drink or food which is above or below a certain amount destroys the health, while that which is proportionate both produces and increases and preserves it. So too is it, then, in the case of temperance and courage and the other virtues. For the man who flies from and fears everything and does not stand his ground against anything becomes a coward, and the man who fears nothing at all but goes to meet every danger becomes rash; and similarly the man who indulges in every pleasure and abstains from none becomes self-indulgent, while the man who shuns every pleasure, as boors do, becomes in a way insensible; temperance and courage, then, are destroyed by excess and defect, and preserved by the mean.

But not only are the sources and causes of their origination and growth the same as those of their destruction, but also the sphere of their actualization will be the same; for this is also true of the things which are more evident to sense, e.g. of strength; it is produced by

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1105a1] taking much food and undergoing much exertion, and it is the strong man that will be most able to do these things. So too is it with the virtues; by abstaining from pleasures we become temperate, and it is when we have become so that we are most able to abstain from them; and similarly too in the case of courage; for by being habituated to despise things that are terrible and to stand our ground against them we become brave, and it is when we have become so that we shall be most able to stand our ground against them.

3. We must take as a sign of states of character the pleasure or pain that ensues on acts; for the man who abstains from bodily pleasures and delights in this very fact is temperate, while the man who is annoyed at it is self-indulgent, and he who stands his ground against things that are terrible and delights in this or at least is not pained is brave, while the man who is pained is a coward. For moral excellence is concerned with pleasures and pains; it is on account of the pleasure that we do bad things, and on account of the pain that we abstain from noble ones. Hence we ought to have been brought up in a particular way from our very youth, as Plato says, so as both to delight in and to be pained by the things that we ought; for this is the right education.

Again, if the virtues are concerned with actions and passions, and every passion and every action is accompanied by pleasure and pain, for this reason also virtue will be concerned with pleasures and pains. This is indicated also by the fact that punishment is inflicted by these means; for it is a kind of cure, and it is the nature of cures to be effected by contraries.

Again, as we said but lately, every state of soul has a nature relative to and concerned with the kind of things by which it tends to be made worse or better; but it is by reason of pleasures and pains that men become bad, by pursuing and avoiding these — either the pleasures and pains they ought not or when they ought not or as they ought not, or by going wrong in one of the other similar ways that may be distinguished. Hence men even define the virtues as certain states of impassivity and rest; not well, however, because they speak absolutely, and do not say 'as one ought' and 'as one ought not' and 'when one ought or ought not,' and the other things that may be added. We assume, then, that this kind of excellence tends to do what is best with regard to pleasures and pains, and vice does the contrary.

The following facts also may show us that virtue and vice are concerned with these same things. There being three objects of choice and three of avoidance, the noble, the advantageous, the pleasant, and their contraries, the base, the injurious, the painful, about all of these the good man tends to go right and the bad man to go wrong and especially about pleasure; for this is common to the animals, and also it accompanies all objects of choice; for even the noble and the advantageous appear pleasant.

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Again, it has grown up with us all from our infancy; this is why it is difficult to rub off this passion, engrained as it is in our life. And we measure even our actions, some of us more and others less, by the rule of pleasure and pain. For this reason, then, our whole inquiry must be about these; for to feel delight and pain rightly or wrongly has no small effect on our actions. [1105a1

Again, it is harder to fight with pleasure than with anger, to use Heraclitus' phrase, but both art and virtue are always concerned with what is harder; for even the good is better when it is harder. Therefore for this reason also the whole concern both of virtue and of political science is with pleasures and pains; for the man who uses these well will be good, he who uses them badly bad.

That virtue, then, is concerned with pleasures and pains, and that by the acts from which it arises it is both increased and, if they are done differently, destroyed, and that the acts from which it arose are those in which it actualizes itself — let this be taken as said.

4. The question might be asked, what we mean by saying that we must become just by doing just acts, and temperate by doing temperate acts; for if men do just and temperate acts, they are already just and temperate, exactly as, if they do what is in accordance with the laws of grammar and of music, they are grammarians and musicians.

Or is this not true even of the arts? It is possible to do something that is in accordance with the laws of grammar, either by chance or at the suggestion of another. A man will be a grammarian, then, only when he has both done something grammatical and done it grammatically; and this means doing it in accordance with the grammatical knowledge in himself.

Again, the case of the arts and that of the virtues are not similar; for the products of the arts have their goodness in themselves, so that it is enough that they should have a certain character, but if the acts that are in accordance with the virtues have themselves a certain character it does not follow that they are done justly or temperately. The agent also must be in a certain condition when he does them; in the first place he must have knowledge, secondly he must choose the acts, and choose them for their own sakes, and thirdly his action must proceed from a firm and unchangeable character. These are not reckoned in as conditions of the possession of the arts, except the bare knowledge; but as a condition of the possession of the virtues knowledge has little or no weight, while the other conditions count not for a little but for everything, i.e. the very conditions which result from often doing just and temperate acts.

Actions, then, are called just and temperate when they are such as the just or the temperate man would do; but it is not the man who does these that is just and temperate, but the man who also

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does them *as* just and temperate men do them. It is well said, then, that it is by doing just acts that the just man is produced, and by doing temperate acts the temperate man; without doing these no one would have even a prospect of becoming good.

But most people do not do these, but take refuge in theory and think they are being philosophers and will become good in this way, behaving somewhat like patients who listen attentively to their doctors, but do none of the things they are ordered to do. As the latter will not be made well in body by such a course of treatment, the former will not be made well in soul by such a course of philosophy.

Next we must consider what virtue is. Since things that are found in the soul are of three kinds — passions, faculties, states of character, virtue must be one of these. By passions I mean appetite, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendly feeling, hatred, longing, emulation, pity, and in general the feelings that are accompanied by pleasure or pain; by faculties the things in virtue of which we are said to be capable of feeling these, e.g. of becoming angry or being pained or feeling pity; by states of character the things in virtue of which we stand well or badly with reference to the passions, e.g. with reference to anger we stand badly if we feel it violently or too weakly, and well if we feel it moderately; and similarly with reference to the other passions.

Now neither the virtues nor the vices are *passions,* because we are not called good or bad on the ground of our passions, but are so called on the ground of our virtues and our vices, and because we are neither praised nor blamed for our passions (for the man who feels fear or anger is not praised, nor is the man who simply feels anger blamed, but the man who feels it in a certain way), but for our virtues and our vices we *are* praised or blamed.

Again, we feel anger and fear without choice, but the virtues are modes of choice or involve choice. Further, in respect of the passions we are said to be moved, but in respect of the virtues and the vices we are said not to be moved but to be disposed in a particular way.

For these reasons also they are not *faculties;* for we are neither called good nor bad, nor praised nor blamed, for the simple capacity of feeling the passions; again, we have the faculties by nature, but we are not made good or bad by nature; we have spoken of this before.

If, then, the virtues are neither passions nor faculties, all that remains is that they should be *states of character.*

Thus we have stated what virtue is in respect of its genus.

We must, however, not only describe virtue as a state of character, but also say what sort of state it is. We may remark, then, that every virtue or excellence both brings into good condition the thing of which it is the excellence and makes the work of that

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thing be done well; e.g. the excellence of the eye makes both the eye and its work good; for it is by the excellence of the eye that we see well. Similarly the excellence of the horse makes a horse both good in itself and good at running and at carrying its rider and at awaiting the attack of the enemy. Therefore, if this is true in every case, the virtue of man also will be the state of character which makes a man good and which makes him do his own work well. [1106a16

How this is to happen we have stated already, but it will be made plain also by the following consideration of the specific nature of virtue. In everything that is continuous and divisible it is possible to take more, less, or an equal amount, and that either in terms of the thing itself or relatively to us; and the equal is an intermediate between excess and defect. By the intermediate in the object I mean that which is equidistant from each of the extremes, which is one and the same for all men; by the intermediate relatively to us that which is neither too much nor too little — and this is not one, nor the same for all. For instance, if ten is many and two is few, six is the intermediate, taken in terms of the object; for it exceeds and is exceeded by an equal amount; this is intermediate according to arithmetical proportion. But the intermediate relatively to us is not to be taken so; if ten pounds are too much for a particular person to eat and two too little, it does not follow that the trainer will order six pounds; for this also is perhaps too much for the person who is to take it, or too little — too little for Milo, too much for the beginner in athletic exercises. The same is true of running and wrestling. Thus a master of any art avoids excess and defect, but seeks the intermediate and chooses this — the intermediate not in the object but relatively to us.

If it is thus, then, that every art does its work well — by looking to the intermediate and judging its works by this standard (so that we often say of good works of art that it is not possible either to take away or to add anything, implying that excess and defect destroy the goodness of works of art, while the mean preserves it; and good artists, as we say, look to this in their work), and if, further, virtue is more exact and better than any art, as nature also is, then virtue must have the quality of aiming at the intermediate. I mean moral virtue; for it is this that is concerned with passions and actions, and in these there is excess, defect, and the intermediate. For instance, both fear and confidence and appetite and anger and pity and in general pleasure and pain may be felt both too much and too little, and in both cases not well; but to feel them at the right times, with reference to the right objects, towards the right people, with the right motive, and in the right way, is what is both intermediate and best, and this is characteristic of virtue. Similarly with regard to actions also there is excess, defect, and the intermediate. Now virtue is concerned with passions and actions, in which excess is a form of failure, and so is defect, while

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1176b31] the intermediate is praised and is a form of success; and being praised and being successful are both characteristics of virtue. Therefore virtue is a kind of mean, since, as we have seen, it aims at what is intermediate.

Again, it is possible to fail in many ways (for evil belongs to the class of the unlimited, as the Pythagoreans conjectured, and good to that of the limited), while to succeed is possible only in one way (for which reason also one is easy and the other difficult — to miss the mark easy, to hit it difficult); for these reasons also, then, excess and defect are characteristic of vice, and the mean of virtue;

For men are good in but one way, but bad in many.

[Virtue, then, is a state of character concerned with choice, lying in a mean, i.e. the mean relative to us, this being determined by a rational principle, and by that principle by which the man of practical wisdom would determine it.] Now it is a mean between two vices, that which depends on excess and that which depends on defect; and again it is a mean because the vices respectively fall short of or exceed what is right in both passions and actions, while virtue both finds and chooses that which is intermediate. Hence in respect of its substance and the definition which states its essence virtue is a mean, with regard to what is best and right an extreme.

But not every action nor every passion admits of a mean; for some have names that already imply badness, e.g. spite, shamelessness, envy, and in the case of actions adultery, theft, murder; for all of these and suchlike things imply by their names that they are themselves bad, and not the excesses or deficiencies of them. It is not possible, then, ever to be right with regard to them; one must always be wrong. Nor does goodness or badness with regard to such things depend on committing adultery with the right woman, at the right time, and in the right way, but simply to do any of them is to go wrong. It would be equally absurd, then, to expect that in unjust, cowardly, and voluptuous action there should be a mean, an excess, and a deficiency; for at that rate there would be a mean of excess and of deficiency, an excess of excess, and a deficiency of deficiency. But as there is no excess and deficiency of temperance and courage because what is intermediate is in a sense an extreme, so too of the actions we have mentioned there is no mean nor any excess and deficiency, but however they are done they are wrong; for in general there is neither a mean of excess and deficiency, nor excess and deficiency of a mean.

[1102a5-1107a26, tr. W.D. Ross]

BOOK X

HAPPINESS

6. Now that we have spoken of the virtues, the forms of friendship, and the varieties of pleasure, what remains is to discuss in

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outline the nature of happiness, since this is what we state the end of human nature to be. Our discussion will be the more concise if we first sum up what we have said already. We said, then, that it is not a disposition; for if it were it might belong to some one who was asleep throughout his life, living the life of a plant, or again, to some one who was suffering the greatest misfortunes. If these implications are unacceptable, and we must rather class happiness as an activity, as we have said before, and if some activities are necessary, and desirable for the sake of something else, while others are so in themselves, evidently happiness must be placed among those desirable in themselves, not among those desirable for the sake of something else; for happiness does not lack anything, but is self-sufficient. Now those activities are desirable in themselves from which nothing is sought beyond the activity. And of this nature virtuous actions are thought to be; for to do noble and good deeds is a thing desirable for its own sake. [1176a31

Pleasant amusements also are thought to be of this nature; we choose them not for the sake of other things; for we are injured rather than benefited by them, since we are led to neglect our bodies and our property. But most of the people who are deemed happy take refuge in such pastimes, which is the reason why those who are ready-witted at them are highly esteemed at the courts of tyrants; they make themselves pleasant companions in the tyrants' favourite pursuits, and that is the sort of man they want. Now these things are thought to be of the nature of happiness because people in despotic positions spend their leisure in them, but perhaps such people prove nothing; for virtue and reason, from which good activities flow, do not depend on despotic position; nor, if these people, who have never tasted pure and generous pleasure, take refuge in the bodily pleasures, should these for that reason be thought more desirable; for boys, too, think the things that are valued among themselves are the best. It is to be expected, then, that, as different things seem valuable to boys and to men, so they should to bad men and to good. Now, as we have often maintained, those things are both valuable and pleasant which are such to the good man; and to each man the activity in accordance with his own disposition is most desirable, and, therefore, to the good man that which is in accordance with virtue. [Happiness, therefore, does not lie in amusement; it would, indeed, be strange if the end were amusement, and one were to take trouble and suffer hardship all one's life in order to amuse oneself.] For, in a word, everything that we choose we choose for the sake of something else—except happiness, which is an end. Now to exert oneself and work for the sake of amusement seems silly and utterly childish. But to amuse oneself in order that one may exert oneself, as Anacharsis puts it, seems right; for amusement is a sort of relaxation, and we need relaxation because we cannot work continuously. Relaxation, then is not an end; for it is taken for the sake of activity.

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1177b6] The happy life is thought to be virtuous; now a virtuous life requires exertion, and does not consist in amusement. And we say that serious things are better than laughable things and those connected with amusement, and that the activity of the better of any two things — whether it be two elements of our being or two men — is the more serious; but the activity of the better is *ipso facto* superior and more of the nature of happiness. And any chance person — even a slave — can enjoy the bodily pleasures no less than the best man; but no one assigns to a slave a share in happiness — unless he assigns to him also a share in human life. For happiness does not lie in such occupations, but, as we have said before, in virtuous activities.

If happiness is activity in accordance with virtue, it is reasonable that it should be in accordance with the highest virtue; and this will be that of the best thing in us. Whether it be reason or something else that is this element which is thought to be our natural ruler and guide and to take thought of things noble and divine, whether it be itself also divine or only the most divine element in us, the activity of this in accordance with its proper virtue will be perfect happiness. That this activity is contemplative we have already said.

Now this would seem to be in agreement both with what we said before and with the truth. For, firstly, this activity is the best (since not only is reason the best thing in us, but the objects of reason are the best of knowable objects); and, secondly, it is the most continuous, since we can contemplate truth more continuously than we can *do* anything. And we think happiness has pleasure mingled with it, but the activity of philosophic wisdom is admittedly the pleasantest of virtuous activities; at all events the pursuit of it is thought to offer pleasures marvellous for their purity and their enduringness, and it is to be expected that those who know will pass their time more pleasantly than those who inquire. And the self-sufficiency that is spoken of must belong most to the contemplative activity. For while a philosopher, as well as a just man or one possessing any other virtue, needs the necessaries of life, when they are sufficiently equipped with things of that sort the just man needs people towards whom and with whom he shall act justly, and the temperate man, the brave man, and each of the others is in the same case, but the philosopher, even when by himself, can contemplate truth, and the better the wiser he is; he can perhaps do so better if he has fellow-workers, but still he is the most self-sufficient. And this activity alone would seem to be loved for its own sake; for nothing arises from it apart from the contemplating, whilst from practical activities we gain more or less apart from the action. And happiness is thought to depend on leisure; for we are busy that we may have leisure, and make war that we may live in peace. Now the activity of the practical virtues is exhibited in

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[1177b6

political or military affairs, but the actions concerned with these seem to be unleisurely. Warlike actions are completely so (for no one chooses to be at war, or provokes war, for the sake of being at war; any one would seem absolutely murderous if he were to make enemies of his friends in order to bring about battle and slaughter); but the action of the statesman is also unleisurely, and — apart from the political action itself — aims at despotic power and honours, or at all events happiness, for him and his fellow citizens — a happiness different from political action, and evidently sought as being different. So if among virtuous actions political and military actions are distinguished by nobility and greatness, and these are unleisurely and aim at an end and are not desirable for their own sake, but the activity of reason, which is contemplative, seems both to be superior in serious worth and to aim at no end beyond itself, and to have its pleasure proper to itself (and this augments the activity), and the self-sufficiency, leisureliness, unweariedness (so far as this is possible for man), and all the other attributes ascribed to the supremely happy man are evidently those connected with this activity, it follows that this will be the complete happiness of man, if it be allowed a complete term of life (for none of the attributes of happiness is *in*complete).

But such a life would be too high for man; for it is not in so far as he is man that he will live so, but in so far as something divine is present in him; and by so much as this is superior to our composite nature is its activity superior to that which is the exercise of the other kind of virtue. If reason is divine, then, in comparison with man, the life according to it is divine in comparison with human life. But we must not follow those who advise us, being men, to think of human things, and, being mortal, of mortal things, but must, so far as we can, make ourselves immortal, and strain every nerve to live in accordance with the best thing in us; for even if it be small in bulk, much more does it in power and worth surpass everything. This would seem, too, to be each man himself, since it is the authoritative and better part of him. It would be strange, then, if he were to choose not the life of his self but that of something else. And what we said before will apply now; that which is proper to each thing is by nature best and most pleasant for each thing; for man, therefore, the life according to reason is best and pleasantest, since reason more than anything else *is* man. This life therefore is also the happiest.

8. But in a secondary degree the life in accordance with the other kind of virtue is happy; for the activities in accordance with this befit our human estate. Just and brave acts, and other virtuous acts, we do in relation to each other, observing our respective duties with regard to contracts and services and all manner of actions and with regard to passions; and all of these seem to be typically human. Some of them seem even to arise from the body, and virtue of

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[1145a]
ever to be in many ways bound up with the passions. Practical
dom, too, is linked to virtue of character, and this to practical
dom, since the principles of practical wisdom are in accordance
the moral virtues and rightness in morals is in accordance
practical wisdom. Being connected with the passions also,
moral virtues must belong to our composite nature; and the
es of our composite nature are human; so, therefore, are the
and the happiness which correspond to these. The excellence
he reason is a thing apart; we must be content to say this much
out it, for to describe it precisely is a task greater than our pur-
requires. It would seem, however, also to need external
ment but little, or less than moral virtue does. Grant that
need the necessaries, and do so equally, even if the statesman's
is the more concerned with the body and things of that sort;
there will be little difference there; but in what they need for
exercise of their activities there will be much difference. The
man will need money for the doing of his liberal deeds,
the just man too will need it for the returning of services (for
are hard to discern, and even people who are not just pre-
to wish to act justly); and the brave man will need power if
to accomplish any of the acts that correspond to his virtue, and
temperate man will need opportunity; for how else is either
any of the others to be recognized? It is debated, too,
ter the will or the deed is more essential to virtue, which is
ed to involve both; it is surely clear that its perfection involves
but for deeds many things are needed, and more, the greater
nobler the deeds are. But the man who is contemplating the
needs no such thing, at least with a view to the exercise of his
; indeed they are, one may say, even hindrances, at all
to his contemplation; but in so far as he is a man and lives
a number of people, he chooses to do virtuous acts; he will
fore need such aids to living a human life.

that perfect happiness is a contemplative activity will appear
the following consideration as well. We assume the gods to
ve all other beings blessed and happy; but what sort of actions
we assign to them? Acts of justice? Will not the gods
absurd if they make contracts and return deposits, and so on?
of a brave man, then, confronting dangers and running risks
use it is noble to do so? Or liberal acts? To whom will they
It will be strange if they are really to have money or any-
of the kind. And what would their temperate acts be? Is
such praise tasteless, since they have no bad appetites? If
were to run through them all, the circumstances of action would
trivial and unworthy of gods. Still, everyone supposes
they *live* and therefore that they are active; we cannot suppose
to sleep like Endymion. Now if you take away from a
being action, and still more production, what is left but con-
ation? Therefore the activity of God, which surpasses all

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others in blessedness, must be contemplative; and of human activi- [1178b21
ties, therefore, that which is most akin to this must be most of the
nature of happiness.

This is indicated, too, by the fact that the other animals have no
share in happiness, being completely deprived of such activity. For
while the whole life of the gods is blessed, and that of men too in
so far as some likeness of such activity belongs to them, none of
the other animals is happy, since they in no way share in contempla-
tion. Happiness extends, then, just so far as contemplation does,
and those to whom contemplation more fully belongs are more
truly happy, not as a mere concomitant but in virtue of the con-
templation; for this is in itself precious. Happiness, therefore,
must be some form of contemplation.

But, being a man, one will also need external prosperity; for our
nature is not self-sufficient for the purpose of contemplation, but
our body also must be healthy and must have food and other
attention. Still, we must not think that the man who is to be
happy will need many things or great things, merely because he
cannot be supremely happy without external goods; for self-
sufficiency and action do not involve excess, and we can do noble
acts without ruling earth and sea; for even with moderate advan-
tages one can act virtuously (this is manifest enough; for private
persons are thought to do worthy acts no less than despots – indeed
even more); and it is enough that we should have so much as that,
for the life of the man who is active in accordance with virtue will
be happy. Solon, too, was perhaps sketching well the happy man
when he described him as moderately furnished with externals but
as having done (as Solon thought) the noblest acts, and lived tem-
perately; for one can with but moderate possessions do what one
ought. Anaxagoras also seems to have supposed the happy man
not to be rich nor a despot, when he said that he would not be
surprised if the happy man were to seem to most people a strange
person; for they judge by externals, since these are all they perceive.
The opinions of the wise seem, then, to harmonize with our argu-
ments. But, while even such things carry some conviction, the
truth in practical matters is discerned from the facts of life; for
these are the decisive factor. We must therefore survey what we
have already said, bringing it to the test of the facts of life, and
if it harmonizes with the facts we must accept it, but if it clashes
with them we must suppose it to be mere theory. Now he who
exercises his reason and cultivates it seems to be both in the best
state of mind and most dear to the gods. For if the gods have any
care for human affairs, as they are thought to have, it would be
reasonable both that they should delight in that which was best
and most akin to them (i.e. reason) and that they should reward
those who love and honour this most, as caring for the things that
are dear to them and acting both rightly and nobly. And that all
these attributes belong most of all to the philosopher is manifest.

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1178b32] the therefore, is the dearest to the gods. And he who is that will reasonably be also the happiest; so that in this way too the philosopher will more than any other be happy.

If these matters and the virtues, and also friendship and pleasure, have been dealt with sufficiently in outline, are we to suppose that our programme has reached its end? Surely, as the saying goes, where there are things to be done the end is not to survey and recognize the various things, but rather to do them; with regard to virtue, then, it is not enough to know, but we must try to have and use it, or try any other way there may be of becoming good. Now if arguments were in themselves enough to make men good, they would justly, as Theognis says, have won very great rewards, and such rewards should have been provided; but as things are, while they seem to have power to encourage and stimulate the generous-minded among our youth, and to make a character which is gently born, and a true lover of what is noble, ready to be possessed by virtue, they are not able to encourage the many to nobility and goodness. For these do not by nature obey the sense of shame, but only fear, and do not abstain from bad acts because of their baseness but through fear of punishment; living by passion they pursue their own pleasures and the means to them, and avoid the opposite pains, and have not even a conception of what is fine and truly pleasant, since they have never tasted it. What argument would remould such people? It is hard, if not impossible, to remove by argument the traits that have long since been incorporated in the character; and perhaps we must be content when all the influences by which we are thought to become good are present, we get some tincture of virtue.

Now some think that we are made good by nature, others by habituation, others by teaching. Nature's part evidently does not depend on us, but as a result of some divine causes is present in those who are truly fortunate; while argument and teaching, we may suspect, are not powerful with all men, but the soul of the student must first have been cultivated by means of habits for right joy and noble hatred, like earth which is to nourish the seed. For he who lives as passion directs will not hear argument that dissuades him, nor understand it if he does; and how can we persuade one in such a state to change his ways? And in general passion seems to yield not to argument but to force. The character, too, must somehow be there already with a kinship to virtue, loving what is noble and hating what is base.

But it is difficult to get from youth up a right training for virtue if one has not been brought up under right laws; for to live temperately and hardily is not pleasant to most people, especially when they are young. For this reason their nurture and occupations should be fixed by law; for they will not be painful when they have become customary. But it is surely not enough that when they are

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young they should get the right nurture and attention; since they [1180a1
must, even when they are grown up, practise and be habituated to
them, we shall need laws for this as well, and generally speaking to
cover the whole of life; for most people obey necessity rather than
argument, and punishments rather than the sense of what is
noble.

This is why some think that legislators ought to stimulate men
to virtue and urge them forward by the motive of the noble, on
the assumption that those who have been well advanced by the
formation of habits will attend to such influences; and that punish-
ments and penalties should be imposed on those who disobey and
are of inferior nature, while the incurably bad should be completely
banished. A good man (they think), since he lives with his mind
fixed on what is noble, will submit to argument, while a bad man,
whose desire is for pleasure, is corrected by pain like a beast of
burden. This is, too, why they say the pains inflicted should be
those that are most opposed to the pleasures such men love.

However that may be, if (as we have said) the man who is to be
good must be well trained and habituated, and go on to spend his
time in worthy occupations and neither willingly nor unwillingly
do bad actions, and if this can be brought about if men live in
accordance with a sort of reason and right order, provided this
has force — if this be so, the paternal command indeed has not the
required force or compulsive power (nor in general has the com-
mand of one man, unless he be a king or something similar), but
the law *has* compulsive power, while it is at the same time a rule
proceeding from a sort of practical wisdom and reason. And while
people hate *men* who oppose their impulses, even if they oppose
them rightly, the law in its ordaining of what is good is not
burdensome.

In the Spartan state alone, or almost alone, the legislator seems
to have paid attention to questions of nurture and occupations; in
most states such matters have been neglected, and each man lives
as he pleases, Cyclops-fashion, 'to his own wife and children dealing
law.'* Now it is best that there should be a public and proper
care for such matters; but if they are neglected by the community
would seem right for each man to help his children and friends
towards virtue, and that they should have the power, or at least
the will, to do this.

It would seem from what has been said that he can do this best
if he makes himself capable of legislating. For public control
plainly effected by laws, and good control by good laws; whether
written or unwritten would seem to make no difference, nor
whether they are laws providing for the education of individuals
or of groups — any more than it does in the case of music or
gymnastics and other such pursuits. For as in cities laws and

* *Odyssey*, ix, 114 f.

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[1181b19] ...ing types of character have force, so in households do the injunc-
...ions and the habits of the father, and these have even more because
...of the tie of blood and the benefits he confers; for the children
...start with a natural affection and disposition to obey. Further,
...private education has an advantage over public, as private medical
...treatment has; for while in general rest and abstinence from food
...are good for a man in a fever, for a particular man they may not
...be, and a boxer presumably does not prescribe the same style of
...fighting to all his pupils. It would seem, then, that the detail is
...worked out with more precision if the control is private; for each
...person is more likely to get what suits his case.

But the details can be best looked after, one by one, by a doctor
...or gymnastic instructor or any one else who has the general knowl-
...edge of what is good for every one or for people of a certain kind
...for the sciences both are said to be, and are, concerned with what
...is universal); not but what some particular detail may perhaps be
...well looked after by an unscientific person, if he has studied ac-
...curately in the light of experience what happens in each case, just
...as some people seem to be their own best doctors, though they could
...give no help to any one else. None the less, it will perhaps be
...agreed that if a man does wish to become master of an art or science
...and must go to the universal, and come to know it as well as
...possible; for, as we have said, it is with this that the sciences are
...concerned.

And surely he who wants to make men, whether many or few,
...better by his care must try to become capable of legislating, if it is
...through laws that we can become good. For to get any one what-
...ever—any one who is put before us—into the right condition is
...not for the first chance comer; if any one can do it, it is the man
...who knows, just as in medicine and all other matters which give
...scope for care and prudence.

Must we not, then, next examine whence or how one can learn
...how to legislate? Is it, as in all other cases, from statesmen?
...Certainly it was thought to be a part of statesmanship. Or is a
...difference apparent between statesmanship and the other sciences
...and arts? In the others the same people are found offering to
...teach the arts and practising them, e.g. doctors or painters; but
...while the sophists profess to teach politics, it is practised not by any
...of them but by the politicians, who would seem to do so by dint
...of a certain skill and experience rather than of thought; for they
...are not found either writing or speaking about such matters (though
...it were a nobler occupation perhaps than composing speeches for
...the law-courts and the assembly), nor again are they found to have
...made statesmen of their own sons or any other of their friends.
...Now it was to be expected that they should if they could; for there
...is nothing better than such a skill that they could have left to their
...cities, or could prefer to have for themselves, or, therefore, for

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those dearest to them. Still, experience seems to contribute not a little; else they could not have become politicians by familiarity with politics; and so it seems that those who aim at knowing about the art of politics need experience as well. [1181a35

But those of the sophists who profess the art seem to be very far from teaching it. For, to put the matter generally, they do not even know what kind of thing it is nor what kinds of things it is about; otherwise they would not have classed it as identical with rhetoric or even inferior to it, nor have thought it easy to legislate by collecting the laws that are thought well of; they say it is possible to select the best laws, as though even the selection did not demand intelligence and as though right judgment were not the greatest thing, as in matters of music. For while people experienced in any department judge rightly the works produced in it, and understand by what means or how they are achieved, and what harmonizes with what, the inexperienced must be content if they do not fail to see whether the work has been well or ill made — as in the case of painting. Now laws are as it were the 'works' of the political art; how then can one learn from them to be a legislator, or judge which are best? Even medical men do not seem to be made by a study of text-books. Yet people try, at any rate, to state not only the treatments, but also how particular classes of people can be cured and should be treated — distinguishing the various habits of body; but while this seems useful to experienced people, to the inexperienced it is valueless. Surely, then, while collections of laws and of constitutions also, may be serviceable to those who can study them and judge what is good or bad and what enactments suit what circumstances, those who go through such collections without a practised faculty will not have right judgment (unless it be as a spontaneous gift of nature), though they may perhaps become more intelligent in such matters.

Now our predecessors have left the subject of legislation to us unexamined; it is perhaps best, therefore, that we should ourselves study it, and in general study the question of the constitution, in order to complete to the best of our ability our philosophy of human nature. First, then, if anything has been said well in detail by earlier thinkers, let us try to review it; then in the light of the constitutions we have collected let us study what sorts of influences preserve and destroy states, and what sorts preserve or destroy this particular kinds of constitution, and to what causes it is due that some are well and others ill administered. When these have been studied we shall perhaps be more likely to see with a comprehensive view, which constitution is best, and how each must be ordered and what laws and customs it must use, if it is to be at its best. Let us make a beginning of our discussion.

[1176a30-1181b24, tr. W. D. Ross]

* This paragraph is a programme for the *Politics*, agreeing to a large extent with the existing contents of that work.

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POLITICS

BOOK I

THE DEFINITION AND ORIGIN OF THE STATE

Every state is a community of some kind, and every community is established with a view to some good; for mankind always act in order to obtain that which they think good. But, if all communities aim at some good, the state or political community, which is the highest of all, and which embraces all the rest, aims at good in a greater degree than any other, and at the highest good.

Some people think that the qualifications of a statesman, king, householder, and master are the same, and that they differ, not in kind but only in the number of their subjects. For example, the ruler over a few is called a master; over more, the manager of a household; over a still larger number, a statesman or king, as if there were no difference between a great household and a small state. The distinction which is made between the king and the statesman is as follows: When the government is personal, the ruler is a king; when, according to the rules of the political science, the citizens rule and are ruled in turn, then he is called a statesman. But all this is a mistake; for governments differ in kind, as will be evident to any one who considers the matter according to the method which has hitherto guided us. As in other departments of science, so in politics, the compound should always be resolved into the simple elements or least parts of the whole. We must therefore look at the elements of which the state is composed, in order that we may see in what the different kinds of rule differ from one another, and whether any scientific result can be attained about each one of them.

He who thus considers things in their first growth and origin, whether a state or anything else, will obtain the clearest view of them. In the first place there must be a union of those who cannot exist without each other; namely, of male and female, that the race may continue (and this is a union which is formed, not of deliberate purpose, but because, in common with other animals and with plants, mankind have a natural desire to leave behind them an image of themselves), and of natural ruler and subject, that both may be preserved. For that which can foresee by the exercise of mind is by nature intended to be lord and master, and that which can with its body give effect to such foresight is a subject, and by nature a slave; hence master and slave have the same interest. Now nature has distinguished between the female and the slave. For she is not niggardly, like the smith who fashions the Delphian knife for many uses; she makes each thing for a single use, and every instrument is best made when intended for one and not for many uses. But among barbarians no distinction is made between women

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and slaves, because there is no natural ruler among them: they are [1252b] community of slaves, male and female. Wherefore the poets say

'It is meet that Hellenes should rule over barbarians';

as if they thought that the barbarian and the slave were by nature one.

Out of these two relationships between man and woman, master and slave, the first thing to arise is the family, and Hesiod is right when he says —

'First house and wife and an ox for the plough',

for the ox is the poor man's slave. The family is the association established by nature for the supply of men's everyday wants, and the members of it are called by Charondas 'companions of the cupboard', and by Epimenides the Cretan, 'companions of the manger.' But when several families are united, and the association aims at something more than the supply of daily needs, the first society to be formed is the village. And the most natural form of the village appears to be that of a colony from the family, composed of the children and grandchildren, who are said to be 'suckled with the same milk'. And this is the reason why Hellenic states were originally governed by kings; because the Hellenes were under royal rule before they came together, as the barbarians still are. Every family is ruled by the eldest, and therefore in the colonies of the family the kingly form of government prevails because they were of the same blood. As Homer says [of the Cyclopes]:

'Each one gives law to his children and to his wives' [*Od.* ix. 114]

For they lived dispersedly, as was the manner in ancient times. Wherefore men say that the Gods have a king, because they themselves either are or were in ancient times under the rule of a king. For they imagine, not only the forms of the Gods, but their way of life to be like their own.

When several villages are united in a single complete community large enough to be nearly or quite self-sufficing, the state comes into existence, originating in the bare needs of life, and continuing in existence for the sake of a good life. And therefore, if the earlier forms of society are natural, so is the state, for it is the end of them, and the nature of a thing is its end. For what each thing is when fully developed, we call its nature, whether we are speaking of a man, a horse, or a family. Besides, the final cause and end of a thing is the best, and to be self-sufficing is the end and the best.

Hence it is evident that the state is a creation of nature, and that man is by nature a political animal. And he who by nature and not by mere accident is without a state, is either a bad man or above humanity; he is like the

'Tribeless, lawless, hearthless one,'

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1253b9]

whom Homer denounces — the natural outcast is forthwith a lover of war; he may be compared to an isolated piece at draughts.

Now, that man is more of a political animal than bees or any other gregarious animals is evident. Nature, as we often say, makes nothing in vain, and man is the only animal whom she has endowed with the gift of speech. And whereas mere voice is but an indication of pleasure or pain, and is therefore found in other animals (for their nature attains to the perception of pleasure and pain and the intimation of them to one another, and no further), the power of speech is intended to set forth the expedient and the inexpedient, and therefore likewise the just and the unjust. And it is a characteristic of man that he alone has any sense of good and evil, of just and unjust, and the like, and the association of living beings who have this sense makes a family and a state.

Further, the state is by nature clearly prior to the family and to the individual, since the whole is of necessity prior to the part; for example, if the whole body be destroyed, there will be no foot or hand, except in an equivocal sense, as we might speak of a stone hand; for when destroyed the hand will be no better than that. For things are defined by their working and power and we ought not to say that they are the same when they no longer have their proper quality, but only that they have the same name. The proof that the state is a creation of nature and prior to the individual is that the individual, when isolated, is not self-sufficing; and therefore he is like a part in relation to the whole. But he who is unable to live in society, or who has no need because he is sufficient for himself, must be either a beast or a god: he is no part of a state. A social instinct is implanted in all men by nature, and yet he who first founded the state was the greatest of benefactors. For man, when perfected, is the best of animals, but, when separated from law and justice, he is the worst of all; since armed injustice is the more dangerous, and he is equipped at birth with arms, meant to be used by intelligence and virtue, which he may use for the worst ends. Wherefore, if he have not virtue, he is the most unholy and the most savage of animals, and the most full of lust and gluttony. But justice is the bond of men in states, for the administration of justice, which is the determination of what is just, is the principle of order in political society.

[1252a1–1253a39, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK III

THE CLASSIFICATION OF CONSTITUTIONS

Having determined these questions, we have next to consider whether there is only one form of government or many, and if many, what they are and how many, and what are the differences between them.

A constitution is the arrangement of magistracies in a state,

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especially of the highest of all. The government is everywhere [1278b
sovereign in the state, and the constitution is in fact the govern-
ment. For example, in democracies the people are supreme, but in
oligarchies, the few; and, therefore, we say that these two forms of
government also are different: and so in other cases.

First, let us consider what is the purpose of a state, and how many
forms of government there are by which human society is regulated.
We have already said, in the first part of this treatise, when dis-
cussing household management and the rule of a master, that man
is by nature a political animal. And therefore, men, even when
they do not require one another's help, desire to live together; nor
but that they are also brought together by their common interest
in proportion as they severally attain to any measure of well-being.
This is certainly the chief end, both of individuals and of states.
And also for the sake of mere life (in which there is possibly some
noble element so long as the evils of existence do not greatly over-
balance the good) mankind meet together and maintain the political
community. And we all see that men cling to life even at the cost
of enduring great misfortune, seeming to find in life a natural
sweetness and happiness.

There is no difficulty in distinguishing the various kinds of
authority; they have been often defined already in discussions out-
side the school. The rule of a master, although the slave by nature
and the master by nature have in reality the same interests, is
nevertheless exercised primarily with a view to the interest of the
master, but accidentally considers the slave, since, if the slave perishes
the rule of the master perishes with him. On the other hand, the
government of a wife and children and of a household, which we
have called household management, is exercised in the first instance
for the good of the governed or for the common good of both
parties, but essentially for the good of the governed, as we see to be
the case in medicine, gymnastic, and the arts in general, which are
only accidentally concerned with the good of the artists themselves.
For there is no reason why the trainer may not sometimes practise
gymnastics, and the helmsman is always one of the crew. The
trainer or the helmsman considers the good of those committed to
his care. But, when he is one of the persons taken care of, he
accidentally participates in the advantage, for the helmsman is also
a sailor, and the trainer becomes one of those in training. And so
in politics: when the state is framed upon the principle of equality
and likeness, the citizens think that they ought to hold office by
turns. Formerly, as is natural, every one would take his turn of
service; and then again, somebody else would look after his interests
just as he, while in office, had looked after theirs. But nowadays,
for the sake of the advantage which is to be gained from the public
revenues and from office, men want to be always in office. One
might imagine that the rulers, being sickly, were only kept in
health while they continued in office; in that case we may be sure

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that they would be hunting after places. The conclusion is evident: that governments which have a regard to the common interest are constituted in accordance with strict principles of justice, and are therefore true forms; but those which regard only the interest of the rulers are all defective and perverted forms, for they are despotic, whereas a state is a community of freemen.

7. Having determined these points, we have next to consider how many forms of government there are, and what they are; and in the first place what are the true forms, for when they are determined the perversions of them will at once be apparent. The words constitution and government have the same meaning, and the government, which is the supreme authority in states, must be in the hands of one, or of a few, or of the many. The true forms of government, therefore, are those in which the one, or the few, or the many, govern with a view to the common interest; but governments which rule with a view to the private interest, whether of the one, or of the few, or of the many, are perversions. For the members of a state, if they are truly citizens, ought to participate in its advantages. Of forms of government in which one rules, we call that which regards the common interests, kingship or royalty; that in which more than one, but not many, rule, aristocracy; and it is so called, either because the rulers are the best men, or because they have at heart the best interests of the state and of the citizens. But when the citizens at large administer the state for the common interest, the government is called by the generic name—a constitution. And there is a reason for this use of language. One man or a few may excel in virtue; but as the number increases it becomes more difficult for them to attain perfection in every kind of virtue, though they may in military virtue, for this is found in the masses. Hence in a constitutional government the fighting-men have the supreme power, and those who possess arms are the citizens.

Of the above-mentioned forms, the perversions are as follows:—of royalty, tyranny; of aristocracy, oligarchy; of constitutional government, democracy. For tyranny is a kind of monarchy which has in view the interest of the monarch only; oligarchy has in view the interest of the wealthy; democracy, of the needy: none of them the common good of all.

8. But there are difficulties about these forms of government, and it will therefore be necessary to state a little more at length the nature of each of them. For he who would make a philosophical study of the various sciences, and does not regard practice only, ought not to overlook or omit anything, but to set forth the truth in every particular. Tyranny, as I was saying, is monarchy exercising the rule of a master over the political society; oligarchy is when men of property have the government in their hands; democ-

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racy, the opposite, when the indigent, and not the men of property, are the rulers. And here arises the first of our difficulties, and it relates to the distinction just drawn. For democracy is said to be the government of the many. But what if the many are men of property and have the power in their hands? In like manner oligarchy is said to be the government of the few; but what if the poor are fewer than the rich, and have the power in their hands because they are stronger? In these cases the distinction which we have drawn between these different forms of government would no longer hold good.

Suppose, once more, that we add wealth to the few and poverty to the many, and name the governments accordingly — an oligarchy is said to be that in which the few and the wealthy, and a democracy that in which the many and the poor are the rulers — there will still be a difficulty. For, if the only forms of government are the ones already mentioned, how shall we describe those other governments also just mentioned by us, in which the rich are the more numerous and the poor are the fewer, and both govern in their respective states?

The argument seems to show that, whether in oligarchies or in democracies, the number of the governing body, whether the greater number, as in a democracy, or the smaller number, as in an oligarchy, is an accident due to the fact that the rich everywhere are few, and the poor numerous. But if so, there is a misapprehension of the causes of the difference between them. For the real difference between democracy and oligarchy is poverty and wealth. Wherever men rule by reason of their wealth, whether they be few or many, that is an oligarchy, and where the poor rule, that is a democracy. But as a fact the rich are few and the poor many; for few are well-to-do, whereas freedom is enjoyed by all, and wealth and freedom are the grounds on which the oligarchical and democratical parties respectively claim power in the state.

9. Let us begin by considering the common definitions of oligarchy and democracy, and what is justice oligarchical and democratical. For all men cling to justice of some kind, but their conceptions are imperfect and they do not express the whole idea. For example, justice is thought by them to be, and is, equality, not, however, for all, but only for equals. And inequality is thought to be, and is, justice; neither is this for all but only for unequals. When the persons are omitted, then men judge erroneously. The reason is that they are passing judgment on themselves, and most people are bad judges in their own case. And whereas justice implies a relation to persons as well as to things, and a just distribution, as we have already said in the *Ethics,* implies the same ratio between the persons and between the things, they agree about the equality of the things, but dispute about the equality of the persons, chiefly for the reason which I have just given — because they are bad judges

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1280b24] in their own affairs; and secondly, because both the parties to the agreement are speaking of a limited and partial justice, but imagine themselves to be speaking of absolute justice. For the one party, if they are unequal in one respect, for example wealth, consider themselves to be unequal in all; and the other party, if they are equal in one respect, for example free birth, consider themselves to be equal in all. But they leave out the capital point. For if men met and associated out of regard to wealth only, their share in the state would be proportioned to their property, and the oligarchical doctrine would then seem to carry the day. It would not be just that he who paid one mina should have the same share of a hundred minae, whether of the principal or of the profits, as he who paid the remaining ninety-nine. But a state exists for the sake of a good life, and not for the sake of life only: if life only were the object, slaves and brute animals might form a state, but they cannot, for they have no share in happiness or in a life of free choice. Nor does a state exist for the sake of alliance and security from injustice, nor yet for the sake of exchange and mutual intercourse; for then the Tyrrhenians and the Carthaginians, and all who have commercial treaties with one another, would be the citizens of one state. True, they have agreements about imports, and engagements that they will do no wrong to one another, and written articles of alliance. But there are no magistracies common to the contracting parties who will enforce their engagements; different states have each their own magistracies. Nor does one state take care that the citizens of the other are such as they ought to be, nor see that those who come under the terms of the treaty do no wrong or wickedness at all, but only that they do no injustice to one another. Whereas, those who care for good government take into consideration virtue and vice in states. Whence it may be further inferred that virtue must be the care of a state which is truly so called, and not merely enjoys the name: for without this end the community becomes a mere alliance which differs only in place from alliances in which the members live apart; and law is only a convention, 'a surety to one another of justice,' as the sophist Lycophron says, and has no real power to make the citizens good and just.

This is obvious; for supposed distinct places, such as Corinth and Megara, to be brought together so that their walls touched, still they would not be one city, not even if the citizens had the right to intermarry, which is one of the rights peculiarly characteristic of states. Again, if men dwelt at a distance from one another, but not so far off as to have no intercourse, and there were laws among them that they should not wrong each other in their exchanges, neither would this be a state. Let us suppose that one man is a carpenter, another a husbandman, another a shoemaker, and so on, and that their number is ten thousand: nevertheless, if they have nothing in common but exchange, alliance, and the like, that would not constitute a state. Why is this? Surely not because

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they are at a distance from one another: for even supposing that such a community were to meet in one place, but that each man had a house of his own, which was in a manner his state, and that they made alliance with one another, but only against evil-doers, still an accurate thinker would not deem this to be a state, if their intercourse with one another was of the same character after as before their union. It is clear then that a state is not a mere society, having a common place, established for the prevention of mutual crime and for the sake of exchange. These are conditions without which a state cannot exist; but all of them together do not constitute a state, which is a community of families and aggregations of families in well-being, for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life. Such a community can only be established among those who live in the same place and intermarry. Hence arise in cities family connexions, brotherhoods, common sacrifices, amusements which draw men together. But these are created by friendship, for the will to live together is friendship. The end of the state is the good life, and these are the means towards it. And the state is the union of families and villages in a perfect and self-sufficing life, by which we mean a happy and honourable life. [1280b24

Our conclusion, then, is that political society exists for the sake of noble actions, and not of mere companionship. Hence they who contribute most to such a society have a greater share in it than those who have the same or a greater freedom or nobility of birth but are inferior to them in political virtue; or than those who exceed them in wealth but are surpassed by them in virtue.

From what has been said it will be clearly seen that all the partisans of different forms of government speak of a part of justice only.

[1278b7–1281a10, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK IV

THE BEST CONSTITUTION FOR THE AVERAGE STATE

11. We have now to inquire what is the best constitution for most states, and the best life for most men, neither assuming a standard of virtue which is above ordinary persons, nor an education which is exceptionally favoured by nature and circumstances, nor yet an ideal state which is an aspiration only, but having regard to the life in which the majority are able to share, and to the form of government which states in general can attain. As to those aristocracies, as they are called, of which we were just now speaking, they either lie beyond the possibilities of the greater number of states, or they approximate to the so-called constitutional government, and therefore need no separate discussion. And in fact the conclusion at which we arrive respecting all these forms rests upon the same grounds. For if what was said in the *Ethics* is true, that the happy life is the life according to virtue lived without impediment, and that virtue is a mean, then the life which is in a mean, and in a

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mean attainable by every one, must be the best. And the same principles of virtue and vice are characteristic of cities and of constitutions; for the constitution is in a figure the life of the city.

Now in all states there are three elements: one class is very rich, another very poor, and a third in a mean. It is admitted that moderation and the mean are best, and therefore it will clearly be best to possess the gifts of fortune in moderation; for in that condition of life men are most ready to follow rational principle. But he who greatly excels in beauty, strength, birth, or wealth, or on the other hand who is very poor, or very weak, or very much disgraced, finds it difficult to follow rational principle. Of these two the one sort grow into violent and great criminals, the others into rascals and petty rascals. And two sorts of offences correspond to them, the one committed from violence, the other from roguery. Again, the middle class is least likely to shrink from rule, or to be over-ambitious for it; both of which are injuries to the state. Again, those who have too much of the goods of fortune, strength, wealth, friends, and the like, are neither willing nor able to submit to authority. The evil begins at home; for when they are boys, by reason of the luxury in which they are brought up, they never learn, even at school, the habit of obedience. On the other hand, the very poor, who are in the opposite extreme, are too degraded. So that the one class cannot obey, and can only rule despotically; the other knows not how to command and must be ruled like slaves. Thus arises a city, not of freemen, but of masters and slaves, the one despising, the other envying; and nothing can be more fatal to friendship and good fellowship in states than this: for good fellowship springs from friendship; when men are at enmity with one another, they would rather not even share the same path. But a city ought to be composed, as far as possible, of equals and similars; and these are generally the middle classes. Wherefore the city which is composed of middle-class citizens is necessarily best constituted in respect of the elements of which we say the fabric of the state naturally consists. And this is the class of citizens which is most secure in a state, for they do not, like the poor, covet their neighbours' goods; nor do others covet theirs, as the poor covet the goods of the rich; and as they neither plot against others, nor are themselves plotted against, they pass through life safely. Wisely then did Phocylides pray — 'Many things are best in the mean; I desire to be of a middle condition in my city.'

Thus it is manifest that the best political community is formed by citizens of the middle class, and that those states are likely to be well-administered, in which the middle class is large, and stronger if possible than both the other classes, or at any rate than either alone; for the addition of the middle class turns the scale, and prevents either of the extremes from being dominant. Great then is the good fortune of a state in which the citizens have a moderate and sufficient property; for where some possess much, and the

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others nothing, there may arise an extreme democracy, or a pure [1296a
oligarchy; or a tyranny may grow out of either extreme—either
out of the most rampant democracy, or out of an oligarchy; but it
is not so likely to arise out of the middle constitutions and those
akin to them. I will explain the reason of this hereafter, when I
speak of the revolutions of states. The mean condition of states is
clearly best, for no other is free from faction; and where the middle
class is large, there are least likely to be factions and dissensions.
For a similar reason large states are less liable to faction than small
ones, because in them the middle class is large; whereas in small
states it is easy to divide all the citizens into two classes who are
either rich or poor, and to leave nothing in the middle. And
democracies are safer and more permanent than oligarchies, because
they have a middle class which is more numerous and has a greater
share in the government; for when there is no middle class, and
the poor greatly exceed in number, troubles arise, and the state soon
comes to an end. A proof of the superiority of the middle class
is that the best legislators have been of a middle condition; for ex-
ample, Solon, as his own verses testify; and Lycurgus, for he was
not a king; and Charondas, and almost all legislators.

These considerations will help us to understand why most govern-
ments are either democratical or oligarchical. The reason is that
the middle class is seldom numerous in them, and whichever party,
whether the rich or the common people, transgresses the mean and
predominates, draws the constitution its own way, and thus arises
either oligarchy or democracy. There is another reason—the poor
and the rich quarrel with one another, and whichever side gets
the better, instead of establishing a just or popular government
regards political supremacy as the prize of victory, and the one
party sets up a democracy and the other an oligarchy. Further,
both the parties which had the supremacy in Hellas looked only to
the interest of their own form of government, and established in
states, the one, democracies, and the other, oligarchies; they thought
of their own advantage, of the public not at all. For these reasons
the middle form of government has rarely, if ever, existed, and
among a very few only. One man alone of all who ever ruled in
Hellas was induced to give this middle constitution to states. But
it has now become a habit among the citizens of states, not even
to care about equality; all men are seeking for dominion, or, if
conquered, are willing to submit.

What then is the best form of government, and what makes
the best, is evident; and of other constitutions, since we say that
there are many kinds of democracy and many of oligarchy, it is not
difficult to see which has the first and which the second or any
other place in the order of excellence, now that we have determined
which is the best. For that which is nearest to the best must of
necessity be better, and that which is furthest from it worse, if we
are judging absolutely and not relatively to given conditions; I say

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1324b5]

relatively to given conditions', since a particular government may be preferable, but another form may be better for some people.

[1295a25–1296b11, tr. B. JOWETT]

BOOK VII

THE SUMMUM BONUM FOR INDIVIDUALS AND STATES

1. There remains to be discussed the question, Whether the happiness of the individual is the same as that of the state, or different? Here again there can be no doubt — no one denies that they are the same. For those who hold that the well-being of the individual consists in his wealth, also think that riches make the happiness of the whole state, and those who value most highly the life of a tyrant deem that city the happiest which rules over the greatest number; while they who approve an individual for his virtue say that the more virtuous a city is, the happier it is. Two points here present themselves for consideration: first (1), which is the more eligible life, that of a citizen who is a member of a state, or that of an alien who has no political ties; and again (2), which is the best form of constitution or the best condition of a state, either on the supposition that political privileges are desirable for all, or for a majority only? Since the good of the state and not of the individual is the proper subject of political thought and speculation, and we are engaged in a political discussion, while the first of these two points has a secondary interest for us, the latter will be the main subject of our inquiry.

Now it is evident that the form of government is best in which every man, whoever he is, can act best and live happily. But even those who agree in thinking that the life of virtue is the most eligible raise a question, whether the life of business and politics is or is not more eligible than one which is wholly independent of external goods, I mean than a contemplative life, which by some is maintained to be the only one worthy of a philosopher. For these two lives — the life of the philosopher and the life of the statesman — appear to have been preferred by those who have been most keen in the pursuit of virtue, both in our own and in other ages. Which is the better is a question of no small moment; for the wise man, like the wise states, will necessarily regulate his life according to the best end. There are some who think that while a despotic rule over others is the greatest injustice, to exercise a constitutional rule over them, even though not unjust, is a great impediment to a man's individual well-being. Others take an opposite view; they maintain that the true life of man is the practical and political, and that every virtue admits of being practised, quite as much by statesmen and rulers as by private individuals. Others, again, are of opinion that arbitrary and tyrannical rule alone consists with happiness; indeed, in some states the entire aim both of the laws and of the constitution is to give men despotic power over their

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[1324b]

neighbours. And, therefore, although in most cities the laws may be said generally to be in a chaotic state, still, if they aim at anything, they aim at the maintenance of power: thus in Lacedaemon and Crete the system of education and the greater part of the laws are framed with a view to war. And in all nations which are able to gratify their ambition military power is held in esteem, for example among the Scythians and Persians and Thracians and Celts. In some nations there are even laws tending to stimulate the warlike virtues, as at Carthage, where we are told that men obtain the honour of wearing as many armlets as they have served campaigns. There was once a law in Macedonia that he who had not killed an enemy should wear a halter, and among the Scythians no one who had not slain his man was allowed to drink out of the cup which was handed round at a certain feast. Among the Iberians, a warlike nation, the number of enemies whom a man has slain is indicated by the number of obelisks which are fixed in the earth round his tomb; and there are numerous practices among other nations of a like kind, some of them established by law and others by custom. Yet to a reflecting mind it must appear very strange that the statesman should be always considering how he can dominate and tyrannize over others, whether they will or not. How can that which is not even lawful be the business of the statesman or the legislator? Unlawful it certainly is to rule without regard to justice, for there may be might where there is no right. The other arts and sciences offer no parallel; a physician is not expected to persuade or coerce his patients, nor a pilot the passengers in his ship. Yet most men appear to think that the art of despotic government is statesmanship, and what men affirm to be unjust and inexpedient in their own case they are not ashamed of practising towards others; they demand just rule for themselves, but where other men are concerned they care nothing about it. Such behaviour is irrational; unless the one party is, and the other is not, born to serve, in which case men have a right to command, not indeed all their fellows, but only those who are intended to be subjects; just as we ought not to hunt mankind, whether for food or sacrifice, but only the animals which may be hunted for food or sacrifice, this is to say, such wild animals as are eatable. And surely there may be a city happy in isolation, which we will assume to be well-governed (for it is quite possible that a city thus isolated might be well-administered and have good laws); but such a city would not be constituted with any view to war or the conquest of enemies — all that sort of thing must be excluded. Hence we see very plainly that war-like pursuits, although generally to be deemed honourable, are not the supreme end of all things, but only means. And the good lawgiver should inquire how states and races of men and communities may participate in a good life, and in the happiness which is attainable by them. His enactments will not be always the same; and where there are neighbours he will have to

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1325b14] see what sort of studies should be practised in relation to their several characters, or how the measures appropriate in relation to each are to be adopted. The end at which the best form of government should aim may be properly made a matter of future consideration.

Let us now address those who, while they agree that the life of virtue is the most eligible, differ about the manner of practising it. For some renounce political power, and think that the life of the freeman is different from the life of the statesman and the best of all; but others think the life of the statesman best. The argument of the latter is that he who does nothing cannot do well, and that virtuous activity is identical with happiness. To both we say: 'you are partly right and partly wrong.' The first class are right in affirming that the life of the freeman is better than the life of the despot; for there is nothing grand or noble in having the use of a slave, in so far as he is a slave or in issuing commands about necessary things. But it is an error to suppose that every sort of rule is despotic like that of a master over slaves, for there is as great a difference between the rule over freemen and the rule over slaves as there is between slavery by nature and freedom by nature, about which I have said enough at the commencement of this treatise. And it is equally a mistake to place inactivity above action, for happiness is activity, and the actions of the just and wise are the realization of much that is noble.

But perhaps some one, accepting these premises, may still maintain that supreme power is the best of all things, because the possessors of it are able to perform the greatest number of noble actions. If so, the man who is able to rule, instead of giving up anything to his neighbour, ought rather to take away his power; and the father should make no account of his son, nor the son of his father, nor friend of friend; they should not bestow a thought on one another in comparison with this higher object, for the best is the most eligible and 'doing well' is the best. There might be some truth in such a view if we assume that robbers and plunderers attain the chief good. But this can never be; their hypothesis is false. For the actions of a ruler cannot really be honourable, unless he is as much superior to other men as a husband is to a wife, or a father to his children, or a master to his slaves. And therefore he who violates the law can never recover by any success, however great, what he has already lost in departing from virtue. For equals the honourable and the just consist in sharing alike, as is just and equal. But that the unequal should be given to equals, and the unlike to those who are like, is contrary to nature, and nothing which is contrary to nature is good. If therefore, there is any one superior in virtue and in the power of performing the best actions, him we ought to follow and obey, but he must have the capacity for action as well as virtue.

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If we are right in our view, and happiness is assumed to be [1325b1-4
virtuous activity, the active life will be the best, both for every city
collectively, and for individuals. Not that a life of action must
necessarily have relation to others, as some persons think, nor are
those ideas only to be regarded as practical which are pursued for
the sake of practical results, but much more the thoughts and con-
templations which are independent and complete in themselves;
since virtuous activity, and therefore a certain kind of action, is
an end, and even in the case of external actions the directing mind
is most truly said to act. Neither, again, is it necessary that states
which are cut off from others and choose to live alone should be
inactive; for activity, as well as other things, may take place by
sections; there are many ways in which the sections of a state act
upon one another. The same thing is equally true of every indi-
vidual. If this were otherwise, God and the universe, who have
no external actions over and above their own energies, would be
far enough from perfection. Hence it is evident that the same life
is best for each individual, and for states and for mankind
collectively.

THE IDEAL STATE: ITS SIZE

4. Thus far by way of introduction. In what has preceded I have discussed other forms of government; in what remains the first point to be considered is what should be the conditions of the ideal or perfect state; for the perfect states cannot exist without a due supply of the means of life. And therefore we must pre-suppose many purely imaginary conditions, but nothing impossible. There will be a certain number of citizens, a country in which to place them, and the like. As the weaver or shipbuilder or any other artisan must have the material proper for his work (and in proportion as this is better prepared, so will the result of his art be nobler), so the statesman or legislator must also have the materials suited to him.

First among the materials required by the statesman is population: he will consider what should be the number and character of the citizens, and then what should be the size and character of the country. Most persons think that a state in order to be happy ought to be large; but even if they are right, they have no idea what is a large and what a small state. For they judge of the size of the city by the number of the inhabitants; whereas they ought to regard, not their number, but their power. A city too, like an individual, has a work to do; and that city which is best adapted to the fulfilment of its work is to be deemed greatest, in the same sense of the word great in which Hippocrates might be called greater, not as a man, but as a physician, than some one else who was taller. And even if we reckon greatness by numbers, we ought not to include everybody, for there must always be in cities a multitude of slaves and sojourners and foreigners; but we should

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include those only who are members of the state, and who form an essential part of it. The number of the latter is a proof of the greatness of a city; but a city which produces numerous artisans and comparatively few soldiers cannot be great for a great city is not to be confounded with a populous one. Moreover, experience shows that a very populous city can rarely, if ever, be well governed; since all cities which have a reputation for good government have a limit of population. We may argue on grounds of reason, and the same result will follow. For law is order, and good law is good order; but a very great multitude cannot be orderly: to introduce order into the unlimited is the work of a divine power — of such a power as holds together the universe. Beauty is realized in number and magnitude, and the state which combines magnitude with good order must necessarily be the most beautiful. To the size of states there is a limit, as there is to other things, plants, animals, implements; for none of these retain their natural power when they are too large or too small, but they either wholly lose their nature, or are spoiled. For example, a ship which is only a span long will not be a ship at all, nor a ship a quarter of a mile long; yet there may be a ship of a certain size, either too large or too small, which will still be a ship, but bad for sailing. In like manner a state when composed of too few is not, as a state ought to be, self-sufficing; when of too many, though self-sufficing in all mere necessaries, as a nation may be, it is not a state, being almost incapable of constitutional government. For who can be the general of such a vast multitude, or who the herald, unless he have the voice of a Stentor?

A state, then, only begins to exist when it has attained a population sufficient for a good life in the political community: it may indeed, if it somewhat exceed this number, be a greater state. But, as I was saying, there must be a limit. What should be the limit will be easily ascertained by experience. For both governors and governed have duties to perform; the special functions of a governor are to command and to judge. But if the citizens of a state are to judge and to distribute offices according to merit, then they must know each other's characters; where they do not possess this knowledge, both the election to offices and the decision of lawsuits will go wrong. When the population is very large they are manifestly settled at haphazard, which clearly ought not to be. Besides, in an over-populous state foreigners and metics will readily acquire the rights of citizens, for who will find them out? Clearly then the best limit of the population of a state is the largest number which suffices for the purposes of life, and can be taken in at a single view. Enough concerning the size of a state.

[1324a5–1326b26, tr. B. Jowett]

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THE IDEAL STATE: [1328b22

CLASSES OF THE CITIZEN-BODY

9. Having determined these points, we have in the next place to consider whether all ought to share in every sort of occupation. Shall every man be at once husbandman, artisan, councillor, judge, or shall we suppose the several occupations just mentioned assigned to different persons? or, thirdly, shall some employments be assigned to individuals and others common to all? The same arrangement, however, does not occur in every constitution; as we were saying, all may be shared by all, or not all by all, but only by some; and hence arise the differences of constitutions, for in democracies all share in all, in oligarchies the opposite practice prevails. Now, since we are here speaking of the best form of government, i.e. that under which the state will be most happy (and happiness, as has been already said, cannot exist without virtue), it clearly follows that in the state which is best governed and possesses men who are just absolutely, and not merely relatively to the principle of the constitution, the citizens must not lead the life of mechanics or tradesmen, for such a life is ignoble, and inimical to virtue. Neither must they be husbandmen, since leisure is necessary both for the development of virtue and the performance of political duties.

Again, there is in a state a class of warriors, and another of councillors, who advise about the expedient and determine matters of law, and these seem in an especial manner parts of a state. Now, should these two classes be distinguished, or are both functions to be assigned to the same persons? Here again there is no difficulty in seeing that both functions will in one way belong to the same, in another, to different persons. To different persons in so far as these employments are suited to different primes of life, for the one requires wisdom and the other strength. But on the other hand, since it is an impossible thing that those who are able to use or to resist force should be willing to remain always in subjection, from this point of view the persons are the same; for those who carry arms can always determine the fate of the constitution. It remains therefore that both functions should be entrusted by the ideal constitution to the same persons, not, however, at the same time, but in the order prescribed by nature, who has given to young men strength and to older men wisdom. Such a distribution of duties will be expedient and also just, and is founded upon a principle of conformity to merit. Besides, the ruling class should be the owners of property, for they are citizens, and the citizens of a state should be in good circumstances; whereas mechanics or any other class which is not a producer of virtue have no share in the state. This follows from our first principle, for happiness cannot exist without virtue, and a city is not to be termed happy in regard to a portion of the citizens, but in regard to them all. And clearly

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property should be in their hands, since the husbandmen will of necessity be slaves or barbarian Perioeci.

Of the classes enumerated there remain only the priests, and the manner in which their office is to be regulated is obvious. No husbandman or mechanic should be appointed to it; for the Gods should receive honour from the citizens only. Now since the body of the citizens is divided into two classes, the warriors and the councillors, and it is beseeming that the worship of the Gods should be duly performed, and also a rest provided in their service for those who from age have given up active life, to the old men of these two classes should be assigned the duties of the priesthood.

We have shown what are the necessary conditions, and what the parts of a state: husbandmen, craftsmen, and labourers of all kinds are necessary to the existence of states, but the parts of the state are the warriors and councillors. And these are distinguished severally from one another, the distinction being in some cases permanent, in others not.

[1328b22–1329a39, tr. B. Jowett]

BOOK VIII

THE IDEAL STATE: EDUCATION

1. No one will doubt that the legislator should direct his attention above all to the education of youth; for the neglect of education does harm to the constitution. The citizen should be moulded to suit the form of government under which he lives. For each government has a peculiar character which originally formed and which continues to preserve it. The character of democracy creates democracy, and the character of oligarchy creates oligarchy; and always the better the character, the better the government.

Again, for the exercise of any faculty or art a previous training and habituation are required; clearly therefore [they are required] for the practice of virtue. And since the whole city has one end, it is manifest that education should be one and the same for all, and that it should be public, and not private — not as at present, when every one looks after his own children separately, and gives them separate instruction of the sort which he thinks best; the training in things which are of common interest should be the same for all. Neither must we suppose that any one of the citizens belongs to himself, for they all belong to the state, and are each of them a part of the state, and the care of each part is inseparable from the care of the whole. In this particular as in some others the Lacedaemonians are to be praised, for they take the greatest pains about their children, and make education the business of the state.

2. That education should be regulated by law and should be an affair of state is not to be denied, but what should be the character

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of this public education, and how young persons should be educated, are questions which remain to be considered. As things are, there is disagreement about the subjects. For mankind are by no means agreed about the things to be taught, whether we look to virtue or the best life. Neither is it clear whether education is more concerned with intellectual or with moral virtue. The existing practice is perplexing; no one knows on what principle we should proceed—should the useful in life, or should virtue, or should the higher knowledge, be the aim of our training; all three opinions have been entertained. Again, about the means there is no agreement; for different persons, starting with different ideas about the nature of virtue, naturally disagree about the practice of it. There can be no doubt that children should be taught those useful things which are really necessary, but not all useful things; for occupations are divided into liberal and illiberal; and to young children should be imparted only such kinds of knowledge as will be useful to them without vulgarizing them. And any occupation, art, or science, which makes the body or soul or mind of the freeman less fit for the practice or exercise of virtue, is vulgar; wherefore we call those arts vulgar which tend to deform the body, and likewise all paid employments, for they absorb and degrade the mind. There are also some liberal arts quite proper for a freeman to acquire, but only in a certain degree, and if he attend to them too closely, in order to attain perfection in them, the same evil effects will follow. The object also which a man sets before him makes a great difference; if he does or learns anything for his own sake or for the sake of his friends, or with a view to excellence, the action will not appear illiberal; but if done for the sake of others, the very same action will be thought menial and servile. The received subjects of instruction, as I have already remarked, are partly of a liberal and partly of an illiberal character.

3. The customary branches of education are in number four; they are — (1) reading and writing, (2) gymnastic exercises, (3) music, to which is sometimes added (4) drawing. Of these, reading and writing and drawing are regarded as useful for the purposes of life in a variety of ways, and gymnastic exercises are thought to infuse courage. Concerning music a doubt may be raised—in our own day most men cultivate it for the sake of pleasure, but originally it was included in education, because nature herself, as has been often said, requires that we should be able, not only to work well, but to use leisure well; for, as I must repeat once again, the first principle of all action is leisure. Both are required, but leisure is better than occupation and is its end; and therefore the question must be asked, what ought we to do when at leisure? Clearly we ought not to be amusing ourselves, for then amusement would be the end of life. But if this is inconceivable, and amusement is needed more amid serious occupations than at other times

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(for he who is hard at work has need of relaxation, and amusement gives relaxation, whereas occupation is always accompanied with exertion and effort), we should introduce amusements only at suitable times, and they should be our medicines, for the emotion which they create in the soul is a relaxation, and from the pleasure we obtain rest. But leisure of itself gives pleasure and happiness and enjoyment of life, which are experienced, not by the busy man, but by those who have leisure. For he who is occupied has in view some end which he has not attained; but happiness is an end, since all men deem it to be accompanied with pleasure and not with pain. This pleasure, however, is regarded differently by different persons, and varies according to the habit of individuals; the pleasure of the best man is the best, and springs from the noblest sources. It is clear then that there are branches of learning and education which we must study merely with a view to leisure spent in intellectual activity, and these are to be valued for their own sake; whereas those kinds of knowledge which are useful in business are to be deemed necessary, and exist for the sake of other things. And therefore our fathers admitted music into education, not on the ground either of its necessity or utility, for it is not necessary, nor indeed useful in the same manner as reading and writing, which are useful in money-making, in the management of a household, in the acquisition of knowledge and in political life, nor like drawing, useful for a more correct judgement of the works of artists, nor again like gymnastic, which gives health and strength; for neither of these is to be gained from music. There remains, then, the use of music for intellectual enjoyment in leisure; which is in fact evidently the reason of its introduction, this being one of the ways in which it is thought that a freeman should pass his leisure; as Homer says—

'But he who alone should be called to the pleasant feast',

and afterwards he speaks of others whom he describes as inviting

'The bard who would delight them all.' [*Od.* xvii. 385.]

And in another place Odysseus says there is no better way of passing life than when men's hearts are merry and

'The banqueters in the hall, sitting in order, hear the voice of the minstrel.'

It is evident, then, that there is a sort of education in which parents should train their sons, not as being useful or necessary, but because it is liberal or noble. Whether this is of one kind only, or of more than one, and if so, what they are, and how they are, and how they are to be imparted, must hereafter be determined. Thus much we are now in a position to say, that the ancients witness to us; for their opinion may be gathered from the fact that

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music is one of the received and traditional branches of education. [1338a36
Further, it is clear that children should be instructed in some useful things — for example, in reading and writing — not only for their usefulness, but also because many other sorts of knowledge are acquired through them. With a like view they may be taught drawing, not to prevent their making mistakes in their own purchases, or in order that they may not be imposed upon in the buying or selling of articles, but perhaps rather because it makes them judges of the beauty of the human form. To be always seeking after the useful does not become free and exalted souls. Now it is clear that in education practice must be used before theory, and the body be trained before the mind; and therefore boys should be handed over to the trainer, who creates in them the proper habit of body, and to the wrestling-master, who teaches them their exercises.

[1337a11–1338b8, tr. B. Jowett]

POETICS

1. Our subject being poetry, I propose to speak not only of the art in general, but also of its species and their respective capacities, of the structure of plot required for a good poem, of the number and nature of the constituent parts of a poem, and likewise of any other matters in the same line of inquiry. Let us follow the natural order and begin with the primary facts.

Epic poetry and tragedy, as also comedy, dithyrambic poetry, and most flute-playing and lyre-playing, are all, viewed as a whole, modes of imitation. But at the same time they differ from one another in three ways, either by a difference of kind in their means, or by differences in the objects, or in the manner of their imitations.

Just as form and colour are used as means by some, who (whether by art or constant practice) imitate and portray many things by their aid, and the voice is used by others, so also in the above-mentioned group of arts, the means with them as a whole are rhythm, language, and harmony — used, however, either singly or in certain combinations. A combination of rhythm and harmony alone is the means in flute-playing and lyre-playing, and any other arts there may be of the same description, *e.g.*, imitative piping. Rhythm alone, without harmony, is the means in the dancer's imitations; for even he, by the rhythms of his attitudes, may represent men's characters, as well as what they do and suffer. There is further an art which imitates by language alone, without harmony, in prose or in verse, and if in verse, either in some one or in a plurality of metres. This form of imitation is to this day without a name. We have no common name for a mime of Sophron or Xenarchus and a Socratic conversation; and we should still be without one even if the imitation in the two instances were in trimeters or elegiacs or some other kind of verse — though it is the way with people to tack on 'poet' to the name of a

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metre, and talk of elegiac-poets and epic-poets, thinking that they call them poets not by reason of the imitative nature of their work, but indiscriminately by reason of the metre they write in. Even if a theory of medicine or physical philosophy be put forth in a metrical form, it is usual to describe the writer in this way. Homer and Empedocles, however, have really nothing in common apart from their metre; so that, if the one is to be called a poet, the other should be termed a physicist rather than a poet. We should be in the same position also, if the imitation in these instances were in all the metres, like the *Centaur* (a rhapsody in a medley of all metres) of Chaeremon; and Chaeremon one has to recognize as a poet. So much, then, as to these arts. There are lastly certain other arts which combine all the means enumerated, rhythm, melody, and verse, *e.g.*, dithyrambic and nomic poetry, tragedy and comedy; with this difference, however, that the three kinds of means are in some of them all employed together, and in others brought in separately, one after the other. These elements of difference in the above arts I term the means of their imitation.

2 The objects the imitator represents are actions, with agents who are necessarily either good men or bad — the diversities of human character being nearly always derivative from this primary distinction, since the line between virtue and vice is one dividing the whole of mankind. It follows, therefore, that the agents represented must be either above our own level of goodness, or beneath it, or just such as we are; in the same way as, with the painters, the personages of Polygnotus are better than we are, those of Pauson worse, and those of Dionysius just like ourselves. It is clear that each of the above-mentioned arts will admit of these differences, and that it will become a separate art by representing objects with this point of difference. Even in dancing, flute-playing, and lyre-playing such diversities are possible; and they are also possible in the nameless art that uses language, prose or verse without harmony, as its means. Homer's personages, for instance, are better than we are; Cleophon's are on our own level; and those of Hegemon of Thasos, the first writer of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the *Diliad*, are beneath it. The same is true of the dithyramb and the nome; the personages may be presented in them with the difference exemplified in the . . . of . . . and Argas, and in the Cyclopses of Timotheus and Philoxenus. This difference it is that distinguishes tragedy and comedy also; the one would make its personages worse, and the other better, than the men of the present day.

3 A third difference in these arts is in the manner in which each kind of object is represented. Given both the same means and the same kind of object for imitation, one may either (1) speak at one moment in narrative and at another in an assumed character, as Homer does; or (2) one may remain the same throughout, without any such change; or (3) the imitators may represent the whole story dramatically, as though they were actually doing the things described.

As we said at the beginning, therefore, the differences in the imita-

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tion of these arts come under three heads: their means, their objects, and their manner. So that as an imitator Sophocles will be on one side akin to Homer, both portraying good men; and on another to Aristophanes, since both present their personages as acting and doing. This in fact, according to some, is the reason for plays being termed dramas, because in a play the personages act the story. Hence too both tragedy and comedy are claimed by the Dorians as their discoveries; comedy by the Megarians, by those in Greece as having arisen when Megara became a democracy, and by the Sicilian Megarians on the ground that the poet Epicharmus was of their country, and a good deal earlier than Chionides and Magnes. Even tragedy also is claimed by certain of the Peloponnesian Dorians. In support of this claim they point to the words 'comedy' and 'drama.' . . . So much, then, as to the number and nature of the points of difference in the imitation of these arts.

4. It is clear that the general origin of poetry was due to two causes, each of them part of human nature. Imitation is natural to man from childhood, one of his advantages over the lower animals being this, that he is the most imitative creature in the world, and learns at first by imitation. And it is also natural for all to delight in works of imitation. The truth of this second point is shown by experience. Though the objects themselves may be painful to see, we delight to view the most realistic representations of them in art, the forms for example of the lowest animals and of dead bodies. The explanation is to be found in a further fact. To be learning something is the greatest of pleasures not only to the philosopher, but also to the rest of mankind, however small their capacity for it. The reason of the delight in seeing the picture is that one is at the same time learning, gathering the meaning of things, *e.g.*, that the man there is so-and-so; for if one has not seen the thing before, one's pleasure will not be in the picture as an imitation of it, but will be due to the execution or colouring or some similar cause. Imitation, then, being natural to us — as also the sense of harmony and rhythm, the metres being obviously species of rhythms — it was through their original aptitude, and by a series of improvements for the most part gradual on their first efforts, that they created poetry out of their improvisations.

Poetry, however, soon broke up into two kinds according to the differences of character in the individual poets; for the graver among them would represent noble actions, and those of noble personages, and the meaner sort the actions of the ignoble. The latter class produced invectives at first, just as others did hymns and panegyrics. We know of no such poem by any of the pre-Homeric poets, though there were probably many such writers among them. Instances, however, may be found from Homer downwards, *e.g.*, his *Margites*, and the similar poems of others. In this poetry of invective its natural fitness brought an iambic metre into use; hence our present term 'iambic,' because it was the metre of their 'iambs' or invectives against one another. The result was that the old poets became some of

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both writers of heroic and others of iambic verse. Homer's position, however, is peculiar. Just as he was in the serious style the poet of poets, standing alone not only through the literary excellence, but also through the dramatic character of his imitations, so too he was the first to outline for us the general forms of comedy by producing not a dramatic invective, but a dramatic picture of the ridiculous. His *Margites* in fact stands in the same relation to our comedies as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to our tragedies. As soon, however, as tragedy and comedy appeared in the field, those naturally drawn to the one line of poetry became writers of comedies instead of iambs, and those naturally drawn to the other, writers of tragedies instead of epics, because these new modes of art were grander and of more esteem than the old.

If it be asked whether tragedy is now all that it need be in its formative elements, to consider that, and decide it theoretically and in relation to the theatres, is a matter for another inquiry. It certainly began in improvisations, as did also comedy; the one originating with the authors of the dithyramb, the other with those of the phallic songs, which still survive as institutions in many of our cities. And its advance after that was little by little, through their improving on whatever they had before them at each stage. It was in fact only after a long series of changes that the movement of tragedy stopped on its attaining to its natural form. (1) The number of actors was first increased to two by Aeschylus, who curtailed the business of the chorus, and made the dialogue, or spoken portion, take the leading part in the play. (2) A third actor and scenery were due to Sophocles. (3) Tragedy acquired also its magnitude. Discarding short stories and a ludicrous diction, through its passing out of its satyric stage, it assumed, though only at a late point in its progress, a tone of dignity; and its metre changed then from trochaic to iambic. The reason for their original use of the trochaic tetrameter was that their poetry was satyric and more connected with dancing than it now is. As soon, however, as a spoken part came in, nature herself found the appropriate metre. The iambic, we know, is the most speakable of metres, as is shown by the fact that we very often fall into it in conversation, whereas we rarely talk hexameters, and only when we depart from the speaking tone of voice. (4) Another change was a plurality of episodes or acts. As for the remaining matters, the superadded embellishments and the account of their introduction, these must be taken as said, as it would probably be a long piece of work to go through the details.

5. As for comedy, it is (as has been observed) an imitation of men worse than the average — worse, however, not as regards any and every sort of fault, but only as regards one particular kind, the ridiculous, which is a species of the ugly. The ridiculous may be defined as a mistake or deformity not productive of pain or harm to others. The mask, for instance, that excites laughter, is something ugly and distorted without causing pain.

Though the successive changes in tragedy and their authors are

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not unknown, we cannot say the same of comedy. Its early stages passed unnoticed, because it was not as yet taken up in a serious way. It was only at a late point in its progress that a chorus of comedians was officially granted by the archon; they used to be mere volunteers. It had also already certain definite forms at the time when the record of those termed comic poets begins. Who it was who supplied it with masks, or prologues, or a plurality of actors and the like, has remained unknown. The invented fable, or plot, however, originated in Sicily with Epicharmus and Phormis. Of Athenian poets Crates was the first to drop the comedy of invective and frame stories of a general and non-personal nature, in other words, fables or plots.

Epic poetry, then, has been seen to agree with tragedy to this extent, that of being an imitation of serious subjects in a grand kind of verse. It differs from it, however, (1) in that it is in one kind of verse and in narrative form; and (2) in its length, which is due to its action having no fixed limit of time, whereas tragedy endeavours to keep as far as possible within a single circuit of the sun, or something near that. This, I say, is another point of difference between them, though at first the practice in this respect was just the same in tragedies as in epic poems. They differ also (3) in their constituents, some being common to both and others peculiar to tragedy. Hence a judge of good and bad in tragedy is a judge of that in epic poetry also. All the parts of an epic are included in tragedy; but those of tragedy are not all of them to be found in the epic.

6. Reserving hexameter poetry and comedy for consideration hereafter, let us proceed now to the discussion of tragedy. Before doing so, however, we must gather up the definition resulting from what has been said. A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories, each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not in a narrative form; with incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its catharsis of such emotions. Here by 'language with pleasurable accessories' I mean that with rhythm and harmony or song superadded; and by 'the kinds separately' I mean that some portions are worked out with verse only, and others in turn with song.

As they act the stories, it follows that in the first place the spectacle (or stage-appearance of the actors) must be some part of the whole; and in the second melody and diction, these two being the means of their imitation. Here by 'diction' I mean merely this, the composition of the verses; and by 'melody,' what is too completely understood to require explanation. But further, the subject represented also is an action; and the action involves agents, who must necessarily have their distinctive qualities both of character and thought, since it is from these that we ascribe certain qualities to their actions. There are in the natural order of things, therefore, two causes, character and thought, of their actions, and consequently of their success or failure in their lives. Now the action (that which was done) is represented in the play by the fable or plot. The fable, in our present

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sense of the term, is simply this, the combination of the incidents or things done in the story; whereas character is what makes us ascribe certain moral qualities to the agents; and thought is shown in all they say when proving a particular point or, it may be, enunciating a general truth. There are six parts consequently of every tragedy, as a whole, that is, of such or such quality, *viz.*, a fable or plot, characters, diction, thought, spectacle and melody; two of them arising from the means, one from the manner, and three from the objects of the dramatic imitation; and there is nothing else besides these six. Of these, its formative elements, then, not a few of the dramatists have made due use, as every play, one may say, admits of spectacle, character, fable, diction, melody, and thought.

The most important of the six is the combination of the incidents of the story. Tragedy is essentially an imitation not of persons, but of action and life, of happiness and misery. All human happiness or misery takes the form of action; the end for which we live is a certain kind of activity, not a quality. Character gives us qualities, but it is in our actions — what we do — that we are happy or the reverse. In a play accordingly they do not act in order to portray the characters; they include the characters for the sake of the action. So that it is the action in it, *i.e.*, its fable or plot, that is the end and purpose of the tragedy; and the end is everywhere the chief thing. Besides this, a tragedy is impossible without action, but there may be one without character. The tragedies of most of the moderns are characterless — a defect common among poets of all kinds, and with its counterpart in painting in Zeuxis as compared with Polygnotus; for whereas the latter is strong in character, the work of Zeuxis is devoid of it. And again, one may string together a series of characteristic speeches of the utmost finish as regards diction and thought, and yet fail to produce the true tragic effect; but one will have much better success with a tragedy which, however inferior in these respects, has a plot, a combination of incidents, in it. And again, the most powerful elements of attraction in tragedy, the peripeties and discoveries, are parts of the plot. A further proof is in the fact that beginners succeed earlier with the diction and characters than with the construction of a story; and the same may be said of nearly all the early dramatists. We maintain, therefore, that the first essential, the life and soul, so to speak, of tragedy is the plot; and that the characters come second. Compare the parallel in painting, where the most beautiful colours laid on without order will not give one the same pleasure as a simple black-and-white sketch of a portrait. We maintain that tragedy is primarily an imitation of action, and that it is mainly for the sake of the action that it imitates the personal agents. Third comes the element of thought, *i. e.*, the power of saying whatever can be said or what is appropriate to the occasion. This is what, in the speeches in tragedy, falls under the arts of politics and rhetoric; for the older poets make their personages discourse like statesmen, and the moderns like rhetoricians. One must not confuse it with character. Character in a play is that which reveals the moral pur-

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pose of the agents, *i.e.*, the sort of thing they seek or avoid, where that is not obvious. Hence there is no room for character in a speech on a purely indifferent subject. Thought, on the other hand, is shown in all they say when proving or disproving some particular point, or enunciating some universal proposition. Fourth among the literary elements is the diction of the personages, *i.e.*, as before explained, the expression of their thoughts in words, which is practically the same thing with verse as with prose. As for the two remaining parts, the melody is the greatest of the pleasurable accessories of tragedy. The spectacle, though an attraction, is the least artistic of all the parts, and has least to do with the art of poetry. The tragic effect is quite possible without a public performance and actors; and besides, the getting-up of the spectacle is more a matter for the costumer than the poet.

7. Having thus distinguished the parts, let us now consider the proper construction of the fable or plot, as that is at once the first and the most important thing in tragedy. We have laid it down that a tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete in itself, as a whole of some magnitude; for a whole may be of no magnitude to speak of. Now a whole is that which has beginning, middle, and end. A beginning is that which is not itself necessarily after anything else, and which has naturally something else after it; an end is that which is naturally after something itself, either as its necessary or usual consequent, and with nothing else after it; and a middle, that which is by nature after one thing and has also another after it. A well-constructed plot, therefore, cannot either begin or end at any point one likes; beginning and end in it must be of the forms just described. Again to be beautiful, a living creature, and every whole made up of parts, must not only present a certain order in its arrangement of parts, but also be of a certain definite magnitude. Beauty is a matter of size and order, and therefore impossible either (1) in a very minute creature, since our perception becomes indistinct as it approaches instantaneity; or (2) in a creature of vast size—one, say, 1000 miles long—as in that case, instead of the object being seen all at once, the unity and wholeness of it is lost to the beholder. Just in the same way, then, as a beautiful whole made up of parts, or a beautiful living creature, must be of some size, a size to be taken in by the eye, so a story or plot must be of some length, but of a length to be taken in by the memory. As for the limit of its length, so far as that is relative to public performances and spectators, it does not fall within the theory of poetry. If they had to perform a hundred tragedies, they would be timed by water-clocks, as they are said to have been at one period. The limit, however, set by the actual nature of the thing is this; the longer the story, consistently with its being comprehensible as a whole, the finer it is by reason of its magnitude. As a rough general formula, 'a length which allows of the hero passing by a series of probable or necessary stages from misfortune to happiness, or from happiness to misfortune,' may suffice as a limit for the magnitude of the story.

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8 The unity of a plot does not consist, as some suppose, in its having one man as its subject. An infinity of things befall that one man, some of which it is impossible to reduce to unity; and in like manner there are many actions of one man which cannot be made to form one action. One sees, therefore, the mistake of all the poets who have written a *Heracleid*, a *Theseid*, or similar poems. They suppose that because Heracles was one man, the story also of Heracles must be one story. Homer, however, evidently understood this point quite well, whether by art or instinct, just in the same way as he excels the rest in every other respect. In writing an *Odyssey* he did not make the poem cover all that ever befell his hero. It befell him, for instance, to get wounded on Parnassus and also to feign madness at the time of the call to arms; but the two incidents had no probable or necessary connexion with one another. Instead of doing that, he took an action with a unity of the kind we are describing as the subject of the *Odyssey*, as also of the *Iliad*. The truth is that, just as in the other imitative arts one imitation is always of one thing, so in poetry the story, as an imitation of action, must represent one action, a complete whole, with its several incidents so closely connected that the transposal or withdrawal of any one of them will disjoin and dislocate the whole. For that which makes no perceptible difference by its presence or absence is no real part of the whole.

9 From what we have said it will be seen that the poet's function is to describe not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, *i.e.*, what is possible as being probable or necessary. The distinction between historian and poet is not in the one writing prose and the other verse. You might put the work of Herodotus into verse, and it would still be a species of history. It consists really in this, that the one describes the thing that has been, and the other a kind of thing that might be. Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history, since its statements are of the nature rather of universals, whereas those of history are singulars. By a universal statement I mean one as to what such or such a kind of man will probably or necessarily say or do, which is the aim of poetry, though it affixes proper names to the characters; by a singular statement, one as to what, say, Alcibiades did or had done to him. In comedy, this has become clear by this time; it is only when their plot is already made up of probable incidents that they give it a basis of proper names, choosing for the purpose any names that may occur to them, instead of writing like the old iambic poets about particular persons. In tragedy, however, they still adhere to the historic names, and for this reason; what convinces is the possible. Now whereas we are not yet sure as to the possibility of that which has not happened, that which has happened is manifestly possible; else it would not have come to pass. Nevertheless even in tragedy there are some plays with but one or two known names in them, the rest being inventions; and there are some without a single known name, *e.g.*, Agathon's *Antheus*, in which both incidents and names are of the poet's invention; and it is no less de-

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lightful on that account. So that one must not aim at a rigid adherence to the traditional stories on which tragedies are based. It would be absurd, in fact, to do so, as even the known stories are only known to a few, though they are a delight none the less to all. It is evident from the above that the poet must be more the poet of his stories or plots than of his verses, inasmuch as he is a poet by virtue of the imitative element in his work, and it is actions that he imitates. And if he should come to take a subject from actual history, he is none the less a poet for that, since some historic occurrences may very well be in the probable and possible order of things, and it is in that aspect of them that he is their poet.

Of simple plots and actions the episodic are the worst. I call a plot episodic when there is neither probability nor necessity in the sequence of its episodes. Actions of this sort bad poets construct through their own fault, and good ones on account of the players. His work being for public performance, a good poet often stretches out a plot beyond its capabilities, and is thus obliged to twist the sequence of incident.

Tragedy, however, is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of incidents arousing pity and fear. Such incidents have the very greatest effect on the mind when they occur unexpectedly and at the same time in consequence of one another. There is more of the marvellous in them then than if they happened of themselves or by mere chance. Even matters of chance seem most marvellous if there is an appearance of design as it were in them; as for instance the statue of Mitys at Argos killed the author of Mitys' death by falling down on him when a looker-on at a public spectacle; for incidents like that we think to be not without a meaning. A plot, therefore, of this sort is necessarily finer than others.

10. Plots are either simple or complex, since the actions they represent are naturally of this twofold description. The action proceeding in the way defined as one continuous whole I call simple when the change in the hero's fortunes takes place without peripety or discovery; and complex, when it involves one or the other, or both. These should each of them arise out of the structure of the plot itself, so as to be the consequence, necessary or probable, of the antecedents. There is a great difference between a thing happening *propter hoc* and *post hoc*.

11. A peripety is the change from one state of things within the play to its opposite of the kind described, and that too in the way we are saying, in the probable or necessary sequence of events; as it is for instance in *Oedipus*. Here the opposite state of things is produced by the messenger, who, coming to gladden Oedipus and to remove his fears as to his mother, reveals the secret of his birth. And in *Lynceus*, just as he is being led off for execution, with Danaus at his side to put him to death, the incidents preceding this bring it about that he is saved and Danaus put to death. A discovery is, as the very word implies, a change from ignorance to knowledge, and thus to either love or hate, in the personages marked for good or evil

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[11] The finest form of discovery is one attended by peripeties, like that which goes with the discovery in *Oedipus*. There are no doubt other forms of it; what we have said may happen in a way in reference to inanimate things, even things of a very casual kind; and it is also possible to discover whether some one has done or not done something. But the form most directly connected with the plot and the action of the piece is the first-mentioned. This, with a peripety, will arouse either pity or fear, actions of that nature being what tragedy is assumed to represent; and it will also serve to bring about the happy or unhappy ending. The discovery, then, being of persons, it may be that of one party only to the other, the latter being already known; or both the parties may have to discover themselves. Iphigenia, for instance, was discovered to Orestes by sending the letter; and another discovery was required to reveal him to Iphigenia.

[12] Two parts of the plot, then, peripety and discovery, are on matters of this sort. A third part is suffering, which we may define as an action of a destructive or painful nature, such as murders on the stage, tortures, woundings, and the like. The other two have been already explained.

[13] The parts of tragedy to be treated as formative elements in the whole were mentioned in a previous chapter. From the point of view, however, of its quantity, *i.e.*, the separate sections into which it is divided, a tragedy has the following parts: prologue, episode, exode, and a choral portion, distinguished into parode and stasimon; these two are common to all tragedies, whereas songs from the stage and *commoe* are only found in some. The prologue is all that precedes the parode of the chorus; an episode, all that comes in between two whole choral songs; the exode, all that follows after the last choral song. In the choral portion the parode is the whole first statement of the chorus; a stasimon, a song of the chorus without anapaests or trochees; a *commos*, a lamentation sung by chorus and actor in concert. The parts of tragedy to be used as formative elements in the whole we have already mentioned. The above are its parts from the point of view of its quantity, or the separate sections into which it is divided.

[14] The next points after what we have said above will be these: (1) what is the poet to aim at, and what is he to avoid, in constructing his plots? and (2) what are the conditions on which the tragic effect depends? We assume that for the finest form of tragedy the plot must be not simple but complex, and further that it must imitate actions arousing pity and fear, since that is the distinctive function of this kind of imitation. It follows, therefore, that there are three forms of plot to be avoided. (1) A good man must not be seen passing from happiness to misery, or (2) a bad man from misery to happiness. The first situation is not fear-inspiring or piteous, but simply odious to us. The second is the most untragic that can be; it has no one of the requisites of tragedy; it does not appeal either to the human feeling in us, or to our pity, or to our fears. Nor on the other hand should (3) an extremely bad man be seen falling from

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happiness into misery. Such a story may arouse the human feeling in us, but it will not move us to either pity or fear. Pity is occasioned by undeserved misfortune, and fear by that of one like ourselves; so that there will be nothing either piteous or fear-inspiring in the situation. There remains, then, the intermediate kind of personage, a man not pre-eminently virtuous and just, whose misfortune, however, is brought upon him not by vice and depravity, but by some error of judgment, of the number of those in the enjoyment of great reputation and prosperity; *e.g.*, Oedipus, Thyestes, and the men of note of similar families. The perfect plot, accordingly, must have a single, and not (as some tell us) a double issue; the change in the hero's fortunes must be not from misery to happiness, but on the contrary from happiness to misery; and the cause of it must lie not in any depravity, but in some great error on his part; the man himself being either such as we have described, or better, not worse, than that. Fact also confirms our theory. Though the poets began by accepting any tragic story that came to hand, in these days the finest tragedies are always on the story of some few houses, on that of Alcmeon, Oedipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, or any others that may have been involved, as either agents or sufferers, in some deed of horror. The theoretically best tragedy, then, has a plot of this description. The critics, therefore, are wrong, who blame Euripides for taking this line in his tragedies, and giving many of them an unhappy ending. It is, as we have said, the right line to take. The best proof is this: on the stage, and in the public performances, such plays, properly worked out, are seen to be the most truly tragic; and Euripides, even if his execution be faulty in every other point, is seen to be nevertheless the most tragic certainly of the dramatists. After this comes the construction of plot which some rank first, one with a double story (like the *Odyssey*) and an opposite issue for the good and the bad personages. It is ranked as first only through the weakness of the audiences. The poets merely follow their public, writing as its wishes dictate. But the pleasure here is not that of tragedy. It belongs rather to comedy, where the bitterest enemies in the piece (*e.g.*, Orestes and Aegisthus) walk off good friends at the end, with no slaying of any one by any one.

14. The tragic fear and pity may be aroused by the spectacle; but they may also be aroused by the very structure and incidents of the play; which is the better way and shows the better poet. The plot in fact should be so framed that, even without seeing the things take place, he who simply hears the account of them shall be filled with horror and pity at the incidents; which is just the effect that the mere recital of the story in *Oedipus* would have on one. To produce this same effect by means of the spectacle is less artistic, and requires extraneous aid. Those, however, who make use of the spectacle to put before us that which is merely monstrous and not productive of fear are wholly out of touch with tragedy. Not every kind of pleasure should be required of a tragedy, but only its own proper pleasure.

The tragic pleasure is that of pity and fear, and the poet has to

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produce it by a work of imitation; it is clear, therefore, that the causes should be included in the incidents of his story. Let us see, then, what kinds of incident strike one as horrible, or rather as piteous. In a deed of this description the parties must necessarily be either friends, or enemies, or indifferent to one another. Now when enemy takes it on enemy, there is nothing to move us to pity either in his doing or in his meditating the deed, except so far as the actual pain of the sufferer is concerned; and the same is true when the parties are indifferent to one another. Whenever the tragic deed, however, is done within the family, when murder or the like is done or meditated by brother on brother, by son on father, by mother on son, or son on mother, these are the situations the poet should seek after. The traditional stories, accordingly, must be kept as they are, *e.g.*, the murder of Clytaemnestra by Orestes and of Eriphyle by Alcmeon. At the same time even with these there is something left to the poet himself; it is for him to devise the right way of treating them. Let us explain more clearly what we mean by 'the right way.' The deed of horror may be done by the doer knowingly and consciously, as in the old poets, and in Medea's murder of her children in Euripides. Or he may do it, but in ignorance of his relationship, and discover that afterwards, as does the Oedipus in Sophocles. Here the deed is outside the play; but it may be within it, like the act of the Alcmeon in Astydamas, or that of the Telegonus in *Ulysses Wounded*. A third possibility is for one meditating some deadly injury to another, in ignorance of his relationship, to make the discovery in time to draw back. These exhaust the possibilities, since the deed must necessarily be either done or not done, and either knowingly or unknowingly.

The worst situation is when the personage is with full knowledge at the point of doing the deed, and leaves it undone. It is odious and also, through the absence of suffering, untragic. Hence it is that no one is made to act thus except in some few instances, *e.g.*, Haemon and Creon in *Antigone*. Next after this comes the actual perpetration of the deed meditated. A better situation than that, however, is for the deed to be done in ignorance, and the relationship discovered afterwards, since there is nothing odious in it, and the discovery will serve to astound us. But the best of all is the last; what we have in *Cresphontes*, for example, where Merope, on the point of slaying her son, recognizes him in time; in *Iphigenia*, where sister and brother are in a like position; and in *Helle*, where the son recognizes his mother, when on the point of giving her up to her enemy. This will explain why our tragedies are restricted, as we said just now, to such a small number of families. It was accident rather than art that led the poets in quest of subjects to embody this kind of incident in their plots. They are still obliged, accordingly, to have recourse to the families in which such horrors have occurred. On the construction of the plot, and the kind of plot required for tragedy, enough has now been said.

In the characters there are four points to aim at. First and fore-

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most, that they shall be good. There will be an element of character in the play, if, as has been observed, what a personage says or does reveals a certain moral purpose, and a good element of character if the purpose so revealed is good. Such goodness is possible in every type of personage, even in a woman or a slave, though the one is perhaps an inferior, and the other a wholly worthless being. The second point is to make them appropriate. The character before us may be, say, manly; but it is not appropriate in a female character to be manly, or clever. The third is to make them like the reality, which is not the same as their being good and appropriate, in our sense of the term. The fourth is to make them consistent and the same throughout. Even if inconsistency be part of the man before one for imitation as presenting that form of character, he should still be consistently inconsistent. We have an instance of baseness of character, not required for the story, in the Menelaus in *Orestes*; of the incongruous and inappropriate in the lamentation of Ulysses in *Scylla*, and in the (clever) speech of Melanippe; and of inconsistency in *Iphigenia at Aulis*, where Iphigenia the suppliant is utterly unlike the later Iphigenia. The right thing, however, is in the characters just as in the incidents of the play to endeavour always after the necessary or the probable; so that whenever such-and-such a personage says or does such-and-such a thing, it shall be the probable or necessary outcome of his character; and whenever this incident follows on that, it shall be either the necessary or the probable consequence of it. From this one sees (to digress for a moment) that the denouement also should arise out of the plot itself, and not depend on a stage-artifice, as in *Medea*, or in the story of the (arrested) departure of the Greeks in the *Iliad*. The artifice must be reserved for matters outside the play: for past events beyond human knowledge, or events yet to come, which require to be foretold or announced, since it is the privilege of the gods to know everything. There should be nothing improbable among the actual incidents. If it be unavoidable, however, it should be outside the tragedy, like the improbability in the *Oedipus* of Sophocles. But to return to the characters, as tragedy is an imitation of personages better than the ordinary man, we in our way should follow the example of good portrait-painters, who reproduce the distinctive features of a man, and at the same time, without losing the likeness, make him handsomer than he is. The poet in like manner, in portraying men quick or slow to anger, or with similar infirmities of character, must know how to represent them as such, and at the same time as good men, as Homer has represented Achilles as good. All these rules one must keep in mind throughout, and further, those also for such points of stage-effect as directly depend on the art of the poet, since in these too one may often make mistakes. Enough, however, has been said on the subject in one of our published writings.

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EPICTETUS AND STOICISM

The Hellenistic World of the fourth and third centuries before Christ saw the development of two new and important systems of philosophy, Epicureanism and Stoicism. Both reflect the conditions of the new age in that they insist that each human being must find his salvation for himself, apart from any social organization on a limited scale like that of the city-state; both set the highest value upon inner calm and contentment in an age of upheaval; and both exalt the power of the reason, insisting that its proper use can relieve man of his most persistent cares and anxieties. Epicureanism, a materialistic hedonism, is best expounded in the magnificent poem of Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things,* parts of which are printed in the Latin section of this volume (pp. 754-773); the reader is referred to those selections for a further consideration of the philosophy of Epicurus.

Stoicism was founded by Zeno of Citium, who was born in 335 B.C. He taught at Athens in the *Stoa Poikile,* or Painted Porch, from which his school derives its name. The Stoics took the Cynic moral values of endurance and self-sufficiency and made them the basis for their ethic. With this they combined an Aristotelian logic and a physics formulated by Heraclitus, the fifth-century philosopher who believed fire to be the ultimate principle of things. From this principle the Stoics developed their peculiar form of mechanistic materialism: all things are a result of an emanation from fire, and with deadly inevitability all things will be reduced again to fire, after which the process will repeat itself in never-ending succession. Thus the Stoics conceived the cosmos to be a great machine all of whose parts are intimately connected with one another. They further believed that it must be self-sufficient, and if self-sufficient therefore good. As a result we have the Stoic theory that evil does not exist. Men erroneously think things are evil because they have misused their impressions, have not employed reason properly, have not, in short, lived "according to nature" which is intrinsically good. Like the Epicurean, the Stoic individualism set as its goal inner peace and contentment; but the Stoic believed that he could achieve this goal by discriminating always between what is and what is not in one's power; only "thought, impulse, will to get, and will to avoid are in an individual's power; all other things lie outside our power and hence are nothing to us." In addition, the Stoic was invited to maintain a steadfast belief that evil does not exist. The Stoic position in ethics is one of great power, yet it is beset with distressing paradoxes. The human individual was valued because he had in his soul some part of the deity, a spark of the Divine Fire or World Soul, the divine constituent in things. Yet, as this divine constituent is equated to the very inevitability with which the cosmic

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machine operates, we find here an impossible union of pantheism and mechanism; and the Stoic theory could never clarify the relation between the individual and God, or between individual and individual. The theoretical denial of evil can never eliminate its brutal factuality, and hence Stoic optimism tends to breed a practical, frustrating pessimism. Likewise, it was difficult for the Stoic to reconcile his own individual concern for inner peace with the doctrine of, the universal brotherhood of man, which he held because he believed that all elements of the cosmos are deeply interconnected with one another.

Despite these difficulties, the Stoic position inspired many penetrating ethical and religious insights, and deeply affected the best thought of the Greco-Roman World. For example, important Stoic traits and concepts are found in the philosophical essays of Cicero, in Vergil's *Aeneid,* in the genial *Satires* of Horace, and throughout all the writings of the Roman philosopher Seneca.

The *Manual* of Epictetus, which follows here, contains in compact form the main lines of the Stoic ethical doctrine. Epictetus, who lived from about A.D. 50 to A.D. 125, was born a slave and ultimately became a freedman. In his youth he was allowed to study philosophy under the great Stoic teacher, Musonius Rufus, in Rome. When Domitian exiled the philosophers from Rome, Epictetus left the city, established a school at Nicopolis in Epirus and taught there for the remainder of his life. We owe the preservation of the *Manual* and the *Discourses* of Epictetus to one of his pupils, Arrian, the author of a famous history of the campaigns of Alexander; Arrian took down almost a stenographic record of his teacher's lectures and informal discussions and arranged them in their present form.

Stoicism and Epicureanism round out our picture of Greek philosophy. In these two schools and in the works of Plato and Aristotle we find all the major positions which Greek thought has contributed to our western European civilization. In their fusion with the Hebraic and Christian tradition we have inherited the central ideas for human life which western culture at its best strives to follow.

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EPICTETUS

(*ca.* 50–*ca.* 125 A.D.)

THE MANUAL

1

Of all existing things some are in our power, and others are not in our power. In our power are thought, impulse, will to get and will to avoid, and, in a word, everything which is our own doing. Things not in our power include the body, property, reputation, office, and, in a word, everything which is not our own doing. Things in our power are by nature free, unhindered, untrammelled; things not in our power are weak, servile, subject to hindrance, dependent on others. Remember then that if you imagine that what is naturally slavish is free, and what is naturally another's is your own, you will be hampered, you will mourn, you will be put to confusion, you will blame gods and men; but if you think that only your own belongs to you, and that what is another's is indeed another's, no one will ever put compulsion or hindrance on you, you will blame none, you will accuse none, you will do nothing against your will, no one will harm you, you will have no enemy, for no harm can touch you.

Aiming then at these high matters, you must remember that to attain them requires more than ordinary effort; you will have to give up some things entirely, and put off others for the moment. And if you would have these also — office and wealth — it may be that you will fail to get them, just because your desire is set on the former, and you will certainly fail to attain those things which alone bring freedom and happiness.

Make it your study then to confront every harsh impression with the words, 'You are but an impression, and not at all what you seem to be.' Then test it by those rules that you possess; and first by this — the chief test of all — 'Is it concerned with what is in our power or with what is not in our power?' And if it is concerned with what is not in our power, be ready with the answer that it is nothing to you.

2

Remember that the will to get promises attainment of what you will, and the will to avoid promises escape from what you avoid; and he who fails to get what he wills is unfortunate, and he who does not escape what he wills to avoid is miserable. If then you try to avoid only what is unnatural in the region within your control, you will escape from all that you avoid; but if you try to avoid disease or death or poverty you will be miserable.

Therefore let your will to avoid have no concern with what is not in man's power; direct it only to things in man's power that are contrary to nature. But for the moment you must utterly remove the will to get; for if you will to get something not in man's power you

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are bound to be unfortunate; while none of the things in man's power that you could honourably will to get is yet within your reach. Impulse to act and not to act, these are your concern; yet exercise them gently and without strain, and provisionally.

3

When anything, from the meanest thing upwards, is attractive or serviceable or an object of affection, remember always to say to yourself, 'What is its nature?' If you are fond of a jug, say you are fond of a jug; then you will not be disturbed if it be broken. If you kiss your child or your wife, say to yourself that you are kissing a human being, for then if death strikes it you will not be disturbed.

4

When you are about to take something in hand, remind yourself what manner of thing it is. If you are going to bathe put before your mind what happens in the bath — water pouring over some, others being jostled, some reviling, others stealing; and you will go to work more securely if you say to yourself at once: 'I want to bathe and I want to keep my will in harmony with nature,' and so in each thing you do; for in this way, if anything turns up to hinder you in your bathing, you will be ready to say, 'I did not want only to bathe but to keep my will in harmony with nature, and I shall not so keep it, if I lose my temper at what happens.'

5

What disturbs men's minds is not events but their judgments on events. For instance, death is nothing dreadful, or else Socrates would have thought it so. No, the only dreadful thing about it is men's judgment that it is dreadful. And so when we are hindered or disturbed, or distressed, let us never lay the blame on others, but on ourselves, that is, on our own judgments. To accuse others for one's own misfortunes is a sign of want of education; to accuse oneself shows that one's education has begun; to accuse neither oneself nor others shows that one's education is complete.

6

Be not elated at an excellence which is not your own. [If the horse in his pride were to say, 'I am handsome,' we could bear with it. But when you say with pride, 'I have a handsome horse,' know that the good horse is the ground of your pride. You ask then what you can call your own. The answer is — the way you deal with your impressions.] Therefore when you deal with your impressions in accord with nature, then you may be proud indeed, for your pride will be in a good which is your own.

7

When you are on a voyage, and your ship is at anchorage, and you disembark to get fresh water, you may pick up a small shell-fish or a truffle by the way, but you must keep your attention fixed on the ship, and keep looking towards it constantly, to see if the Helmsman calls you; and if he does, you have to leave everything, or be bundled on board with your legs tied like a sheep. So it is in life. If you have a dear wife or child given you, they are like the shellfish

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of the truffle, they are very well in their way. Only, if the Helmsman call, run back to your ship, leave all else, and do not look behind you. And if you are old, never go far from the ship, so that when you are called you may not fail to appear.

8

Ask not that events should happen as you will, but let your will be that events should happen as they do, and you shall have peace.

9

Sickness is a hindrance to the body, but not to the will, unless the will consent. Lameness is a hindrance to the leg, but not to the will. Say this to yourself at each event that happens, for you shall find that though it hinders something else it will not hinder you.

10

When anything happens to you, always remember to turn to yourself and ask what faculty you have to deal with it. If you see a beautiful boy or a beautiful woman, you will find continence the faculty to exercise there; if trouble is laid on you, you will find endurance; if slanderly, you will find patience. And if you train yourself in this habit your impressions will not carry you away.

11

Never say of anything, 'I lost it,' but say, 'I gave it back.' Has your child died? It was given back. Has your wife died? She was given back. Has your estate been taken from you? Was not this also given back? But you say, 'He who took it from me is wicked.' What does it matter to you through whom the Giver asked it back? As long as He gives it you, take care of it, but not as your own; treat it as passers-by treat an inn.

12

If you wish to make progress, abandon reasonings of this sort: 'If I neglect my affairs I shall have nothing to live on'; 'If I do not punish my son, he will be wicked.' For it is better to die of hunger, so that you be free from pain and free from fear, than to live in plenty and be troubled in mind. It is better for your son to be wicked than for you to be miserable. Wherefore begin with little things. Is your sup of oil spilt? Is your sup of wine stolen? Say to yourself, 'This is the price paid for freedom from passion, this is the price of a quiet mind.' Nothing can be had without a price. When you call your slave-boy, reflect that he may not be able to hear you, and if he hears you, he may not be able to do anything you want. But he is not so well off that it rests with him to give you peace of mind.

13

If you wish to make progress, you must be content in external matters to seem a fool and a simpleton; do not wish men to think you know anything, and if any should think you to be somebody, distrust yourself. For know that it is not easy to keep your will in accord with nature and at the same time keep outward things; if you attend to one you must needs neglect the other.

14

It is silly to want your children and your wife and your friends to

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live for ever, for that means that you want what is not in your control to be in your control, and what is not your own to be yours. In the same way if you want your servant to make no mistakes, you are a fool, for you want vice not to be vice but something different. But if you want not to be disappointed in your will to get, you can attain to that.

Exercise yourself then in what lies in your power. Each man's master is the man who has authority over what he wishes or does not wish, to secure the one or to take away the other. Let him then who wishes to be free not wish for anything or avoid anything that depends on others; or else he is bound to be a slave.

15

Remember that you must behave in life as you would at a banquet. A dish is handed round and comes to you; put out your hand and take it politely. It passes you; do not stop it. It has not reached you; do not be impatient to get it, but wait till your turn comes. Bear yourself thus towards children, wife, office, wealth, and one day you will be worthy to banquet with the gods. But if when they are set before you, you do not take them but despise them, then you shall not only share the gods' banquet, but shall share their rule. For by so doing Diogenes and Heraclitus and men like them were called divine and deserved the name.

16

When you see a man shedding tears in sorrow for a child abroad or dead, or for loss of property, beware that you are not carried away by the impression that it is outward ills that make him miserable. Keep this thought by you: 'What distresses him is not the event, for that does not distress another, but his judgment on the event.' Therefore do not hesitate to sympathize with him so far as words go, and if it so chance, even to groan with him; but take heed that you do not also groan in your inner being.

17

Remember that you are an actor in a play, and the Playwright chooses the manner of it: if he wants it short, it is short; if long, it is long. If he wants you to act a poor man you must act the part with all your powers; and so if your part be a cripple or a magistrate or a plain man. For your business is to act the character that is given you and act it well; the choice of the cast is Another's.

18

When a raven croaks with evil omen, let not the impression carry you away, but straightway distinguish in your own mind and say: 'These portents mean nothing to me; but only to my bit of a body or my bit of property or name, or my children or my wife. But for me all omens are favourable if I will, for, whatever the issue may be, it is in my power to get benefit therefrom.'

19

You can be invincible, if you never enter on a contest where victory is not in your power. Beware then that when you see a man raised to honour or great power or high repute you do not let your impres-

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19–24] you carry you away. For if the reality of good lies in what is in our power, there is no room for envy or jealousy. And you will not wish to be praetor, or prefect or consul, but to be free; and there is but one way to freedom — to despise what is not in our power.

20

Remember that foul words or blows in themselves are no outrage, but your judgment that they are so. So when any one makes you angry, know that it is your own thought that has angered you. Wherefore make it your first endeavour not to let your impressions carry you away. For if once you gain time and delay, you will find it easier to control yourself.

21

Keep before your eyes from day to day death and exile and all things that seem terrible, but death most of all, and then you will never set your thoughts on what is low and will never desire anything beyond measure.

22

If you set your desire on philosophy you must at once prepare to meet with ridicule and the jeers of many who will say, 'Here he is again, turned philosopher. Where has he got these proud looks?' Nay, put on no proud looks, but hold fast to what seems best to you, in confidence that God has set you at this post. And remember that if you abide where you are, those who first laugh at you will one day admire you, and that if you give way to them, you will get doubly laughed at.

23

If it ever happen to you to be diverted to things outside, so that you desire to please another, know that you have lost your life's plan. Be content then always to be a philosopher; if you wish to be regarded as one too, show yourself that you are one and you will be able to achieve it.

24

Let not reflections such as these afflict you: 'I shall live without honour, and never be of any account'; for if lack of honour is an evil, no one but yourself can involve you in evil any more than in shame. Is it your business to get office or to be invited to an entertainment? Certainly not.

Where then is the dishonour you talk of? How can you be 'of no account anywhere,' when you ought to count for something in those matters only which are in your power, where you may achieve the highest worth?

'But my friends,' you say, 'will lack assistance.'

What do you mean by 'lack assistance'? They will not have cash from you and you will not make them Roman citizens. Who told you that to do these things is in our power, and not dependent upon others? Who can give to another what is not his to give?

'Get them then,' says he, 'that we may have them.'

If I can get them and keep my self-respect, honour, magnanimity,

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show the way and I will get them. But if you call on me to lose the [24-26
good things that are mine, in order that you may win things that are
not good, look how unfair and thoughtless you are. And which do
you really prefer? Money, or a faithful, modest friend? Therefore
help me rather to keep these qualities, and do not expect from me
actions which will make me lose them.

'But my country,' says he, 'will lack assistance, so far as lies in me.'

Once more I ask, What assistance do you mean? It will not owe
colonnades or baths to you. What of that? It does not owe shoes
to the blacksmith or arms to the shoemaker; it is sufficient if each man
fulfils his own function. Would you do it no good if you secured
to it another faithful and modest citizen?

'Yes.'

Well, then, you would not be useless to it.

'What place then shall I have in the city?'

Whatever place you can hold while you keep your character for
honour and self-respect. But if you are going to lose these qualities
in trying to benefit your city, what benefit, I ask, would you have
done her when you attain to the perfection of being lost to shame and
honour?

25

Has some one had precedence of you at an entertainment or a levee,
or been called in before you to give advice? If these things are good,
you ought to be glad that he got them; if they are evil, do not be angry
that you did not get them yourself. Remember that if you want to
get what is not in your power, you cannot earn the same reward as
others unless you act as they do. How is it possible for one who does
not haunt the great man's door to have equal shares with one who
does, or one who does not go in his train equality with one who does,
or one who does not praise him with one who does? You will be
unjust then and insatiable if you wish to get these privileges for
nothing, without paying their price. What is the price of a lettuce?
An obol perhaps. If then a man pays his obol and gets his lettuces,
and you do not pay and do not get them, do not think you are the
frauded. For as he has the lettuces so you have the obol you did not
give. The same principle holds good too in conduct. You were not
invited to some one's entertainment? Because you did not give the
host the price for which he sells his dinner. He sells it for compli-
ments, he sells it for attentions. Pay him the price then, if it is to
your profit. But if you wish to get the one and yet not give up the
other, nothing can satisfy you in your folly.

What! you say, you have nothing instead of the dinner?

Nay, you have this, you have not praised the man you did not want
to praise, you have not had to bear with the insults of his doorstep.

26

It is in our power to discover the will of Nature from those matters
on which we have no difference of opinion. For instance, when another
other man's slave has broken the wine-cup we are very ready to say
at once, 'Such things must happen.' Know then that when your own

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[26–29]

leg is broken, you ought to behave in the same way as when your neighbour's was broken. Apply the same principle to higher matters. Is another's child or wife dead? Not one of us but would say, 'Such is the lot of man'; but when one's own dies, straightway one cries, 'Alas! miserable am I.' But we ought to remember what our feelings are when we hear it of another.

27

As a mark is not set up for men to miss it, so there is nothing intrinsically evil in the world.

28

If any one trusted your body to the first man he met, you would be indignant, but yet you trust your mind to the chance comer, and allow it to be disturbed and confounded if he revile you; are you not ashamed to do so?

29

In everything you do consider what comes first and what follows, and so approach it. Otherwise you will come to it with a good heart at first because you have not reflected on any of the consequences, but afterwards, when difficulties have appeared, you will desist to your shame. Do you wish to win at Olympia? So do I, by the gods, for it is a fine thing. But consider the first steps to it, and the consequences, and so lay your hand to the work. You must submit to discipline, eat to order, touch no sweets, train under compulsion, at a fixed hour, in heat and cold, drink no cold water, nor wine, except by order; you must hand yourself over completely to your trainer as you would to a physician, and then when the contest comes you must risk being hacked, and sometimes dislocate your hand, twist your ankle, swallow plenty of sand, sometimes get a flogging, and with all this suffer defeat. When you have considered all this well, then enter on the athlete's course, if you still wish it. If you act without thought you will be behaving like children, who one day play at wrestlers, another day at gladiators, now sound the trumpet, and next strut the stage. Like them you will be now an athlete, now a gladiator, then orator, then philosopher, but nothing with all your soul. Like an ape, you imitate every sight you see, and one thing after another takes your fancy. When you undertake a thing you do it casually and half-heartedly, instead of considering it and looking at it all round. In the same way some people, when they see a philosopher and hear a man speaking like Euphrates (and indeed who can speak as he can?), wish to be philosophers themselves.

Man, consider first what it is you are undertaking; then look at your own powers and see if you can bear it. Do you want to compete in the pentathlon or in wrestling? Look to your arms, your thighs, see what your loins are like. For different men are born for different ends. Do you suppose that if you do this you can live as you do now — eat and drink as you do now, indulge desire and discontent just as before? Nay, you must sit up late, work hard, abandon your own people, be looked down on by a mere slave, be ridiculed by those who meet you, get the worst of it in everything — in honour, in office,

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in justice, in every possible thing. This is what you have to consider: [29-31]
whether you are willing to pay this price for peace of mind, freedom,
tranquillity. If not, do not come near; do not be, like the children,
first a philosopher, then a tax-collector, then an orator, then one of
Caesar's procurators. These callings do not agree. You must be one
man, good or bad; you must develop either your Governing Principle
or your outward endowments; you must study either your inner man
or outward things — in a word, you must choose between the positions
of a philosopher and that of a mere outsider.

30

Appropriate acts are in general measured by the relations they are
concerned with. 'He is your father.' This means you are called on
to take care of him, give way to him in all things, bear with him if he
reviles or strikes you.

'But he is a bad father.'

Well, have you any natural claim to a good father? No, only to a
father.

'My brother wrongs me.'

Be careful then to maintain the relation you hold to him, and do
not consider what he does, but what you must do if your purpose is
to keep in accord with nature. For no one shall harm you, without
your consent; you will only be harmed, when you think you are
harmed. You will only discover what is proper to expect from neigh-
bour, citizen, or praetor, if you get into the habit of looking at the
relations implied by each.

31

For piety towards the gods know that the most important thing is
this: to have right opinions about them — that they exist, and that
they govern the universe well and justly — and to have set yourself
to obey them, and to give way to all that happens, following events
with a free will, in the belief that they are fulfilled by the highest
mind. For thus you will never blame the gods, nor accuse them of
neglecting you. But this you cannot achieve, unless you apply your
conception of good and evil to those things only which are in our
power, and not to those which are out of our power. For if you apply
your notion of good or evil to the latter, then, as soon as you fail to
get what you will to get or fail to avoid what you will to avoid, you
will be bound to blame and hate those you hold responsible. For
every living creature has a natural tendency to avoid and shun what
seems harmful and all that causes it, and to pursue and admire what
is helpful and all that causes it. It is not possible then for one who
thinks he is harmed to take pleasure in what he thinks is the author
of the harm, any more than to take pleasure in the harm itself. That
is why a father is reviled by his son, when he does not give his son
share of what the son regards as good things; thus Polynices and
Eteocles were set at enmity with one another by thinking that a king's
throne was a good thing. That is why the farmer, and the sailor, and
the merchant, and those who lose wife or children revile the gods.
For men's religion is bound up with their interest. Therefore he

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[31–33]

who makes it his concern rightly to direct his will to get and his will to avoid, is thereby making piety his concern. But it is proper on each occasion to make libation and sacrifice and to offer first-fruits according to the custom of our fathers, with purity and not in slovenly or careless fashion, without meanness and without extravagance.

32

When you make use of prophecy remember that while you know not what the issue will be, but are come to learn it from the prophet, you do know before you come what manner of thing it is, if you are really a philosopher. For if the event is not in our control, it cannot be either good or evil. Therefore do not bring with you to the prophet the will to get or the will to avoid, and do not approach him with trembling, but with your mind made up, that the whole issue is indifferent and does not affect you and that, whatever it be, it will be in your power to make good use of it, and no one shall hinder this. With confidence then approach the gods as counsellors, and further, when the counsel is given you, remember whose counsel it is, and whom you will be disregarding if you disobey. And consult the oracle, as Socrates thought men should, only when the whole question turns upon the issue of events, and neither reason nor any art of man provides opportunities for discovering what lies before you. Therefore, when it is your duty to risk your life with friend or country, do not ask the oracle whether you should risk your life. For if the prophet warns you that the sacrifice is unfavourable, though it is plain that this means death or exile or injury to some part of your body, yet reason requires that even at this cost you must stand by your friend and share your country's danger. Wherefore pay heed to the greater prophet, Pythian Apollo, who cast out of his temple the man who did not help his friend when he was being killed.

33

Lay down for yourself from the first a definite stamp and style of conduct, which you will maintain when you are alone and also in the society of men. Be silent for the most part, or, if you speak, say only what is necessary and in a few words. Talk, but rarely, if occasion calls you, but do not talk of ordinary things — of gladiators, or horse-races, or athletes, or of meats or drinks — these are topics that arise everywhere — but above all do not talk about men in blame or compliment or comparison. If you can, turn the conversation of your company by your talk to some fitting subject; but if you should chance to be isolated among strangers, be silent. Do not laugh much, nor at many things, nor without restraint.

Refuse to take oaths, altogether if that be possible, but if not, as far as circumstances allow.

Refuse the entertainments of strangers and the vulgar. But if occasion arise to accept them, then strain every nerve to avoid lapsing into the state of the vulgar. For know that, if your comrade have a stain on him, he that associates with him must needs share the stain, even though he be clean in himself.

For your body take just so much as your bare need requires, such as

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food, drink, clothing, house, servants, but cut down all that tends to luxury and outward show.

Avoid impurity to the utmost of your power before marriage, and if you indulge your passion, let it be done lawfully. But do not be offensive or censorious to those who indulge it, and do not be always bringing up your own chastity. If some one tells you that so and so speaks ill of you, do not defend yourself against what he says, but answer, 'He did not know my other faults, or he would not have mentioned these alone.'

It is not necessary for the most part to go to the games; but if you should have occasion to go, show that your first concern is for yourself; that is, wish that only to happen which does happen, and him only to win who does win, for so you will suffer no hindrance. But refrain entirely from applause, or ridicule, or prolonged excitement. And when you go away do not talk much of what happened there, except so far as it tends to your improvement. For to talk about it implies that the spectacle excited your wonder.

Do not go lightly or casually to hear lectures; but if you do go, maintain your gravity and dignity and do not make yourself offensive. When you are going to meet any one, and particularly some man of reputed eminence, set before your mind the thought, 'What would Socrates or Zeno have done?' and you will not fail to make proper use of the occasion.

When you go to visit some great man, prepare your mind by thinking that you will not find him in, that you will be shut out; that the doors will be slammed in your face, that he will pay no heed to you. And if in spite of all this you find it fitting for you to go, go and bear what happens and never say to yourself, 'It was not worth all this'; for that shows a vulgar mind and one at odds with outward things.

In your conversation avoid frequent and disproportionate mention of your own doings or adventures; for other people do not take the same pleasure in hearing what has happened to you as you take in recounting your adventures.

Avoid raising men's laughter; for it is a habit that easily slips into vulgarity, and it may well suffice to lessen your neighbour's respect.

It is dangerous too to lapse into foul language; when anything of the kind occurs, rebuke the offender, if the occasion allow, and if not, make it plain to him by your silence, or a blush or a frown, that you are angry at his words.

34

When you imagine some pleasure, beware that it does not carry you away, like other imaginations. Wait a while, and give yourself pause. Next remember two things: how long you will enjoy the pleasure, and also how long you will afterwards repent and revile yourself. And set on the other side the joy and self-satisfaction you will feel if you refrain. And if the moment seems come to realize it, take heed that you be not overcome by the winning sweetness and attraction of it; set in the other scale the thought how much better is the consciousness of having vanquished it.

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35

When you do a thing because you have determined that it ought to be done, never avoid being seen doing it, even if the opinion of the multitude is going to condemn you. For if your action is wrong, then avoid doing it altogether, but if it is right, why do you fear those who will rebuke you wrongly?

36

The phrases, 'It is day' and 'It is night,' mean a great deal if taken separately, but have no meaning if combined. In the same way, to choose the larger portion at a banquet may be worth while for your body, but if you want to maintain social decencies it is worthless. Therefore, when you are at meat with another, remember not only to consider the value of what is set before you for the body, but also to maintain your self-respect before your host.

37

If you try to act a part beyond your powers, you not only disgrace yourself in it, but you neglect the part which you could have filled with success.

38

As in walking you take care not to tread on a nail or to twist your foot, so take care that you do not harm your Governing Principle. And if we guard this in everything we do, we shall set to work more securely.

39

Every man's body is a measure for his property, as the foot is the measure for his shoe. If you stick to this limit, you will keep the right measure; if you go beyond it, you are bound to be carried away down a precipice in the end; just as with the shoe, if you once go beyond the foot, your shoe puts on gilding, and soon purple and embroidery. For when once you go beyond the measure there is no limit.

40

Women from fourteen years upwards are called 'madam' by men. Wherefore, when they see that the only advantage they have got is to be marriageable, they begin to make themselves smart and to set all their hopes on this. We must take pains then to make them understand that they are really honoured for nothing but a modest and decorous life.

41

It is a sign of a dull mind to dwell upon the cares of the body, to prolong exercise, eating, drinking, and other bodily functions. These things are to be done by the way; all your attention must be given to the mind.

42

When a man speaks evil or does evil to you, remember that he does or says it because he thinks it is fitting for him. It is not possible for him to follow what seems good to you, but only what seems good to him, so that, if his opinion is wrong, he suffers, in that he is the victim of deception. In the same way, if a composite judgment which is

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true is thought to be false, it is not the judgment that suffers, but the man who is deluded about it. If you act on this principle you will be gentle to him who reviles you, saying to yourself on each occasion, 'He thought it right.'

43

Everything has two handles, one by which you can carry it, the other by which you cannot. If your brother wrongs you, do not take it by that handle, the handle of his wrong, for you cannot carry it by that, but rather by the other handle — that he is a brother, brought up with you, and then you will take it by the handle that you can carry by.

44

It is illogical to reason thus, 'I am richer than you, therefore I am superior to you,' 'I am more eloquent than you, therefore I am superior to you.' It is more logical to reason, 'I am richer than you, therefore my property is superior to yours,' 'I am more eloquent than you, therefore my speech is superior to yours.' You are something more than property or speech.

45

If a man wash quickly, do not say that he washes badly, but that he washes quickly. If a man drink much wine, do not say that he drinks badly, but that he drinks much. For till you have decided what judgment prompts him, how do you know that he acts badly? If you do as I say, you will assent to your apprehensive impressions and to none other.

46

On no occasion call yourself a philosopher, nor talk at large of your principles among the multitude, but act on your principles. For instance, at a banquet do not say how one ought to eat, but eat as you ought. Remember that Socrates had so completely got rid of the thought of display that when men came and wanted an introduction to philosophers he took them to be introduced; so patient of neglect was he. And if a discussion arise among the multitude on some principle, keep silent for the most part; for you are in great danger of blurting out some undigested thought. And when some one says to you, 'You know nothing,' and you do not let it provoke you, then know that you are really on the right road. For sheep do not bring grass to their shepherds and show them how much they have eaten, but they digest their fodder and then produce it in the form of wool and milk. Do the same yourself; instead of displaying your principles to the multitude, show them the results of the principles you have digested.

47

When you have adopted the simple life, do not pride yourself upon it, and if you are a water-drinker do not say on every occasion, 'I am a water-drinker.' And if you ever want to train laboriously, keep it to yourself and do not make a show of it. Do not embrace statues. If you are very thirsty take a good draught of cold water, and rinse your mouth and tell no one.

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48

The ignorant man's position and character is this: he never looks to himself for benefit or harm, but to the world outside him. The philosopher's position and character is that he always looks to himself for benefit and harm.

The signs of one who is making progress are: he blames none, praises none, complains of none, accuses none, never speaks of himself as if he were somebody, or as if he knew anything. And if any one compliments him he laughs in himself at his compliment; and if one blames him, he makes no defence. He goes about like a convalescent, careful not to disturb his constitution on its road to recovery, until it has got firm hold. He has got rid of the will to get, and his will to avoid is directed no longer to what is beyond our power but only to what is in our power and contrary to nature. In all things he exercises his will without strain. If men regard him as foolish or ignorant he says no heed. In one word, he keeps watch and guard on himself as his own enemy, lying in wait for him.

49

When a man prides himself on being able to understand and interpret the books of Chrysippus, say to yourself, 'If Chrysippus had not written obscurely this man would have had nothing on which to pride himself.'

What is my object? To understand Nature and follow her. I look then for some one who interprets her, and having heard that Chrysippus does I come to him. But I do not understand his writings, so I seek an interpreter. So far there is nothing to be proud of. But when I have found the interpreter it remains for me to act on his precepts; that and that alone is a thing to be proud of. But if I admire the mere power of exposition, it comes to this — that I am turned into a grammarian instead of a philosopher, except that I interpret Chrysippus in place of Homer. Therefore, when some one says to me, 'Read me Chrysippus,' when I cannot point to actions which are in harmony and correspondence with his teaching, I am rather inclined to blush.

50

Whatever principles you put before you, hold fast to them as laws which it will be impious to transgress. But pay no heed to what any one says of you; for this is something beyond your own control.

51

How long will you wait to think yourself worthy of the highest and transgress in nothing the clear pronouncement of reason? You have received the precepts which you ought to accept, and you have accepted them. Why then do you still wait for a master, that you may delay the amendment of yourself till he comes? You are a youth no longer, you are now a full-grown man. If now you are careless and indolent and are always putting off, fixing one day after another as the limit when you mean to begin attending to yourself, then, living or dying, you will make no progress but will continue unawares in ignorance. Therefore make up your mind before it is too late to live

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as one who is mature and proficient, and let all that seems best to you be a law that you cannot transgress. And if you encounter anything troublesome or pleasant or glorious or inglorious, remember that the hour of struggle is come, the Olympic contest is here and you may put off no longer, and that one day and one action determines whether the progress you have achieved is lost or maintained. [51–53]

This was how Socrates attained perfection, paying heed to nothing but reason, in all that he encountered. And if you are not yet Socrates, yet ought you to live as one who would wish to be a Socrates.

52

The first and most necessary department of philosophy deals with the application of principles; for instance, 'not to lie'. The second deals with demonstrations; for instance, 'How comes it that one ought not to lie?' The third is concerned with establishing and analysing these processes; for instance, 'How comes it that this is a demonstration? What is demonstration, what is consequence, what is contradiction, what is true, what is false?' It follows then that the third department is necessary because of the second, and the second because of the first. The first is the most necessary part, and that in which we must rest. But we reverse the order: we occupy ourselves with the third, and make that our whole concern, and the first we completely neglect. Wherefore we lie, but are ready enough with the demonstration that lying is wrong.

53

On every occasion we must have these thoughts at hand,

'Lead me, O Zeus, and lead me, Destiny,
Whither ordained is by your decree.
I'll follow, doubting not, or if with will
Recreant I falter, I shall follow still.'

[Cleanthes]

'Who rightly with necessity complies
In things divine we count him skilled and wise.'

[Euripides, Fragment 965]

'Well, Crito, if this be the gods' will, so be it.'

[Plato, *Crito*, 43d]

'Anytus and Meletus have power to put me to death, but not to harm me.'

[Plato, *Apology*, 30c]

[tr. P. E. Matheson]

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ORATORY

DEMOSTHENES

(384?–322 B.C.)

Although oratory flourished in Greece from earliest times, as the many well-wrought speeches in Homer show, the creation of oratory as a literary art was the work of the fifth century. It was the ideal of the growing democracies of this age that every citizen should take an active part in political life; the ability to speak effectively in public became the surest method of gaining political influence, and was indeed often necessary for personal safety, since every citizen was expected to present his own case in the law courts. As a result of this situation, teachers of rhetoric, sophists like Protagoras, Gorgias, and Prodicus, undertook to instruct men in the general rules of public speaking and to give them a repertory of commonplaces which would enable them to speak well on any subject at a moment's notice. At the same time, other professional rhetoricians, like Antiphon of Athens, helped their fellow citizens by composing speeches for the unskilled litigant to deliver in court. The final step in the development of oratory as a separate literary form came when such writers began to publish their speeches, not only as examples of their skill and as models for their pupils, but also for their intrinsic literary merit. During the same period, writers like Gorgias and Thrasymachus were making bold experiments in composition to raise prose to the level of poetry as an artistic means of expression. In the following century, Greek oratory reached its height with the work of such writers as Lysias, Isocrates, and especially Demosthenes, who is, for the Greeks, "the orator."

Demosthenes was born in 384 or 383 B.C.; his father, a wealthy manufacturer, died when Demosthenes was a child, and when the boy came of age he found that his guardians had cheated him of most of his inheritance. At the age of twenty he started a series of lawsuits to recover his property, and thus gained his oratorical training through hard and bitter experience. For some years he supported himself, as had Lysias and Isocrates, by writing speeches for others; but about 355 B.C. he turned to political life, and it was his activity as a statesman that called forth his greatest oratory. His name is inevitably associated with that of Athens' great opponent, Philip of Macedon, who assumed the leading role in Greek politics shortly after 360. Depending solely on his eloquence, Demosthenes aroused his indolent countrymen to a valiant effort to recapture their position as the leading state of Greece; and in the struggle with Philip he developed an ideal of Panhellenism which was not unworthy of Athens in her best days.

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In his style Demosthenes is always vigorous and lively; he can speak in long, stately periods when he wishes, but he varies his style with short, staccato sentences, frequent rhetorical questions, and occasional metaphors and vivid similes. His pages abound in striking phrases and pictures: *e.g.*, the description of the consuming ambition of Philip, who was willing to sacrifice eye, shoulder bone, arm, leg, or any other part of the body, provided he could live with the remainder in honor and glory; the concept of the country with her common voice calling for someone to speak and save her; or the magnificent oath by the heroic dead of Marathon and Plataea. To all the devices of rhetoric Demosthenes adds an intensity of feeling and a moral earnestness which raise his orations above the level of all other ancient orators. In the words of an ancient critic (*On the Sublime* XII. 4): "Our orator, owing to the fact that in his vehemence, — and in his speed, power, and intensity, — he can as it were consume by fire and carry all away before him, may be compared to a thunderbolt or a flash of lightning."

To understand fully Demosthenes' masterpiece, his speech *On the Crown,* from which all the following selections are taken, the reader should at this point refer to the historical Introduction for the main events of the fourth century (pp. xlviii-li). In addition, we must note here the circumstances under which the speech was delivered. After the defeat at Chaeronea, Demosthenes served as commissioner in charge of repairing the fortifications of Athens. His friend Ctesiphon proposed a bill to honor the orator for his services by presenting him publicly with a golden crown (a customary tribute in that age); Aeschines, who led the pro-Macedonian faction at Athens, indicted Ctesiphon and his bill as unconstitutional. Undoubtedly part of the proposal was illegal for technical reasons, but Aeschines also attacked a statement in the bill that Demosthenes "consistently does and says what is best for the city and is eager to do whatever good he can." The main issue of the trial therefore turned on Demosthenes' policies. For various reasons the trial was postponed until 330 B.C.; Philip had been dead for six years, Alexander had crushed the attempted revolt of the Greek city-states and was now sweeping through the Persian Empire at the head of his combined Macedonian and Greek army; all of Greece was irrevocably committed to the new order. These facts give an air of finality and almost of unreality to the proceedings at the trial: the Athenians, now that their independence was gone, were called upon to examine the events of ten to twenty years before and to judge the policies of the man who had led them then in the light of their present situation. The speech of Demosthenes gives an impression not unlike one of those mythological tragedies in which the fated end is foreknown to all the audience. No doubt, in view of the triumphs of Philip and Alexander, Aeschines expected a belated acknowledgment of the wisdom of his own pre-

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1-5] Macedonian policy. But in this hope he was disappointed; the Athenians retained their independence of judgment even in adversity, and Demosthenes was triumphantly vindicated; the jury acquitted Ctesiphon, and Aeschines received less than one fifth of the votes; in accordance with the usual penalty for the accuser in such a case, he was partially disenfranchised and left Athens.

Some modern "scientific" historians have tried to reverse the verdict of Demosthenes' fellow citizens, and have blamed the orator for not following a policy of collaboration with Macedon in securing control of the rest of Greece. Such critics have been answered in advance by the celebrated and lofty passage of the *Crown,* which is included in the selections below (pp. 665-667).

ON THE CROWN

I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every God and Goddess, that the same goodwill, which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise — and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honour — that the Gods may put it in your minds, not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard — that would indeed be cruel! — but of the laws and of your oath; wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means, not only that you must pass no pre-condemnation, not only that you must extend your goodwill equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defence as they severally choose and prefer.

Many advantages hath Aeschines over me on this trial; and two especially, men of Athens. First, my risk in the contest is not the same. It is assuredly not the same for me to forfeit your regard, as for my adversary not to succeed in his indictment. To me — but I will say nothing untoward at the outset of my address. The prosecution however is play to him. My second disadvantage is the natural disposition of mankind to take pleasure in hearing invective and accusation, and to be annoyed by those who praise themselves. To Aeschines is assigned the part which gives pleasure; that which is (I may fairly say) offensive to all, is left for me. And if, to escape from this, I make no mention of what I have done, I shall appear to be without defence against his charges, without proof of my claims to honour; whereas, if I proceed to give an account of my conduct and measures, I shall be forced to speak frequently of myself. I will endeavour then to do so with all becoming modesty: what I am driven to by the necessity of the case, will be fairly chargeable to my opponent who has instituted such a prosecution.

I think, men of the jury, you will agree that I, as well as

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Ctesiphon, am a party to this proceeding, and that it is a matter of no less concern to me. It is painful and grievous to be deprived of anything, especially by the act of one's enemy; but your goodwill and affection are the heaviest loss, precisely as they are the greatest prize to gain.

Such being the matters at stake in this cause, I conjure and implore you all alike to hear my defence to the charge in the fair manner which the laws prescribe — laws to which their author, Solon, a man friendly to you and to popular rights, thought that validity should be given, not only by the recording of them, but by the oath of you the jurors: not that he distrusted you, as it appears to me: but, seeing that the charges and calumnies, wherein the prosecutor is powerful by being the first speaker, cannot be got over by the defendant, unless each of you jurors, observing his religious obligation, shall with like favour receive the arguments of the last speaker, and lend an equal and impartial ear to both, before he determines upon the whole case.

As I am, it appears on this day to render an account both of my private life and my public measures, I would fain, as in the outset, call the Gods to my aid; and in your presence I implore them, first, that the goodwill which I have ever cherished towards the commonwealth and all of you may be fully requited to me on the present trial; next, that they may direct you to such a decision upon this indictment, as will conduce to your common honour, and to the good conscience of each individual.

[1–8, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

[Demosthenes begins his defence by answering certain charges of Aeschines against his private life and character, and against his part in the embassy which negotiated the Peace of Philocrates in 346 B.C. He then turns to the indictment itself and first takes up the statement in the decree of Ctesiphon, that "Demosthenes has consistently done and said what was best for the city." This section of the speech opens with the following analysis of the situation which confronted Demosthenes as a statesman when he first entered public life.]

The conquests which Philip had got and held before I commenced life as a statesman and orator, I shall pass over, as I think they concern not me. Those that he was baffled in from the day of my entering on such duties, I will call to your recollection, and render an account of them, premising one thing only: Philip started, men of Athens, with a great advantage. It happened that among the Greeks — not some, but all alike — there sprang up a crop of traitors and venal wretches, such as in the memory of man had never been before. These he got for his agents and supporters: the Greeks, already ill-disposed and unfriendly to each other, he brought into a still worse state, deceiving this people, making presents to that, corrupting others in every way; and he split them into many parties, when they had all one interest, to prevent his

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61–68] aggrandisement. While the Greeks were all in such a condition — in such ignorance of the gathering and growing mischief — you have to consider, men of Athens, what policy and measures it became the commonwealth to adopt, and of this to receive a reckoning from me; for the man who assumed that post in the administration was I.

Ought she, Aeschines, to have cast off her spirit and dignity, and, in the style of Thessalians and Dolopians, helped to acquire for Philip the dominion of Greece, and extinguished the honours and rights of our ancestors? Or, if she did not this, which would indeed have been shameful, was it right that what she saw would happen if unprevented, and was for a long time, it seems, aware of she should suffer to come to pass?

I would gladly ask the severest censurer of our acts, with what party he would have wished the commonwealth to side, — with those who contributed to the disgraces and disasters of the Greeks, the party, we may say, of the Thessalians and their followers or those who permitted it all for the hope of selfish advantage, among whom we may reckon the Arcadians, Messenians, and Argives? But many of them, or rather all, have fared worse than ourselves. If Philip after his victory had immediately marched off and kept quiet, without molesting any either of his own allies or of the Greeks in general, still they that opposed not his enterprises would have merited some blame and reproach. But when he has stripped all alike of their dignity, their authority, their liberty — nay, even of their constitutions, where he was able, — can it be doubted that you took the most glorious course in pursuance of my counsels?

But I return to the question: What should the commonwealth, Aeschines, have done, when she saw Philip establishing an empire and dominion over Greece? Or what was your statesman to advise or move? I, a statesman at Athens? for this is most material — I who knew that from the earliest time, until the day of my own mounting the platform, our country had ever striven for precedency and honour and renown, and expended more blood and treasure for the sake of glory and the general weal than the rest of the Greeks had expended on their several interests? who saw that Philip himself, with whom we were contending, had, in the strife for power and empire, had his eye cut out, his collar bone fractured, his hand and leg mutilated, and was ready and willing to sacrifice any part of his body that fortune chose to take, provided he could live with the remainder in honour and glory? Hardly will any one venture to say this, that it became a man bred at Pella, then an obscure and inconsiderable place, to possess such inborn magnanimity, as to aspire to the mastery of Greece and form the project in his mind, whilst you, who were Athenians, day after day in speeches and in dramas reminded of the virtue of your ancestors, should have been so naturally base, as of your

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own free will and accord to surrender to Philip the liberty of Greece. No man will say this!

The only course then that remained was a just resistance to all his attacks upon you. Such course you took from the beginning, properly and becomingly; and I assisted by motions and counsels during the period of my political life: I acknowledge it. But what should I have done? I put this question to you, dismissing all else: Amphipolis, Pydna, Potidaea, Halonnesus — I mention none of them; Serrium, Doriscus, the ravaging of Peparethus, and any similar wrongs which the country has suffered — I know not even of their occurrence. You indeed said that by talking of these I had brought the people into a quarrel, although the resolutions respecting them were moved by Eubulus and Aristophon and Diopithes, not by me, you ready utterer of what suits your purpose! Neither will I speak of these now. But I ask: the man who was appropriating to himself Euboea, and making it a fortress against Attica, and attempting Megara, and seizing Oreus, and razing Porthmus, and setting up Philistides as tyrant in Oreus, Clitarchus in Eretria, and subjugating the Hellespont, and besieging Byzantium, and destroying some of the Greek cities, restoring exiles to others, — was he by all these proceedings committing injustice, breaking the truce, violating the peace, or not? Was it meet that any of the Greeks should rise up to prevent these proceedings, or not? If not — if Greece was to present the spectacle (as it is called) of a Mysian prey, whilst Athenians had life and being, then I have exceeded my duty in speaking on the subject; the commonwealth has exceeded her duty, which followed my counsels; I admit that every measure has been a misdeed, a blunder of mine. But if some one ought to have arisen to prevent these things, who but the Athenian people should it have been? Such then was the policy which I espoused. I saw him reducing all men to subjection, and I opposed him: I continued warning and exhorting you not to make these sacrifices to Philip.

[60–72, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

[Demosthenes next describes his services in preventing Euboea from falling into Philip's hands in 341 B.C., and in supporting Byzantium and the Chersonesus against Philip's aggression in 340. Although the Athenians had grievances against these states, for deserting their alliance in the past, the orator in the following selection brings several notable examples to show that it had always been the policy of Athens to forget past wrongs and to support the oppressed.]

Thus the saving of Chersonesus and Byzantium, the preventing of Philip's conquest of the Hellespont, and the honours therefore bestowed on this country, were the effects of my policy and administration; and more than this, they proved to all mankind the generosity of Athens and the baseness of Philip. He, the ally and friend of the Byzantines, was before all eyes besieging them; what

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95–99]

could be more shameful or outrageous? You, who might justly on many grounds have reproached them for wrongs done you in former times, instead of bearing malice and abandoning the oppressed, appeared as their deliverers; conduct which procured you glory, goodwill, honour from all men. That you have crowned many of your statesmen, every one knows; but through what other person (I mean what minister or orator), besides myself, the commonwealth has been crowned, no one can say.

To prove now the malignity of those calumnies, which he urged against the Euboeans and Byzantines, reminding you of any unkindness which they had done you — prove it I shall, not only by their falsehood, which I apprehend you know already, but (were they ever so true) by showing the advantages of my policy — I wish to recount one or two of the noble acts of your own state, and to do it briefly; for individuals, as well as communities, should ever strive to model their future conduct by the noblest of their past.

Well then, men of Athens, when the Lacedaemonians had the empire of land and sea, and held the country round Attica by governors and garrisons, Euboea, Tanagra, all Boeotia, Megara, Aegina, Cleonae, the other islands; when our state possessed neither ships nor walls; you marched out to Haliartus,* and again not many days after to Corinth; albeit the Athenians of that time had many causes of resentment against both Corinthians and Thebans for their acts in the Decelean * war: but they showed no resentment, none. And yet neither of these steps took they, Aeschines, for benefactors, nor were they blind to the danger; but they would not for such reasons abandon people who sought their protection; for the sake of renown and glory they willingly exposed themselves to peril; just and noble was their resolve! For to all mankind the end of life is death, though one keep oneself shut up in a closet; but it becomes brave men to strive always for honour, with good hope before them, and to endure courageously whatever the Deity ordains.

Thus did your ancestors, thus the elder among yourselves. For, though the Lacedaemonians were neither friends nor benefactors, but had done many grievous injuries to our state, yet when the Thebans, victorious at Leuctra, sought their destruction, you prevented it, not fearing the power and reputation then possessed by the Thebans, nor reckoning up the merits of those whom you were about to fight for. And so you demonstrated to all the Greeks that, however any people may offend you, you reserve your anger against them for other occasions; but should their existence or liberty be imperilled, you will not resent your wrongs or bring them into account.

And not in these instances only hath such been your temper. Again, when the Thebans were taking possession of Euboea, you looked not quietly on; you remembered not the wrongs done you

* See the Glossary.

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by Themison and Theodorus in the affair of Oropus, but assisted even them. It was the time when the volunteer captains first offered themselves to the state, of whom I was one; but of this presently. However, it was glorious that you saved the island, but far more glorious that, when you had got their persons and their cities in your power, you fairly restored them to people who had ill-used you, and made no reckoning of your wrongs in an affair where you were trusted.

Hundreds of cases which I could mention I pass over: sea-fights, land-marches, campaigns, both in ancient times and in your own, all of which the commonwealth has undertaken for the freedom and safety of the Greeks in general. Then, having observed the commonwealth engaging in contests of such number and importance for the interests of others, what was I to urge, what course to recommend her, when the question in a manner concerned herself? To revive grudges, I suppose, against people who wanted help, and to seek pretences for abandoning everything. And who might not justly have killed me, had I attempted even by words to tarnish any of the honours of Athens? For the thing itself, I am certain, you would never have done; had you wished, what was to hinder you? — any lack of opportunity? — had you not these men to advise it?

[93–101, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

[Next the orator deals with the more technical parts of Aeschines' indictment; this is the weakest part of Demosthenes' argument and he gives little time to it. The rest of the speech is devoted to a general consideration of his policies, as contrasted with those of Aeschines.

According to Demosthenes, Aeschines gave Philip the opening he needed to enter central Greece in 339 B.C. Aeschines, as the Athenian delegate to the Amphyctyonic Council at Delphi in 340 B.C., stirred up an Amphictyonic War against the Locrians who lived at Amphissa. Whether he did so at the instigation of Philip, as Demostheses alleges; or whether the purpose was to check a Locrian indictment of Athens before the Amphictyons, as Aeschines maintained, can hardly be determined today. But at any rate, the Amphictyonic League elected Philip general for the war; and with the Macedonian army Philip entered central Greece in 339 B.C. The following selection is the celebrated narration of the events which led up to the alliance of Athens and Thebes — Demosthenes' master stroke in diplomacy — and to the final battle of Chaeronea in 338 B.C.]

The mention of this man's treasonable acts brings me to the part which I have myself taken in opposition to him. It is fair you should hear my account of it for many reasons, but chiefly, men of Athens, because it would be a shame, when I have undergone the toil of exertions on your behalf, that you should not endure the bare recital of them.

When I saw that the Thebans, and I may add the Athenians, were so led away by Philip's partisans and the corrupt men of either

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state as to disregard and take no precaution against a danger which menaced both, and required the utmost precaution (I mean the suffering Philip's power to increase) and were readily disposed to enmity and strife with each other; I was constantly watchful to prevent it, not only because in my own judgment I deemed such vigilance expedient, but knowing that Aristophon, and again Eubulus, had all along desired to bring about that union, and, whilst they were frequently opposed upon other matters, were always agreed upon this. Men whom in their lifetime—you rep-tiles!—you pestered with flattery, yet see not that you are accusing them in their graves: for the Theban policy that you reproach me with is a charge less affecting me than them, who approved that alliance before I did. But I must return. I say, when Aeschines had excited the war in Amphissa, and his coadjutors had helped to establish enmity with Thebes, Philip marched against us; that was the object for which these persons embroiled the states, and had we not roused up a little in time, we could never have recovered ourselves: so far had these men carried matters. In what position you then stood to each other, you will learn from the recital of these decrees and answers. Here, take and read them.

[*Several decrees and other documents are read.*] *

Philip having thus disposed the states towards each other by his contrivances, and being elated by these decrees and answers, came with his army and seized Elatea,† confident that, happen what might, you and the Thebans could never again unite. What commotion there was in the city you all know; but let me just mention the most striking circumstances.

It was evening. A person came with a message to the presidents that Elatea was taken. They rose from supper immediately, drove off the people from their market-stalls, and set fire to the wicker-frames; others sent for the generals and called the trumpeter; and the city was full of commotion. The next morning at daybreak the presidents summoned the council to their hall, and you went to the assembly, and before they could introduce or prepare the question, the whole people were up in their seats. When the council had entered, and the presidents had reported their intelligence and presented the courier, and he had made his statement, the crier asked: "Who wishes to speak?"—and no one came forward. The crier put the question repeatedly; still no man rose, though all the generals were present and all the orators, and our country with her common voice called for some one to speak and save her—for when the crier raises his voice according to law, it may justly be deemed the common voice of our country. If those who desired the salvation of Athens were the proper parties

* The documents quoted in the speeches of Demosthenes are probably spurious, and are therefore omitted in this volume.
† See the Glossary.

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to come forward, all of you and the other Athenians would have risen and mounted the platform; for I am sure you all desired her salvation — if those of greatest wealth, the three hundred — if those who were both friendly to the state and wealthy, the men who afterwards gave such ample donations; for patriotism and wealth produced the gift. But that occasion, that day, as it seems, called not only for a patriot and a wealthy man, but for one who had closely followed the proceedings from their commencement, and rightly calculated for what object and purpose Philip carried them on. A man who was ignorant of these matters, or had not long and carefully studied them, let him be ever so patriotic or wealthy, would neither see what measures were needful, nor be competent to advise you.

Well then, I was the man called for upon that day. I came forward and addressed you. What I said, I beg you for two reasons attentively to hear: first, to be convinced that of all your orators and statesmen I alone deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger, but was found, in the very moment of panic, speaking and moving what your necessities required; secondly, because at the expense of a little time you will gain large experience for the future in all your political concerns.

I said that those who were in such alarm under the idea that Philip had got the Thebans with him did not, in my opinion, understand the position of affairs; for I was sure, had that really been so, we should have heard not of his being at Elatea, but upon our frontiers: he was come however, I knew for certain, to make all right for himself in Thebes. "Let me inform you," said I, "how the matter stands. All the Thebans whom it was possible either to bribe or deceive he has at his command; those who have resisted him from the first and still oppose him he can in no way prevail upon: what then is his meaning, and why has he seized upon Elatea? He means, by displaying a force in the neighbourhood, and bringing up his troops, to encourage and embolden his friends, to intimidate his adversaries, that they may either concede from fear what they now refuse, or be compelled. Now," said I, "if we determine on the present occasion to remember any unkindness which the Thebans have done us, and to regard them in the character of enemies with distrust, in the first place, we shall be doing just what Philip would desire; in the next place, I fear, his present adversaries embracing his friendship and all Philippising with one consent, they will both march against Attica. But if you will hearken to me, and be pleased to examine (not cavil at) what I say, I believe it will meet your approval, and I shall dispel the danger impending over Athens. What then do I advise? First, away with your present fear; and rather fear all of ye for the Thebans — they are nearer harm than we are — to them the peril is more immediate: next I say, march to Eleusis, all the fighting men and the cavalry, and show yourselves to the world in arms,

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that your partisans in Thebes may have equal liberty to speak up for the good cause, knowing that, as the faction who sell their country to Philip have an army to support them at Elatea, so the party that will contend for freedom have your assistance at hand if they are assailed. Further I recommend you to elect ten ambassadors, and empower them in conjunction with the generals to fix the time for going there and for the out-march. When the ambassadors have arrived at Thebes, how do I advise that you should treat the matter? Pray attend particularly to this: Ask nothing of the Thebans (it would be dishonourable at this time); but offer to assist them if they require it, on the plea that they are in extreme danger, and we see the future better than they do. If they accept this offer and hearken to our counsels, so shall we have accomplished what we desire, and our conduct will look worthy of the state: should we miscarry, they will have themselves to blame for any error committed now, and we shall have done nothing dishonourable or mean."

This and more to the like effect I spoke, and left the platform. It was approved by all; not a word was said against me. Nor did I make the speech without moving, nor make the motion without undertaking the embassy, nor undertake the embassy without prevailing on the Thebans. From the beginning to the end I went through it all; I gave myself entirely to your service, to meet the dangers which encompassed Athens.

Produce me the decree which then passed. Now, Aeschines, how would you have me describe you, and how myself, upon that day? Shall I call myself Batalus, your nickname of reproach, and you not even a hero of the common sort, but one of those upon the stage, Cresphontes or Creon, or the Oenomaus whom you execrably murdered once at Colyttus? * Well, upon that occasion I the Batalus of Paeania was more serviceable to the state than you the Oenomaus of Cothocidae. You were of no earthly use; I did everything which became a good citizen. Read the decree.

[*The decree is read.*]

That was the commencement and first step in the negotiation with Thebes: before then the countries had been led by these men into discord and hatred and jealousy. That decree caused the peril which then surrounded us to pass away like a cloud. It was the duty of a good citizen, if he had any better plan, to disclose it at the time, not to find fault now. A statesman and a pettifogger, while in no other respect are they alike, in this most widely differ. The one declares his opinion before the proceedings, and makes himself responsible to his followers, to fortune, to the times, to all men: the other is silent when he ought to speak, at any un-

* Aeschines had once been a tragic actor; Demosthenes here and elsewhere suggests that his acting was wretched, not good enough for performances in the great festivals.

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toward event he grumbles. Now, as I said before, the time for a man who regarded the commonwealth, and for honest counsel, was then: however I will go to this extent: if any one now can point out a better course, or indeed if any other was practicable, but the one which I adopted, I confess that I was wrong. For if there be any measure now discovered, which (executed then) would have been to our advantage, I say it ought not to have escaped me. But if there is none, if there was none, if none can be suggested even at this day, what was a statesman to do? Was he not to choose the best measures within his reach and view? That did I, Aeschines, when the crier asked, "Who wishes to speak?" — not, "Who wishes to complain about the past, or to guarantee the future?" Whilst you on those occasions sat mute in the assembly, I came forward and spoke. However, as you omitted then, tell us now. Say, what scheme that I ought to have devised, what favourable opportunity was lost to the state by my neglect? What alliance was there, what better plan, to which I should have directed the people? But no! The past is with all the world given up; no one even proposes to deliberate about it: the future it is, or the present, which demands the action of a counsellor. At the time, as it appeared, there were dangers impending, and dangers at hand. Mark the line of my policy at that crisis; don't rail at the event. The end of all things is what the Deity pleases: his line of policy it is that shows the judgment of the statesman. Do not then impute it as a crime to me that Philip chanced to conquer in battle: that issue depended not on me but on God. Prove that I adopted not all measures that according to human calculation were feasible; that I did not honestly and diligently and with exertions beyond my strength carry them out; or that my enterprises were not honourable and worthy of the state and necessary. Show me this, and accuse me as soon as you like. But if the hurricane that visited us has been too powerful, not for us only, but for all Greece besides, what is the fair course? As if a merchant, after taking every precaution, and furnishing his vessel with everything that he thought would ensure her safety, because afterwards he met with a storm and his tackle was strained or broken to pieces, should be charged with the shipwreck! "Well, but I was not the pilot," he might say, just as I was not the general. "Fortune was not under my control: all was under hers."

Consider and reflect upon this. If, with the Thebans on our side, we were destined so to fare in the contest, what was to be expected, if we had never had them for allies, but they had joined Philip, as he used every effort of persuasion to make them do? And if, when the battle was fought three days march from Attica, such peril and alarm surrounded the city, what must we have expected, if the same disaster had happened in some part of our territory? As it was (do you see?) we could stand, meet, breathe, mightily did one, two, three days, help to our preservation; in the

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other case—but it is wrong to mention things, of which we have been spared the trial by the favour of some deity, and by our prosecuting ourselves with the very alliance which you assail.

All this, at such length, have I addressed to you, men of the jury, and to the outer circle of hearers; for, as to this contemptible fellow, a short and plain argument will suffice. If the future was revealed to you, Aeschines, alone, when the state was deliberating on these proceedings, you ought to have forewarned us at the time. If you did not foresee it, you are responsible for the same ignorance as the rest. Why then do you accuse me in this behalf, rather than the world? A better citizen have I been than you in respect of the matters of which I am speaking (others I discuss not at present), inasmuch as I gave myself up to what seemed for the general good, not shrinking from any personal danger, nor taking thought of any; whilst you neither suggested better measures (or mine would not have been adopted), nor lent any aid in the prosecuting of them; exactly what the basest person and worst enemy of the state would do, are you found to have done after the event; and at the same time Aristratus in Naxos and Aristolaus in Thasos, the deadly foes of our state, are bringing to trial the friends of Athens, and Aeschines at Athens is accusing Demosthenes. Surely the man who waited to found his reputation upon the misfortunes of the Greeks, deserves rather to perish than to accuse another; nor is it possible that one, who has profited by the same conjunctures with the enemies of the commonwealth, can be a well-wisher of his country. You show yourself by your life and conduct, by your political action, and even your political inaction. Is anything going on that appears good for the people? Aeschines is mute. Has anything untoward happened or amiss? Forth comes Aeschines; just as fractures and sprains are put in motion, when the body is attacked with disease.

But since he insists so strongly on the event, I will even assert something of a paradox: and I beg and pray of you not to marvel at its boldness, but kindly consider what I say. If then the results had been foreknown to all, if all had foreseen them and you, Aeschines, had foretold them and protested with clamour and outcry—you that never opened your mouth—not even then would the commonwealth have abandoned her design, if she had any regard for glory, or ancestry, or futurity. As it is, she appears to have failed in her enterprise, a thing to which all mankind are liable, if the Deity so wills it: but then, claiming precedency over others, and afterwards abandoning her pretensions, she would have incurred the charge of betraying all to Philip. Why, had we obtained without a struggle that which our ancestors encountered every danger to win, who would not have spit upon you? Let me say, the commonwealth or myself! With what eyes, I pray, would we have beheld strangers visiting the city, if the result had been what it is, and Philip had been chosen leader and lord of all,

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but other people without us had made the struggle to prevent it, especially when in former times our country had never preferred an ignominious security to the battle for honour? For what Grecian or what barbarian is ignorant, that by the Thebans, or by the Lacedaemonians who were in power before them, or by the Persian king, permission would thankfully and gladly have been given to our commonwealth, to take what she pleased and hold her own, provided she would accept foreign law and let another power command in Greece? But, as it seems, to the Athenians of this day such conduct would not have been national, or natural, or endurable: none could at any period of time persuade the commonwealth to attach herself in secure subjection to the powerful and unjust: through every age has she persevered in a perilous struggle for precedency and honour and glory. And this you esteem so noble and congenial to your principles that among your ancestors you honour most those who acted in such a spirit; and with reason. For who would not admire the virtue of those men, who resolutely embarked in their galleys and quitted country and home rather than receive foreign law, choosing Themistocles who gave such counsel for their general, and stoning Cyrsilus to death who advised submission to the terms imposed — not him only, but your wives also stoning his wife? Yes; the Athenians of that day looked not for an orator or a general who might help them to a pleasant servitude: they scorned to live, if it could not be with freedom. For each of them considered that he was not born to his father or mother only, but also to his country. What is the difference? He that thinks himself born for his parents only waits for his appointed or natural end: he that thinks himself born for his country also, will sooner perish than behold her in slavery and will regard the insults and indignities, which must be borne in a commonwealth enslaved, as more terrible than death.

Had I attempted to say that I instructed you in sentiments worthy of your ancestors, there is not a man who would not justly rebuke me. What I declare is, that such principles are your own: I show that before my time such was the spirit of the commonwealth; though certainly in the execution of the particular measures I claim a share also for myself. The prosecutor, arraigning the whole proceedings, and embittering you against me as the cause of our alarms and dangers, in his eagerness to deprive me of honour for the moment, robs you of the eulogies that should endure for ever. For should you, under a disbelief in the wisdom of my policy, convict the defendant, you will appear to have done wrong, not to have suffered what befell you by the cruelty of fortune. But never never can you have done wrong, O Athenians, in undertaking the battle for the freedom and safety of all! I swear it by your forefathers — those that met the peril at Marathon, those that took the field at Plataea, those in the sea-fight at Salamis, and those at Artemisium, and many other brave men who repose in the public

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[205–213]

monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honour, the country buried, Aeschines, not only the successful or victorious! Justly! For the duty of brave men has been done by all: their fortune has been such as the Deity assigned to each.

Accursed scribbler! you, to deprive me of the approbation and affection of my countrymen, speak of trophies and battles and ancient deeds, with none of which had this present trial the least concern; but I! — O you third-rate actor! — I, that rose to counsel the state how to maintain her preeminence! in what spirit was I to mount the hustings? In the spirit of one having unworthy counsel to offer? I should have deserved to perish! You yourselves, men of Athens, may not try private and public causes on the same principles: the compacts of everyday life you are to judge of by particular laws and circumstances; the measures of statesmen, by reference to the dignity of your ancestors. And if you think it your duty to act worthily of them, you should every one of you consider, when you come into court to decide public questions, that together with your staff and ticket * the spirit of the commonwealth is delivered to you.

But in touching upon the deeds of your ancestors, there were some decrees and transactions which I omitted. I will return from my digression.

On our arrival at Thebes, we found ambassadors there from Philip, from the Thessalians and from his other allies; our friends in trepidation, his friends confident. To prove that I am not asserting this now to serve my own purposes, read me the letter which the ambassadors despatched on the instant. So outrageous is my opponent's malignity, that, if any advantage was procured, he attributes it to the occasion, not to me; while all miscarriages he attributes to me and my fortune. And according to him, as it seems, I, the orator and adviser, have no merit in results of argument and counsel, but am the sole author of misfortunes in arms and strategy. Could there be a more brutal calumniator or a more execrable? Read the letter.

[*The letter is read.*]

On the convening of the assembly, our opponents were introduced first, because they held the character of allies. And they came forward and spoke, in high praise of Philip and disparagement of you, bringing up all the hostilities that you ever committed against the Thebans. In fine, they urged them to show their gratitude for the services done by Philip, and to avenge themselves for the injuries which you had done them, either — it mattered not which — by giving them a passage against you, or by joining in the invasion of Attica; and they proved as they fancied, that by adopting their advice the cattle and slaves and other effects of

* The juryman received a staff, the color of which indicated the court in which he was to sit; his ticket was exchanged for his pay at the end of the day.

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Attica would come into Boeotia, whereas by acting as they said we should advise Boeotia would suffer pillage through the war. And much they said besides, tending all to the same point. The reply we made I would give my life to recapitulate, but I fear, as the occasion is past, you will look upon it as if a sort of deluge had overwhelmed the whole proceedings, and regard any talk about them as a useless troubling of you. Hear then what we persuaded them and what answer they returned. Take and read this:

[*The answer of the Thebans.*]

After this they invited and sent for you. You marched to succour, and (to omit what happened between) their reception of you was so friendly, that, while their infantry and cavalry were outside the walls, they admitted your army into their houses and citadel, among their wives and children and all that was most precious. Why, upon that day three of the noblest testimonies were before all mankind borne in your favour by the Thebans, one to your courage, one to your justice, one to your good behaviour. For when they preferred fighting on your side to fighting against you, they held you to be braver and juster in your demands than Philip; and when they put under your charge what they and all men are most watchful to protect, their wives and children, they showed that they had confidence in your good behaviour. In all which, men of Athens, it appeared they had rightly estimated your character. For after your forces entered the city, not so much as a groundless complaint was preferred against you by any one; so discreetly did you behave yourselves: and twice arrayed on their side in the earlier battles, that by the river and the winter-battle you proved yourselves not irreproachable only, but admirable in your discipline, your equipments, and your zeal: which called forth eulogies from other men to you, sacrifice and thanksgiving from you to the Gods. And I would gladly ask Aeschines: while these things were going on, and the city was full of enthusiasm and joy and praise, whether he joined with the multitude in sacrifice and festivity, or sat at home sorrowing and moaning and repining at the public success. For if he was present and appeared with the rest, is not his conduct monstrous, or rather impious, when measures, which he himself called the Gods to witness were excellent, he now requires you to condemn — you that have sworn by the Gods? If he was not present, does he not deserve a thousand deaths for grieving to behold what others rejoiced at?

[160–217, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

[In the defence of his policies Demosthenes is forced to take cognizance of a fact which Aeschines had stressed heavily, namely that these policies were in the end unsuccessful and had brought misfortune to Athens. In reply to this charge Demosthenes makes the following noteworthy remarks about the functions of a statesman, his responsi-

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...ly for the success or failure of his measures, and his relation to the ...ations of Fortune, or blind chance. The reader should particularly ...the high patriotism and faith of Demosthenes' noble affirmation: ...hold the fortune of our commonwealth to be good. . . ."]

Even the defeat, if you exult in that which should make you ...ion, you accursed one! — by nothing that I have done will it ...pear to have befallen us. Consider it thus, O Athenians. From ...embassy, on which I was commissioned by you, did I ever come ...ver defeated by the ambassadors of Philip, neither from Thessaly, ...from Ambracia, nor from the kings of Thrace, nor from ...antium, nor from any other place, nor on the last recent occa-...from Thebes; but where his ambassadors were vanquished ...argument, he came with arms and carried the day. And for ...you call me to account; and are not ashamed to jeer at the ...person for cowardice, whom you require single-handed to ...come the might of Philip — and that too by words! For what ...had I at my command? Certainly not the spirit of each ...individual, nor the fortune of the army, nor the conduct of the ...for which you would make me accountable; such a blunderer ...you!

Yet understand me. Of what a statesman may be responsible ...I allow the utmost scrutiny; I deprecate it not. What are his ...tions? To observe things in the beginning, to foresee and fore-...them to others; this I have done. Again, wherever he finds ...backwardness, ignorance, jealousies, vices inherent and un-...dable in all communities, to contract them into the narrowest ...pass, and on the other hand, to promote unanimity and friend-...and zeal in the discharge of duty. All this too I have per-...med; and no one can discover the least neglect on my part. ...any man, by what means Philip achieved most of his successes, ...you will be told by his army, and by his bribing and corrupting ...in power. Well, your forces were not under my command or ...trol; so that I cannot be questioned for anything done in that ...partment. But by refusing the price of corruption I have over-...me Philip: for as the offer of a bribe, if it be accepted, has van-...ished the taker, so the person who refuses it and is not corrupted ...vanquished the person offering. Therefore is the common-...alth undefeated as far as I am concerned.

These and such as these (besides many others) are the grounds ...nished by myself to justify the defendant's motion in my behalf. ...ose which you my fellow citizens furnished I will proceed to ...tion. Immediately after the battle the people, knowing and ...ing witnessed everything which I did, in the very midst of their ...arm and terror, when it would not have been surprising if the ...eat body of them had even treated me harshly, passed my ...olutions for the safety of the country; all their measures of de-...ce, the disposition of the garrisons, the trenches, the levies for

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our fortifications, were carried on under my decrees: and further, upon the election of a commissioner of grain, they chose me in preference to all. Afterwards, when those who were bent to do me a mischief conspired, and brought indictments, audits, impeachments and the rest of it against me, not at first in their own persons, but in such names as they imagined would most effectually screen themselves (for you surely know and remember, that even day of that first period I was arraigned, and neither the desperation of Sosicles, nor the malignity of Philocrates, nor the madness of Diondas and Melantus, nor anything else was left untried by them against me); on all those occasions, chiefly through the Gods, secondly through you and the other Athenians, I was preserved. And with justice! Yes, that is the truth, and to the honour of the juries who so conscientiously decided. Well then: on the impeachments, when you acquitted me and gave not the prosecutor their share of the votes, you pronounced that my policy was the best: by my acquittal on the indictments my counsels and motions were shown to be legal; by your passing of my accounts you acknowledged my whole conduct to have been honest and incorruptible. Under these circumstances, what name could Ctesiphon with decency or justice give to my acts? Not that which he saw the people give, which he saw the jurors give, which he saw truth establish to the world?

...From many things one may see his lack of feeling and his malignity, but especially from his discourse about fortune. For my part, I regard any one who reproaches his fellow man with fortune as devoid of sense. He that is best satisfied with his condition, he that deems his fortune excellent, cannot be sure it will remain so until the evening: how then can it be right to bring it forward, or upbraid another man with it? As Aeschines, however, has on this subject (besides many others) expressed himself with insolence, look, men of Athens, and observe how much more truth and humanity there shall be in my discourse upon fortune than in his.

I hold the fortune of our commonwealth to be good, and so I find the oracles of Dodonaean Zeus and Pythian Apollo declaring to us. The fortune of all mankind, which now prevails, I consider cruel and dreadful: for what Greek, what barbarian, has not in these times experienced a multitude of evils? That Athens chose the noblest policy, that she fares better than those very Greeks who thought, if they abandoned us, they should abide in prosperity, I reckon as part of her good fortune: if she suffered reverses, if all happened not to us as we desired, I conceive she has had that share of the general fortune which fell to our lot. As to my fortune (personally speaking) or that of any individual among us, it should, as I conceive, be judged of in connexion with personal matters. Such is my opinion upon the subject of fortune, a right and just one, as it appears to me, and I think you will agree with me.

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255–275]

Aeschines says that my individual fortune is paramount to that of the commonwealth, the small and mean to the good and great. How can this possibly be?

[Several paragraphs of invective against Aeschines and his private life are omitted here.]

I will have done then with private topics, but say another word or two upon public. If you can mention, Aeschines, a single man under the sun, whether Greek or barbarian, who has not suffered by Philip's power formerly and Alexander's now, well and good; I concede to you, that my fortune, or misfortune (if you please), has been the cause of everything. But if many that never saw me or heard my voice have been grievously afflicted, not individuals only but whole cities and nations; how much juster and fairer is it to consider that to the common fortune apparently of all men, as a tide of events overwhelming and lamentable, these disasters are to be attributed. You, disregarding all this, accuse me whose ministry has been among my countrymen, knowing all the while, that a part (if not the whole) of your calumny falls upon the people, and yourself in particular. For if I assumed the sole and absolute direction of our counsels, it was open to you the other speakers to accuse me: but if you were constantly present in all the assemblies, if the state invited public discussion of what was expedient, and if these measures were then believed by all to be the best, and especially by you (for certainly from no goodwill did you leave me in possession of hopes and admiration and honours, all of which attended on my policy, but doubtless because you were compelled by the truth and had nothing better to advise); is it not inequitous and monstrous to complain now of measures, than which you could suggest none better at the time?

Among all other people I find these principles in a manner defined and settled: Does a man wilfully offend? He is the object of wrath and punishment. Hath a man erred unintentionally? There is pardon instead of punishment for him. Has a man devoted himself to what seemed for the general good, and without any fault or misconduct been in common with all disappointed of success? Such a one deserves not obloquy or reproach, but sympathy. These principles will not be found in our statutes only: Nature herself has defined them by her unwritten laws and the feelings of humanity. Aeschines however has so far surpassed all men in brutality and malignity, that even things which he cited himself as misfortunes he imputes to me as crimes.

[244-255, 270-275, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

[The last selection is the major portion of the peroration, in which Demosthenes stresses his services to the state, compares his activity as a statesman to that of Aeschines, and concludes with a noble affirmation of his loyalty and devotion to his country.]

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What was the course becoming a loyal citizen — a statesman serving his country with all possible forethought and zeal and fidelity? Should he not have covered Attica on the seaboard with Euboea, on the midland frontier with Boeotia, on the Peloponnesian with the people of that confine? Should he not have provided for the conveyance of corn along a friendly coast all the way to Piraeus? preserved certain places that belonged to us by sending off succours, and by advising and moving accordingly, — Proconnesus, Chersonesus, Tenedos? brought others into alliance and confederacy with us, — Byzantium, Abydus, Euboea? — cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and supplied what the commonwealth was deficient in? All this has been accomplished by my decrees and measures; and whoever will examine them without prejudice, men of Athens, will find they were rightly planned and faithfully executed; that none of the proper seasons were lost or missed or thrown away by me, nothing which depended on one man's ability and prudence was neglected. But if the power of some deity or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I was in my station among you; or rather, had Thessaly possessed one single man, and Arcadia one, of the same sentiments as myself, none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylae would have suffered their present calamities: all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with perfect safety and security, thankful to you and the rest of the Athenians for such manifold blessings through me.

To show you that I greatly understate my services for fear of giving offence, here; read me this, the list of auxiliaries procured by my decrees.

[*The list of auxiliaries.*]

These and the like measures, Aeschines, are what become an honourable citizen (by their success — O earth and heaven! — we should have been the greatest of people incontestably, and deserved to be so: even under their failure the result is glory, and no one blames Athens or her policy; all condemn fortune that so ordered things); but never will he desert the interests of the commonwealth, nor hire himself to her adversaries, and study the enemy's advantage instead of his country's; nor on a man who has courage to advise and propose measures worthy of the state, and resolution to persevere in them, will he cast an evil eye, and, if any one privately offends him, remember and treasure it up; no, nor keep himself in a criminal and treacherous retirement, as you so often do. There is indeed a retirement just and beneficial to the state, such as you, the bulk of my countrymen, innocently enjoy: that however is not the retirement of Aeschines; far from it. Withdrawing himself

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308–314]

from public life when he pleases (and that is often), he watches for the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or when some reverse of fortune has befallen you, or anything untoward has happened (and many are the casualties of human life); at such a crisis he springs up an orator, rising from his retreat like a wind; in full voice, with words and phrases collected, he rolls them out not audibly and breathlessly, to no advantage or good purpose whatsoever, but to the detriment of some one or other of his fellow citizens and to the general disgrace.

Yet from this labour and diligence, Aeschines, if it proceeded from an honest heart, solicitous for your country's welfare, the results should have been rich and noble and profitable to all: alliances of states, supplies of money, conveniences of commerce, enactment of useful laws, opposition to our declared enemies. All such things were looked for in former times; and many opportunities did the past afford for a good man and true to show himself; during which time you are nowhere to be found, neither first, second, third, fourth, fifth, nor sixth — not in any rank at all — certainly in no service by which your country was exalted. For what alliance has come to the state by your procurement? What succours, what acquisition of goodwill or credit? What embassy or agency is there of yours, by which the reputation of the country has been increased? What concern domestic, Hellenic, or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it? What galleys? what ammunition? what arsenals? what repair of walls? what cavalry? What in the world are you good for? What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where? when? You infamous fellow! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and last Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite; not from inability — no! for you have inherited above five talents from Philo, your wife's father, and you had a subscription of two talents from the chairmen of the Boards for what you did to set up the navy-law. But, that I may not go from one thing to another and lose sight of the question, I pass this by. That it was not poverty prevented your contributing, already appears: it was, in fact, your anxiety to do nothing against those to whom your political life is subservient. On what occasions then do you show your spirit? When do you shine out? When aught is to be spoken against your countrymen? — then it is you are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor, a tragic Theocrines. You mention the good men of olden times; and you are right to do. Yet it is hardly fair, O Athenians, that he should get the advantage of that respect which you have for the dead, to compare and contrast me with them, — me who am living among you;

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for what mortal is ignorant that towards the living there exists always more or less of illwill, whereas the dead are no longer hated even by an enemy? Such being human nature, am I to be tried and judged by the standard of my predecessors? Heaven forbid! It is not just or equitable, Aeschines. Let me be compared with you, or any persons you like of your party who are still alive. And consider this, whether it is more honourable and better for the state, that because of the services of a former age, prodigious though they are beyond all power of expression, those of the present generation should be unrequited and spurned, or that all who give proof of their good intentions should have their share of honour and regard from the people? Yet indeed (if I must say so much) my politics and principles, if considered fairly, will be found to resemble those of the illustrious ancients, and to have had the same objects in view, while yours resemble those of their calumniators: for it is certain there were persons in those times, who ran down the living, and praised people dead and gone, with a malignant purpose like yourself.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Aeschines? Is your brother, or any of our speakers? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow, (that I may give you no other name) try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases — poets, dancers, athletes. Philammon did not, because he was inferior to Glaucus of Carystus and some other champions of a bygone age, depart uncrowned from Olympia, but, because he beat all who entered the ring against him, was crowned and proclaimed conqueror. So I ask you to compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like: I yield to none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose for her advantage, and patriotism was a matter of emulation, I showed myself a better counsellor than any, and every act of state was pursuant to my decrees and laws and negotiations: none of your party was to be seen, unless you had to do the Athenians a mischief. After that lamentable occurrence, when there was a call no longer for advisers, but for persons obedient to command, persons ready to be hired against their country and willing to flatter strangers, then all of you were in occupation, grand people with splendid equipages; I was powerless, I confess, though more attached to my countrymen than you.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen: so may I speak of myself and give the least offence: In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded, when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me, when they menaced, when they promised, when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon

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[301–324]

no never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honour, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the misfortunes of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

[301–324, tr. C. R. Kennedy]

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INTRODUCTION:

ROMAN CIVILIZATION

The Population of Italy in Earliest Times

Much of what is written about the prehistoric era of Italy is speculation, based on conclusions drawn from language and archaeology. Indeed modern authorities are unwilling to accept as authentic much of the ancient historical writing in which the story of early Rome is told.

There is some evidence that Italy was inhabited during the Old Stone Age, perhaps a hundred thousand years ago. Some of the population of that period probably lived on to absorb the culture of the New Stone Age, which was brought to the peninsula from Africa indirectly by way of Spain and directly from Africa over a land bridge of which Sicily was a part. About 2000 B.C., vanguards of the Indo-Europeans began to filter through the Alpine passes into the northern lake regions. Several centuries later, during the Bronze Age, an Indo-European people from the Danube basin moved into the pleasant valley of the Po. Shortly before 1000 B.C., the end of the Bronze Age, some of these invaders spread south into the Apennines while others moved through Etruria and, crossing the Tiber, reached the vicinity of the Alban Mount. It has not been definitely determined whether the Latins, Umbrians, and Samnites were their descendants or those of a later invasion of Indo-Europeans.

At the beginning of the Iron Age, about 1000 B.C., the Etruscans began landing on the fertile western coast of Italy north of the Tiber. The country from which they emigrated has not been definitely established, but a strong case can be made for Lydia in Asia Minor. We may suppose that they continued to come in successive waves. They settled in fortified towns, and brought under their power the natives they encountered. Their influence in time extended throughout the peninsula, for they conquered all of northern and central Italy as far south as Rome. Numerous Etruscan tools, weapons, and objects of art have been found in widely scattered regions. They possessed a much more advanced civilization than their Italic neighbors as is shown by their artistic work in iron, copper, gold, and silver; their painting on vases and on the walls of their tombs, and their statues of bronze and terra cotta. They used a Greek alphabet, which passed into Italian use. Though quite a large corpus of their inscriptions is extant, the riddle of the Etruscan language has not been solved.

Another non-Italic people, the Greeks, made a deep impression on Italy. As early as the eighth century B.C. these seafaring people began to explore the western Mediterranean, founding new colonies

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and seeking commercial opportunities in the land of promise were of Greece. Colonies sent out by the mother cities of Greece settled in Sicily, southern and western Italy as far north as Cumae, and even in southern France. Their progress was checked by the Etruscans and the Carthaginians, who resented the Greek expansion into these regions. Eventually the Hellenic settlements in southern Italy were so numerous that the region came to be called Magna Graecia. Though the name might seem to indicate some binding political organization, actually there was little cooperation between the various settlements. The Greek system of city-states with their natural rivalries was transplanted from the east to the west, and this lack of unity made them an easy prey at a later date to the advancing arms of Rome.

The Early Roman Legends

By the time the Greeks in southern Italy came into contact with the Romans, Greek writers had already begun to invent Rome's mythology. The earliest reference to the legend of Aeneas is found in the sixth-century statement of Stesichorus, who said that he went to the west after the fall of Troy. The legend developed until the tale of the Trojan hero found its final form in Vergil's *Aeneid*.

According to the Roman tradition, Romulus founded Rome in 753 B.C., but Greek authors in the fourth century before Christ claimed that Aeneas, after the fall of Troy in 1184 B.C., founded the city of Rome. Later Roman historians, faced with two contradictory stories, attempted to solve this chronological problem by inventing a series of fourteen kings, who reigned at Alba Longa before Romulus founded Rome. These rulers Livy mentions with suspicious haste in a single chapter. They succeeded each other without incident until Amulius seized the power and banished his brother Numitor, the rightful king, killing the latter's male offspring and forcing his daughter, Rhea Silvia, into the perpetual virginity of a Vestal. However, she became the mother of twins, and though she gave out the story that the god Mars was their father, Amulius ordered her imprisoned and the children exposed to the elements. But the children, suckled by a she-wolf, were discovered and reared by a shepherd and his wife. On growing to young manhood, Romulus and Remus headed a group of comrades, slew the usurper, and restored their grandfather to power. Wishing to settle where he had grown up, Romulus left Alba Longa, founded by Ascanius, and built the city of Rome.

Historians do not accept this early mythology as true. They consider it the product of the interplay of Greek and Roman imagination, an attempt to reconcile inconsistencies in the accounts of the founding of Rome. Even though these stories may be pure invention, they are of value, for they represent what the average Roman citizen accepted as true. They hold a prominent place in

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Latin literature from Naevius to Vergil and illustrate the custom, popular in antiquity, of linking the origin of a city and its founder with the gods.

Roman Conquest of Italy

According to tradition Rome was ruled in the beginning by a series of seven kings, the last of whom, Tarquin the Proud, an Etruscan, was expelled from the city. The Romans did not immediately fall heir to the leadership that the Etruscans had held in Latium. Nearby tribes, united in the Latin League, attempted to prevent the extension of Roman influence over them, and Rome, fearing this encirclement by hostile neighbors, prepared to defend herself. It is reasonable to suppose that there was a battle between Rome and her neighbors, after which they came to an understanding, moved to this end by the ever-present threat of the still powerful Etruscans living just across the Tiber. There can be little doubt that the Etruscans returned soon after their expulsion in 509 B.C., only to be defeated by the Romans.

During the fourth century the farming population about Rome often took up the sword. Early in the century Rome besieged the Etruscan city of Veii, twelve miles to the north, and succeeded in destroying the town and enslaving its people. Such a demonstration must have impressed hostile neighboring tribes like the Aequi and the Volsci. However, Roman prestige received a serious setback in 387 B.C. when invading Gauls sacked Rome, destroying practically everything except the citadel. This calamity gave the Etruscans, the Aequi, and the Volsci the courage to pull away from Rome, but once the Gauls retired, Rome quickly reassumed her leadership. In addition to making a treaty with the Gauls, she established an alliance with the Samnites, who lived in the mountains to the north and east of the rich coastal plain of Campania, on which territory they had hostile designs. Striking back, the people of Campania now made common cause with the Latins against the encroachments of Rome. Hardened by war, the Romans quickly and completely destroyed the Latin League, leaving only two towns independent. Campania was forced to become a military ally of Rome, whose power now extended as far south as the bay of Naples. Thereafter, Campania was not permitted to go to war without Rome's permission, but if Campania were attacked, she could count on Rome's support. Such defensive-offensive alliances involved Rome in the disputes of her allies, and were to a great degree responsible for the extension of her power.

The Samnites, who had regarded Campania as their natural field of expansion, now began to feel hostile to Rome, resenting this new alliance with Campania, Samnium's enemy. Rome heard Capua's plea for help against the aggressive Samnites. In the war that followed in the last quarter of the fourth century, Rome's army was twice defeated by the hardy mountaineers in Samnium,

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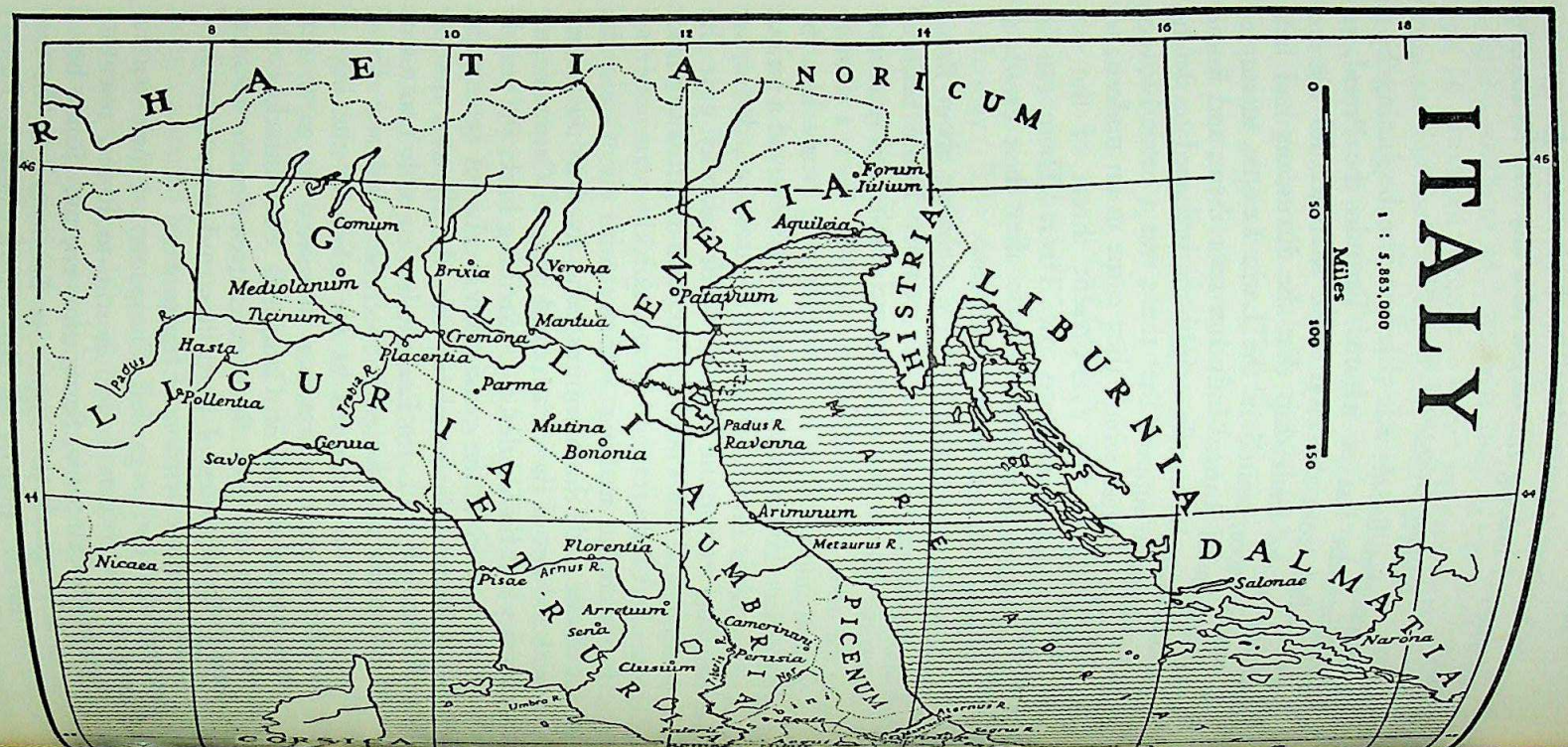

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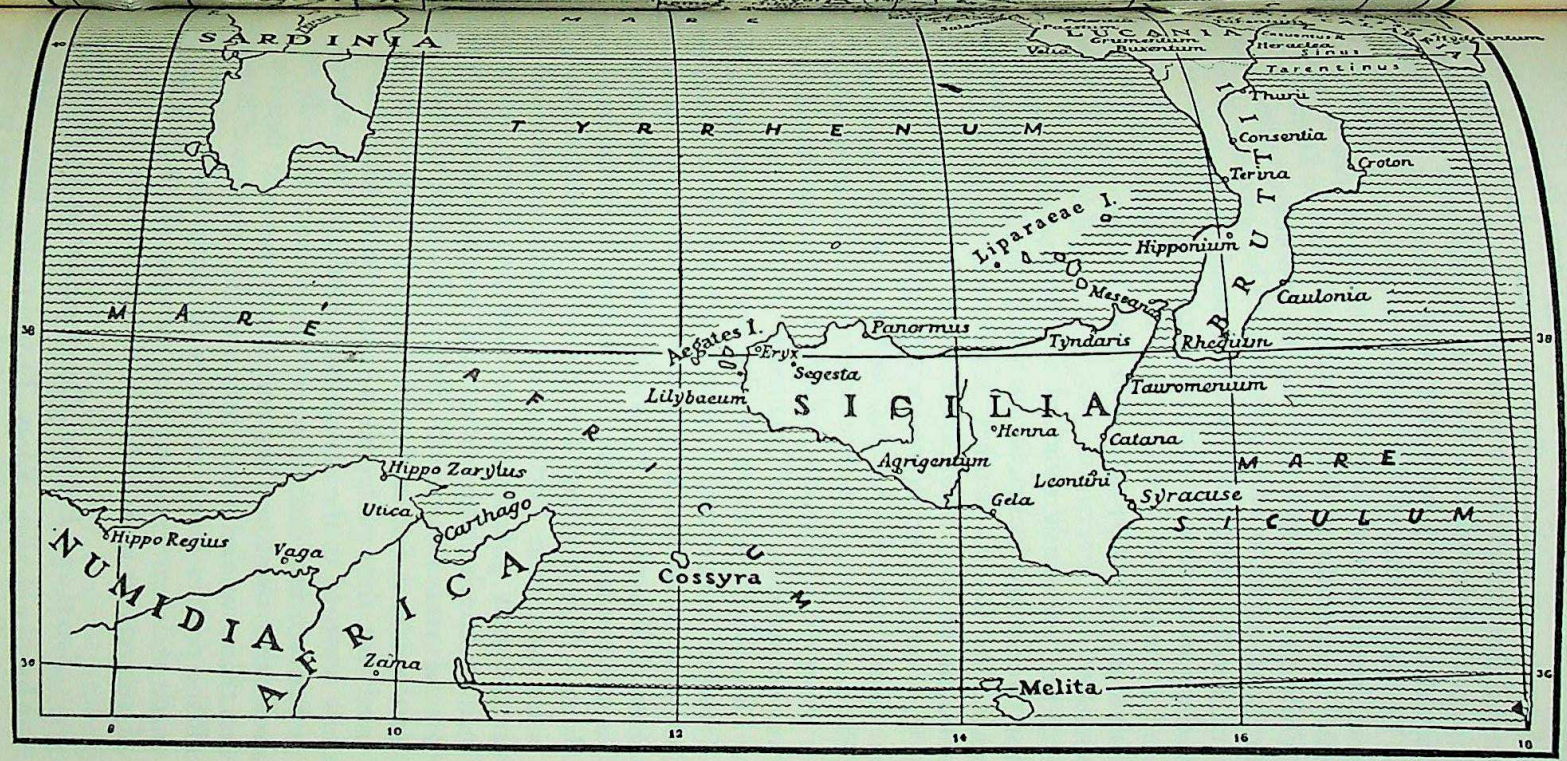

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once at the Caudine Pass leading from Campania into Latium, where the surrendering Romans went under the yoke and solemnly vowed they would not resume the struggle. The Samnites in their simplicity believed the Romans would keep their promise. But they did not: very soon they were back in the field.

The beginning of the third century saw a union of the Gauls and the Etruscans with the Samnites. In spite of the strength of this alliance, Rome dealt it a death blow at Sentinum in 295 B.C. While there was still considerable opposition to Rome, there could be little doubt of the outcome. The growing power of Rome stretched its boundaries north beyond the Rubicon and south to include everything in the peninsula except Lucania and Bruttium and a number of Greek cities. It was inevitable that Rome must continue her conquest since the Italians frequently fought the Greeks.

When previously attacked by the Lucanians and the Bruttians, the Greeks had looked across to the mainland of Greece for deliverance. As Rome marched southward, some of the Greek cities thought of this new power as their defender. About 285 B.C. Thurii appealed to Rome for aid against the Lucanians rather than to Tarentum, the leading Greek city. In going to the aid of Thurii, Roman ships entered the gulf of Tarentum in violation of a treaty with that city. Rome's navy was humbled and Thurii was occupied by the Tarentines.

Dissatisfied elements in the south now rallied to the side of Tarentum. Pyrrhus, a noted general from Epirus, related by marriage to Alexander the Great, crossed over to Italy to fight the cause of Tarentum. In two battles Pyrrhus defeated the Romans, but the cost was so high that additional victories would have meant defeat. The bleeding Romans were prepared to consider terms of peace when the Carthaginians, fearful of the Greek conqueror, unexpectedly volunteered assistance to Rome. At the request of Sicilian Greeks who were beset by the Carthaginians, the Greek general crossed over to Sicily. He was victorious against the Carthaginians but laid such heavy burdens on the cities he had freed that they preferred to make peace with Carthage. Pyrrhus now returned to the Italian mainland and after sustaining a defeat at Beneventum, decided to withdraw from Italy. By 265 B.C. Rome had either overcome her enemies or accepted their submission. In less than two and a half centuries the city-state of Rome had bound all the peoples living in peninsular Italy to herself. With each she made different arrangements, varying all the way from the status of subjects to that of free and federate allies.

Social and Political Development to the Third Century

After banishing King Tarquin the Proud, Rome became a republic. Actually no revolutionary changes in the structure of

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the government seem to have taken place. Under the kings there had been a senate; this institution continued under the Republic. The Assembly of the Curiae, numbering all the citizens in thirty curiae, based on territorial districts, likewise continued from the regal period into the Republic. This was gradually superseded by the Assembly of the Centuries, in which citizens were registered in five classes on the basis of wealth. If the wealthiest citizens chose to present a united front, the first class (eighty centuries) and the equites (eighteen centuries) voted together and thus had a majority of the total, 193 centuries. This system was cumbersome and unfair. There existed simultaneously the Assembly of the Tribes. After the year 287 B.C., its plebiscites bound the entire people, even without the Senate's approval.

To prevent the loss of the liberty they had won with the establishment of the Republic, the Senate conferred the supreme authority on two consuls, each of whom carefully checked the acts of his colleague in the year they served. Occasionally this divided authority was a handicap in a crisis; then a dictator might be appointed for six months. These consuls took counsel with the Senate, which numbered about three hundred. This body was patrician, the very soul of conservatism, the repository of ancestral custom, and the upholder of precedent. It was only natural that with the increase in population the plebeians, who were free citizens, should demand greater representation in the government. With the expulsion of the Etruscan kings, the condition of the lower classes seems to have deteriorated rather than improved. Early in the fifth century, their leaders decided on a policy of passive resistance and led the plebeians from the city. This strike of the masses gained them protectors called tribunes, who stood ready to aid any citizen calling upon them for help against a noble. Later they exercised the power of veto over the Senate.

Two other such strikes are known in the long fight of the plebeians for full civic rights. One such secession grew out of the demand of the plebs that the law, hitherto the arbitrary and unwritten will of the patricians, be definitely codified. As a result of their demands, a commission of ten called the decemvirate replaced the consuls for a period and at the end of their term presented ten tables of the law for the ratification of the people. However, the work was not complete and a second commission was appointed. The work of these two commissions with some later additions is known as the Law of the Twelve Tables. The conduct of this new commission was so tyrannical that it led, about the middle of the fifth century, to a second secession which brought about the overthrow of the tyrants and the return to constitutional government. The struggle of the orders continued with periodic gains by the plebs until 287 B.C. when, as a result of a third and last secession, the Hortensian law was passed by which the decrees

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of the plebs, passed in the Council of the Tribes and hitherto regarded by the patricians as merely advisory, became binding on all the people.

These three strikes of the plebeians were occasions of extreme tenseness in the class strife that lasted for centuries. By this slow advance to 287 B.C., the plebeians arrived at a position where they were free, legally if not actually, to hold any one or all of the several magistracies — the quaestorship, the praetorship, and the consulship — and then after holding any one of these, pass into the Senate, in which they were enrolled for life.

The admission of the plebeians to these offices was bound to come in time since they were increasing in numbers while the patricians were decreasing. However, the lot of many of these plebeians, for the most part artisans and small farmers, was little better than slavery, largely because the patricians had come to possess exceedingly large tracts of land, often unjustly, and continued to increase their holdings. The political struggle between plebeians and patricians came to an end with the extension of civic rights, but a new struggle developed between the wealthy and the poor. This was created by the agrarian problem, to be discussed later.

Roman Conquest of the Mediterranean

In 264 B.C., the very next year after the unification of the peninsula was effected, Rome began a first struggle with Carthage that was to last until 241 B.C. Up to the beginning of this war, the economic interests of Carthage had not clashed with those of Rome; the two nations were, therefore, on very good terms. However, when the Carthaginians had regained their position after the departure of Pyrrhus for Greece, it was to be expected that anti-Carthaginian elements in Sicily would look for aid to the rising power to the north. Difficulties arose in the northernmost Sicilian city of Messana between two factions, the one favoring Syracuse, the other Carthage. The Roman Senate, weary of war, was not anxious for further engagements and refused the request of the anti-Carthaginians in Messana to side with them. However, the Assembly of the Centuries was in favor of sending help, since the rich island of Sicily offered the prospect of plunder. This move precipitated the First Punic War (264-241 B.C.).

Carthage was the great maritime power of that day and Rome could not hope to compete with her new enemy unless she developed a strong navy. In order to use the skill of their infantry, the Romans mounted a grappling iron and a bridge on the masts of their ships, and, when they came within reach of the Carthaginian boats, they quickly lowered the bridge and running across, battled their enemies in hand-to-hand combat, at which they were masters. But in spite of this strategy, during the long war they lost over five hundred ships, though storms were responsible for the sinking

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of many of these. The Romans must have frequently repented their venture into Sicily. Indeed, at one time they were reduced to such a desperate financial condition that private citizens were forced to finance the building of a new fleet. This was the turning point of the struggle. The Carthaginians were bottled up in western Sicily by the Roman fleet, and an expedition from Carthage, sent to relieve their beleaguered comrades, was defeated off the Egates Islands.

From this blow Carthage never completely recovered. The victory of the long war went to the Romans. Rome had lost about two hundred thousand men and was determined to lay upon the vanquished heavy terms of peace. Carthage was given ten years to pay 3,200 talents—about $3,840,000. She was also obliged to cede Sicily and some of the small islands nearby.

The Carthaginians, swept from the seas by Rome, extended their rule over Spain, a conquest that was extremely profitable in view of the rich silver mines there. This expansion was largely directed by a ruling family of Carthage known as the Barcidae, whose hatred of Rome found its deepest expression in Hannibal. Before he had assumed command in Spain, the Romans and the Carthaginians agreed that neither should cross the Ebro River. Saguntum, to the south of this river, was a Roman ally prior, it seems, to this treaty. When Hannibal became the Carthaginian general in Spain, he roused the fears of the Saguntines and they appealed to the Roman Senate for help. In answer to their plea the Romans sent an investigating committee to parley with the young general, but he had no time for them and they were forced to proceed to Carthage. In the meantime, hostilities broke out in Saguntum. The Roman Senate sent a second commission to Carthage demanding that Hannibal be handed over to them. Quite dramatically the leader of the embassy told the Carthaginians that he brought them either peace or war. Which did they prefer? The Carthaginians told the envoys to make the choice themselves. "Then let it be war," said the Roman ambassador.

If Rome could have foreseen the disasters that awaited her before eventual victory in this second Punic War (218-201) her spokesman would not have been so ready to declare war. Despite its alliance with Rome, Saguntum fell in eight months. Five months later, Hannibal had crossed the Pyrenees, fought his way through Southern Gaul, and descended through the Alps into the valley of the Po. He had lost a great many troops but many Gauls, dissatisfied with Roman rule, now joined his ranks.

At this time there was revealed the weakness of the Roman system of having two politicians head their armies. The superiority of Hannibal's strategy at once became apparent. He defeated one consul at the river Ticinus and both of them at the Trebia. In the second year the Romans suffered a disastrous defeat at Trasimene Lake. In 216 B.C. at Cannae in Apulia the Romans were routed

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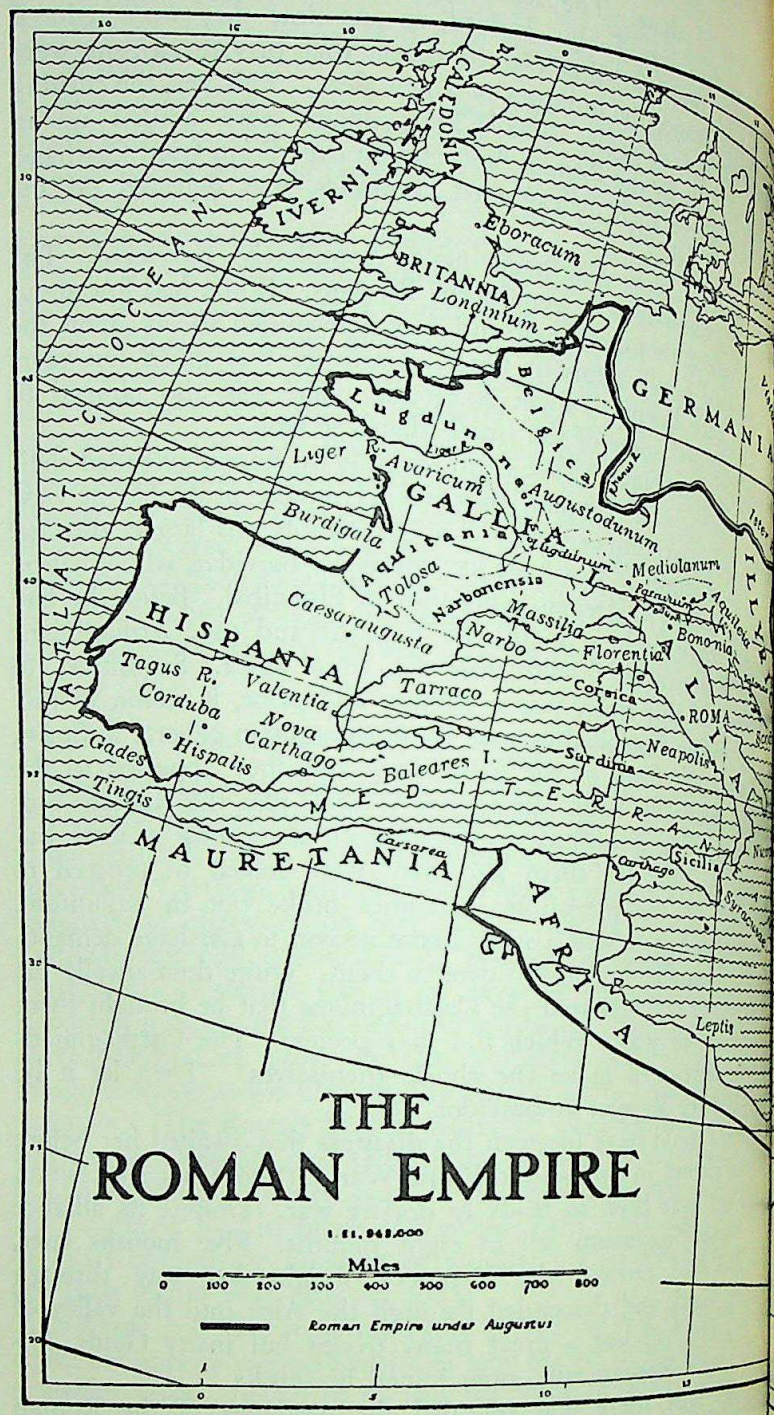

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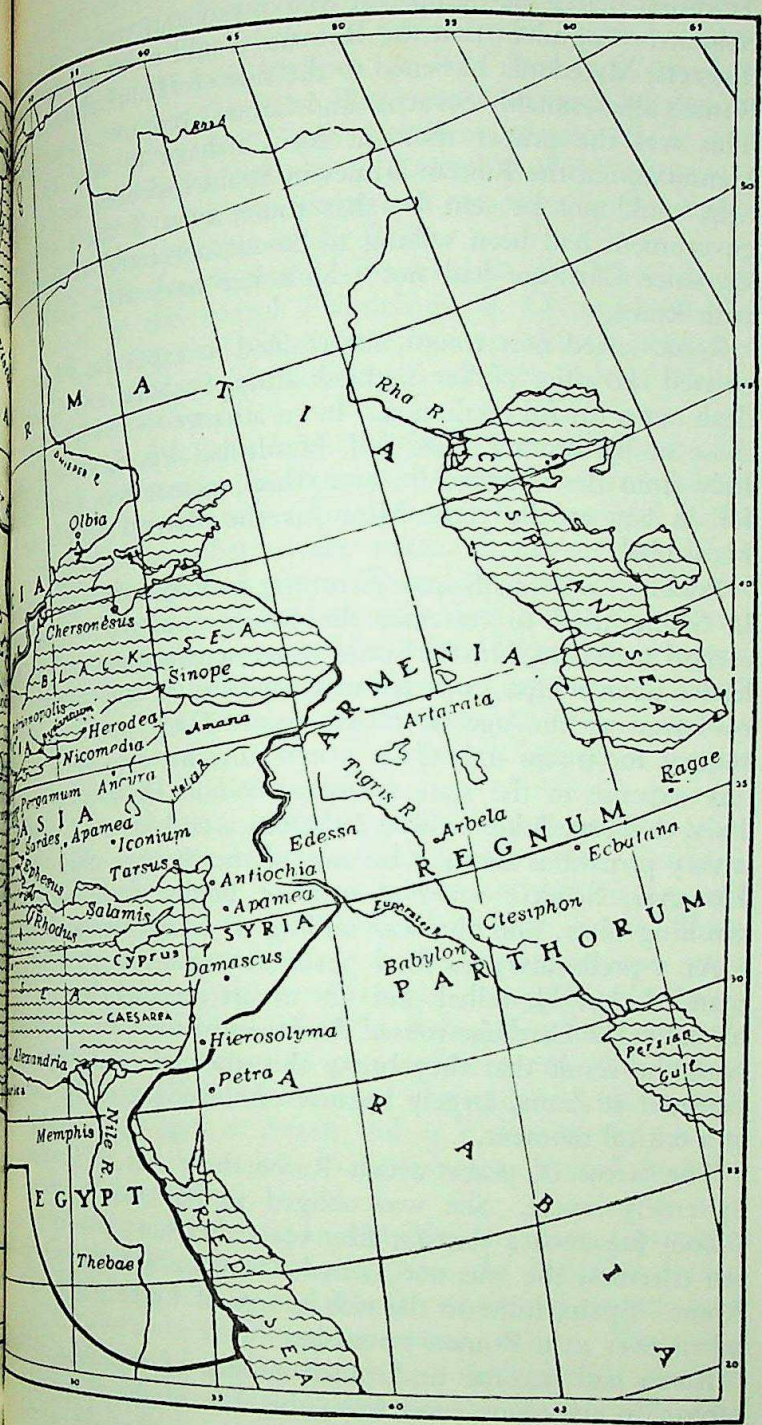

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with the greatest loss of soldiers that the history of Rome records. Tradition places the number at 80,000, probably much too high an estimate. Confident that the Romans would never rise from these disasters, Macedonia hastened to the side of Hannibal, and some of Rome's allies, notably Syracuse and Capua, went over to the invader. This was the proper moment for Carthage to send support to Hannibal, but the Roman armies in Spain had been successful and help could not be sent by that route, even if the Carthaginian government had been willing to do so; nor could aid be sent by sea since Carthage had not rebuilt her navy after the first war with Rome.

Rome levied new troops, determined to expel the invader. She entered the cities of her faithless allies, Syracuse and Capua, and dealt out a fearful retaliation. In an attempt to join his forces with those of his brother Hannibal, Hasdrubal left Spain and entered Italy from the north. However, this juncture was never effected for in 207 at the river Metaurus the Roman consuls defeated Hasdrubal.

Publius Cornelius Scipio, returning to Rome after great victories in Spain, tried to convince the Senate that the war should be carried to Africa, but the conservative senators opposed this young leader upon whom, contrary to precedent, the imperium had been conferred at the age of twenty-four. They would yield to his request for troops only if he would raise his own soldiers without any expense to the state treasury. While Hannibal was still in Italy, this expedition crossed into Africa and for some time was in a very precarious position because of the Senate's niggardly policy. However, Scipio's superior strategy finally dealt Carthage one crushing blow, and she was willing to accept terms of surrender.

As a preliminary to final peace arrangements the Romans demanded that Hannibal and his troops evacuate Italy. However, his arrival at Carthage roused the hopes of the Carthaginians again, with the result that they broke the truce. In 202, Hannibal was defeated at Zama, largely because of the flight of his mercenaries at a critical moment.

The terms of peace which Rome dealt out to Carthage were extremely severe. She was obliged to pay two hundred talents (about $240,000) a year for fifty years; her navy was not to exceed ten triremes; she was not to make war without the permission of Rome. Spain, hitherto the rich source of Carthaginian silver, was taken over as a Roman possession.

Rome had become undisputed master of the western Mediterranean in sixty-four years from the date of the unification of the Italian peninsula. In the next thirty-four years she was destined to bring the eastern end of the Mediterranean under her control.

The Senate was interested in seeing that a balance of power prevailed in the East, and viewed with alarm the alliance of Philip V of Macedonia and Antiochus III, the ruler of the Seleucid Empire.

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ever, the Assembly of the Centuries was not as interested in ssing the Adriatic as it had been in crossing the strait to Sicily 264 B.C. It was only when the people were convinced that ip planned an eventual invasion of Italy that they voted to ose his aggression in the East. Rome now followed her policy, vide and conquer." She began hostilities against Philip and the same time sent an embassy to Antiochus with instructions give him the impression that his current campaign against Egypt Asia Minor was not opposed by Rome.

In 197 B.C. in the fourth year of the struggle, the Macedonians defeated by the consul Flamininus at Cynocephalae, in ously. Macedonia was now forced into an alliance with her peror and Greece, which had been under the rule of Philip, declared free by Rome.

The Aetolian League was from the first disgruntled with the for not obliterating the power of Greece's ancient enemy, donia. But Rome saw in Philip's country a powerful buffer the barbarous tribes to the north. Stung by the slight ition it had received from Rome, the Aetolian League rously encouraged Antiochus to enter Greece. At the famous of Thermopylae, the forces of the Seleucid king were routed, he withdrew to Asia Minor, leaving the League to the harsh ment of an angry Senate, which effectively broke up the deracy by demanding that the Aetolians furnish a regular of troops to the Roman armies.

In 190 B.C. the Romans crossed the Hellespont under Lucius and his brother Africanus, the victor over Carthage. ochus' aims of empire were suddenly brought to an end. ing other penalties, he was obliged to pay Rome fifteen sand talents (about $18,000,000) in the ensuing twelve years. V of Macedonia now grew restive under Rome's power, that his efforts in her behalf in Asia Minor had not been rly rewarded. He began to prepare for a new war against and at his death left his successor vast resources and a large Rome felt obliged to attack and at Pydna in 167 B.C. the donians were utterly routed. A stern Senate divided the small dom into four republics.

Though there was no power in the Mediterranean that could ously challenge Rome's superiority after the battle of Pydna, in Spain, Macedonia, and Greece attempted to win back freedom toward the middle of the second century. Rome had ngth arrived at a policy of annexation in dealing with countries would not keep the peace. In 146 the Achaean League after ing Sparta, its rival to the south, was utterly crushed. Corinth pillaged, its art loaded on Roman ships, and its inhabitants into slavery. In the very same year Carthage suffered an worse fate; its citizens were massacred, the city leveled to the and salt scattered over the land.

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Greek Influences on Roman Civilization

Long before Rome had gained control of insular Italy, the brilliant civilization of Hellas had blossomed and matured—and gone to seed. During the young Republic's struggle for survival against the recurrent attacks of Gallic tribes and its battles against hostile neighbors, Romans had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to pursue any save the arts of war. The typical citizen of those early days felt that a man was most a man when he possessed *virtus,* which to him meant courage. If he held to this ideal of his fathers he felt he could not go far wrong, while the citizen who encouraged innovations and novelties was surely bringing evil into the state. Being of an intensely practical nature, the typical Roman placed more stock in what a man did than in what he said. What met the eye was far more interesting than any rhythmical phrasing designed to charm the ear.

The influence of Greek culture on the Romans became pronounced in the third century B.C., after they conquered southern Italy and Sicily. Livius Andronicus, a slave from Tarentum, translated Homer and Greek plays for the Romans, his first play being given in 240 B.C., the first year after the First Punic War. From this time on the Hellenic influence spread until there was no phase of public or private Roman life that did not bear the marks of Greek culture.

After the victories over Hannibal and Philip at the beginning of the second century, fear of powerful enemies passed from the Roman mind. The aristocrats had an opportunity for the first time to think of something besides national security. Contact with the teachers of Greece and its rich literary and artistic inheritance created in the leisure classes an interest in the language and the civilization of the Greeks.

Cato the Censor, plain-spoken, rough, and virile, viewed the softening effects of this new learning with scorn and spearheaded his opposition to Greek thought not only by denouncing it but by turning out works in Latin that were indigenous to Roman life and no mere adaptation from the Greek. Such were his books *On Farming* and *The Origins.* But the younger aristocrats, particularly of the Scipionic circle, were not to be won from their admiration of the mature culture of Greece. The opposition to Greek influence died down in the first half of the second century and, according to tradition, even Cato himself took up the study of Greek at an advanced age.

After the subjection of Greece by Roman arms, Greek slaves performed every sort of service, from domestic to literary work for their Roman masters. The child's nurse, the pedagogue who took the boy to school, the tutor who taught him at home, all were generally slaves held in high regard by their masters. So too were

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many of the physicians, sculptors, accountants, and secretaries, to name only a few of the occupations in which they served. This arrangement was in the end harmful both to the master race and to their slaves. It curbed originality in the Romans and eventually weakened their moral fiber, nor was the character of the Greeks improved by their position of subserviency.

Not all instruction was given by slaves. The teachers of rhetoric and philosophy were more likely to be free, and at a later date their fame drew illustrious Romans like Cicero and Horace to Athens or Rhodes for advanced studies. The Greeks no longer had the inspiration which moved their ancestors but they still were the purveyors of a glorious tradition. Horace himself attested to the intellectual conquest of Rome by Greece when he wrote: "Captive Greece took its rough captor captive."

In Roman education, literature, and philosophy, it is hardly possible to overestimate the influence of Greece. In architecture and religion the influence is less marked. Only in the field of law was the Roman able to instruct the Greek.

General Political, Social, and Economic Changes in the Third and Second Centuries

After the plebeians gained the right of holding the various magistracies, the ranks of the aristocrats opened to receive a small number of families from the lower order, but soon those ranks closed again. Thereafter, it became almost impossible for one born a plebeian to be numbered among the aristocrats. Only a person of great energy and ability, like Cato the Elder or Cicero, could gain the support of the aristocrats. When such a strong man succeeded in rising to the consulship, he was dubbed "a new man." To be considered a noble, one had to point to some ancestor who belonged to the Senate, either because he had inherited this rank or had held a magistracy. Common citizens were quite effectively barred from these political races by a series of hurdles. Campaign expenses were high. The magistrate in charge of the elections could refuse to entertain the nomination of anyone he chose to eliminate. Furthermore, although such offices made great demands upon the incumbents' time, there was no salary connected with them. Politics in Rome was a rich man's game.

The democratic tendencies that had been developing in the power of the popular assemblies disappeared with the emergencies brought on by Rome's foreign wars. The power of these bodies declined because the citizenry composing them was often absent from the capital on military service. In such circumstances it was only natural that the power of the Senate should increase, for that body never recessed. Moreover, in it was concentrated Rome's best political wisdom and its shrewdest administrative experience. From its membership were selected the generals who headed the military

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campaigns waged by Rome. When once the war was won, the administration of the conquered territory was headed by one of the senators and a staff chosen from his peers.

As Rome's influence extended throughout the Mediterranean, the obligations of the Roman state became much heavier. In the beginning, Rome attempted merely to regulate the affairs of these countries, but when that system ran into difficulties, it began a policy of annexation. Countries originally treated as allies became subject and as provinces were mercilessly exploited. The generals and their armies pillaged the conquered, carrying off precious metals, objects of art, and prisoners of war. Governors and their staffs took over the administration of an area once it was pacified and continued the exhaustion of the country's resources. The *publicani,* who had bid in the right to collect the taxes, fell upon the province and often picked it clean.

Rome made no attempt to adapt its political organization to the increasing size and complexity of the Empire. It still retained the structure of a city-state, attempting to enforce its will upon the civilized world. There was no intention on the part of the oligarchy in Rome to admit the conquered to the rights of citizenship. The provincials might be taxed heavily; they might be conscripted to serve in the auxiliaries and die fighting Rome's battles, but they could not hope to be citizens. From the senatorial point of view, provincials had numerous obligations but scarcely any rights.

During these two centuries great social ills grew out of Rome's conquests. Though heavy indemnities from the conquered continued to fall into the coffers of Rome, the lot of the common man became more and more desperate. During fifteen years in the Italian peninsula, Hannibal had pillaged some four hundred towns and villages. The long wars, both at home and abroad, had drained the country of much of its manpower — up to fifty per cent, according to some estimates. During these periods when Rome was extending her power, agriculture suffered in that the small farms were often destroyed or neglected or passed into the hands of wealthy landowners. The legionaries, who had wielded the swords that carved out the vast areas under the power of Rome, frequently returned after years of military service to find that they had lost the land that was theirs before their conscription. They became tenant farmers or seasonal laborers on the larger farms or, weaned away from the quiet life of the countryside, found their way into the populous centers to swell the ranks of the unemployed. For these victorious soldiers the Senate had no reconversion policy.

The basis of Roman economy was agriculture. Since tradition and a law of 218 B.C. opposed senators' undertaking commercial enterprises outside of Italy, they invested their means in large farms. For these rich landowners the conquests of Roman arms abroad

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was an additional source of wealth, for great numbers of prisoners were put to work on these farms. This use of slaves guaranteed a steady supply of labor, unaffected by military conscription or dissatisfaction among free laborers. The frugal management of these slaves, as suggested by Cato in his treatise, *On Agriculture,* could not fail to show a neat balance for the absentee landlord who exported wool, wine, and oil. The poor freeman, owning a small farm, could not hope to compete with the rich landowner, whose acres were tilled by slaves who in turn raised their own food, spun their own clothes, and reproduced their kind to live a life of slavery.

Nor could the small farmer hope for better fortune if he left the soil and came to the city. Here at best he could eke out only a scant living, for again he had to compete with the labor of slaves. In fact, the abundance of slaves in so many different fields of activity often made the lot of the poor freeman much worse than that of many slaves.

After the plebeians had won the theoretical right to hold office, their political fight with the aristocrats came to an end, but immediately a new struggle developed between the rich and the poor. During the era of expansion, the senatorial class was not the only one that prospered. The conquest of the provinces was the source of great wealth to the equestrian order. In general, these businessmen promoted schemes requiring the capital that their companies possessed, executing certain contracts for the state, notably the collecting of the provincial taxes. Their banking firms bid in at the lowest possible figure the right to collect this tribute and then sent their agents to the province to make their investment as profitable as they could. In the period of Rome's expansion, then, the rich had become richer and the poor poorer. The aristocratic and financial groups had definitely eliminated the sturdy peasantry. Rome was to learn the truth expressed in Goldsmith's lines:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Century of Revolution and Civil War (133–27 B.C.)

Champions of the cause of the people's party appeared in the brothers Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus, who belonged to one of Rome's best families. During his tribuneship, Tiberius, objecting to the appropriation of great tracts of public lands by the ruling class in violation of a statute two and half centuries old, called on the Assembly of the Tribes to pass his agrarian reforms by which public lands held by private individuals should be limited to some three hundred acres, with half that amount for each of two sons.

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The presiding tribune vetoed the reading of the measure. Instead of proceeding along traditional lines, Tiberius induced the Assembly to dismiss the objecting tribune. Straightway the agrarian law was passed. Those who had interests in the large land holdings decided to wait until the following year before taking action. Then the law could be repealed or rendered inoperative because Tiberius would be out of office, since it was assumed that he would not succeed himself. During his campaign for re-election strife increased, and a band of senators killed Tiberius and many of his followers. The appeal to violence had begun and similar scenes were often to be repeated in the capital before the state regained its stability.

In spite of the murder of Tiberius, the commission appointed to redistribute the public lands continued its work, but after a few years the project became so snarled with legal claims of injustice that the expropriations ceased. However, the cause of the landless did not die. Ten years after the tribunate of his brother, Gaius Gracchus stood for the same office, intending to accomplish what Tiberius had failed to do. After his election he won the favor of the plebs by subsidizing the sale of grain to the poor at a price far below the market. Determined to break the power of the Senate, he transferred the jurisdiction of the courts to the equestrians, whose favor he further conciliated by giving them special concessions in bidding for the privilege of collecting the taxes. Gaius showed great interest in establishing colonies for the landless. For over two months he was absent from Rome, founding a colony on the ruins of Carthage. This gave the Senate time to undermine his power. They now sponsored a program of colonizing that dwarfed the one Gaius had proposed. Violence developed after his return, and when he saw that the fight was lost and that he would soon fall into the hands of his enemies, he had himself slain by a faithful servant. Ten years after the death of Gaius, all public lands became the private property of those who possessed them.

A new champion of the cause of the popular party in its struggle with the aristocrats appeared in Gaius Marius, a man born of humble parents, who rose through the army and finally reached the consulship in 106 B.C. He had been serving in Africa under Metellus in the halfhearted war that corrupt Roman leadership had been waging against Jugurtha, and after his election as consul the Assembly, in defiance of the Senate's prerogatives, gave him the command of the campaign in place of Metellus. Soon after Marius' return to Africa the war came to an end.

One of the reasons why the Gracchi proposed a redistribution of land was their realization that Rome would have too few soldiers to fight her wars if the small landowners disappeared, for only those who had property were conscripted. To the landless and the

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unemployed, Marius now opened something of a substitute for farming in a career of military service, lasting sixteen years and carrying with it more advantages than previously. This policy won many soldiers to his personal allegiance. His prestige was further strengthened when he was appointed to defend Italy against certain Germanic and Celtic nomads who appeared at the northern boundaries of Italy, threatening to invade the peninsula. In this crisis the Senate was willing enough to allow Marius to succeed himself as consul. When, however, after vanquishing Rome's enemies, he presented himself as a candidate for consul for the sixth time, the ire of the Senate was roused. He was nevertheless elected. Two of his followers, Saturninus and Glaucia, then sought to revive the Gracchan proposals for cheap grain, distribution of land and the establishment of colonies. Later, Saturninus, a candidate for the consulship, caused one of his competitors to be murdered. Marius was ordered by the Senate to restore order. In this difficult situation he was not able to save his friends.

The extension of Roman citizenship to include the Italians had been a part of the legislation proposed during the tribunate of the younger Gracchus. The same proposal was made by the tribune Livius Drusus, the last believer in persuasion rather than violence, but he combined his motion with several others and for this reason his bill was declared illegal by the Senate. Shortly thereafter, an organized uprising, the so-called Social War, broke out against Rome among some of her Italian allies. Though Rome put her best generals in the field, she was repeatedly defeated in the first year. Fearing that she and a few loyal allies would have to fight all Italy, Rome granted citizenship to those who had remained steadfast and to any others who would lay down their arms. Later Rome broadened these concessions and the war ended in its third year (88 B.C.) The shortsighted policy of the Senate had cost the lives of many thousands on both sides and reduced the man-power resources of Rome to such an extent that for the first time freedmen were drafted into the army. The Romans could take small comfort in the fact that the Italian voters were not to be included in the thirty-five tribes, but were to be organized into ten, which would have the privilege of voting after the old tribes. In any decision, therefore, on which the Romans agreed, the voting of the Italians would be useless.

During this war, both Marius and Sulla had given a good account of themselves as generals. At its conclusion both sought the conduct of the war against Mithridates which had flared up in Asia Minor while Rome was occupied in defeating her allies. The command fell to Sulla, a fierce supporter of the optimates, who had served with distinction under Marius in Africa. Though nearly seventy, Marius was ambitious for this command. He obtained it with the help of the tribune Sulpicius, bared daggers,

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and his party's promises to the Italians that they would be enrolled in the thirty-five tribes, where their superior numbers would carry any motion.

Sulla, at the head of six legions, marched back to the capital, and for the first time in Rome's long history, a pitched battle was fought with bugle and standards inside the city. Marius managed to escape, but Sulpicius and many of the Marians were slain. Sulla now instituted many reforms. In future no motion was to be presented to the people that had not first received the approval of the Senate. Moreover, the ancient system of voting by centuries was to replace voting by tribes. The prestige of the Senate was increased by the addition of three hundred of the best citizens. Feeling that the cause of the optimates was permanently established Sulla set out to restore order in the East.

But as soon as Sulla was at a safe distance from the city, the Marians under the leadership of the consul Cinna revived the democratic measures proposed by the slain Sulpicius. Expelled from Rome, Cinna recalled Marius, collected troops, and marched against Rome. Though they were admitted to the city on the promise that they would avoid bloodshed, they straightway began a reign of terror in which many equestrians and senators were killed and much property confiscated. Slaves who had been freed by the Marians on condition that they take up arms for the invaders often attacked their former masters. When, however, they continued their plundering after Cinna ordered them to desist, he had them surrounded and slain. When Marius had completely indulged his private vengeance, he had himself elected consul for the seventh time. He died in the first month after taking office.

After defeating Mithridates, Sulla, whose property had been destroyed in his absence and whose family had barely escaped to him with their lives, wrote a letter to Rome in which he gave ample warning of his intentions to punish his private enemies. With an army that had taken a personal oath of loyalty to him he made good his threat. In the subsequent disturbances lasting three years, over a hundred thousand Roman citizens lost their lives, among them many senators and equestrians. The land of his wealthy opponents was seized and distributed among 150,000 veterans of Sulla's armies.

Once he had destroyed all opposition by violence, Sulla began to take thought of the legal processes that must now be established in the state. He caused himself to be elected dictator for as long as he chose to hold the office, and instituted numerous reforms strengthening the power of the optimates. After about three years of this absolute rule, he retired to private life and died in the following year.

In the very year of Sulla's death his reforms were challenged by the consul Lepidus. More serious trouble for the Senate developed in Spain where Sertorius, whom Sulla had never been able to crush, allied himself with the enemies of Rome in the East and

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from Spain away from allegiance to the Senate. That body reluctantly gave Pompey the task of resubjugating Spain. He had served with distinction under Sulla and had shown his ambitious nature by demanding from Sulla a triumph for putting down the Marians in Sicily and Africa. This he received, even though the dictator was opposed to giving the young general such a distinction.

Pompey subdued Spain at the cost of much bloodshed, but the task would have been much more difficult if Sertorius had not been assassinated by one of his most trusted officers. Meanwhile, slaves in southern Italy had risen and already defeated Roman armies. Crassus, another one of Sulla's officers, was appointed by the Senate to conduct this war, but before he had quite finished the task, Pompey returned from Spain and helped subdue the slaves. Both Crassus and Pompey, at the head of powerful armies, demanded triumphs and the right to stand together for the consulship in 70 B.C. When the Senate pointed out the unconstitutionality of their candidacy, they turned to the tribunes and the Assembly for support. This was readily given. The privileges restored to the Senate in the dictatorship of Sulla then came to an end.

After their term as consuls, the two generals passed up their right to go to a province and waited about for a military command that would furnish a wider scope for their ambition. Rome's preoccupation with internal disturbances had given pirates in the Mediterranean a chance to flourish without restraint. They became so bold that they plundered cities along the Italian coast, even to the mouth of the Tiber. Despite the Senate's unwillingness to see vast powers concentrated in the hands of one man, Pompey was given an extraordinary command with a numerous fleet, a large army, and extensive financial backing. Within three months he had cleared the seas of pirates and cornered them in their Cilician hideout.

Since Pompey was organized for conflict and Lucullus was having trouble not only in subduing Mithridates but his own mutinous troops as well, Cicero, now a praetor, and Julius Caesar, back from his quaestorship in Spain, united with the Assembly in favor of Pompey's request that he be allowed to supplant Lucullus. Notwithstanding the bitter objections of the Senate, this new command was granted. During an absence of five years, Pompey restored Roman power in the East, though his rule was not as fair to the governed as Lucullus' had been.

The city uneasily awaited the return of a conqueror with many seasoned troops under his command. Cicero and Caesar had improved their own reputations during his absence and hoped for his favor. While consul, Cicero had strangled the dangerous conspiracy of Catiline and had been saluted as father of his country. Caesar had courted the favor of the Roman populace by the lavishness of the games he had given, with money probably furnished by the wealthy Crassus.

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To the great relief of the capital, Pompey disbanded his army. Seeing that he was now without immediate military support, the Senate unwisely quarreled with him, refusing to give his veterans land or to sanction the arrangements he had made during operations in the East.

On returning with an army from his governorship of Spain, Caesar pointed out to Pompey and Crassus that the three of them had it in their power to become the political bosses of the Republic. Thereupon the First Triumvirate agreed that Caesar should be consul for 59 B.C., after which he was to receive Cisalpine Gaul as his province for five years; that Pompey was to be given the concessions that the Senate had denied him; that Crassus was to obtain certain favors demanded by the moneyed interests. All this was carried out as Caesar planned it. He first offered these proposals to the senators, but when they refused to approve his plans, he left the Senate in anger and did not summon that body together again during the year. When Bibulus saw that Caesar, his fellow consul, had no respect whatever for constitutional procedures, he retired to his home and, for the sake of the record, voiced his disapproval of his colleague's measures. From this arose the humorous allusion to the consulship of Julius and Caesar. The coalition met again after five years. In the meantime Caesar had made vast conquests in Transalpine Gaul while Pompey and Crassus had reached the breaking point. Again Caesar was able to reconcile their differences. Once more they parceled out the Republic among themselves for another five years. After serving together as consuls in 55 B.C., Pompey was to be governor of Spain and Libya and Crassus was to have Syria. Caesar was to retain his Gallic command.

Two years later, Crassus was slain by the Parthians, who lived to the southeast of the Caspian Sea. Instead of going to Spain, Pompey stayed in Rome, artfully improving his position against Caesar, while the latter continued the conquests that took him over the Rhine into Germany and across the Channel into England. Now it was convenient for Pompey to appeal to constitutional procedures in his contest with Caesar. The Senate decreed that if the conqueror of Gaul should cross the Rubicon River with his troops he would be regarded as a public enemy. Caesar stated that he was willing to lay down his arms if Pompey would do the same. When the consuls appointed Pompey to take command against Caesar, the latter defied the Senate and marched on Rome before Pompey could organize opposition. In a series of rapid moves Caesar gained control of the situation in Italy and Spain and then crossed over to Greece where, after initial setbacks, he defeated Pompey at Pharsalus in 48 B.C. The conquered general fled to Egypt where he was slain, to the genuine sorrow of Caesar. From this point on there was not a man in the Republic powerful enough to block Caesar's advance to the dictatorship.

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From the days of Tiberius Gracchus the strong men of Rome had coped either with the Assembly or the Senate. Caesar's remedy for this instability was a personal despotism, which was not without a certain benevolence. Leaders who had opposed him were permitted to return to Rome without any fear of such reprisals as the capital had witnessed under Sulla. But a group of senators could not tolerate this tyranny and so assassinated Caesar on March 15, 44 B.C.

The conspirators had drawn up no plans for the establishment of orderly government, apparently thinking that the Republic would immediately be restored at the death of Caesar. A wild scramble for power followed. Mark Antony, a consul with a strong bodyguard, immediately laid hold of Caesar's papers and money. Lepidus, Caesar's master of the horse, had a legion under his command. Gaius Octavius, the sickly adopted son and heir of the Dictator, only eighteen years old, seemed the least likely of the contenders to reach the top, but he knew how to appeal to the masses. Eventually, in the face of united Republican forces under Brutus and Cassius, the three avengers of Caesar managed to compose their differences and formed a coalition, known in history as the Second Triumvirate.

Instantly they began a purge of their enemies rivaling that of Sulla. Informers and murderers were bountifully rewarded. Some three hundred senators, among them Cicero, and two thousand equestrians lost their lives in the ensuing slaughter. There was widespread confiscation of the property of the proscribed in order to finance the schemes of the triumvirs. After stamping out the last spark of opposition, Antony and Octavian crossed over into Greece and in 42 B.C. defeated the armies of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi.

Before long the victorious generals were on the verge of an open break, but when their armies faced each other their differences were reconciled by the diplomacy of Maecenas and Asinius Pollio. To seal their renewed friendship Octavian gave his sister Octavia in marriage to Antony. Quite ignoring Lepidus, the other two triumvirs divided the Roman world between themselves, Antony taking the East and Octavian the West, though Italy was to be held by both in common. Later, Octavian suspected Lepidus of treachery and, after depriving him of his command — though leaving him the office of supreme pontiff — kept him under constant guard.

Antony underwent a moral disintegration in the East where he renounced the virtuous Octavia in favor of Cleopatra. The two leaders, each heading vast forces, met in 31 B.C. at Actium where Octavian blockaded Antony in the harbor. Cleopatra escaped by sea and was soon followed by Antony. In the next year Octavian reduced Egypt to a province. Powerless to oppose him, Antony committed suicide. Cleopatra followed his example when the

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charms that had fascinated both Caesar and Antony failed to attract the new conqueror.

At thirty-three Octavian was the unchallenged arbiter of the civilized world.

The Establishment of the Augustan Principate

Once Octavian reached the pinnacle of Roman power, he showed such remarkable shrewdness in maintaining his position and in establishing the principate that for over two hundred years there was internal peace in the Empire, interrupted only once, and then for only a short time, at the death of Nero.

The fate of Caesar was a constant reminder to Octavian that if he wished to rule the world he must follow subtler methods than those of a dictator. Accordingly he strove to give the impression that he was bent on restoring republican forms, that his sole personal ambition was to be helpful in bringing about harmony in Roman society. On the surface he showed great deference to the Senate. Instead of grasping for new controls, he appeared before the senators in 27 B.C. and surrendered all his powers, retaining only the personal inviolability vouchsafed him by the tribunician power. After he laid down his authority, the Senate and the Assembly concurred in giving him the proconsulship for a period of ten years, together with the honors of being termed imperator (commander-in-chief) and Augustus (which reminds us of "His Majesty"). Under the terms of his new command, Augustus took over as imperial charges those provinces where order was not fully established but returned them to the Senate once peace was restored. At the end of his first proconsulship, the Senate besought him to accept the office for five years more, and then for another five years. Three times afterwards he was given the same office for ten years. This power he really desired, for it gave him control of the army. Yet he always tried to leave the impression that he was not anxious for power but would yield to the will of the Senate. In spite of his ill health he would continue to serve the state. When he died at the age of seventy-six, he had held the proconsular authority for forty-two years.

Through all this period he was careful to avoid offending the Senate by assuming any new powers. All the titles he received had been granted previously in Rome's history. He resigned the consulship and, after 23 B.C., rarely assumed it again. He refused to take the name of dictator or censor of laws and morals, realizing that these offices would only make enemies for himself. By reason of his wide influence Augustus came to be known as the princeps, the first of the citizens, and his government a principate.

To govern the provinces Augustus chose men from the Senate, which he reorganized, striking from the list those whom he judged unworthy of that high office. Nobles of ability were given an opportunity to exercise their administrative talent. When the

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finances of the senatorial provinces ran into difficulties, he constantly met the deficit from the great private fortune he had amassed. To each of these provinces under the control of the Senate Augustus sent a procurator of his own choosing, whose duty it was to report to him on the nature of the provincial administration. The days were gone when a governor could make a fortune for himself in a single year.

Augustus made wide use of the members of the equestrian order. For them a definite course of honors was established, from minor military posts and civil service positions up to the command of the emperor's troops, called the praetorian guard, or the governorship of Egypt, which Augustus held as his own personal property. At the pleasure of the emperor an equestrian might even be enrolled among the senators.

The Assembly continued to go through the motions of electing certain magistrates but, since the list of candidates had to be approved by Augustus, its decisions had little meaning. The city mob was no longer roused to violence by demagogues. Fed by free grain and amused by the public games, it seemed content.

Military service furnished an opportunity for advancement for those plebeians who showed some ambition. During practically all of Augustus' principate voluntary enlistments met military requirements, even though men were enrolled for twenty years in the legions and served on the frontiers. No large standing army was quartered in Italy. Any threat of revolution could be put down by the praetorian guard of nine thousand and a force of barbarians kept in the city to protect the imperial palace.

Augustus raised his own status in the sight of the people by identifying himself with the gods and promoting their worship. Abandoned temples were rebuilt and neglected priesthoods re-established. At the death of Lepidus he took over the office of supreme pontiff. Caesar had been divinized and Augustus assumed the title, "Son of the Divine Julius." The name Augustus, given him by the Senate, had religious overtones, often being applied to the gods. Indeed, in the East where the worship of a ruler was not a new thing, Augustus was accorded divine honors together with the goddess Roma.

Augustus realized that if the peace he had brought to the state were to continue after his death, he must in his own lifetime build up a successor and give him such power and prestige that he could immediately take over the government when his time came. Octavian had only one child, Julia, a daughter by his second wife, whom he divorced in favor of Livia. Through this daughter he tried to establish a family line. He first married her to Marcellus and, when that promising young man died, to Agrippa. When he too died, Augustus ordered Tiberius, a son of Livia, to divorce the wife he loved and marry Julia. Later when two of Julia's sons by Agrippa grew to young manhood, their grandfather favored them.

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Feeling that he was being replaced, and angry at Julia's immorality, Tiberius retired to Rhodes. But the two grandsons who were being groomed for high office met tragic deaths. Augustus once more turned to Tiberius, whom he now adopted. Tiberius returned from his exile at Rhodes to find that Julia had been exiled to the island of Pandataria. The princeps had been urging a high moral code upon the Romans and the scandal created by his own daughter was so open and flagrant that he was forced to punish her.

Ten years after his adoption, Tiberius succeeded to the principate in A.D. 14. Lacking Octavian's spirit of compromise and his talents at dissembling, his regime was not so successful. However, Augustus had so definitely set the pattern of government by his long rule that the principate which he established could survive in immediate succession the tyranny of Tiberius, the madness of Caligula, the physical and moral weakness of Claudius, and the moral depravity and riotous waste of Nero, which brought on the uprising of A.D. 68.

The fugitive Nero, to forestall his capture, prevailed upon a freedman to kill him. The legions in different parts of the Empire declared for their particular favorite. Out of this struggle of the military for power, Vespasian, hailed Emperor in the East, emerged as victor in A.D. 69, the fourth ruler after Nero. Vespasian entrusted the completion of the resubjugation of Judaea to his son Titus, who in A.D. 70 effected the capture of Jerusalem in which the famed temple of Solomon was burned. Titus succeeded his father, but his brief rule (A.D. 79-81) is remembered for the finishing of the Colosseum and two disasters, the eruption of Mount Vesuvius that buried Pompeii and a devastating fire at Rome. Titus was succeeded by a younger brother, Domitian (A.D. 81-96), whose conduct in office was so arrogant and cruel that a general conspiracy, aided by his wife Domitia, succeeded in assassinating him. The senate chose one of its members, Nerva, to succeed Domitian and formally execrated the memory of the tyrant.

The Roman Empire at Its Height

The rule of Rome reached its widest extension during the reign of Trajan (98-117), the son of a soldier who had risen to the consulship. The emperor had been chosen by the aging Nerva with the shrewd purpose of supporting his own weakness by associating with himself a strong soldier to whom he could give the right of succession. No one seemed to be disturbed by the fact that the new appointee was a provincial from Spain.

The boundaries of the Roman Empire had not changed considerably from the days of Augustus. During the reign of Trajan, however, the Romans conquered Dacia (Rumania in our day). Domitian had made peace with the king of that region but in the opinion of Trajan the terms were dishonorable and he gladly availed himself of a pretext to conquer that territory. Toward the

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end of his rule the Parthians, of whom the Romans were always fearful, interfered in the affairs of Armenia where Trajan had crowned a puppet king. The emperor took this occasion to annex that country, as well as Mesopotamia, and then turned his attention to the Parthians, the fomenters of this trouble. In a series of victories he finally took their capital. As Trajan stood on the farthest limits of Roman conquest, insurrections in Mesopotamia obliged him to retrace his steps. Soon other scattered uprisings broke out. Suffering from disease, he started for Rome but died in Cilicia, leaving his power to Hadrian, a distant relative and, like himself, a Spaniard.

Though Hadrian enjoyed a good military reputation, he immediately gave up Roman claims to the territory won in Trajan's eastern campaigns, whereupon relations with Parthia returned to the status existing before the war. After he suppressed the uprisings he had inherited, only one serious outbreak disturbed the peace of the Empire during the twenty-one years of his rule, and that was a two-year campaign against the Jews who rose in Palestine.

Under Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius (138-161), the world enjoyed uninterrupted peace. At his death, Marcus Aurelius (161-180) took up the reins of government. Peace still prevailed within the Empire, though there were serious troubles along the northern and eastern frontiers throughout his rule.

These five rulers are known in history as the Good Emperors. During this period there was peace in the internal affairs of the Empire. It is true there were plots by the disappointed and campaigns fought on the fringes of the civilized world, but in general the era was decidely peaceful. In this relatively happy time, the heads of the state were not guilty of that exploitation of their subjects that had characterized the rule of those who preceded them and of those who were to follow. In the days of the tyrant Domitian, senators lived in fear of their lives, informers became wealthy, philosophers were banished from the city. During this era the princeps promised not to take the life of any senator, informers were not heard, a philosopher ruled the Empire. Instead of being drained of their resources, the provinces became the object of imperial favor. Hadrian visited every one of them and presented each with whatever he thought they needed: water systems, port facilities, public buildings, or money. In place of severe tax exactions, we read of the forgiveness of tax payments overdue for five years. Italian farmers were given mortgage loans at low rates and when the interest was paid it was turned over to the municipalities for the care of children in need. The public works, especially of Trajan and Hadrian, were extensive and must have meant a considerable outlay. However, the emperors may have promoted these projects in an attempt to solve the unemployment problem of those years caused by the great numbers of public and private slaves

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in Roman society. At any rate, these emperors had some sense of social responsibility. Each one outdid his predecessor in the amount of the largesses he distributed to the poor. The games and shows were on a grand scale. In this respect Trajan seems to have been the most generous; one celebration that he gave, at the end of his Dacian victory, lasted for the incredible period of 123 days.

Disintegration of the Empire

The greatest mistake Marcus Aurelius made during his rule was to choose his son Commodus as successor in the principate instead of selecting a capable man and adopting him, a method the other Good Emperors had followed to prevent disorders of succession. In this connection, however, it should be noted that Trajan and Hadrian had no sons. Commodus, without any of his father's devotion to duty or interest in holding back the barbarians along a distant frontier, immediately came to terms with the restless tribes that had kept his father at war for so many years, and straightway devoted his best energies to personal participation in the gladiatorial fights of the arena, leaving the business of state to his favorites.

The long internal peace of the Empire came to a sudden end when Commodus was assassinated by the praetorian guards after some thirteen years of misrule. Soon a second War of the Legions broke out. Rival military factions now began to promote their candidates for the office of emperor, but each successful aspirant before long suffered the fate of his predecessor. By 197, in the fifth year after this struggle began, Severus fought his way to the top and managed to hold his position. From this point on, civil authority disappeared from the rule of Rome and was replaced by open autocracy. The spirit and power of the army was now supreme. The four emperors who followed Severus were slain by the military within twenty-four years. In the fifty years immediately preceding the accession of Diocletian in 285, all but one of twenty-six rulers, if we count the colleagues of the emperors, were the victims of violence. The army had lost all sense of loyalty and readily set up any contender who promised a more generous donative or easier discipline. Taking advantage of this anarchy, the barbarians crossed the frontiers of the Empire. To add to the general devastation, pestilence swept in from the East.

Diocletian made a valiant attempt to save the Empire. In a world in which violence had prevailed for so long, he could see no way of bringing about order except through the exercise of superior force. Aware that the difficulty of establishing a successor in power during the lifetime of the emperor was the cause of much civil disturbance, he decided to associate with himself another Augustus on the understanding that each of them should appoint a Caesar as his successor. He further proposed that at the end of twenty years both Augusti should resign their offices and support the new

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Augusti, their successors. Theoretically the system was sound, but men in authority were not willing to lay down their scepters or even to share their power with another. Rivalries gave birth to new civil wars out of which Constantine and later Constantius emerged as the sole rulers of the Empire. But Constantinople, not Rome, was the seat of their court. Even under Diocletian, the four rulers of the world chose four different capitals, but not one of them was Rome.

No single cause can explain the breakup of the Roman Empire, though such oversimplified explanations have been advanced. The political causes of the decline are obvious. Men who did not possess those qualities of leadership or character that would fit them for their duties inherited the principate. They were worse than incompetent; frequently they were vicious. Ambitious military men, realizing that they served a ruler who was profligate and despotic, often reached for the office themselves. When the army learned that it could set up rulers and knock them down at will, the road to anarchy lay open. Toward the end of the Empire, the soldiers were recruited from remote districts and were often of barbarian stock. They had no interest in maintaining a stable government and were in no way to be compared to the legions recruited from Roman citizens; nor could these new soldiers be expected to fight their kinsmen who sought to cross the frontiers into the Roman provinces.

Social and economic factors played an important part in the disintegration of the Empire. The land problem was never solved. The evil continued to grow, the upper class exploiting the labor of slaves on larger and larger estates. This made competition from the small farmer an impossibility. This extensive use of slaves in agriculture and in industry was responsible for the elimination of the free peasantry from Roman society.

As the Empire continued its slow decline, the stifling of individual initiative increased. Even large tracts of land owned by the wealthy were confiscated by autocratic emperors, notably by Septimius Severus. Freemen were reduced to the state of serfs, bound to the soil and forbidden to change their location. Scientific farming was neglected because of the demand for immediate production, and the soil became impoverished. For these *coloni,* as they were called, there was no hope; they went with the land. Such a condition resulted from the emperor's need of taxes to support the state's two large armies, the one of soldiers, the other of servants of the vast bureaucracy that had grown out of the general regimentation of life.

Even public offices in the municipalities, formerly regarded as honors and accepted without thought of pay, had to be forced on men of certain financial standing. Some of these offices involved the collection of the taxes imposed by the emperor on the district. If local officials failed to collect the amount required by the imperial

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fiscus, their property was seized to make up the deficit, even though they received no direct compensation for their services. Realizing the penalties awaiting them if they failed to gather the stipulated amount of grain or money, the tax collectors pursued their quarry without mercy.

Not only the farmers and certain magistrates suffered from this passion of the later emperors to make society in the Empire static, but some tradesmen were frozen to their work. Moreover, the children of these latter were to be trained in the same occupation of their fathers and were obliged to stay with it all their days. Thus a caste system developed.

The Roman Empire became a collection of slaves and serfs, doing the bidding of a despot. When the barbarians swept to the heart of the Empire the people were powerless to resist them, and the mercenaries of the autocrats were unwilling to fight to the death for their masters. In the mind of the masses who labored under the burden of this tyranny the Empire was not worth saving.

The Family

It is difficult for us to realize the strength, the unity, and the inclusiveness of the Roman family. At the head was the father, who had the power of life and death over all its members, though actually the exercise of this power was limited by custom and later, under the Empire, by law. This paternal authority extended over his wife, his sons with their wives and children, and their children's children, excepting always those women of the family who married and thus transferred their allegiance to another family. Included in this household were adopted sons, clients, and slaves. A Roman family therefore, might number hundreds of individuals.

No persons in the family could pass from the father's power without his willing it, but at his death a number of new families might come into being, since every person immediately under his power, even an unmarried daughter or widowed daughter-in-law, forthwith constituted a new family in the eyes of the law. However, unmarried women were technically under the authority of a male guardian at all times.

During the earlier centuries of the Republic, a married woman enjoyed no legal independence whatever. The dowry she brought her husband and any property she came to possess was his, to be disposed of as he chose. Though he had complete authority over her, he could not divorce her without first proving her guilty of a serious crime. In this early age divorce was rare. Despite woman's inferior status in the eyes of the law, she was mistress in her own home, training her daughters, supervising the domestic work of the slaves, and playing the role of hostess to her husband's guests. In general, she was held in great honor. Hers was a far greater liberty than that enjoyed by her Greek sisters in the age of Pericles.

Toward the end of the Republic and under the Empire, there

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was a continuously growing movement in favor of woman's rights. When she married, financial reservations were often made in her favor. Divorce became much more common. A husband might now divorce his wife for a very slight reason, and many of the upper class did. Even Cato the Elder and Cicero, both regarded as paragons of Roman virtue, dismissed their wives. Pompey and Sulla married five times, Antony and Caesar four. Though Augustus afterwards inaugurated a campaign to restore ancient Roman morals in family relations, he himself had been divorced twice.

As previously stated, slaves were also regarded as belonging to the family of the *paterfamilias* who owned them. In the eyes of the law they had no legal rights. They could sometimes buy their freedom by hoarding whatever money they could lay their hands on. However, a faithful slave was expected to make a present of gifts to members of the household on stated occasions, and this practice cut into the private savings of the slaves. They could be freed, of course, by their masters, but this manumission was the object of unfavorable legislation in the days of Augustus.

Religious Ideas

Though there were increasing numbers of skeptics in Roman society from the beginning of the second century B.C., the rank and file of the people was always religious. The common man recognized his total dependence on powers above the natural order. In the earliest times there were impersonal spirits (*numina*), thought to be present everywhere — in groves, in trees, in fountains — and responsible for the calamities that befell the inhabitants of the district. These powers had to be placated. Hence the *paterfamilias* was a priest in his own household, offering up prayers and sacrifices to the vague forces of nature in order to win their favor. Each home had its lares and penates, household deities which the family regarded as its particular guardians.

When the Romans came into contact with the Greeks, the Italian deities took on certain attributes of their Hellenic parallels. The *numina* of early Roman worship were not represented by statues; indeed their sex was not always determined. But under the influence of the artistic Greeks, Roman divinities became anthropomorphic and were represented in temples as men and women. Poets let their imagination play over the stories of the gods and goddesses, and the result was a pantheon that illustrated all the moral weaknesses of mankind. The gods did not furnish men with examples of high virtue; religion and virtuous living had little in common. As examples of virtue one could study the deeds of the country's patriots or the tenets of the philosophers, but not the lives of the gods. Man had made the gods after his own worst image.

When the Romans offered their petitions to the gods, they usually

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did not ask for anything of a spiritual nature but for material blessings. These would often take the form of prayers to be delivered from calamities, both public and private. There was never any doubt in their minds that the gods could grant these favors, if they chose. Failure to receive the boon was an indication that a person was not in the favor of the gods; there was never any feeling that the god might love those whom he chastised. The Roman concluded that the god must be angry with him. To regain this lost favor, prayers and sacrifices were offered according to an exact ritual. Certain prayers must be uttered correctly. Various sacrifices were offered — cakes to Vesta, a white heifer to Jupiter, a ram to Janus — depending on the particular offering that found favor in the deity's eyes. Once the worshipper had performed his part of the bargain, he felt no impulse to repeat the sacrifice, provided the ritual had been performed without error. The god had simply failed to carry out his part of the contract.

The *paterfamilias* could conduct his own religious services without calling in any intermediary between himself and the deity to whom he addressed himself. However, the religious sacrifices and prayers offered for the public good could not be left to any haphazard or casual arrangement. All such petitions and sacrifices were entrusted to the care of the supreme pontiff and the various colleges of priests under him. The ordinary citizen, who knew nothing of the complicated ritual surrounding these sacred actions, rested content in the realization that these services were taken care of by priests, specially trained in this sacred lore. Nor did the Roman feel that there was likely to arise any disagreement between the civil officials and the priests. There was no contention between the political and religious powers in the state: they were one. After a meeting of the Senate, the senators who were members of a particular priesthood might proceed to a meeting of the college to which they belonged. The oneness of the religious and the civil power reached its apex in the days of Augustus when he took over the office of supreme pontiff at the death of Lepidus.

The Romans were always interested in discovering the will of the gods. To this end the auspices were taken before any important public action. This ceremony consisted in the examination of the entrails of a sacrificial victim. Soothsayers, who had inherited all their lore from the Etruscans, were in charge of these functions. There can be little doubt that this art was often used for political advantages. The Romans had no oracles such as the Greeks had at Delphi, but the taking of the auspices could serve the same purpose. They did possess the carefully guarded Sibylline books, brought from Cumae, and supposed to contain the secrets of Rome's destiny.

When Rome conquered new nations she made no attempt to stamp out their religions; she even permitted their worship in the capital. Thus there were in the Roman religion strong Etruscan

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Greek and Oriental influences, though at times worship involving sensual rites was forbidden, as in the case of Isis and Bacchus. The followers of Judaism and Christianity were excluded from this tolerance because from the Roman point of view those who practiced these religions were unpatriotic. Their members were put down as enemies of the state because they were hostile to the gods of the state. In persecuting the Christians and the Jews, both of whom refused to offer incense to idols, the Romans hoped to ward off from themselves the divine anger that must surely fall upon those who allowed such insults to the gods to go unpunished. To the Roman way of thinking the Jews and Christians were atheists.

This swift glance at the history of Rome is intended to furnish the main outlines of a background for the deeper understanding and appreciation of Roman literature. The extant body of this literature is voluminous, even if we exclude the Christian writers, and the anthologist is faced with an embarrassment of riches. It would be rash to present any list of Roman authors as the best; even if such a list was agreed upon, one could not hope for perfect accord among critics on what excerpts from these authors should be presented in the following pages. However, the selections here given are representative of the better work of these great authors and will serve as illustrations of the literary types they used and the spirit and ideals of their thought.

KEVIN GUINAGH

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TERENCE

(190?–159 B.C.)

The greatest comedies of the ancients were those of Aristophanes, who flourished in Athens in the period known as the Old Comedy. One of its characteristics was an audacious criticism of contemporary Athenian notables, for example Socrates and Pericles. This spirit of individual criticism was legislated from the theatre, and the Old Comedy gave way to the Middle Comedy, which shortly was succeeded by the New Comedy of the fourth and third centuries before the Christian era. In this no individual was criticized, but only general types. Not a single play of the dramatists of this period survives entirely in the original, but a number have come down to us in the works of the Roman comedians, Plautus and Terence.

Like the Greek, Roman comedy was usually given on the occasion of a religious festival, though the theatre was not held in such high honor as it was among the Greeks. Indeed there was no permanent theatre in Rome until the year 55 B.C. One of the reasons for this hostility lay in the fear of the Roman senators that it would be hard to control criticism of the upper classes and the government. This may explain why the locale of Roman comedies is always Greek. In Greece the citizens themselves took part in the plays; in Rome the actors were slaves, generally in charge of a freedman, and counted themselves fortunate if they escaped flogging for giving a poor performance. The Roman audience had a lower mental age than the Greek and was more interested in what pleased the eye than the ear.

The source of the traditional observations on the life and character of Terence is for the most part a brief biography in Suetonius' *Lives of the Poets,* written nearly three centuries after the playwright's death and filled with the contradictory stories that had collected about his name.

Publius Terentius Afer, a native of Carthage, though probably not a Carthaginian, must have been born in slavery, since Rome and Carthage were at peace throughout his life, and, therefore, he could hardly have lost his freedom because of military capture. As a slave he was brought to Rome by Terentius Lucanus, a senator, who generously educated him and eventually gave him his liberty, certainly before he began to write his plays.

Terence's literary ability won for him a place in the Scipionic circle, an intellectual coterie of young aristocrats whose leading spirit was Scipio Africanus the Younger. The good fortune of the young freedman excited the envy of contemporary playwrights, as we learn from certain passages in his interesting prologues. The question would naturally arise how a slave from Carthage could

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write in such a pure Latin style. His rivals maintained that Scipio and Laelius really wrote the plays and allowed their favorite to take the credit. Terence seemed flattered by the charge. Without doubt he read his plays to Scipio and other friends and profited by their suggestions.

In addition to the play found in the following pages, Terence wrote five others that have come down to us: *The Phormio*, *The Maid of Andros*, *The Self-Tormentor*, *The Eunuch*, and *The Mother-in-Law*. In not all of these did he enjoy equal success. *The Eunuch* was a popular favorite, and Suetonius tells us that the receipts broke all records to that time, while *The Mother-in-Law* failed completely on two occasions before it was heard to the end. In the two prologues to the play the author blamed the competitive entertainments of tightrope walking and prize fighting for luring the crowd from the theatre. Certainly Terence's refined comedy could not hope to compete for the attention of the Roman crowds attending a boisterous festival.

After the production of *The Mother-in-Law*, the poet went to Greece, supposedly to collect other Greek comedies to be worked over for the Roman theatre, but he never returned, dying the following year in a disaster at sea or, as is also reported, of an illness contracted in Arcadia.

Critical opinion of Terence's work has agreed with Julius Caesar's estimate of him: "You, too, O halved Menander, are ranked among the highest, and justly so, since you are a lover of pure style. Would that comic force were found in your graceful writings so that your work might be held in as high honor as that of the Greeks, and not looked down upon in this respect. I am distressed and grieved that this one quality is missing in you, Terence."

Since we have the works of only two comedy writers, it is natural that they should be compared. As a literary artist, Plautus is inferior to Terence, though the former's art had a wider appeal. With Terence, "comedy became patrician and left the stage." Plautus' humor is boisterous, while Terence's is more restrained and quiet. In Terence's plays there is more respect on the part of sons for fathers, and masters for slaves than is to be found in the pages of Plautus.

The Adelphi, or The Brothers, chosen to represent the New Comedy, deals with the problem of how much liberty a son should be given. Demea believes in keeping a very tight rein on Ctesipho, the son who lives with him, while Micio, the bachelor brother of Demea, who has adopted Aeschinus, the elder son of Demea, feels that a young man should be given great liberty. Both sons fail to live up to the expectations of their fathers. Terence gives us no formula for the amount of discipline or liberty that should go into the education of an ideal son, but he indicates that the answer does not lie in extreme severity or indulgence.

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THE ADELPHI, OR THE BROTHERS

Translated by

WILLIAM ABBOT OLDFATHER

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Characters in the Play

Micio, *an elderly Athenian gentleman*
Demea, *his older brother*
Aeschinus, *son of* Demea, *adopted by his uncle,* Micio
Sannio, *a slave-dealer and procurer*
Ctesipho, *younger son of* Demea
Syrus, *a slave in* Micio's *household*
Geta, *a slave of* Sostrata
Sostrata, *an elderly lady*
Canthera, *a nurse*
Pamphila, *daughter of* Sostrata
Hegio, *an Athenian gentleman*

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ACT ONE

[The scene is Athens, and the entire action takes place in the street outside the adjoining houses of MICIO *and* SOSTRATA. *It is very early in the morning. A dapper little gentleman walks out of his front door and looks anxiously up and down an empty street.]*

MICIO: Damn it all! My boy Aeschinus isn't back yet from last night's party; nor any of the servants sent to meet him. — Well, there's a lot of truth in the old saying: 'If you're away any place, or late coming home, you're far better off doing what your *wife* thinks you're up to, when she's all upset, than what fond parents imagine.' If you don't get home as soon as *she* expects you, your *wife* thinks you're in love, or that someone's in love with *you*, or that you're drinking and amusing yourself, the only one that's having a good time, while *she's* at home neglected.

But the fond parents! Just look at me! All the things I'm thinking about, just because my boy's not back home yet! Yes, and worrying too! He may have caught the flu, or fallen down somewhere, or broken a leg, or something. Bah! The idea of any man deliberately creating for himself something that's dearer to him than even *he himself* is to himself!

Yes, and he isn't even my own son. He's only my brother's boy.

That brother! He's absolutely different from me, and always has been, ever since we were children. *I* have followed this easy-going, pleasant life in town, with lots of leisure, and, what my friends in the audience, no doubt, think is the luckiest feature of all, I've never got married. *He* is the diametrical opposite; lives out on the farm, pursuing a life of thrifty and rugged individualism; got married; had two boys. I adopted the older one; brought him up from infancy, and kept him; loved him as though he were my very own. He's my chief joy, the only thing that I really love in the world. And I do my very best to have him feel the same way toward me. I give him things, I overlook things, I don't insist on my legal rights — in a word, what other boys do behind their fathers' backs — the sort of thing that young bloods will always be up to — *I* have accustomed *my* boy not to keep from me. And I'll tell you why. The fellow who has set about it, and who has the gall to lie, and to cheat his own father, will have just so much more gall in treating other people the same way. I think it's a whole lot better to attach boys to you by appealing to their sense of honor and their instincts as gentlemen, than by intimidating them.

All this doesn't suit my brother; it doesn't please *him* the least bit. He often comes in shouting, 'What *are* you up to, Micio?

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Why are you ruining this young fellow for us? Why does he [61–97
have a love affair? Why does he drink? Why do you spend
all that money on such things, and dress him so extravagantly?
You are an utter fool!' But he himself is altogether too rigid,
far beyond anything that fair and square dealing requires. And
besides, he's 'way off, in my opinion, if he thinks that the au-
thority which is established by force is firmer than that which is
built up on affection.

This is the way *I* have it figured out, and I'm convinced that
I'm right. The young man who does his duty under the threat
of punishment is scared just as long as he thinks there is some
danger of what he's done being found out. If he has reason to
believe that he's going to get by with it, he goes right back to
his natural inclinations. But the young man that you can attach
to yourself by kindliness, always acts sincerely. He is eager to
do as well as he has been done by; he'll be exactly the same sort
of fellow, whether *you* are around or not. This is what a father
ought to be about: helping his son to form the habit of doing
right on his own initiative, rather than because he's afraid of
some serious consequences. This is just the difference between
a father and a slave-driver. The man who doesn't understand
that, had better admit that he doesn't know how to manage boys.

But isn't this the very fellow I've been talking about? It cer-
tainly is. He's all glum about something or other. No doubt
he'll start one of his regular rows.—Delighted to see you safe
and sound this morning, Demea!

DEMEA: Uh! Lucky I met you; I was looking for you.

M.: Well, what are you feeling bad about?

D.: When you and I have a boy like Aeschinus, do you ask *me* what
I am feeling bad about?

M. [*aside, to the audience*]: Didn't I tell you so? [*calmly, to his
brother*] What's he done?

D.: 'What's he done?' No sense of shame! No fear of anybody!
Feels that no law is binding upon *him*! Why, to say nothing
about anything that's happened before, look at what he's gone
and done this time!

M.: Well, what's that?

D.: He's smashed up a front door and broken into somebody else's
house; just about beat the head of the household and all the
servants to death; carried off a girl he was in love with. Every-
body is denouncing it as a frightful outrage! [*as* MICIO *never batters
an eyelash*] Why, Micio, how *many* people spoke to me about it
as I was coming in this morning! It's the talk of the whole town.
[*as* MICIO *still maintains an irritating imperturbability*] Oh, well,
if I *have* to make an odious comparison, can't he see how his
brother works on the farm, and lives out there a thrifty and sober
life? *He* never did anything like that. And when I'm talking
about him, Micio, I'm talking *at you. You* are allowing him to
go to the dogs.

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130–131]

MI.: [*infuriatingly calm*]: There's nothing in the world so unfair as a man who has no experience of life; he thinks nothing is done right except what he's doing himself.

DE.: And so what?

MI.: Why, your judgment, Demea, on this matter is utterly at fault. It is *not* an outrage — I'm speaking seriously — for a young fellow to have a girl friend, or to drink. [*as* DEMEA *throws up his hands*] No, it isn't! Nor even to smash in somebody's front door. Of course, you and I didn't do that, and you know why. *We* couldn't afford it. Do you want to make a virtue *now* out of our poverty *then*? That's not fair. If we had been able to meet the expense, we'd have done precisely the same thing ourselves. And so right now, if you were a normal human being, you would be allowing that boy of yours to behave in much the same way, while he still has a little license because of his youth; rather than when he has waited and waited, and finally chucked you out of the front door, have him go and do exactly the same thing, and that at a time of life when it is no longer excusable.

DE.: Immortal Jupiter! Man, you'll drive me crazy! It isn't a scandal for a young fellow to behave this way?

MI.: Oh, listen! Don't deafen me so many times on the same subject. You gave me your son to adopt. He became *my* son. If he gets into any bad scrapes, Demea, I'm the one that suffers. I make up the deficit in his allowance. He dines expensively; he drinks; he smells of perfume — *I'm* the one that's paying for it. He has a little romance; I'll meet the expenses as long as I find it convenient. When I don't find it convenient any longer, he'll probably get the gate. He has smashed in a front door, has he? *I'll* pay the repair bill. He has torn some clothes? They'll be patched. And, thank the gods, I still have the wherewithal, and up till now I haven't found it troublesome. Here's my last word: Either cut this all out, or let's appeal to any arbitrator you please. I'll prove that *you* are more in the wrong about this whole business than I am.

DE.: Good Lord! Learn how to *be* a father from those who really know!

MI.: *You* are a father merely by a physical act. *I* am a father by virtue of using my brains.

DE.: Did you ever accomplish anything with your brains?

MI.: Oh, well, if you insist on being abusive, I'll simply go back into the house.

DE.: So that's the way you are going to treat me, is it?

MI.: And do you really expect me to listen to the same thing so *many* times?

DE.: But *I'm* worrying about it!

MI.: So am I. But, Demea, let's go fifty-fifty on this business of worrying. You worry about one boy, and I'll worry about the other. [*And now* MICIO *uses his trump card, appealing to his brother's fundamental sense of fair play.*] Because, if *you* are going

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to worry about *both* of them, it's pretty much the same as if you asked me to return the boy you once let me have.

D.: Oh, come now, Micio! You *can't* mean that!

M.: Yes, that's exactly the way I feel about it.

D.: Very well, if that's what you really *like* to do, let him waste his money, let him ruin his prospects, let him go to the dogs,—it's nothing to me! Now if I ever say another word—

M.: Are you getting all wrought up again, Demea?

D.: Oh, don't you believe that I'm telling the truth? *I'm* not asking back the boy I gave you, am I? I'm simply feeling bad. *I'm* no mere stranger. If I interfere . . . [*and then, as* MICIO, *with a gesture of despair, starts to walk away*] Oh, very well then, I'll stop. You suggest that I worry about one of them; *I'm doing just that*, and, thank the gods! he's the kind of son *I* want him to be! This boy of yours will find it out some day. I don't want to say anything harsher about him than that. [*And off he strides, muttering to himself.*]

M. [*left alone, uneasily*]: There's *something* in what he has to say, even though it isn't the whole truth. This business has got me worried, too, but I didn't want to let on to *him* that I wasn't entirely happy about it. That's the kind of fellow he is. Even though I try to be ingratiating, am tactful about opposing him and heading him off, still, he hardly takes it like a human being. But if I should egg him on, or even help him, when he has one of these fits of fury, I'd be as crazy as he was. [*a pause*]

And yet Aeschinus hasn't treated me quite right this time. What wild woman is there in town that he hasn't fallen in love with? Is there one of them that he hasn't made presents to? And just a few days ago (no doubt he was about fed up on all of them) he said he wanted to get married. I had hopes that his youthful spirits had stopped frothing off at the top. I was delighted. Now he's at it all over again! Oh, well, I want to see what the whole business is about, and have a talk with the boy himself, if he's downtown. [*With this remark,* MICIO *walks off on one side of the stage.*]

ACT TWO

[*A moment or so later, the young man in question appears, leading a scared soubrette by the hand, both accompanied by a powerful slave armed with a club, and followed at a short distance by the badly battered-up, but furious and threatening legal owner of the girl.*]

SANNIO: Friends and fellow-citizens! I beseech you! Come to the rescue of the pitiful and the innocent! Aid the helpless!

AESCHINUS [*to the frightened slave-girl*]: Take it easy! Now, stand

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[177–180]

right there. What are you looking over your shoulder for? There's not a particle of danger. He'll never touch you, as long as I am around.

AE.: Indeed I *will* touch her, despite all of you!

DE.: Scoundrel though he is, he'll not do anything that will bring him a second dressing down today.

AE.: Aeschinus, listen to me. I don't want you to claim you didn't know the kind of person I was. I'm a one-man-gang keeper of a bawdy-house! *

DE. [*icily, and quite undisturbed*]: I know it.

AE. [*instantly shifting to a wheedling note, when he sees his bluff is called*]: But, at that, the most honest one that ever was. [*as* AESCHINUS *maintains a contemptuous and stony silence*] As for any excuse you expect to make later on, that you're sorry this injury was done to me, [*with an expressive gesture*] I'll not give *that much* for it! [*as* AESCHINUS *still remains unmoved*] Take it from me! I'm going to get my full legal rights; and you'll *never* make good in *words* the damage you've done me in *fact*. *I* know the way you young fellows talk: 'Sorry it happened; I'll take oath you didn't deserve it,' when I've been treated in an outrageous manner.

DE. [*to* PARMENO]: Hurry on ahead and open the front door.

AE.: But aren't you paying *any* attention to what I say?

DE. [*to the girl, as the door is opened*]: Go on indoors now.

AE.: Indeed and I won't let her.

DE. [*sharply*]: Step up there, Parmeno; you were too far away. Stand *right by* this fellow. There, that's just what I want. Now don't let *your* eyes wander off anywhere from *mine*, so that the instant I give the signal your fist will be sinking right into his jaw.

AE.: I'd just like to see him try that. [*laying hold of the girl*]

DE.: Hey, there! Watch out! Let go that woman!

PA. [*as* PARMENO *delivers a tremendous wallop*]: Oh! Outrage!

DE.: He'll do it again, if you're not careful.

PA. [*as* PARMENO *does hit him again*]: Ouch! Oh grief!

DE. [*laughing*]: *That* time I didn't give a signal; but if you *must* make a mistake, then better too much than too little.

PA. [*nursing his jaw*]: What's the racket here? Are you the Lord High Mogul in these parts, Aeschinus?

DE.: If I *were*, I'd see that *you* were treated the way you deserve.

PA.: What business do you have with me?

DE.: None at all.

PA.: Well, say, do you know who and what I am?

DE.: I haven't the least desire to.

PA.: Did I ever touch anything of yours?

DE.: If *you had* touched anything, it would have been just too bad.

PA.: How did *you* acquire a better right than I have to my slave-girl that I paid my own money for? Answer me that!

DE.: It will be better for you not to raise a row here in front of the

* The word *leno* [keeper of a bawdy-house] is to be uttered in a blood-curdling tone,' reports Donatus, no doubt on the basis of some stage tradition.

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house. For if you insist on making a nuisance of yourself, you will be dragged indoors in a jiffy, and there they'll dress you down with rawhide till you're a dead man.

SA.: Rawhide on a free man?

A.: Exactly.

SA.: You dirty dog! And is *this* what they call a free country, where everybody gets a square deal?

A.: If you're through raving, pimp, please listen now.

SA.: Who's been raving? *I,* or *you* against me?

A.: Aw! Forget it! And settle down to business.

SA.: What business? What am I to settle down to?

A.: Do you want me now to make you a straight business proposition?

SA.: I sure do, provided you give me a fair break.

A. [*sarcastically*]: Phooey! A *pimp* doesn't want me to give him a bad break!

SA.: I know I keep a bawdy-house; I'm a general center of infection for all young fellows, a crook, and a pestilence. And yet I never did *you* any harm.

A.: Yes, by Heaven, that's your solitary negative virtue. [*pausing*]

SA.: Well, please get back, Aeschinus, to what you were starting to talk about a moment ago.

A.: You bought that girl (and bad luck to you, too, in the whole business!) for four thousand. I'll give you just what you paid for her.

SA.: Well, but suppose I don't *want* to sell her, are you going to force me to?

A.: Not at all; —

SA.: And indeed that's just what I was afraid of.

A. [*continuing, without any attention to* SANNIO's *interruption*]: And I don't think she ought to be up for sale anyway. She's a free woman; and what's more, I hereby claim her scot free on a charge of illegal enslavement. And now the next move is up to you; either take the money, or else think up something to tell the judge. Turn that over in your mind till I come back, you pimp! [*walks into the house*]

SA.: Good Lord in heaven! I'll never be surprised again at people going crazy from mistreatment. He dragged me out of the house, and beat me up; despite all I could do he carried off my slave-girl; busted more than five hundred fisticuffs upon the miserable person of yours truly. [*A pause.*] And now, as a reward for all that dirty deal, he wants me to turn the girl over to him at no more than what I paid for her. [*another pause; then, ironically*] Why, of course, one good deed deserves another! That's only a fair request! [*pausing again*] All right, I'm perfectly willing to accept it, if only he'll *pay* the money. But that's plain wishful thinking! Whenever I agree to sell her for that, immediately he'll produce witnesses to swear that the deal was closed. As for the money, that's only a pleasant dream: 'Soon; come back tomorrow.' [*once more a pause*] I can put up with that, too, if only he *will* pay, even

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though it *is* a holdup. [*still no one comes out of the door so anxiously watched.*] Well, *this* much is a fact anyway: Once you've started in *my* profession, you've got to take abuse from the young fellows, and like it, too. [*desperately, after one final pause*] But nobody is going to give *me* anything; it's utterly useless for me to make all these calculations.

SYRUS *enters, still speaking to* AESCHINUS, *as he comes out of the house.*]

SY.: Enough said already; I'll have a talk with him; I'll make him *eager* to take it and ready to admit that he's been treated fine. —[*gaily*] Well, well, Sannio, what's this I hear about your having a little set-to with the boss?

SA.: I never saw such a one-sided match as that one of ours this morning; we're both of us winded, he by landing all the punches, and I by taking them.

SY. [*cheerfully*]: All your own fault.

SA.: What should I have done?

SY.: Ah, you should have humored the young gentleman.

SA.: How *could* I have humored him any better? I just kept leading with my chin.

SY.: Come, come! I'm going to tell you something now. [*impressively*] There *are times* when it is extremely profitable not to be too particular about a mere sum of money. Pooh! Were *you* afraid that, if you yielded up the least speck of your full legal rights, and humored the young gentleman, you nit-wit — were you *really afraid* that you wouldn't *profit* by the transaction?

SA.: *I* am *not* in the market for blue sky with spot cash.

SY.: Well, you'll never make your fortune, then. Get out! Sannio, *you* don't know how to entice people.

SA.: No doubt your way is better, but hitherto I have never been so smart that I wouldn't rather take the bird in the hand.

SY.: Oh, shucks! I know what *you're* thinking about. As if four thousand were either here or there, provided only you could do him a favor. [*then, looking at him shrewdly, out of the corner of his eye*] Besides, I'm told you are taking a trip to Cyprus.

SA. [*greatly excited*]: What's that?

SY.: Yes, you've bought up a lot of merchandise here in Athens to take to the fair there, and already hired your ship. There's no doubt about it. You're all on edge about the business. [*pausing, and then ostentatiously starting to walk back into the house again*] Oh, well, when you *get back* from Cyprus, I hope you will find leisure *then* to attend to this little business of ours.

SA. [*terribly wrought up*]: I'm not going to take a step out of town in any direction. [*aside*] Damnation! I'm ruined! *That's* what those fellows were counting on when they started this thing!

SY. [*aside*]: He's flabbergasted, all right! I threw a monkey-wrench into his plans that time.

SA. [*still aside, walking excitedly up and down*]: The skunks! What do you know about that! He's got the drop on me! I've bought

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a lot of women, and a good deal of other merchandise, that I'm taking to Cyprus. If I don't get to the fair there, I've lost everything. But now if I leave this case unsettled, or try to take it up again when I get back, nothing doing. It'll be cold soup. 'You're only showing up *now*, are you? Why did you stand for it? Where have you been all this time?' It would be much better to lose the girl outright than either to stay here long enough to settle the case, or start an action after I get back.

SY. [*walking up to him insolently*]: Well, have you finished counting up all the chickens you're going to hatch?

SA.: Is this a decent thing for him to do? A gentleman like Aeschinus starting something like that! Trying to take away my slave-girl by force and fraud!

SY. [*aside*]: He's getting softened up. [*then to* SANNIO] Here's my last offer. Take it or leave it. Rather than run the risk, Sannio, of keeping or losing the entire sum, let's go fifty-fifty. The young gentleman will dig up a couple of thousand somewhere or other.

SA.: Ouch! Mercy on me! Am I going to run the risk now of losing some of the original investment? Hasn't he any sense of shame? He has loosened every tooth I have; my whole head is just one black and blue bump from his slugging. Is he going to cheat me, too? I'll *never* go *anywhere*!

SY.: As you please; it's all right with *us*. There's nothing more I can do for you, is there, before I go back into the house?

SA.: Oh, don't do that! Good Lord! *Please,* Syrus! No matter what's happened, rather than go to court, let my own be returned to me, Syrus; at *least* what I paid for her. I know you haven't enjoyed my intimate friendship up till now. [*and then as* SYRUS *sidles up to him with his hand open behind his back,* SANNIO *dips something into it and adds*] I'll guarantee that you'll admit I remember and repay a favor.

SY. [*distinctly changed*]: I'll do the best I can for you. But hello, there's Ctesipho coming. He's all smiles about his girl.

SA. [*anxiously*]: But what about my proposition?

SY.: Oh, wait a little while!

[*Enter* CTESIPHO, *from the farm.*]

CTESIPHO: If *anybody* does you a good turn, right when you need it, you've reason enough to be happy. But, when all's said and done, if the person who really *ought* to help you actually comes across, then that *is* something! Oh, brother, brother! How wonderful you are! This much is certain: I'll never be able to say anything so eloquent but what your virtues will surpass it. And so, here's the one point where I think that I have it over everyone else: No one has a brother that's more of a prince in all first-class qualities.

SY.: Why, Ctesipho!

CT.: Why, Syrus! Where's Aeschinus?

SY.: There, inside. He's waiting for you in the house.

CT.: Ah! [*clasping his hands*]

SY.: What do you mean?

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[279–280]

SY.: 'What do I mean?' Why, Syrus, I'm just now beginning to see, and I owe it all to him. Dear soul! He never gave a thought to anything that concerned *him*, when it was a question of *my* happiness. All the severe criticism, the bad reputation, my trouble, and my misbehavior, he took upon himself. You can't beat *that*! But, say, what's the noise at your front door? [*starting to run, cowed that he is*]

SY.: [*catching his coat-tail*]: Hold on! Hold on! It's Aeschinus himself coming out.

[*Reenter* AESCHINUS.]

AE.: Where's that blasphemer?

SY.: [*aside, recognizing his own description*]: He's looking for *me*. Has he brought anything out with him? I'm ruined! I don't see a thing.

AE.: [*to* CTESIPHO]: Ah there! Lucky we met. I've been looking for you. Well, Ctesipho, what's doing? Everything's safe and sound; only *do* drop that sad expression on your face.

CT.: So help me Heaven, I sure will, and it's just because I have a brother like you. My own dear Aeschinus! My own dear brother! Ah! I'm ashamed to say anything else nice to your face, for fear you'll think I'm talking this way just to be polite, and not because I'm honestly grateful.

AE.: Aw, come on, you simpleton! As if *we* didn't understand each other, Ctesipho! What makes *me* feel bad is that we were so late in finding out about it, and matters had almost reached such a pass, that all of us together couldn't have done anything to help, no matter how much we wanted to.

CT.: [*almost with a finger in his mouth*]: I was ashamed.

AE.: Oh, bosh! That's plain stupid, not a case of tender conscience at all. For a trivial little thing like this to think of leaving home?! It's disgraceful even to speak about it! Heaven forbid!

CT.: But I made a bad slip.

AE.: [*with an impatient gesture, turning away*]: Well, and what answer is Sannio ready to give us?

CT.: He's perfectly tame by now.

AE.: I'm going downtown to pay him off. But you run on in and cheer up your girl, Ctesipho.

SY.: Get a move on, Syrus!

CT.: [*maliciously*]: Oh yes, let's go, for Sannio here is all in a hurry to start for Cyprus.

SY.: Not so much as you wish; fact is, I've nothing to do, and I'm staying here in town.

CT.: Oh, *he'll* pay you; don't you worry about that.

SY.: But see to it that he pays me *every penny*.

CT.: He will, every penny; just keep your mouth shut and trot along after us this way.

SY.: All right.

[*A pause, and as the stage is almost empty,* CTESIPHO, *before going into the house, shouts*]

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CT.: Hey there! Hey there! Syrus! [281–301

SY.: What's the matter now?

CT.: Please, for Heaven's sake, pay off that dirty bum just as soon as you can. I'm afraid he'll get angry again, somehow or other father will get wind of it all, and then I *will* be sunk for good.

SY.: *That* will never happen; take it easy. For the next few minutes entertain yourself in the house with that girl. Have the blankets and cushions spread on the sofas for us, and get everything else ready. As soon as this piece of business has been attended to, I'll come back to the house with the delicatessen.

CT.: Please do! Since this has come off so well, let's make a regular holiday of it.

ACT THREE

[*An elderly lady,* SOSTRATA, *of the lower middle-class, together with an old nurse,* CANTHARA, *steps out into the street from the house next door to* MICIO's.]

SO.: Oh, mercy on me! My dear nurse! What *is* going to happen now!

CA.: 'What's going to happen?' you say. Why, lawsy me! everything's going to come out all right, I guess. Her pains, my dear, are only just beginning. Are you getting scared already, as though you'd never attended a delivery, and had never had a baby yourself?

SO.: Dear oh me! I haven't anybody; we're all alone in the world. And besides, Geta isn't here either; there's no one to send after the midwife, and no one to call Aeschinus.

CA.: For the land's sake! *He,* at least, will be here any minute. *He* never lets a day go by without making several calls.

SO.: Yes, indeed, he's the only help I have in all my trouble.

CA.: Under the circumstances, Mistress, it couldn't have been better than it is, once the rape was committed, at least as far as the young man is concerned. *Such* a fine fellow, *such* a noble disposition and kind heart, from *such* a splendid family!

SO.: Lawsy me! It's just as you say. The gods keep him safe for us! That's all my prayer!

[*Enter* GETA, *on the extreme left, blazing with righteous indignation; he fails to notice the two old women who have moved some distance away from their own front door by this time, and cannot quite catch at first all that he is saying.*]

GETA: The curse has come upon us! What a jam we're in! Even if everyone together tried to give us all the good advice there is, and save the situation, they couldn't get anywhere at all with it. [*and then, with a charming touch of naive loyalty, for* GETA *is really a lovable old fellow, he goes on*] It's come down on *my* head, and the head of my mistress, and my mistress's daughter. Oh, grief!

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[301–327]

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [*mixing his metaphors slightly*] There are so many things building walls about us, I can't get my head above the surface. Violence, poverty, wickedness, loneliness, disgrace! Such a world! O villainy! O wicked people! O damned scoundrel!

CH.: Dear me, what's got Geta so scared and in such a hurry?

G.: No sense of honor, no sworn oath, no kind heart to hold him back or change his purpose; not even the fact that she was just about to be confined, that poor girl that he so outrageously and brutally assaulted.

SO.: I can't quite make out what he's talking about.

CH.: Come on, Sostrata, please, let's get up a little closer.

G.: Ugh! Damn it all! I'm hardly in my right mind. I'm all burned up. There's nothing that I would rather have than that whole household put in front of me, so that I could disgorge all my fury on them while I'm still sore about it. I'd be perfectly satisfied if only I could treat them the way I want to. To start with, that old man who's the father of this abomination, I'd just *choke him* to death! And then Syrus who put him up to it. Whooee! How I would grind him up into sausagemeat! First I'd grab him around the waist, heave him up in the air, bash his head on the ground, and spatter his brains all over the street! As for the young man himself, first I'd gouge out his eyes, and then I'd throw him over a cliff. The rest of 'em I'd hustle, and hunt, and harry, and bang, and slam around! [*finally, catching his breath after this tirade, which has been accompanied by vivid and vigorous pantomime, he adds*] But why don't I hurry up and tell the mistress about this trouble? [*starting for the door of* SOSTRATA'S *house*]

SO.: Let's call him back. Geta, I say.

G.: Ugh, leave me alone; I don't care who you are.

SO.: It's me, Sostrata.

G.: Where *is* she? You're just the person I'm looking for.

SO.: Yes, and *I'm* waiting to see *you,* too. It's awfully lucky I found you.

G.: Mistress! [*overcome*]

SO.: What is it? What makes you tremble so?

G.: Ah! Alas!

CH.: What's all the rush about, my dear Geta? Catch your breath.

G.: We're absolutely —

SO.: And what do you mean 'absolutely'?

G.: Sunk. It's all over now.

SO.: Tell me, please do, what it's all about.

G.: Right now —

SO.: What's 'right now,' Geta?

G.: Aeschinus —

SO.: Oh, *what* about him?

G.: He's gone back on our family.

SO.: What's that? It will be the death of me! Why *did* he do it?

G.: He's fallen in love with another girl.

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SO.: Oh! Poor me!

G.: And he's making no bones about it. In broad daylight he went and carried her off himself from the keeper of the bawdy-house.

SO.: Are you sure about it?

G.: Absolutely. I saw it with my own eyes.

SO.: Dear me! Dear me! *What* can you believe? *Whom* can you believe? Our Aeschinus! The very life of all of us, our only help! Who used to swear that he couldn't live a single day without my daughter! Who used to tell us that he was going to take the little baby, and put him in his father's arms, and then pray that he might be allowed to take my daughter as his lawful, wedded wife!

G.: Well, Mistress, just stop crying, and, instead of that, think what's going to be the best thing to do next. Shall we stand for it, or tell somebody?

CA.: Good grief! My dear man! Have you lost your mind? Do you think this is the kind of thing we ought to start talking about?

G.: As for myself, I don't like the idea. To begin with, what he's up and done proves that he has completely gone back on us. Now, if we start to tell this story, I'm absolutely certain he'll deny everything, and so your own reputation will be compromised, and your daughter's very life will be in danger. And besides, no matter how much he may admit the truth of what we say, now that he's fallen in love with another girl, it would never do for him to marry Pamphila here. And so, any way you look at it, we just *must* keep quiet.

SO.: Ah! Never in all the world! I'll *never* behave like that!

G.: What are you going to do?

SO.: I'm going to tell everybody.

CA.: Ah! Ah! My dear Sostrata, be careful about what you are starting to do!

SO.: Things simply *can't* be in any worse position than they are now. To start with, Pamphila hasn't any dowry; and then, what *was* her second dowry, has been lost. She can't be married as a virgin now. There's only one thing left. If he tries to deny it all, I have as my evidence the engagement-ring that he sent her. And, finally, since I have a perfectly clear conscience, and know that I'm innocent, that we've never taken any money, nor done anything else that was unworthy of either my daughter or myself, Geta, *I'm* going to try to *do* something.

G.: Oh, very well! I admit that you're right.

SO. [*to* GETA]: Now you run off as fast as you can to cousin Hegio, and tell him the whole story, exactly the way it happened. For he was the very dearest friend of our Simulus and has done everything he could for us.

G.: Yes, by Heaven, for there's nobody else that will even look at us.

SO.: And you, my dear Canthara, run and bring the midwife; there mustn't be any delay when we need her.

[*The stage is vacant for a moment, and then the honest farmer,*

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ness, comes rushing in, much more excited even than he was be-
fore.]

: Absolutely ruined! I've just been told that my boy Ctesipho was
on cahoots with Aeschinus in carrying off that girl. There's only
one thing needed to make my cup of sorrows full, and that's the
possibility of bringing to some bad end the one son of mine who
still amounts to something. But where can I find him? I sup-
pose they've taken him off to some low dive. That filthy brute
put him up to it, I'm sure. But, look, here's Syrus coming. I can
find out from *him*. And yet, so help me Hercules! he's one of the
gang himself. If he gets an idea that I'm looking for the boy, that
dirty bum will never tell me anything. [*in a naively futile attempt*
to deceive a rascal like SYRUS] Well, I won't let him know what
I'm after.

Enter SYRUS *from the market place, attended by a servant, both of*
them loaded down with all manner of fancy delicacies for a big
party that they are going to give in the house, actually the im-
promptu wedding-breakfast. SYRUS *catches sight of* DEMEA *and*
makes the most of this opportunity to josh the old stickler for the
proprieties. Pretending at first, of course, not to have seen him,
SYRUS *begins to talk in a loud voice with the intention of being*
overheard.]

: I just saw the old man downtown, and told him the whole story,
from beginning to end. I never saw anyone so happy.

[*aside*]: Immortal Jupiter! That fellow's asininity!

: He congratulated the boy and he thanked me sincerely for hav-
ing had the bright idea in the first place.

[*still aside*]: I feel that I am just going to burst!

: He came across with the money right on the spot. In addition
to that, he gave me a hundred dollars for the party, and I've gone
and spent it to the best of my *taste*.

[*to the audience, but intentionally loud enough to be overheard this*
time]: Uh huh! If you want anything attended to *properly*, just
turn it over to this fellow!

: Well, well, there, Demea! I hadn't seen you before. What's
doing?

: 'What's doing?' you say? I can't begin to express my amaze-
ment at the style of living in your household.

: So help me Heaven, it *is* preposterous; to be frank, it's just plain
silly, too. [*and then, shouting into the house*] Ah, there, Dromo!
Clean the *rest* of those fish, but let that great big lobster flop around
in the water a little while longer. When I get back *I'll* attend to
him. [*with a jerk of his thumb towards* DEMEA]

: Such scandals!

: No, I can't say that I approve of it myself. I often raise my
voice and call out [*with deliberate ambiguity*]: Stephanio! Get
that salt fish soaked carefully.

: The gods help us! Has my brother set his *heart* on behaving
like this? Does he think it's *praiseworthy* to ruin my son? Oh,

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wretched man that I am! I can just see the day coming when this [383–409
young fellow will go bankrupt and run away from home somewhere to join the army.

SY.: Ah, Demea, now *that's* what *I* call sagacity, not merely to see what's right in front of your feet, but to be able to foretell the future!

D. [*a little suspiciously*]: Say, is that chorus-girl in the house?

SY.: Yes, right in there.

D.: Whooee! Is my brother going to *keep* her in his house?

SY.: I suppose so, he's just that crazy.

D.: Such carryings on!

SY.: It really *is* silly leniency on the part of his father, and a demoralizing laxness.

D.: I'm thoroughly ashamed of my brother, and disgusted with him too.

SY.: There *is* a lot of difference, Demea, between you and your brother. Understand, I am not saying that just because I am talking to *you*. In fact, there's a *world* of difference. *You*, every inch of you, are simon-pure sagacity; he's mere flapdoodle. You wouldn't let *your* boy behave like that, would you?

D.: 'Let my boy'—! Wouldn't I smell it out six whole months before he even *started* anything!

SY.: No need of telling me how smart you are.

D.: I only hope, that he will always continue to behave just exactly the way he's doing now! [*The irony of the situation is that* CTESIPHO, *at this very moment, is just inside the door, drinking and making love to his disreputable girl friend.*]

SY.: That's right. [*ironically*] You know how it is: Everybody's son turns out exactly the way his father wants him to.

D. [*with affected nonchalance*]: Well, what about him? Have you seen him today?

SY.: Your boy? [*aside*] I'll get the old man out into the country. [*to* DEMEA] Oh, I've no doubt he's already working hard at some job or other out on the farm.

D.: Are you sure of it?

SY.: What? When I myself escorted him to the edge of town?

D.: That's fine. I was afraid he might be hanging around here.

SY.: Yes, and he was *hopping* mad.

D.: You don't say!

SY.: Oh, he met his brother downtown, and bawled him out right in public about that chorus-girl.

D.: Honest?

SY.: You bet! He didn't pull his punches. Just as the money was being paid out at the bank, up pops Ctesipho to everybody's surprise. He began to shout, 'Oh, Aeschinus! The *idea* of your behaving in this scandalous fashion! To think that you would be doing things that are a disgrace to the family!'

D.: Oh, I could just cry for joy!

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'You're not merely losing all this money; you're ruining your character!'

God save the boy! That's all I pray for! [*wiping his eyes*] He's exactly like what the men of our family have always been.

Oh, no doubt!

Syrus, he's just chock full of good, sensible ideas like that.

Yes, yes, to be sure! He's had somebody at home to teach him such things.

[*a little modestly*]: Well, of course, I do the best I can. I never let anything get by me. I form his habits; in a word, I teach him to look into the lives of men as though he were looking into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself. I say: 'Now, *that's* the thing to *do*.'

Absolutely right.

'But *this* is something to *avoid*.'

Sagacious!

'This thing is praiseworthy.'

That's the ticket!

'But this other, again, is regarded as disreputable.'

Absolutely perfect!

And besides [*warming up to a discourse on general morality*] — [*having listened long enough, and now beginning to mock the old puritan*]: Oh, the Devil! I honestly haven't time to listen to the rest of the lecture right now, for I've got some fancy fish that I've just picked out. I simply *mustn't* let them get spoiled. Because, you should understand, Demea, it's *just* as much a *disgrace* for us to let good fish get spoiled, as it is for *you not* to do what you were talking about a moment ago. [*and then, mimicking* DEMEA, *he adds*] And to the best of *my* ability, too, I lay down the law to the rest of the servants in the house, exactly the way you do: 'This is too salty.' 'This has been scorched.' 'This hasn't been washed clean.' 'That's right; now remember and do it *just* that way the next time.' I give them the most careful advice I can, up to the very limit of my ability — and *taste*. In a word, Demea, I bid them look into the *pans*, as though they were looking into a mirror, and I tell them what they ought to be doing. I realize that all this behavior of ours is simply silly, but what would you have *me* do? Considering the kind of fellow your brother is, you've just got to humor him. Anything more that you'd like done for you, before I go on in?

[*sullenly recognizing that he is being razzed*]: All I'd like for you people would be the gift of better sense!

Leaving for the country, are you?

Yes, and by the shortest route.

Well, of course; what could you really accomplish here, where no one would pay any attention, even if you *should* give a piece of good advice? [*going indoors with a leer*]

Indeed I *will* leave this place, as long as the boy, after whom I

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came here, has gone back to the farm. *He's* the one *I'm* taking care of; *he* is *my* concern. Since my brother feels that way about it, let *him* look after the other one.

But isn't that Hegio, my old pal? If my eyes don't deceive me, by Heaven, that's the man! [*with a glow of satisfaction*] Ah! He's been my very best friend ever since we were children together. Good Lord! There surely is a most plentiful lack, these days, of citizens like him, men of that fine old honor and loyalty! Hell will freeze over before *he* ever does his country any wrong! How happy I am when I see that there are still a few survivors of that breed! Why, already life seems worth living again! I'll wait and meet the old scout here, say hello, and pass the time of day with him.

[*Enter* HEGIO *and* GETA *in earnest conversation.*]

H.: Immortal gods, Geta! It's an utter outrage! Are you sure of the facts?

G.: That's just exactly what's happened!

H.: To think that such an ungentlemanly deed was done by a member of so fine a family! Ah! Aeschinus! Good Lord! *That* wasn't the least bit like your father!

D. [*aside*]: You see? He's heard about this chorus-girl; *that's* what's hurting him now, and he isn't even a member of the family, either. The boy's *father,* of course, doesn't give a damn! Oh, dear me! If only Micio were around here somewhere close by and could be hearing this!

H.: Unless they're prepared to do the square thing for people in their position, they'll not get away with it like that.

G.: All our hope, Hegio, is centered in you. You're all we have, our patron, our father. Our old man entrusted us to your care on his death-bed. If *you* abandon us, we sure are ruined.

H.: Don't so much as mention the word! *I'll* not abandon you; in common decency it would be quite impossible.

D. [*walking up briskly*]: I'm going to speak to him. My most cordial greetings to you, Hegio!

H.: Ah, you're just the man I was looking for. And greetings to you, Demea.

D.: Well, what's up?

H.: Your older son, Aeschinus, that you allowed your brother to adopt, has gone and done something that no respectable and gentlemanly person would do.

D.: Indeed, and what's that?

H.: You knew our mutual friend Simulus, who grew up with us, didn't you?

D.: Of course.

H.: Aeschinus has raped his young daughter.

D.: What?!

H.: Wait a minute, Demea; you haven't yet heard the worst of it.

D.: But can anything be worse?

H.: Yes, it can. For in a way it is possible to understand something

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like that. It was night; a crime of passion; he'd been drinking; and he was young. Things like that *happen* to mere human beings. Well, when he came to, and *realized* what he had done, of his own initiative he went to the girl's mother, with tears in his eyes, praying, beseeching, pledging, swearing that he would marry the girl. They forgave him; said nothing about it; believed him. The girl got pregnant. All that was nine full months ago. And now this fellow that we took for an honorable gentleman, God save the mark! has gone and got him a chorus-girl to live with, and has left Pamphila flat.

[*looking hard at him*]: Are *you* absolutely certain about all these statements you're making?

The girl's mother's right here, the girl herself, the facts themselves; besides that, here's Geta, too, as slaves go, anything but vicious and lazy; he earns the living for them, and all alone supports the entire family. Take him into court, handcuff him, and look at the facts in the case.

Yes, by God! You can go even farther, and put me on the rack, Demea, if I haven't been telling the truth! Why, when all's said and done, he'll not deny it himself. Just bring him face to face with me.

[*aside, completely upset and walking up and down in extreme agitation*]: I'm ashamed, and I don't quite know either what to do, or what answer to give Hegio.

PAMPHILA (*overheard from inside the house*): Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm torn to pieces with pain. Juno Lucina, help me! Save me, I beseech thee!

Ah! It can't be that she's in labor right now, can it?

No doubt of it at all, Hegio.

Look, Demea, the girl is appealing to you people to show your good faith. Let her receive of your own free will what you'll be compelled to give her anyway. I pray the gods that you'll behave the way I'm suggesting, for with *your* family it's a straight case of noblesse oblige. *That's* what I'd prefer, first of all. [*aggressively*] But, I'd have you understand, Demea, that if *you* feel differently about that matter, I'm going to stand by that girl and my dead friend down to the very last ditch. He was my cousin; we were brought up together from early boyhood; we were always together in war and in peace; we've kept smiling, through a life of severe poverty, side by side. And so I'm going to fight, go right into action, do my damndest, and, if necessary and as a last resort, give up my life, before I abandon these women. What's your answer to that?

[*deeply affected and confused*]: I'll talk it over with my brother, Hegio.

But, Demea, here's something else for you to think over very seriously: Exactly as you and your family are in easy circumstances, extremely influential, wealthy, blessed by fortune, and socially prominent, to precisely that same extent you ought to do the

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square thing out of the kindness of your heart, if you want people to regard you as truly reputable citizens.

D.: Come back a little later; everything that's right and proper will be done.

H.: That's just what we expected of you. Geta, show me in now to Sostrata. [*Exeunt* HEGIO *and* GETA.]

D.: *I* told him so! If only this is the end of the matter! But his utterly loose-end way of doing things will surely wind up in some terrible misfortune one of these days.—I'll go and hunt up my brother, and pour it all out on him. [*Exit* DEMEA.]

[*Reenter* HEGIO.]

H.: Take it easy, Sostrata, and cheer her up all you can. I'll have an interview with Micio, if he's downtown, and tell him the whole story from first to last. If he's ready to do his duty, let him get busy; but if he feels otherwise about the matter, then he can tell me so; I want to know just as soon as possible what I'm to do next.

ACT FOUR

[CTESIPHO *and* SYRUS *step out of* MICIO's *front door.*]

CT.: Honest now, has my father really gone back to the farm?

SY.: Oh yes, long ago.

CT.: Please tell me the truth.

SY.: He's at the farmhouse already. At this very moment, I've no doubt, he's working at some chore or other.

CT.: I sure hope so! Without permanently ruining his health, I wish he'd get so tired that for the next three days handrunning he'll be absolutely unable to get out of bed.

SY.: Me too! And better even than that, if possible!

CT. [*quite naively*]: Yes, yes, just so. For I'm desperately eager to spend the whole of this day in bliss, just as I've started it; and the only reason I hate that farm so bitterly is because it's so close to town. If it had only been farther out in the country, it would have been dark before he could make it back here again. But, as it is, when he doesn't see me out there, he'll dash right back here, I'm absolutely certain. Then he'll ask where I've been: 'I haven't laid eyes on you all day long.' What am I going to say then?

SY. [*contemptuously*]: Doesn't *anything* come to mind?

CT.: Never a thing.

SY.: What a boob! Haven't you and your father a client, a friend, an out of town guest?

CT.: Yes, but then what?

SY.: Say that you've been helping them out.

CT.: When I wasn't? That's not possible.

SY.: Oh yes it is!

CT.: Well, perhaps that will do for the daytime. But if I spend the *night* here, Syrus, what excuse can I offer then?

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[*disgusted*]: Ugh! How I wish people were in the habit of performing services for their 'friends'* at night, too! [*with a slight gesture towards the house where his girl is staying*] But you can take it easy; I'm dead on to the old man's disposition. When he's fairly burning up with rage, I can make him as gentle as a lamb.

: How do you manage it?

: He just loves to listen to your praises. I make you out a regular angel, while he listens. I recite your virtues.

: My virtues?

: Yes, yours. Why, in no time at all, tears of joy start falling from his eyes, as if he were a child. Hey there! Look out, will you!

: What in the world's up?

: The wolf! Just as we were talking about him!

: Is it father?

: And nobody else!

: Syrus, what *am* I to do?

: Just run back into the house; *I'll* attend to all this.

[*through the half-open door*]: If he asks any question, remember, you haven't seen me anywhere. Did you hear me?

: Oh, can't you shut up?

[*Enter* DEMEA.]

I sure am one unlucky bird. To begin with, I can't find my brother anywhere in the world. And then, while I was looking for him, I caught sight of a hired hand from the farm. He tells me my boy is not out in the country. And now I don't know *what* I'm going to do.

[*through a crack*]: Syrus.

: What is it?

: Is he looking for me?

: You'd better believe he is!

: I'm ruined, then.

: Nonsense. Cheer up.

: Dadburn it all! What's the meaning of this whole run of bad luck? I can't make head or tail of it, unless I'm to believe that I was born for nothing else, but only to have trouble. *I'm* the first to get wind of our misfortunes; *I'm* the first to find out everything; and, finally, *I'm* the first to bring in the bad news. If anything goes wrong, *I'm* the only one that's put out about it.

[*aside*: He makes me laugh! Think of him saying *he's* the first to learn about things. Why, *he's* the *only* one who doesn't know anything at all!

I'm coming back now to see if my brother could have possibly returned to the house.

[*through the partly open door*]: Syrus, please! Don't let him just dash right in here!

: *Won't* you shut up? *I'm* going to attend to that.

* The word chosen is applicable to girl-friends as well as other kinds.

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CT. [*in a complete funk*]: By the lord Harry, I'm *never* going to trust *that* to *you*; for I'm going to lock myself up in some closet or other with my girl; *that's* the safest thing to do.

SY.: As you please. And yet I'll drive him away, just the same. [*moving out into the middle of the street*]

D.: But there's that confounded scoundrel Syrus.

SY. [*pretending to be talking aside, but really intending* DEMEA *to overhear him*]: Good Lord! Nobody that wants to survive can keep on living *here*, if this is the way they're going to behave. I sure would like to know how many bosses I have over me! What a miserable mess!

D. [*aside*]: What's he drivelling about? What's he up to now? [*to* SYRUS] What do you say, good sir? Is my brother in?

SY.: What the hell do you say 'good sir' to *me* for? *I'm* down and out.

D.: What's gone wrong with *you*?

SY.: You ask, eh? Ctesipho has just been slugging poor me and that chorus-girl till we're damn near dead.

D. [*brightening up*]: Ha! What's that you say?

SY.: There you are; just see how he busted my lip.

D.: What was it all about?

SY.: He said *I* was the one that put Aeschinus up to buying the girl.

D. [*suspiciously*]: But didn't you tell me, a little while ago, you had escorted him out of town on his way back to the farm?

SY.: Sure thing; but he came back later, crazy mad; spared nothing. Such impudence, to beat up an old man! Why, when he was no bigger than *that*, I used to carry him around in my own arms!

D.: Three cheers for you, Ctesipho! You're a chip off the old block! Well, well! It was a manly deed!

SY.: You applaud him, do you? I'm telling *you* something now. He'll keep his hands off *me* from this time on, if he's got any sense.

D.: Gallant action!

SY.: Yes, awfully gallant, to beat up a poor female, and me, too, a puny slave who didn't dare hit back! Whee! *Super*-gallant!

D.: He couldn't have done better. He realized, just as I did, that you were the ringleader in this business. — But is my brother at home?

SY.: I know where he is, but I'm never going to tell *you*.

D.: Ha! What's that you say?

SY.: That's just what I said.

D. [*raising his long, heavy cane*]: I'll knock your block off, if you don't.

SY.: Oh, well! I don't know the man's *name*, but I *do* know where he lives.

D.: Then tell me where *that* is.

SY.: Do you remember where the colonnade by the meat-market is, over on *this* side?

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[579–600]

SYR.: Of course.

SYR.: Go right on past, straight up the avenue, in *this* direction. When you get there, you'll find a ramp leading down hill; beat it down that. Afterwards there's a little chapel on *this* side. Near by is an alley-way.

DEM.: What alley-way is that?

SYR.: The one where there's a big wild-fig tree, too.

DEM.: I know that.

SYR.: Go on through it.

DEM.: Wait a minute! That's a blind alley.

SYR.: Gosh, you're right! Tsk, tsk! You'd think I was a goggling imbecile, wouldn't you? That was all wrong. Well, let's get back to the colonnade again. Now, I've got it! This route is much shorter, and you're far less likely to get lost. Do you know the house of this rich fellow Cratinus?

DEM.: Yes.

SYR.: After you pass that, go straight down the avenue, *this* way, to the left. When you get to the temple of Diana, turn right. Before you reach the city gate, just beside the watering-trough, there's a bakery, and right straight across the street from it, a carpenter's shop. That's where he is.

DEM.: What's he doing there?

SYR.: He's let out a contract for making some outdoor benches with legs of ilex-oak.

DEM.: On which you people will sit and guzzle! A fine idea, no doubt of it! But why not hurry off to find him? [*starting away briskly*]

SYR.: Yes, beat it! I'll give you all the exercise *you* need today, you old stack of bones! — Aeschinus is disgustingly late. The dinner is getting spoiled; and Ctesipho is head over heels in love. So I guess I'll look out for myself. I'm going to go back in, and when anything looks particularly good I'll slice me off a sample, taking a sip at the punch-bowl, too, from time to time, and so manage to drag out the day.

[SYRUS *goes back into the house just as* MICIO *and* HEGIO *enter, coming from downtown.*]

MIC.: Really, Hegio, I can't see a *thing* in all this that deserves such words of praise. I'm merely doing my duty. The injury that our household did I am simply making good. [*slyly, to tease him a little*] Unless, perhaps, you thought I was one of those people who feel that they themselves are being hurt, if you call attention to the harm they've done, and immediately turn around and start to blame *you*. Are you thanking me, simply because I haven't acted *that* way?

HEG.: [*embarrassed*]: Oh no! Not at all! I never supposed you were any different from what you are. But, please, Micio, come in with me to see the girl's mother, and tell *her yourself* precisely what you have just told me: Namely, that, all this suspicious behavior was wholly on his brother's account, and that the chorus-girl is all his brother's.

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M.: If you think that the courteous thing to do, or if it's really necessary, let's go. [601-630]

H. [*still extremely deferential*]: That's awfully good of you; for in this way you'll be cheering up the girl, who is pretty low in her mind from pain and worry, and at the same time you'll be doing your full duty as a gentleman. But, if you feel otherwise about it, I'll go repeat to them myself what you've told me.

M.: Oh no, I'll go with you.

H.: That's extremely kind of you. Everybody, when things aren't going his way, somehow or other is apt to get more touchy; he's all the more ready to take everything as an insult. Because he's helpless he always feels that people are making him the goat. And so it will help a lot towards a reconciliation, if you yourself explain everything to her personally.

M.: That's both right and true.

H.: Follow me, then, inside the house.

M.: Yes, gladly.

[*Exeunt* HEGIO *and* MICIO; AESCHINUS *enters, greatly distressed.*]

A. [*beginning in lyric measures, as a sign of his agitation*]: I'm anguished at heart! To think that such an enormous misfortune has come upon me so suddenly! I don't know what to do with myself nor how to act. My knees are weak with terror; my heart numb with fear; I can't get any sensible idea to stick in my head.

Ah me! How *am* I going to get out of this mess? They're so extremely suspicious about me now, and naturally, too. Sostrata thinks I've bought this chorus-girl for myself. Old Canthara made that plain enough to me. She'd been sent after the midwife, as luck would have it; I saw her, and rushed up to ask how Pamphila was, whether labor was near, and if that was why they were calling in the midwife. She screamed at me, 'Get out! Get out, now, Aeschinus! You've played fast and loose with us long enough as it is! We're all fed up with your double-crossing!' 'Ha!' said I, 'what's the meaning of all this? if you please.' 'Good-bye,' says she, 'and keep the girl you love best!' It came to me then, all of a sudden, that they had their doubts about me; but I held in just the same. I wasn't going to tell *that* old gossip anything about my brother, and have the whole story get out.

And now, what *am* I going to do? Shall I tell them the chorus-girl is my brother's? But *that's* something which mustn't get out *anywhere*. Even so, supposing the story doesn't actually spread, somehow or other. What I'm *really* afraid of is they won't believe what I tell them. There's such a mass of circumstantial evidence. *I* was the one that carried her off; *I* was the one that paid the money; it was *my* house she was taken to.

And it's absolutely my own fault, too; I admit that. To think that I never told the whole story to father, no matter how disreputable it was! I could have got his permission to marry her.

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Well, so far I've been loafing on the job. But from this time on, Aeschinus, heads up! Now here's the first thing to do: Go to see the women and clear myself. I'll walk up to their front door. [*trembling, and starting back again*] It's all off! Dear me! I always get the shivers when I start to knock at that door. [*finally coming up close*] Hello! Hello! It's me, Aeschinus! *Some* one of you hurry up and open the door! — Somebody or other is coming out. I'll just slip around here to one side.

[MICIO *steps out, still talking to persons on the inside.*]

Now you people do just as I said, Sostrata; I'll hunt up Aeschinus, and tell him the whole story. — But who's been knocking at the front door?

[*aside*]: Gosh! That's father! It's all over now!

[*catching sight of him*]: Aeschinus!

[*aside, afraid to answer*]: What business has *he* had over here?

Aeschinus, did you knock at this door? [*aside*] He can't answer. Why not kid him a little bit? It wouldn't be such a bad idea, because he wasn't willing to tell me himself a word about this affair. [*aloud, to* AESCHINUS] Aren't you going to answer my question?

[*greatly confused*]: I guess — er, I didn't knock at *that* door, — er, er, — as far as I can remember.

So? I wondered what business *you* could have over here? [*aside*] He blushed that time. Everything is all right now. But father, *you* please tell *me,* what business have *you* got over there?

[*talks slowly and with infuriating nonchalance, two or three times pretending to forget that he is even telling a story at all, and accordingly has to be prodded up by the jittery young man*]: Oh, no business of my *own* at all, but there was a friend downtown a little while ago who brought me along with him to perform a little legal service in his behalf.

What about?

Why, I'll tell you. There are some women living here next door, in pretty modest circumstances. I suppose you wouldn't know anything about them; in fact, I'm sure you don't. They haven't been living here very long. [*He pauses.*]

Well, what next?

Oh, yes! Well, there's some girl or other living over here with her mother. [MICIO *stops again.*]

All right, go on!

To be sure! Well, the girl's father is dead. Now this friend of mine is the next of kin, and the law requires him to marry the orphan girl.

[*tremendously wrought up, aside*]: That's *my* death-sentence!

Beg pardon, what did you say?

Nothing. It's all right. Go on.

And now this friend of mine has come to take the girl away with him. He lives in Miletus.

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A.: What! To take the girl along with him? [654-68]

M.: Yes, that's what I said.

A.: All the way to Miletus?

M.: That's right.

A. [*aside, with his hand clapped to his forehead*]: I'm not feeling very well. [*to his father again*] But what about the women? What do they say?

M.: Well, what would you suppose? The merest nonsense. The mother's cooked up a story about a baby being born to the girl by some other man, but she won't tell us his name. She says the other fellow has first claim on the girl, and that she ought not to be allowed to marry this cousin.

A. [*excitedly, grasping at any straw of hope*]: What? What? Doesn't that seem to you to be a *perfectly* reasonable proposition?

M. [*coldly*]: No.

A.: What? You don't mean to say, 'No'! Why, father, is that man to take her away from here?

M.: And why shouldn't he take her away from here?

A.: Why, you've acted unsympathetically, father, and without any of the milk of human kindness; — and, er, really, father, if I have to be frank about it, not quite like a gentleman.

M.: And how do you make that out?

A.: Can you ask such a question? How do you suppose that poor fellow is going to feel, who — er, er, made the girl's acquaintance first? Poor devil, possibly he's *still* desperately in love with her. How will *he* take it, when right in front of his very eyes he will see her torn away, dragged out of his sight? Why, it's an outrage, father!

M.: How do you get that way? Who made the betrothal? Who gave her in marriage? Whom did she marry, and when? Who gave his consent for the whole affair? Why did he marry a strange girl?

A.: But did you want a grown-up girl like her just to *sit* around the house and wait until a cousin should turn up from somewhere or other? Why, my dear father, *that's* the sort of thing you ought to have said, *that's* the line you should have taken.

M.: Preposterous! Would you want me to argue against the interests of the man whom I came here to support? But anyway, Aeschinus, what's all this to you and me? What have *we* to do with those women? Come on, let's go on into the house. [*a pause, as* AESCHINUS *breaks down*] What's the matter? What are you crying about?

A.: Father! Please! Listen!

M.: Aeschinus, I've heard the whole story; I know it all. I love you. That's what makes me worry so much about you.

A. [*sobbing*]: My dear father, as long as you live I sincerely hope to deserve your love, and I'm just as sincerely sorry and ashamed that I ever did a thing like this, and I simply can't look you in the face.

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[ll. 697–706]

M.: So help me Heaven, of course you are! I know you've got the instincts of a gentleman, but I am afraid you've been a little too reckless. What kind of community did you think you were living in? You've gone and assaulted a young girl that you hadn't any right even to touch. In the first place, that's a grave offense. Grave, of course, but it's the sort of thing that *will* happen among human beings. Others have often done it, and they were good men too.

But, after you'd done that, say, I'm asking you, did you stop and think? Did you try to provide for what might happen to you, or how it was going to happen? If you were too much ashamed of yourself to tell me, how was I going to find out? And now, while you have been shilly-shallying around, ten months have gone by. As far as *you* had anything to do with it, you've betrayed yourself, that poor girl, and your baby, too. What? Did you suppose that the gods would fix this all up, while you were snoozing? Did you fancy that somehow or other, without your turning over your little finger, she'd just be transported to your bridal chamber? I'd hate to have you make such a ninny of yourself in anything else. [*and then, taking pity upon the completely humiliated and crestfallen young man*] Cheer up, you're going to marry her.

A.: What!

M.: Cheer up, I say.

A.: Father, please! You're not kidding me, are you?

M.: I kid you? Why should I?

A.: I don't know; I am just so desperately *eager* to believe what you say, that I'm all the more afraid it isn't true.

M.: Oh, go on into the house, and offer up a prayer to bring your wife over. [*as* AESCHINUS *stands stock still, even yet not believing his ears*] Get going!

A.: What, bring her over right now, as my wife?

M.: Right now!

A.: Right now?

M.: Yes, just as 'right now' as you can!

A.: Father, may all the gods hate me, if I don't love you more than I love my own eyes!

M.: What? More than you love *her*?

A.: Well, just as much!

M.: Awfully kind of you!

A.: [*still incredulous*]: But say, what about that cousin of hers from Miletus?

M.: Oh, he's disappeared, vamoosed, set sail. What are you loafing around for?

A.: Father, you go into the house. It's much better for *you* to pray to the gods. I'm absolutely certain they're much more likely to listen to *you*, because you're a *much* better man than I am.

M.: All right, I'll go in and get things started; but do as I told you, if you have any sense. [*Exit.*]

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A. [*left alone, looking lovingly toward the front door which has just closed, and then turning to the audience*]: And what do you know about that! Is *that* like being a father? Or is *this* like being a son? Why, if he'd been my own dearest brother, how *could* he have treated me any more kindly? Doesn't he deserve to be loved? Oughtn't I carry his image in my very heart? I'll tell the world! But his kindness makes me just that much the more worried. I'm afraid that without realizing it, some time I'll go and do something he wouldn't want me to do. Well, forewarned, forearmed! But why don't I go into the house and quit delaying the wedding ceremony? [707–730

[*Exit* AESCHINUS *into* PAMPHILA'S *house.* DEMEA *gets back all tired out from trying to find a place that doesn't exist.*]

D.: I'm all in from trudging around. May mighty Jupiter damn you, Syrus, and all your directions! I've dragged all over the town, to the gate, to the watering-trough, where didn't I go? There wasn't any carpenter's shop there, and not a soul said he'd seen my brother. Now I've made up my mind to sit down right in front of the house and wait until he gets back home.

[MICIO *opening the door of his own house, and, as usual, finishing up a conversation with the people indoors, as he steps out*]

M.: I'll go over and tell them there's no occasion for delay as far as we are concerned.

D.: There's the man himself. I've been looking for you, Micio, quite a long time.

M.: Well, what is it now?

D.: I've got news of some other monstrous scandals of that fine young fellow of ours.

M.: There you go again!

D.: Brand new ones; criminal offenses!

M.: You don't say so!

D.: *You* don't know the sort of person *he is.*

M.: Oh, yes, I do.

D.: Oh, you idiot! You've got the silly idea that I am talking about that chorus-girl. *This* time he has gone and committed an outrage against a girl that's an Athenian citizen.

M.: I know all about that.

D.: What! You know it and stand for it?

M.: Why not stand for it?

D.: Tell me, aren't you screaming, aren't you raving?

M.: No; although I'd like to.

D.: A baby's been born!

M.: God bless him!

D.: The girl hasn't a penny.

M.: So I've heard.

D.: He's got to marry her now without any dowry.

M.: Of course.

D.: What are you going to do next?

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[750–761]

Going to do what the case suggests. Move the girl over into your house.

But, O Jupiter! Is that the way people ought to behave?

What more do you want me to do?

Do?' Why, if you don't honestly feel bad about it, it's only behaving like a human being to *pretend* that you do!

Oh no! I've just betrothed the girl to Aeschinus; everything's fixed up; they're going to get married; I've relieved everybody's worries and *that's* what *I* call 'behaving like a human being.'

But, Micio, do you *like* this whole business?

Why, no; not if I could *change* it; but since I *can't*, I'm simply taking it in my stride. The life of human beings is just like throwing dice. If you don't get the throw you'd like best, then you've got to use your brains and make good on what *does* come your way.

You and your 'making good'! Yes, and those 'brains' of yours have cost you four thousand for this chorus-girl, who's got to be thrown out of the house somewhere or other. If you can't sell her, you've got to give her away.

Oh, no I don't, and I'm not at all eager to sell her.

What are you going to do with her?

She's going to stay in the house.

The gods help us! An ordinary street-walker and a respectable married woman living together under the same roof!

Why not?

Do you think you're in your right mind?

I rather fancy I am.

Lord love me! I believe I see the method in your madness. You've gone and got somebody to sing duets with you.

And why shouldn't I?

Yes, and the young bride will be taking the same kind of lessons.

Of course!

And you'll get in between them, all join hands, and trip the light fantastic!

That's perfect!

'Perfect'?!

Yes, Demea, and you'll take a turn around the floor with us yourself, if we need you.

Alas, alack-a-day! *Aren't* you ashamed of this whole affair?

Oh, forget it, Demea, all that bad temper of yours, and just make yourself cheerful and happy, as you ought to, on your son's wedding day. I'm going to have a talk with the people in the house next door; I'll be back in a minute.

Oh, Jupiter! Such a life! Such a way of carrying on! Such lunacy! There's a wife coming into the family, without a cent of dowry; a chorus-girl already inside; the household extravagant; the young man ruined with luxury; the old man raving, staving

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mad. If the Goddess of Salvation herself *wanted* to save this household there would be absolutely nothing she could do about it!

[*While* DEMEA *is still standing in the street, overwhelmed with angry frustration,* SYRUS *comes rolling out of the front door, feeling a little high.*]

SY.: Gosh all fish hooks, Syrus, old boy! You've made it pretty soft for yourself; you've got away with your job pretty slick. Go to! I'm full up with all the stuff in the house, and I thought I'd just take the air out of doors a little while. [*reeling along*]

D.: Look at that, will you! There's a fine specimen of their style of living!

SY. [*so tipsy he mistakes* DEMEA *for* MICIO]: Hello there! Here's our old man. What's doing? What are you so mad about?

D.: *You* damned scoundrel!

SY.: Oh, so? It's *you* spouting here, is it? You old well of wisdom!

D.: If you were *my* slave —

SY.: You'd be a rich man, Demea, and you'd have nothing but gilt-edged investments.

D. [*disregarding the interruption*]: I'd make a terrifying example out of you!

SY.: And why, now? What have *I* done?

D.: *You* ask such a question? Why, right in the midst of all this mess, and in a monstrous crime, before things have even got settled yet, you've gone and got drunk, just as though you had done something to be proud of, you damned scoundrel!

SY. [*not really fit for a serious quarrel*]: Gee, I'm sorry I came out!

[*Enter* DROMO *from* MICIO's *house.*]

D.: Hey there, Syrus! Ctesipho wants you to come back in.

SY.: Beat it, you! [*kicking him back through the door*]

D.: What was he saying about Ctesipho?

SY.: Nothing.

D.: So ho! You low life! Is Ctesipho in there?

SY.: No.

D.: Why did he mention his name, then?

SY.: Oh, there's another Ctesipho, a little runt of a penny-ante parasite. Possibly you know him?

D.: I soon will. [*starting energetically for the door*]

SY. [*trying to detain him*]: What are you up to? Where are you going?

D.: Let go of me!

SY.: Don't! I say!

D.: Keep your hands off me, you dirty bum! [*waving his long, heavy cane*] Or do you want me to splatter your brains all over the street? [*breaking loose and dashing into the house*]

SY.: He's gone! Dad burn it! No very pleasant companion at a cocktail party, especially for Ctesipho! What am I going to do

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now? Don't know, except I guess I'll sneak off into a corner somewhere, until this row gets settled, and sleep off this edge. That's what I'll do!

[*says reels away off stage. Enter* MICIO *from* SOSTRATA'S *house, still giving back through the door.*]

MICIO: We're all ready, on our side of the line, Sostrata, just as I have assured you. Whenever you wish—[*sounds of a scuffle in* MICIO'S *house, dishes upset, a girl screaming, general hullabaloo, and then a crash at the inside of the door*] Who in the world bashed into my front door like that?

[*But rushes* DEMEA.]

DEMEA: Oh, hell! What to do? What to start? What to cry? What complaint to raise? Oh, Heaven! Oh, Earth! Oh, seas of Neptune!

MICIO: There you are! He's found it all out. And that's what he is yapping about now. There's a brawl in the offing. To the rescue!

DEMEA: Here he is, the common ruination of our two boys.

MICIO: Oh, come to your senses some time, and cool off that hot head of yours!

DEMEA [*with a great effort*]: I *have* cooled it off; I *have* come to my senses. I won't say a single hard word. Let's just take a look at the record. We agreed (and, fortunately, *you* said it first) that you wouldn't bother your head about my boy, and I shouldn't bother mine about yours, didn't you? Answer me!

MICIO: I did; there's no doubt about *that*.

DEMEA: Why is he now drinking in your house? Why do you take in my boy? Why do you go out and buy a girl for him, Micio? How is it any less fair for *me* to have rights with *you*, than it is for *you* to have rights with *me*? *I'm* not doing anything about your boy; *don't you* do anything about *mine*.

MICIO: That's not a fair proposition.

DEMEA: It isn't?

MICIO: No; it's an old saying that friends have everything in common.

DEMEA: Very smart! That's your line of talk now, is it?

MICIO: Listen to me for just a few moments, Demea, if you can stand the strain. In the first place, if the thought of all that the boys are spending is what's burning you up, please look at it this way. Some years ago you started to bring up two boys; you thought you were going to have enough property to take care of both of them right. At that time, of course, you thought that I was going to get married, too. Just keep on thinking the same way. Save all you can, make all you can, don't spend any more than you have to; leave them the very largest estate possible. You can have all the glory along that line you want. In the meantime, let the boys have the use of my estate, which you never expected them to get. Nothing will be lost from the sum total. Whatever income there is from this quarter, count that as just

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pure velvet. Now, Demea, if you're willing to think and feel sincerely about the matter in *this* way, you'll be sparing yourself, and myself, and the boys, too, a lot of grief.

D.: I'm not concerned about the matter of money; the *habits* the two boys have formed —

M.: Just a moment! I know all that; I was just getting around to this point next. There are a lot of little signs about people, Demea, that enable you to make a shrewd guess as to how they are going to turn out eventually. Even when two persons are doing exactly the same thing, you can frequently say: 'It won't hurt this fellow to do it, but it's not a good idea for the other.' That's not because *what* they are doing is different, but because the *persons* who are doing it are different.* Now I see just those little signs in these boys of ours, and I'm confident that they're going to turn out the way we want them to. I can tell that they have taste and tact; they have intelligence; they know where and when to show respect and reverence; they love each other. Anybody can see that they have the temper and disposition of gentlemen. Any day you want to, you can bring them right back to your side.

But possibly you are afraid that they are a little too careless with their money. Oh, my dear brother Demea! About everything else we get wiser as we grow older. There's only one moral blemish that old age brings to man. All of us old fellows pay a great deal more attention to *money* than we ought to. Advancing years will take care of this little difficulty perfectly well.

D.: But I'm afraid, Micio, that all this fine-sounding rationalization of yours, and all this imperturbable tranquillity, will finally be the ruin of us all.

M.: Not another word! That's *not* what's going to happen. Forget it! Turn yourself over to me today. Rub those wrinkles out of your forehead.

D.: Very well, I'll *have* to behave as the situation seems to demand. But tomorrow morning I'm going to leave town, and go back to the farm, with my son, at the first crack of dawn.

M.: I'd get up while it was still dark, if I were you. Only be cheerful today!

D.: And I'm going to take that chorus-girl along with me out to the farm.

M.: Now there's a master stroke. That way you'll have your son absolutely anchored to the place. Only be sure you *keep* the girl there.

D.: I'll attend to *that*, all right! And I'll see that she gets all covered with ashes, and smoke, and flour, from cooking, and grinding at the mill; more than that, I'll make her go out at high noon and pick up kindling for the fire. I'll have her burned as black as a piece of charcoal.

* This passage even the celebrated ancient commentator Donatus found 'extremely obscure in both substance and expression.'

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1,37-378]

That's fine. Now, it seems to me, you're showing some sense; and I'd compel my son to keep on living with her, even if he wanted to change his mind.

Laughing at me, are you? You *are* a lucky fellow to have such a disposition. As for me, I can feel—

Oh, have you broken loose again?

All right, all right! I'll stop.

Come on into the house; let's catch the proper wedding spirit, and make this a real holiday.

[*The two old men walk into the house arm in arm. Wedding music is heard. Sounds within the house take on a cheerful character. In a few minutes* DEMEA *returns, at least partially converted.*]

Nobody ever drew up his plans for life so well but what the facts, and the years, and experience always introduce some modification, and show where he was wrong. You find you didn't really know what you thought you knew, and the things that you believed simply *had* to be done, you turn down when you come to put them into actual practice.

Now that's what's happened to me just now. This hard-boiled, rugged life that I have always lived before, I'm giving up on what's just about the last lap. And *why* am I doing *that*? Ample evidence has shown me that there is nothing finer for a human being than good nature and a pleasant disposition. Anybody can tell that this is true by simply comparing my brother and me. *He* has always lived in luxury, and at dinner parties; he's good-natured, easy-going, never hurts anybody's feelings, has a smile for everyone. *He* has lived for himself; he spends his money on himself; everybody speaks well of him; they all love him. But me! I'm that 'hayseed,' 'hard,' 'sour,' 'stingy,' 'crabbed,' 'tightwad'! I went and got married. Oof, what a hard time I had then! Two boys were born; more trouble.

And now look at this: All the while I've been doing my damndest to make everything I possibly could for them, I've been wasting the time I had for actual living; I've lost the best years of my life in making money, and now, when it is practically all over, *this* is the return I get from my boys for all my trouble: their dislike. On the other hand, my brother, without taking any of the trouble, now has all the fun there is in being a father. The boys *love him*; they fight shy of me. They tell *him* everything they are thinking about; they dote on him, both of them live at his house, and leave me all alone. They *want him* to keep on living; without any doubt, they're just waiting for *me* to die. And so the boys that *I* have brought up, with infinite trouble on my part, *he* has come to possess, by spending scarcely anything. *I* get all the trouble, *he* has all the good time. [*and then in a startlingly sudden act of conversion, with all the abruptness of what once happened to Saul on the way to Damascus*] Go to! Go to! From now on let's try the opposite tack. Let's see whether I can talk sweetly and act handsomely, now that my

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brother has issued the challenge. I, too, want to be loved, and treated affectionately, by my own flesh and blood. If the only way I can bring that about is by paying the bills, and turning into a yes-man, very good, no playing second fiddle for me! No doubt we'll all go broke, but what's that to *me*? I'm the oldest, anyway.

[*Enter* SYRUS, *more or less in his right mind again.*]

SY.: Ah, there, Demea! Your brother asks you not to go too far away from the house.

D.: And who's the gentleman? Why, it's my good friend, Syrus. [*putting a hand on his shoulder*] How *do* you do? How's everything? How are you making out?

SY. [*quite flabbergasted*]: All right, I guess.

D.: That's fine! [*aside*] For the first time in my life right now I added those three expressions that I never felt like using before: 'My good friend'; 'How's everything?'; and 'How are you making out?' [*to* SYRUS] You've shown that although you *are* a slave, still you've a fine sense of honor, and I should love to do you a good turn.

SY. [*suspiciously*]: Much obliged.

D.: Never mind, Syrus, it's the simple truth, and you'll realize it yourself pretty soon.

[*Enter* GETA, *still talking to his mistress,* SOSTRATA, *indoors.*]

G.: All right, mistress, I'll go over next door and find out how soon they'll be calling for the girl. But there's Demea. Good day, sir!

D.: Ah, and what's *your* name? [*with a friendly gesture*]

G.: Geta.

D.: Geta, according to my judgment you're a man of extraordinary merit. In my eyes the slave that looks out for his master meets every requirement that can reasonably be expected of him; and that's what I've observed you doing, Geta. For that reason, if ever the opportunity arises, I should love to do you a good turn. [*aside*] I'm practising being pleasant, and it's going over big.

G.: It's very kind of you indeed to think so well of me.

D. [*aside*]: Little by little I'm winning over the masses.

[AESCHINUS *now comes out and joins the group.*]

A.: All this fuss and feathers they're determined to make about the wedding will be the death of me yet. They're wasting the whole day in merely getting ready.

D.: Well, how are you making it, Aeschinus? [*walking up to him cordially*]

A. [*startled*]: What! My dear father! Were you here?

D.: By God, you're right! Your *own true father,* in heart as well as in blood! Who loves you more dearly than these very eyes of his. But why don't you bring your wife right over home?

A.: I'd love to; but the delay is caused by trying to get a flute-player, and a chorus to sing the wedding-march.

D.: Oho! Would you care for a tip from an old bird like me?

A.: What's that?

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[906–932]

A.: Aw! Cut it all out, the wedding-march, the mob-scene, the torches, and the musicians, and just give orders to tear down this sleazy wall in the garden right off. Move her over that way. Make one household of the two establishments. Bring her mother and the whole outfit over to our place.

L.: Fine! Father, you're a perfect dear!

A.: [*aside*]: Three cheers! They're calling me 'a perfect dear' now! My brother's house will become a highway; he'll have to take on the whole gang of them; it'll cost him like sixty. What's that to *me*? *I'm* 'a perfect dear,' *I'm* getting popular. [*aloud*] Go on now and tell that big shot of a millionaire to come across with four thousand. Syrus, why don't you get a move on you and do it?

SY.: [*completely dazed*]: Me? Do what?

A.: [*to* SYRUS, *who thereupon hurries away*]: Tear down that wall. [*to* GETA] Go next door and bring the women over to our place.

L.: God bless you, Demea, for this solid proof that you honestly wish our family well! [*Exit.*]

A.: [*airily*]: It's no more than they deserve. [*turning to* AESCHINUS] And what do we hear from you?

AE.: [*still unadjusted*]: All right, I guess.

L.: Why, it's *far* better to manage it all this way, than to have the poor young mother, now while she's still feeling weak, brought around to our place by way of the street.

AE.: My dear father, I never *heard* of anything more sensible.

A.: [*with a gesture of self-satisfaction*]: That's me all over! But here's Micio coming out of the house.

[*Enter* MICIO, *distinctly ruffled over the unexpectedly sweeping success of his own missionary efforts on* DEMEA.]

M.: *My brother* give any such orders? Where is he? Did *you* tell them to do that, Demea?

D.: Sure, I told them to do that; and in this thing and in everything else I think we ought to make just one big household out of the two establishments. We ought to cherish them, help them, bind them to ourselves.

AE.: Please do it, father.

M.: [*a little ungraciously*]: Well, I'll not stop it, then.

D.: [*warming up*]: Heavens, that's no more than our plain duty. [*and then, with a wink at* AESCHINUS] To begin with, this wife of Aeschinus has a mother.

M.: She has. What of it?

D.: Respectable and ladylike.

M.: So they say.

D.: Pretty well along in years.

M.: I'm *sure* of that.

D.: It's been a long time since she could have any children of her own; besides, she hasn't anybody now to take care of her; she's left all alone in the world.

M.: [*aside, puzzled*]: What's he up to?

D.: [*slowly and very emphatically, with all the moral power at his*

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command]: *I* think it's only right and proper for *you* to marry her; and for *you,* Aeschinus, to help bring that marriage about. [933–950

M.: Me? Get married?

D.: Yes, you.

M.: Me?

D.: Yes, I'm talking about *you*!

M.: Well, then, you're a fool!

D. [*to* AESCHINUS]: If you were half a man, he'd do it.

A.: Come on, father.

M. [*quite out of temper*]: What are you listening to him for, you young donkey?

D.: It's no use, you can't do anything else.

M.: You've gone crazy!

A.: Please do me a favor, my dear father.

M.: You're balmy! Get out of here!

D.: Come on, do your son a favor.

M.: Are you really in your right mind? Do you want me, at sixty-five years of age, to become a bridegroom and marry a decrepit old woman? Is that what the two of you are putting me up to?

A. [*delivering himself of a whopping extempore lie*]: Come on, father, I *promised* them you'd marry her.

M.: *You promised* them! See here, small boy, you'd better make presents out of your own pocket.

D.: Oh, come on! What if he should ask you to do something harder than that?

M.: As if that weren't the hardest thing imaginable!

D.: *Do* us a kind turn!

A.: *Don't* be grouchy!

D.: Come on, say yes!

[*Brother and son have* MICIO *by either arm.*]

M.: *Won't* you let go of me?

A.: Not until I get you to promise.

M.: Why, this is assault and battery.

D.: Come on, Micio, do the generous thing!

M. [*finally giving in*]: Although this looks bad, silly, ridiculous, and utterly alien to my way of life, still, if you two want it so badly, all right.

A.: That's sweet of you, father.

D.: *Now* you really deserve my affection. But—

M.: But what?

D.: I'll tell you, now that I've got this first thing I was after.

M.: What's still left to do?

D.: Here's Hegio, the closest relative to your wife's family. He's become related to us now by marriage. He's having a tough time making a living. I think we ought to do something for *him*!

M.: Do what?

D.: You've got a small piece of farmland, not far outside of town, that you're in the habit of renting; let's turn it over to *him*. Let *him* live on it.

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[970–971]

AE.: You call that a 'small' thing!

DE.: Oh, well, even if it *is* a pretty good-sized farm, we ought to *do* it anyway. He's practically a father to Aeschinus here; he's a good fellow, a friend of ours; it's a wise thing to do. In short, Micio, I'm taking to heart that little sermon you preached to me a while ago. It was an admirable and sagacious sermon: 'There's one fault that all of us old fellows suffer from; we pay a great deal more attention to money than we ought to.' And so it's our real duty to wipe that blot off the scutcheon. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation'! *

AE.: My dear father, please!

MI.: All right, I'll give that farm to Hegio, as long as Aeschinus wants me to.

AE.: I'm delighted.

DE. [*eyeing* MICIO *up and down, and with a sinister tone in his voice*]: *Now* you are my *real* brother just as much in heart as in blood. [*and then, ironically, aside*] Cutting his throat with his own sword!

[*Reenter* SYRUS.]

SY.: [*cheerily*]: Your order's been obeyed, Demea.

DE.: You're a worthy fellow. And so, by jiminy! the way it strikes *me, I* think Syrus ought to be made a free man.

MI.: *That* fellow a free man? What for?

DE.: Oh, er—*lots* of reasons.

SY.: O, my dear Demea! Gosh Almighty, you're a good man! I've done the very best I could to bring up those two sons of yours, ever since they were little boys. I've taught them, advised them, instructed them in everything I knew, to the limit of my ability.

DE. [*dryly*]: Yes, *that* much is obvious! And over and above all this, you've taught them to select the delicatessen competently, grab off a street-walker, and start their cocktail parties before sunset. It isn't everybody that can render services like that!

SY.: You dear soul!

DE. [*still ironically*]: Last and latest of all, he helped to buy this chorus-girl; really *managed* the affair. He ought to get *something* for *that*. The rest of the servants will be just so much the more faithful. And, finally, Aeschinus wants you to do it.

MI.: Do *you really* want it done?

AE.: I certainly do.

MI.: Very well, if that's what you two wish. Ho, there! Syrus, come over here to me. [*and then, with the symbolism used in informal manumission, a box on the ear, and a push forward, which, in view of* MICIO'S *present mood of irritation, must have sent* SYRUS *reeling across the street*] Be a free man!

SY.: Thank you! I'm grateful to everybody, but especially to you, Demea.

* Saint Paul (*I. Timothy* 1, 15) was quoting Menander, as I expect to argue elsewhere.

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D.: Glad to hear it.

A.: So am I.

SY.: No doubt. [*wheedling*] If only my present happiness could be made perfect! I'd *so* love to see my wife Phrygia freed along with me!

D.: She *certainly is* a worthy woman.

SY.: Yes, indeed, and she was the very first person to nurse your grandson today.

D. [*ironically*]: Heavens, yes! In all seriousness; if she really *was* the very first, there's no *doubt* but she ought to be set free!

M.: For simply *that*?

D.: Yes, for simply *that*. [*reassuringly*] Never mind, *I'll* make up myself whatever *she's* worth to you.

SY. [*on his knees and kissing his hands*]: May all the gods give you, Demea, *always, everything* your heart desires!

M.: Syrus, you've done pretty well by yourself today.

D.: There's just one thing more, Micio, if you're ready to do your *full* duty. Advance Syrus here a small amount of capital to enable him to go into business. He'll pay it back before long.

M.: Not that much! [*with a contemptuous snap of his fingers*]

A.: He's honest.

SY.: By God, I'll pay it back! Just give it to me!

A.: Come on, father!

M.: I'll think about it later.

D. [*to* SYRUS *and* AESCHINUS]: He'll do it, all right.

SY. [*to* DEMEA]: Oh, you dear, good man!

A. [*to* DEMEA]: Oh, my very dearest, beloved father!

M.: Well, what the hell! What's gone and changed your character so suddenly? What freak of fancy is this? What do you mean by all this sudden generosity?

[*And now Menander points his moral to the play.*]

D.: *I'll* tell you. And I'm going to make it perfectly clear that the reason these boys think you so nice and pleasant is not because of anything in your real life, nor, as a matter of cold fact, because of anything that's right and good. But it all comes from humoring them, Micio, indulging them, coming across every time they ask you for anything.

And now, Aeschinus, if you boys hate me so just because I don't gratify you, in absolutely everything, all the time, right or wrong, then I'm through with the whole business. Blow your money in; buy anything you want; do anything you want!

But if, on occasions when, because of your youth and inexperience, you don't see quite clearly, when you get too eager for something, and when you fail to foresee all the consequences; if, I repeat, under such circumstances you want to have *me*, to help you control yourselves, set you straight, and, at the proper time, assist and support you — well, here I am, all ready to serve in that capacity!

A.: Father, we just turn everything over to you; you know a great

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deal better what ought to be done than we do.—But what's to become of my brother?

I'll let it pass this time; he can keep the girl, but he's got to stop right there!

[*chirking up a little bit*]: Now *that's* not such a bad idea, after all!

THE ENTIRE TROUPE: Please, your applause!

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LUCRETIUS

(94?–55? B.C.)

Very little is known of the life of Titus Lucretius Carus, the author of a didactic poem in six books entitled *On the Nature of Things*. Although he lived in the days of civil revolution, there is no evidence that he was directly affected by this turmoil. Of the biography that has been passed down through the ages no single statement has escaped the questioning of scholars. Particularly incredible is the story that his wife, jealous of his absorption in philosophy, gave him a love potion, causing intermittent spells of insanity, and that he wrote his poem in the intervals when he was sane.

Lucretius brought to Latin readers the doctrines of the Greek philosopher Epicurus (341–270 B.C.) on the nature of the universe. When reference is made to the philosophy of Lucretius, it is to be understood that the ideas he advanced were not original with him, but were those of Epicurus. According to Lucretius, the happiness of mankind is marred by fear of the gods and of death. It is his passionate desire to show that these fears are groundless: in this life the gods have no power to harm men, for they dwell apart, indifferent to his lot; after death no evil can touch man, since he does not survive in a future life.

In order to free man from superstition and fear, he explains the true nature of the universe. Nothing exists in the world except atoms and the void. Everything is made up of atoms—invisible particles that cannot be split, as the Greek word *atomos* (indivisible) suggests. A mass of matter can be divided and redivided many times, but ultimately the scission must end, since matter cannot be cut and produce nothing. These final units, then, are solid and uncuttable and are variously called the beginnings of things, first bodies, engendering bodies, the seeds of things.

Lucretius holds that these atoms are uncreated; they always existed and always will exist. The power of the gods did not produce these first beginnings from nothing. "No thing is ever brought forth by divine power from nothing." It is true that at the very beginning of his poem he invokes Venus, the mother of the sons of Aeneas, but we must not conclude that he believed this goddess a person. He is following the custom of the poets of his day, who often invoked divine assistance at the beginning of their poems. To him the creative power in the universe is in the begetting bodies themselves.

The number of these atoms is infinite; hence the void in which they exist must be infinite. However, the number of shapes of these atoms is finite. The great variety of objects in the world is due to the combination of these atoms, which are constantly clashing

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one another in their restless movement, producing denser materials when the rebound is very slight, and lighter substances when the rebound is so great that there is more void among these bodies. The lighter atoms, like those constituting fire and the sky, range above the heavier, like earth and water, which settle to the bottom of the void. The motion of these atoms is quite vertical, but if their motion were absolutely vertical, combinations of atoms would be lacking; hence he postulates a very slight change of direction of these particles which he calls the swerve. Were it not for this swerve, no clashing of atoms would take place, and there would produce nothing. Whatever exists, therefore, exists not because of any preconceived design but by reason of a fortuitous combination of atoms. This introduction of the swerve is regarded as the outstanding weakness of his hypothesis.

In the exposition of his theories, Lucretius is inclined to wander into poetic bypaths, as the reader can see for himself in the selections that follow. This he justifies in the hope of luring his reader to consider his serious message, just as one might coat the edge of a cup containing bitter medicine with honey so that the patient would swallow the drink before realizing its unpleasant taste. As a poet of science, he is a pioneer thinker on such modern questions as the constitution of matter and its indestructibility, the evolution of species, the survival of the fittest, and the condition of primitive man. Too much, however, must not be claimed for his scientific speculations. His atomic theory in particular, based on pure logic and unsupported by experiment, represents little more than a possible lead to later investigators.

From an artistic point of view, the poem has numerous flaws: the Latin hexameters are not smooth, there are numerous repetitions, and it is difficult to see why the poem should end with a description of the plague at Athens at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. But the critics' general estimate of the poem is tempered by internal evidence showing that the work was never completed, presumably because of the author's early death. From a philosophical point of view his theory, denying the existence of a spiritual principle in man, survival after death, and dependence upon a divine power, runs counter to the convictions of many readers. Yet those who abhor his gospel may appreciate his verses on the consolations of philosophy, the joys of a tranquil mind, and the beauties of nature.

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ON THE NATURE OF THINGS

Mother of Aeneas's sons, joy of men and gods, Venus the life-giver, who beneath the gliding stars of heaven fillest with life the sea that carries the ships and the land that bears the crops; for thanks to thee every tribe of living things is conceived, and comes forth to look upon the light of the sun. Thou, goddess, thou dost turn to flight the winds and the clouds of heaven, thou at thy coming; for the earth, the quaint artificer, puts forth her sweet-scented flowers; for thee the levels of ocean smile, and the sky, its anger past, gleams with spreading light. For when once the face of the spring day is revealed and the teeming breeze of the west wind is loosed from prison and blows strong, first the birds in high heaven herald thee, goddess, and thine approach, their hearts thrilled with thy might. Then the tame beasts grow wild and bound over the fat pastures, and swim the racing rivers; so surely enchained by thy charm each follows thee in hot desire whither thou goest before to lead him on. Yea, through seas and mountains and tearing rivers and the leafy haunts of birds and verdant plains thou dost strike fond love into the hearts of all, and makest them in hot desire to renew the stock of their races, each after his own kind. And since thou alone art pilot to the nature of things, and nothing without thine aid comes forth into the bright coasts of light, nor waxes glad nor lovely, I long that thou shouldest be my helper in writing these verses, which I essay to trace on the nature of things for the son of the Memmii, my friend, whom thou, goddess, through all his life hast willed to be bright with every grace beyond his fellows. Therefore the more, goddess, grant a lasting loveliness to my words. Bring it to pass that meantime the wild works of warfare may be lulled to sleep over all seas and lands. For thou only canst bless mortal men with quiet peace, since 'tis Mavors, the lord of hosts, who guides the wild works of war, and he upon thy lap oft flings himself back, conquered by the eternal wound of love; and then pillowing his shapely neck upon thee and looking up he feeds with love his greedy eyes, gazing wistfully towards thee, while, as he lies back, his breath hangs upon thy lips. Do thou, goddess, as he leans resting on thy sacred limbs, bend to embrace him and pour forth sweet petition from thy lips, seeking, great lady, gentle peace for the Romans. For neither can we in our country's time of trouble set to our task with mind undistressed, nor amid such doings can Memmius's noble son fail the fortunes of the state.*

. . . . . .

for the rest, do thou (Memmius), lend empty ears and a keen mind, severed from cares, to true philosophy, lest, before they are understood, you should leave aside in disdain my gifts set forth for you

* Some lines are lost here, in which he passed from addressing Venus to Memmius.

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with unflagging zeal. For of the most high law of the heaven and the gods I will set out to tell you, and I will reveal the first-beginnings of things, from which nature creates all things, and increases and fosters them, and into which nature too dissolves them again at their perishing: these in rendering our account it is our wont to call matter or the creative bodies of things, and to name them the seeds of things, and again to term them the first-bodies, since from them first all things have their being.

When the life of man lay foul to see and grovelling upon the earth, crushed by the weight of religion, which showed her face from the realms of heaven, lowering upon mortals with dreadful vision, 'twas a man of Greece who dared first to raise his mortal eyes to meet her, and first to stand forth to meet her: him neither the stories of the gods nor thunderbolts checked, nor the sky with its revengeful roar, but all the more spurred the eager daring of his mind to yearn to be the first to burst through the close-set bolts upon the doors of nature. And so it was that the lively force of his mind won its way, and he passed on far beyond the fiery walls of the world, and in mind and spirit traversed the boundless whole; whence in victory he brings us tidings what can come to be and what cannot, yea and in what way each thing has its power limited, and its deepset boundary-stone. And so religion in revenge is cast beneath men's feet and trampled, and victory raises us to heaven.

Herein I have one fear, lest perchance you think that you are starting on the principles of some unholy reasoning, and setting foot upon the path of sin. Nay, but on the other hand, again and again our foe, religion, has given birth to deeds sinful and unholy. Even as at Aulis the chosen chieftains of the Danai, the first of all the host, foully stained with the blood of Iphianassa the altar of the Virgin of the Cross-Roads. For as soon as the band braided about her virgin locks streamed from her either cheek in equal lengths, as soon as she saw her sorrowing sire stand at the altar's side, and near him the attendants hiding their knives, and her country-men shedding tears at the sight of her, tongue-tied with terror, sinking on her knees she fell to earth. Nor could it avail the luckless maid at such a time that she first had given the name of father to the king. For seized by men's hands, all trembling was she led to the altars, not that, when the ancient rite of sacrifice was fulfilled, she might be escorted by the clear cry of 'Hymen', but in the very moment of marriage, a pure victim she might foully fall, sorrowing beneath a father's slaughtering stroke, that a happy and hallowed starting might be granted to the fleet. Such evil deeds could religion prompt.

You yourself sometimes vanquished by the fearsome threats of the seer's sayings, will seek to desert from us. Nay indeed, how many a dream may they even now conjure up before you, which might avail to overthrow your schemes of life, and confound in fear all your fortunes. And justly so: for if men could see that there

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is a fixed limit to their sorrows, then with some reason they might have the strength to stand against the scruples of religion, and the threats of seers. As it is there is no means, no power to withstand, since everlasting is the punishment they must fear in death. For they know not what is the nature of the soul, whether it is born or else finds its way into them at their birth, and again whether it is torn apart by death and perishes with us, or goes to see the shades of Orcus and his waste pools, or by the gods' will implants itself in other breasts, as our own Ennius sang, who first bore down from pleasant Helicon the wreath of deathless leaves, to win bright fame among the tribes of Italian peoples. And yet despite this, Ennius sets forth in the discourse of his immortal verse that there is besides a realm of Acheron, where neither our souls nor bodies endure, but as it were images pale in wondrous wise; and thence he tells that the form of Homer, ever green and fresh, rose to him, and began to shed salt tears, and in converse to reveal the nature of things. Therefore we must both give good account of the things on high, in what way the courses of sun and moon come to be, and by what force all things are governed on earth, and also before all else we must see by keen reasoning, whence comes the soul and the nature of the mind, and what thing it is that meets us and affrights our minds in waking life, when we are touched with disease, or again when buried in sleep, so that we seem to see and hear hard by us those who have met death, and whose bones are held in the embrace of earth.

Nor does it pass unnoticed of my mind that it is a hard task in Latin verses to set clearly in the light the dark discoveries of the Greeks, above all when many things must be treated in new words, because of the poverty of our tongue and the newness of the themes; yet your merit and the pleasure of your sweet friendship, for which I hope, urge me to bear the burden of any toil, and lead me on to watch through the calm nights, searching by what words, yea and in what measures, I may avail to spread before your mind a bright light, whereby you may see to the heart of hidden things.

[I. 1–145, tr. Cyril Bailey]

THE NATURE OF THE ATOMS

Bodies, moreover, are in part the first-beginnings of things, in part those which are created by the union of first-beginnings. Now the true first-beginnings of things, no force can quench; for they by their solid body prevail in the end. Albeit it seems hard to believe that there can be found among things anything of solid body. For the thunderbolt of heaven passes through walled houses, as do shouts and cries; iron grows white hot in the flame, and stones seethe in fierce fire and leap asunder; then too the hardness of gold is relaxed and softened by heat, and the ice of brass yields beneath the flame and melts; warmth and piercing cold ooze through silver, since when we have held cups duly in our hands we have felt both

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place, when the dewy moisture of water was poured in from above. So true is it that in things there is seen to be nothing solid. But yet because true reasoning and the nature of things constrains us, give heed, until in a few verses we set forth that there are things which are with solid and everlasting body, which we show to be the seeds of things and their first-beginnings, out of which the whole nature of things now stands created.

First, since we have found existing a twofold nature of things far differing, the nature of body and of space, in which all things take place, it must needs be that each exists alone by itself and unmixed. For wherever space lies empty, which we call the void, body is not there; moreover, wherever body has its station, there is by no means empty void. Therefore the first bodies are solid and free from void. Moreover, since there is void in things created, solid matter must needs stand all round, nor can anything by true reasoning be shown to hide void in its body and hold it within, except you grant that what keeps it in is solid. Now it can be nothing but a union of matter, which could keep in the void in things. Matter then, which exists with solid body, can be everlasting, when all else is dissolved. Next, if there were nothing which was empty and void, the whole would be solid; unless on the other hand there were bodies determined, to fill all the places that they held, the whole universe would be but empty void space. Body, then, we may be sure, is marked off from void turn and turn about, since there is neither a world utterly full nor yet quite empty. There are therefore bodies determined, such as can mark off void space from what is full. These cannot be broken up when hit by blows from without, nor again can they be pierced to the heart and undone, nor by any other way can they be assailed and made to totter; all of which I have above shown to you but a little while before. For it is clear that nothing could be crushed in without void, or broken or cleft in twain by cutting, nor admit moisture or likewise spreading cold or piercing flame, whereby all things are brought to their end. And the more each thing keeps void within it, the more is it assailed to the heart by these things and begins to totter. Therefore, if the first bodies are solid and free from void, as I have shown, they must be everlasting. Moreover, if matter had not been everlasting, ere this all things had wholly passed away to nothing, and all that we see had been born again from nothing. But since I have shown above that nothing can be created from nothing, nor can what has been begotten be summoned back to nothing, the first-beginnings must needs be of immortal body, into which at their last day all things can be dissolved, that there may be matter enough for renewing things. Therefore the first-beginnings are of solid singleness, nor in any other way can they be preserved through the ages from infinite time now gone and renew things.

Again, if nature had ordained no limit to the breaking of things,

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by now the bodies of matter would have been so far brought low by the breaking of ages past, that nothing could be conceived out of them within a fixed time, and pass on to the full measure of its life; for we see that anything you will is more easily broken up than put together again. Wherefore what the long limitless age of days, the age of all time that is gone by, had broken ere now, disordering and dissolving, could never be renewed in all time that remains. But as it is, a set limit to breaking has, we may be sure, been appointed, since we see each thing put together again, and at the same time fixed seasons ordained for all things after their kind, in the which they may be able to reach the flower of their life. There is this too that, though the first-bodies of matter are quite solid, yet we can give account of all the soft things that come to being, air, water, earth, fires, by what means they come to being, and by what force each goes on its way, when once void has been mingled in things. But on the other hand, if the first-beginnings of things were to be soft, it will not be possible to give account whence hard flints and iron can be created; for from the first all nature will lack a first-beginning of foundation. There are then bodies that prevail in their solid singleness, by whose more close-packed union all things can be riveted and reveal their stalwart strength. Moreover, if no limit has been appointed to the breaking of things, still it must needs be that all the bodies of things survive even now from time everlasting, such that they cannot yet have been assailed by any danger. But since they exist endowed with a frail nature, it is not in harmony with this that they have been able to abide for everlasting time harried through all the ages by countless blows.

Once again, since there has been appointed for all things after their kind a limit of growing and of maintaining life, and inasmuch as it stands ordained what all things severally can do by the laws of nature, and what too they cannot, nor is anything so changed, but that all things stand so fast that the diverse birds all in their due order show that the marks of their kind are on their body, they must also, we may be sure, have a body of unchanging substance. For if the first-beginnings of things could be vanquished in any way and changed, then, too, would it be doubtful what might come to being, what might not, yea, in what way each thing has its power limited and its deepset boundary-stone, nor could the tribes each after their kind so often recall the nature, habits, manner of life and movements of the parents.

Then, further, since there are extreme points, one after another [on bodies, which are the least things we can see, likewise, too, there must be a least point] on that body, which our senses can no longer descry; that point, we may be sure, exists without parts and is endowed with the least nature, nor was it ever sundered apart by itself nor can it so be hereafter, since it is itself but a part of another and that the first single part: then other like parts and again others

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in order in close array make up the nature of the first body, and
since they cannot exist by themselves, it must needs be that they
hold fast there whence they cannot by any means be torn away.
The first-beginnings then are of solid singleness; for they are a
close dense mass of least parts, never put together out of a union
of those parts, but rather prevailing in everlasting singleness; from
them nature, keeping safe the seeds of things, suffers not anything
to be torn away, nor ever to be removed. Moreover, if there be
not a least thing, all the tiniest bodies will be composed of infinite
parts, since indeed the half of a half will always have a half, nor
will anything set a limit. What difference then will there be
between the sum of things and the least of things? There will be
no difference; for however completely the whole sum be infinite,
the things that are tiniest will be composed of infinite parts just
the same. And since true reasoning cries out against this, and
denies that the mind can believe it, you must be vanquished and
confess that there are those things which consist of no parts at all
and are of the least nature. And since these exist, those first-begin-
nings too you must needs own are solid and everlasting. And
again, if nature, the creatress, had been used to constrain all things
to be dissolved into their least parts, then she could not again
renew aught of them, for the reason that things which are not
charged by any parts, have not those powers which must belong
to creative matter, the diverse fastenings, weights, blows, meetings,
movements, by which all things are carried on.

[I. 483–634, tr. Cyril Bailey]

PLEASURE OF PHILOSOPHY

Sweet it is, when on the great sea the winds are buffeting the
waters, to gaze from the land on another's great struggles; not
because it is pleasure or joy that any one should be distressed, but
because it is sweet to perceive from what misfortune you yourself
are free. Sweet is it too, to behold great contests of war in full
array over the plains, when you have no part in the danger. But
nothing is more gladdening than to dwell in the calm high places,
firmly embattled on the heights by the teaching of the wise, whence
you can look down on others, and see them wandering hither and
thither, going astray as they seek the way of life, in strife matching
their wits or rival claims of birth, struggling night and day by sur-
passing effort to rise up to the height of power and gain possession
of the world. Ah! miserable minds of men, blind hearts! in what
darkness of life, in what great dangers ye spend this little span of
years! to think that ye should not see that nature cries aloud for
nothing else but that pain may be kept far sundered from the body,
and that, withdrawn from care and fear, she may enjoy in mind the
sense of pleasure! And so we see that for the body's nature but
few things at all are needful, even such as can take away pain.
Yea, though pleasantly enough from time to time they can prepare

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[II. 23–90

for us in many ways a lap of luxury, yet nature herself feels no long if there are not golden images of youths about the halls, grasping fiery torches in their right hands, that light may be supplied to banquets at night, if the house does not glow with silver or gleam with gold, nor do fretted and gilded ceilings re-echo to the lute. And yet, for all this, men lie in friendly groups on the soft grass near some stream of water under the branches of a tall tree, and at no great cost delightfully refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles on them, and the season of the year bestrews the green grass with flowers. Nor do fiery fevers more quickly quit the body, if you toss on broidered pictures and blushing purple than if you must lie on the poor man's plaid. Wherefore since to our body riches are of no profit, nor high birth nor the glories of kingship, for the rest, we must believe that they avail nothing for the mind as well; unless perchance, when you see your legions swarming over the spaces of the Campus, and provoking a mimic war, strengthened with hosts in reserve and forces of cavalry, when you draw them up equipped with arms, all alike eager for the fray, you feel that alarmed by all this the scruples of religion fly in panic from your mind; or that the dread of death leaves your heart empty and free from care, when you see your fleet swarming and moving far and wide. But if we see that these thoughts are mere mirth and mockery, and in very truth the fears of men and the cares that dog them fear not the clash of arms nor the weapons of war, but pass boldly among kings and lords of the world, nor dread the glitter that comes from gold nor the bright sheen of the purple robe, can you doubt that all such power belongs to reason alone, above all when the whole of life is but a struggle in darkness? For even as children tremble and fear everything in blinding darkness, so we sometimes dread in the light things that are no whit more to be feared than what children shudder at in the dark, and imagine will come to pass. This terror then, this darkness of the mind, must needs be scattered not by the rays of the sun and the gleaming shafts of day, but by the outer view and the inner law of nature.

[II. 1–62, tr. Cyril Bailey]

MOVEMENT OF ATOMS IN THE VOID

If you think that the first-beginnings of things can stay still, and by staying still beget new movements in things, you stray very far away from true reasoning. For since they wander through the void, it must needs be that all the first-beginnings of things move on either by their own weight or sometimes by the blow of another. For when quickly, again and again, they have met and clashed together, it comes to pass that they leap asunder at once this way and that; for indeed it is not strange, since they are most hard with solid heavy bodies, and nothing bars them from behind. And the more you perceive all the bodies of matter tossing about, bring

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[II. 80–141] mind that there is no lowest point in the whole universe, nor the first-bodies any place where they may come to rest, since have shown in many words, and it has been proved by true reason- that space spreads out without bound or limit, immeasurable ords every quarter everywhere. And since that is certain, no we may be sure, is allowed to the first-bodies moving through deep void, but rather plied with unceasing, diverse motion, some then they have dashed together leap back at great space apart, too are thrust but a short way from the blow. And all those ch are driven together in more close-packed union and leap but a little space apart, entangled by their own close-locking these make the strong roots of rock and the brute bulk of and all other things of their kind. Of the rest which wander ough the great void, a few leap far apart, and recoil afar with spaces between; these supply for us thin air and the bright of the sun. Many, moreover, wander on through the great which have been cast back from the unions of things, nor they anywhere else availed to be taken into them and link movements. And of this truth, as I am telling it, a likeness image is ever passing presently before our eyes. For look ly, whenever rays are let in and pour the sun's light through dark places in houses: for you will see many tiny bodies mingle many ways all through the empty space right in the light of the and as though in some everlasting strife wage war and battle, ling troop against troop, nor ever crying a halt, harried with nt meetings and partings; so that you may guess from this it means that the first-beginnings of things are for ever tossing great void. So far as may be, a little thing can give a picture eat things and afford traces of a concept. And for this reason the more right for you to give heed to these bodies, which you stling in the sun's rays, because such jostlings hint that there movements of matter too beneath them, secret and unseen. you will see many particles there stirred by unseen blows ge their course and turn back, driven backwards on their path, this way, now that, in every direction everywhere. You may that this shifting movement comes to them all from the first- nings. For first the first-beginnings of things move of them- s; then those bodies which are formed of a tiny union, and as it were, nearest to the powers of the first beginnings, are en and stirred by their unseen blows, and they in their turn, up bodies a little larger. And so the movement passes up- from the first-beginnings, and little by little comes forth to senses, so that those bodies move too, which we can descry in n's light; yet it is not clearly seen by what blows they do it.

[II. 80–141, tr. Cyril Bailey]

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THE SWERVE OF THE ATOMS

Herein I would fain that you should learn this too, that when first-bodies are being carried downwards straight through the void by their own weight, at times quite undetermined and at undetermined spots they push a little from their path: yet only just so much as you could call a change of trend. But if they were not used to swerve, all things would fall downwards through the deep void like drops of rain, nor could collision come to be, nor a blow brought to pass for the first-beginnings: so nature would never have brought aught to being.

But if perchance any one believes that heavier bodies, because they are carried more quickly straight through the void, can fall from above on the lighter, and so bring about the blows which can give creative motions, he wanders far away from true reason. For all things that fall through the water and thin air, these things must needs quicken their fall in proportion to their weights, just because the body of water and the thin nature of air cannot check each thing equally, but give place more quickly when overcome by heavier bodies. But, on the other hand, the empty void cannot on any side at any time, support anything, but rather, as its own nature desires, it continues to give place; wherefore all things must needs be borne on through the calm void, moving at equal rate with unequal weights. The heavier will not then ever be able to fall on the lighter from above, nor of themselves bring about the blows, which make diverse the movements, by which nature carries things on. Wherefore, again and again, it must needs be that the first-bodies swerve a little; yet not more than the very least, lest we seem to be imagining a sideways movement, and the truth refute it. For this we see plain and evident, that bodies, as far as in them lies, cannot travel sideways, since they fall headlong from above, as far as you can descry. But that nothing at all swerves from the straight direction of its path, what sense is there which can descry?

[II. 216–250, tr. CYRIL BAILEY]

NATURE INDEPENDENT OF THE GODS

And if you learn this surely, and cling to it, nature is seen, free at once, and quit of her proud rulers, doing all things of her own accord alone, without control of gods. For by the holy hearts of the gods, which in their tranquil peace pass placid years, and a life of calm, who can avail to rule the whole sum of the boundless, who to hold in his guiding hand the mighty reins of the deep, who to turn round all firmaments at once, and warm all fruitful lands with heavenly fires, or to be at all times present in all places, so as to make darkness with clouds, and shake the calm tracts of heaven with thunder, and then shoot thunderbolts, and often make havoc of his own temples, or moving away into deserts rage furious

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ever, plying the bolt, which often passes by the guilty and does to death the innocent and undeserving?

[II. 1090–1104, tr. CYRIL BAILEY]

IN PRAISE OF EPICURUS

Thou, who out of deep darkness didst first avail to raise a torch so clear, shedding light upon the true joys of life, 'tis thee I follow, bright star of the Greek race, and in thy deepset prints firmly now plant my footsteps, not in eager emulation, but rather because for love I long to copy thee; for how could a swallow rival swans, or what might kids with trembling limbs accomplish in a race to compare with the stout strength of a horse? Thou art our father, thou discoverer of truth, thou dost vouchsafe to us a father's precepts, and from thy pages, our hero, even as bees in flowery glades on every plant, we in like manner browse on all thy sayings of gold, yea, of gold, and always most worthy of life for evermore. For as soon as thy philosophy, springing from thy godlike soul, begins to proclaim aloud the nature of things, the terrors of the mind fly away, the walls of the world part asunder, I see things coming on through all the void. The majesty of the gods is revealed, and their peaceful abodes, which neither the winds shake nor clouds soak with showers, nor does the snow congealed with biting frost besmirch them with its white fall, but an ever cloudless air vaults them over, and smiles with light bounteously spread around. Moreover, nature supplies all they need, nor does anything ever at their peace of mind at any time. But on the other hand, the quarters of Acheron are nowhere to be seen, nor yet is earth a barrier to prevent all things being descried, which are carried on underneath through the void below our feet. At these things, as it were, some godlike pleasure and a thrill of awe seizes on me, to think that thus by thy power nature is made so clear and manifest, and bare to sight on every side.

[III. 1–30, tr. CYRIL BAILEY]

CRIMES PROMPTED BY AMBITION

Avarice and the blind craving for honours, which constrain wretched men to overleap the boundaries of right, and sometimes to comrades or accomplices in crime to struggle night and day with surpassing toil to rise up to the height of power — these sores in life are fostered in no small degree by the fear of death. For most often scorned disgrace and biting poverty are seen to be far removed from pleasant settled life, and are, as it were, a present dwelling before the gates of death; and while men, spurred by a false fear, desire to flee far from them, and to drive them far away, they amass substance by civil bloodshed and greedily multiply their riches, heaping slaughter on slaughter. Hardening their heart they

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revel in a brother's bitter death, and hate and fear their kinsmen's board. In like manner, often through the same fear, they wrong with envy that he is powerful, he is regarded, who walks clothed with bright renown; while they complain that they themselves are wrapped in darkness and the mire. Some of them come to ruin to win statues and a name; and often through fear of death so deeply does the hatred of life and the sight of the light possess men, that with sorrowing heart they compass their own death, forgetting that it is this fear which is the source of their woes, which assails their honour, which bursts the bonds of friendship, and overturns affection from its lofty throne. For often ere now men have betrayed country and beloved parents, seeking to shun the realms of Acheron.

[III. 59–86, tr. Cyril Bailey]

THE FOLLY OF FEARING DEATH

[Death, then, is naught to us, nor does it concern us a whit,] inasmuch as the nature of the mind is but a mortal possession. And even as in the time gone by we felt no ill, when the Poeni came from all sides to the shock of battle, when all the world, shaken by the hurrying turmoil of war, shuddered and reeled beneath the high coasts of heaven, in doubt to which people's sway must fall all human power by land and sea; so, when we shall be no more, when there shall have come the parting of body and soul, by whose union we are made one, you may know that nothing at all will be able to happen to us, who then will be no more, or stir our feeling; no, not if earth shall be mingled with sea, and sea with sky. [And even if the nature of mind and the power of soul has feeling, after it has been rent asunder from our body, yet it is naught to us, who are made one by the mating and marriage of body and soul.] Nor, if time should gather together our substance after our decease and bring it back again as it is now placed, if once more the light of life should be vouchsafed to us, yet, even were that done, it would not concern us at all, when once the remembrance of our former selves were snapped in twain. And even now we care not at all for the selves that we once were, not at all are we touched by any torturing pain for them. For when you look back over all the lapse of immeasurable time that now is gone, and think how manifold are the motions of matter, you could easily believe this too, that these same seeds, whereof we now are made, have often been placed in the same order as they are now; and yet we cannot recall that in our mind's memory; for in between lies a break in life, and all the motions have wandered everywhere far astray from sense. For, if by chance there is to be grief and pain for a man, he must needs himself too exist at that time, that ill may befall him. Since death forestalls this, and prevents the being of him, on whom these misfortunes might crowd, we may know that we have naught to fear in death, and that he who is no more cannot be wretched, and that it were no whit different if he had

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ever at any time been born, when once immortal death hath taken away mortal life.

And so, when you see a man chafing at his lot, that after death he will either rot away with his body laid in earth, or be destroyed by flames, or the jaws of wild beasts, you may be sure that his words do not ring true, and that deep in his heart lies some secret sting, however much he deny himself that he believes that he will have any feeling in death. For he does not, I trow, grant what he professes, nor the grounds of his profession, nor does he remove and cast himself root and branch out of life, but all unwitting imposes something of himself to live on. For when in life each forms pictures to himself that it will come to pass that birds and wild beasts will mangle his body in death, he pities himself; for neither does he separate himself from the corpse, nor withdraw himself enough from the outcast body, but thinks that it is he, and, as he stands watching, taints it with his own feeling. Hence he chafes that he was born mortal, and sees not that in real death there will be no second self, to live and mourn to himself his own loss, or to stand there and be pained that he lies mangled or burning. For if there is an evil in death to be mauled by the jaws and teeth of wild beasts, I cannot see how it is not sharp pain to be laid upon hot pyres and cremated, or to be placed in honey and stifled, and to grow still with cold, lying on the surface on the top of an icy rock, or to be crushed and ground by a weight of earth above.

Now no more shall thy glad home welcome thee, nor thy good wife and sweet children run up to snatch the first kisses, and touch thy heart with a silent thrill of joy. No more shalt thou have power to prosper in thy ways, or to be a sure defence to thine own. 'Woeful thou art,' men say, 'and pitifully has one malignant day taken from thee all the many prizes of life.' Yet to this they add not: 'nor does there abide with thee any longer any yearning for these things.' But if they saw this clearly in mind, and followed out in their words, they would free themselves from great anguish and fear of mind. 'Thou, indeed, even as thou art now fallen asleep in death, shalt so be for all time to come, released from every pain and sorrow. But 'tis we who have wept with tears unquenchable for thee, as thou wert turned to ashes hard by us on the awesome pyre of burning, and that unending grief no day shall take from our hearts.' But of him who speaks thus we should ask, what there is so exceeding bitter, if it comes at the last to sleep and rest, that he should waste away in never-ending lamentation.

This too men often do, when they are lying at the board, and hold their cups in their hands, and shade their faces with garlands: they say from the heart, 'Brief is this enjoyment for us puny men: soon it will be past, nor ever thereafter will it be ours to call it back.' As though in death this were to be foremost among their ills, that thirst would burn the poor wretches and parch them with drought, or that there would abide with them a yearning for any

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other thing. For never does any man long for himself and life, when mind and body alike rest in slumber. For all we care sleep may then be never-ending, nor does any yearning for ourselves then beset us. And yet at that time those first-beginnings stray not at all far through our frame away from the motions that bring sense, when a man springs up from sleep and gathers himself together. Much less then should we think that death is to us, if there can be less than what we see to be nothing; for at our dying there follows a greater turmoil and scattering abroad of matter, nor does any one wake and rise again, whom the chill breach of life has once overtaken.

Again, suppose that the nature of things should of a sudden lift up her voice, and thus in these words herself rebuke some one of us: 'Why is death so great a thing to thee, mortal, that thou dost give way overmuch to sickly lamentation? why groan and weep at death? For if the life that is past and gone has been pleasant to thee, nor have all its blessings, as though heaped in a vessel full of holes, run through and perished unenjoyed, why dost thou not retire like a guest sated with the banquet of life, and with calm mind embrace, thou fool, a rest that knows no care? But if all thou hast reaped hath been wasted and lost, and life is a stumbling-block, why seek to add more, all to be lost again foolishly and pass away unenjoyed; why not rather make an end of life and trouble? For there is naught more, which I can devise or discover to please thee: all things are ever as they were. If thy body is not yet wasted with years, nor thy limbs worn and decayed, yet all things remain as they were, even if thou shouldst live on to overpass all generations, nay rather, if thou shouldst never die.' What answer can we make, but that nature brings a just charge against us, and sets out in her pleading a true plaint? But if now some older man, smitten in years, should make lament, and pitifully bewail his decease more than is just, would she not rightly raise her voice and chide him in sharp tones? 'Away with tears henceforth, thou rogue, set a bridle on thy laments. Thou hast enjoyed all the prizes of life and now dost waste away. But because thou yearnest ever for what is not with thee, and despisest the gifts at hand, uncompleted and unenjoyed thy life has slipped from thee, and, ere thou didst think it, death is standing by thy head, before thou hast the heart to depart, filled and sated with good things. Yet now give up all these things, so ill-fitted for thy years, and with calm mind, come, yield them up, thy sons: for so thou must.' She would be right, I trow, in her pleading, right in her charge and chiding. For the old ever gives place thrust out by new things, and one thing must be restored at the expense of others: nor is any one sent down to the pit and to black Tartarus. There must needs be substance that the generations to come may grow; yet all of them too will follow thee, when they have had their fill of life; yea, just as thyself, these generations have passed away before, and will pass away again. So one thing shall never

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to rise up out of another, and life is granted to none for
to all on lease. Look back again to see how the past
of everlasting time, before we are born, have been as naught
These then nature holds up to us as a mirror of the time
is to come, when we are dead and gone. Is there aught that
terrible in this, aught that seems gloomy? Is it not a calmer
than any sleep?

we may be sure, all those things, of which stories tell us
the depths of Acheron, are in our life. Neither does wretched
fear the great rock that hangs over him in the air, as the
numbed with idle terror: but rather 'tis in life that the
fear of the gods threatens mortals; they fear the fall of the
which chance may deal to each. Nor do birds make their
into Tityos, as he lies in Acheron, nor can they verily in all the
of time find food to grope for deep in his huge breast.
vast the mass of his outstretched limbs, though he cover
nine acres with his sprawling limbs, but the whole circle
yet he will not be able to endure everlasting pain, nor for
to supply food from his own body. But this is our Tityos,
as he lies smitten with love the birds mangle, yea, aching
devours him, or care cuts him deep through some other
The Sisyphus in our life too is clear to see, he who open-
seeks from the people the rods and cruel axes, and ever-
comes back conquered and dispirited. For to seek for a
which is but in name, and is never truly given, and for that
for ever grinding toil, this is to thrust uphill with great
a stone, which after all rolls back from the topmost peak, and
makes for the levels of the plain beneath. Then to feed
the ungrateful nature of the mind, to fill it full with good
yet never satisfy it, as the seasons of the year do for us,
they come round again, and bring their fruits and their
delights, though we are never filled full with the joys of
I trow, is the story of the maidens in the flower of youth, who
the water into the vessel full of holes, which yet can in no way
full.

[III. 830–1010, tr. Cyril Bailey]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MANKIND

the race of man was much hardier then in the fields, as was
for a race born of the hard earth: it was built up on larger
more solid bones within, fastened with strong sinews traversing
; not easily to be harmed by heat or cold or strange food or
of the body. And during many lustres of the sun rolling
the sky they prolonged their lives after the roving manner
beasts. Nor was there any sturdy steerer of the bent plough,
any one how to work the fields with iron, or to plant
shoots in the earth, or cut down the old branches off high
with knives. What sun and rains had brought to birth, what

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earth had created unasked, such gift was enough to appease their hearts. Among oaks laden with acorns they would refresh their bodies for the most part; and the arbute-berries, which now you see ripening in winter-time with scarlet hue, the earth bore then in abundance, yea and larger. And besides these the flowering youth of the world then bare much other rough sustenance, enough to spare for miserable mortals. But to slake their thirst streams and springs summoned them, even as now the downrush of water from the great mountains calls clear far and wide to the thirsting tribes of wild beasts. Or again they sought out the woodland haunts of the nymphs, which they had learnt in their wandering, from which they knew that gliding streams of water washed the wet rocks with bounteous flood, yea washed the wet rocks, as they dripped down over the green moss, and here and there welled up and burst forth over the level plain. Nor as yet did they know how to serve their purposes with fire, nor to use skins and clothe their body in the spoils of wild beasts, but dwelt in woods and the caves on mountains and forests, and amid brushwood would hide their rough limbs when constrained to shun the shock of winds and the rain-showers. [Nor could they look to the common weal, nor had they knowledge to make mutual use of any customs or laws. Whatever booty chance had offered to each, he bore it off; for each was taught at his own will to live and thrive for himself alone.] And Venus would unite lovers in the woods; for each woman was wooed either by mutual passion, or by the man's fierce force and reckless lust, or by a price, acorns and arbute-berries or choice pears. And trusting in their strange strength of hand and foot they would hunt the woodland tribes of wild beasts with stones to hurl or clubs of huge weight; many they would vanquish, a few they would avoid in hiding; and like bristly boars these woodland men would lay their limbs naked on the ground, when overtaken by night time, wrapping themselves up around with leaves and foliage. Nor did they look for daylight and the sun with loud wailing, wandering fearful through the fields in the darkness of night, but silent and buried in sleep waited mindful, until the sun with rosy torch should bring the light into the sky. For, because they had been wont even from childhood to behold darkness and light begotten, turn and turn, it could not come to pass that they should ever wonder, or feel mistrust lest the light of the sun should be withdrawn for ever and never-ending night possess the earth. [But much greater was another care, inasmuch as the tribes of wild beasts often made their dangerous for wretched men. Driven from their home they would flee from their rocky roof at the coming of a foaming boar or mighty lion, and in the dead of night in terror they would yield their couches spread with leaves to their cruel guests.]

Nor then much more than now would the races of men leave the sweet light of life with lamentation. For then more often would some one of them be caught and furnish living food to the wild

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devoured by their teeth, and would fill woods and mountains
forests with his groaning, as he looked on his living flesh being
in a living tomb. And those whom flight had saved with
body, thereafter, holding trembling hands over their
sores, would summon Orcus with terrible cries, until
griping pains had robbed them of life, all helpless and
not what wounds wanted. [Yet never were many
of men led beneath the standards and done to death in
day, nor did the stormy waters of ocean dash ships and
upon the rocks.] Then rashly, idly, in vain would the sea often
and rage, and lightly lay aside its empty threatenings, nor
the treacherous wiles of the windless waves lure any man to
with smiling waters, when the wanton art of ships lay
unknown. [Then, too, want of food would give over their
limbs to death, now on the other hand 'tis surfeit of good
brings them low.] [They all unwitting would often pour out
for themselves, now with more skill they give it to others.]
after they got themselves huts and skins and fire, and
yoked with man retired to a single [home, and the laws of
] were learnt, and they saw children sprung from them,
first the race of man began to soften. For fire brought it about
their chilly limbs could not now so well bear cold under the
of heaven, and Venus lessened their strength, and children, by
winning ways, easily broke down the haughty will of their
. Then, too, neighbours began eagerly to form friendship
with another, not to hurt or be harmed, and they commended
children and the race of women, when with cries and
they taught by broken words that 'tis right for all men to
pity on the weak. Yet not in all ways could unity be begotten,
good part, the larger part, would keep their compacts loyally;
the human race would even then have been all destroyed,
could breeding have prolonged the generations until now.
the diverse sounds of the tongue nature constrained men to
, and use shaped the names of things,] in a manner not far
than the very speechlessness of their tongue is seen to lead
on to gesture, when it makes them point out with the
the things that are before their eyes. For every one feels
purpose he can use his own powers. Before the horns of
appear and sprout from his forehead, he butts with them
angry, and pushes passionately. But the whelps of panthers
lion-cubs already fight with claws and feet and biting, when
teeth and claws are scarce yet formed. Further, we see all the
of winged fowls trusting to their wings, and seeking an un-
aid from their pinions. Again, to think that any one then
out names to things, and that from him men learnt their
words, is mere folly. For why should he be able to mark off
things by words, and to utter the diverse sounds of the tongue,
at the same time others be thought unable to do this? More-

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over, if others too had not used words to one another, whence was
implanted in him the concept of their use; whence was he given
the first power to know and see in his mind what he wanted to do?
Likewise one man could not avail to constrain many, and vanquish
them to his will, that they should be willing to learn all his names
for things; nor indeed is it easy in any way to teach and persuade
the deaf what it is needful to do; for they would not endure to
nor in any way suffer the sounds of words unheard before to bang
on their ears any more to no purpose. Lastly, what is there so
marvellous in this, if the human race, with strong voice and tongue,
should mark off things with diverse sounds for diverse feelings?
When the dumb cattle, yea and the races of wild beasts are wont
to give forth diverse unlike sounds, when they are in fear or pain
or again when their joys grow strong. Yea verily, this we may
learn from things clear to see. When the large loose lips of
Molossian dogs start to snarl in anger, baring their hard teeth, then
drawn back in rage, they threaten with a noise far other than when
they bark and fill all around with their clamour. And when they
essay fondly to lick their cubs with their tongue, or when they
toss them with their feet, and making for them with open mouth
feign gently to swallow them, checking their closing teeth, they
fondle them with growling voice in a way far other than when
left alone in the house they bay, or when whining they shrink from
a beating with cringing body. Again, is not neighing seen to differ
likewise, when a young stallion in the flower of his years rages
among the mares, pricked by the spur of winged love, and from
spreading nostrils snorts for the fray, and when, it may be, at other
times he whinnies with trembling limbs? Lastly, the tribe of
winged fowls and the diverse birds, hawks and ospreys and gulls
amid the sea-waves, seeking in the salt waters for life and livelihood,
utter at other times cries far other than when they are struggling
for their food and fighting for their prey. And some of these
change their harsh notes with the weather, as the long-lived tribes
of crows and flocks of rooks, when they are said to cry for water
and rains, and anon to summon the winds and breezes. And so,
diverse feelings constrain animals, though they are dumb, to utter
diverse sounds, how much more likely is it that mortals should then
have been able to mark off things unlike with one sound and
another.

Herein, lest by chance you should ask a silent question, it was
the lightning that first of all brought fire to earth for mortals, and
from it all the heat of flames is spread abroad. For we see many
things flare up, kindled with flames from heaven, when a stroke
from the sky has brought the gift of heat. Yet again, when
branching tree is lashed by the winds and sways to and fro, rending
and pressing on the branches of another tree, fire is struck out by
the strong force of the rubbing, anon the fiery heat of flame sparks
out, while branches and trunks rub each against the other. Then

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these happenings may have given fire to mortals. And then the
taught them to cook food and soften it by the heat of flame,
they saw many things among the fields grow mellow, van-
by the lashing of his rays and by the heat.

day by day those who excelled in understanding and were
in mind showed them more and more how to change their
life and livelihood for new habits and for fire. Kings began
cities and to found a citadel, to be for themselves a strong-
and a refuge; and they parcelled out and gave flocks and fields
each man for his beauty or his strength or understanding; for
was then of much avail, and strength stood high. There-
property was invented and gold found, which easily robbed
strong and beautiful of honour; for, for the most part, however
men are born, however beautiful their body, they follow the
of the richer man. Yet if a man would steer his life by true
ning, it is great riches to a man to live thriftily with calm
for never can he lack for a little. But men wished to be
and powerful, that their fortune might rest on a sure
ation, and they might in wealth lead a peaceful life; all in
since struggling to rise to the heights of honour, they made
path of their journey beset with danger, and yet from the top,
lightning, envy smites them and casts them down anon in
to a noisome Hell; since by envy, as by lightning, the topmost
are most often set ablaze, and all places that rise high above
so that it is far better to obey in peace than to long to rule
world with kingly power and to sway kingdoms. Wherefore
them sweat out their life-blood, worn away to no purpose,
their way along the narrow path of ambition; inasmuch as
wisdom is but from the lips of others, and they seek things
through hearsay than from their own feelings, and that is
more avail now nor shall be hereafter than it was of old.

so the kings were put to death and the ancient majesty of
and proud sceptres was overthrown and lay in ruins, and
glorious emblem on the head of kings was stained with blood,
beneath the feet of the mob mourned the loss of its high
for once dreaded overmuch, eagerly now it is trampled.
so things would pass to the utmost dregs of disorder, when
man sought for himself the power and the headship. Then
of them taught men to appoint magistrates and establish laws
they might consent to obey ordinances. For the race of men,
out with leading a life of violence, lay faint from its feuds;
fore the more easily of its own will it gave in to ordinances
the close mesh of laws. For since each man set out to avenge
more fiercely in his passion than is now suffered by equal
for this cause men were weary of leading a life of violence.
fear of punishment taints the prizes of life. For violence
hurt tangle every man in their toils, and for the most part fall
the head of him, from whom they had their rise, nor is it easy

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for one who by his act breaks the common pacts of peace to lead a calm and quiet life. For though he be unnoticed of the race of gods and men, yet he must needs mistrust that his secret will be kept for ever; nay indeed, many by speaking in their sleep or raving in fever have often, so 'tis said, betrayed themselves, and brought to light misdeeds long hidden.

Next, what cause spread abroad the divine powers of the gods among great nations, and filled cities with altars, and taught men to undertake sacred rites at yearly festivals, rites which are honoured to-day in great empires and at great places; whence even now there is implanted in mortals a shuddering dread, which raises new shrines of the gods over all the world, and constrains men to throng them on the holy days; of all this it is not hard to give account in words. For indeed already the races of mortals used to perceive the glorious shapes of the gods with waking mind, and all the more in sleep with wondrous bulk of body. To these then they would assign sense because they were seen to move their limbs, and to utter haughty sounds befitting their noble mien and ample strength. And they gave them everlasting life because their images came in constant stream and the form remained unchanged, and indeed above all because they thought that those endowed with such strength could not readily be vanquished by any force. They thought that they far excelled in happiness, because the fear of death never harassed any of them, and at the same time because in sleep they saw them accomplish many marvels, yet themselves not undergo any toil. Moreover, they beheld the workings of the sky in due order, and the diverse seasons of the year come round, nor could they learn by what causes that was brought about. And so they made it their refuge to lay all to the charge of the gods, and to suppose that all was guided by their will. And they placed the abodes and quarters of the gods in the sky, because through the sky night and the moon are seen to roll on their way, moon, day and night, and the stern signs of night, and the torches of heaven that rove through the night and the flying flames, clouds, sunlight, rain, snow, winds, lightning, hail, and the rapid roar and mighty murmurings of heaven's threats.

Ah! unhappy race of men when it has assigned such acts to the gods and joined therewith bitter anger! what groaning did they then beget for themselves, what sores for us, what tears for our children to come! Nor is it piety at all to be seen often with veiled head turning towards a stone, and to draw near to every altar, and nor to lie prostrate on the ground with outstretched palms before the shrines of the gods, nor to sprinkle the altars with the streaming blood of beasts, nor to link vow to vow, but rather to be able to contemplate all things with a mind at rest. For indeed when we look up at the heavenly quarters of the great world, and the firmament ether above the twinkling stars, and it comes to our mind to think of the journeyings of sun and moon, then into our hearts weighed

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Then with other ills, this misgiving too begins to raise up its
lowered head, that there may be perchance some immeasurable
power of the gods over us, which whirls on the bright stars in their
course motions. For lack of reasoning assails our mind with
doubt whether there was any creation and beginning of the world,
and again whether there is an end, until which the walls of the
world may be able to endure this weariness of restless motion, or
whether gifted by the gods' will with an everlasting being they
may be able to glide on down the everlasting groove of time, and
at naught the mighty strength of measureless time. Moreover,
whose heart does not shrink with terror of the gods, whose limbs
not crouch in fear, when the parched earth trembles beneath the
dread stroke of lightning and rumblings run across the great sky?
Do not the peoples and nations tremble, and proud kings shrink in
every limb, thrilled with the fear of the gods, lest for some foul
deed or haughty word the heavy time of retribution be ripe? Or
when, when the fiercest force of furious wind at sea sweeps the
commander of a fleet over the waters with his strong legions and
elephants, all in like case, does he not seek with vows the peace
of the gods, and fearfully crave in prayer a calm from wind and
raging breezes; all in vain, since often when caught in the head-
long hurricane he is borne for all his prayers to the shallow waters
of death? So greatly does some secret force grind beneath its heel
the greatness of men, and it is seen to tread down and make sport
itself of the glorious rods and relentless axes. Again, when
the whole earth rocks beneath men's feet, and cities are shaken to
fall or threaten doubtful of their doom, what wonder if the
race of mortal men despise themselves and leave room in the world
for the mighty power and marvellous strength of the gods, to
rule all things?

[V. 925–1240, tr. CYRIL BAILEY]

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CATULLUS

(84–54? B.C.)

Valerius Catullus came from a prominent aristocratic family in Verona. There, as a young man, he met many of the illustrious men of that time, among them Julius Caesar, and these acquaintances, as well as his own gay nature, drew him to Rome at an early date. Here he fell in love with Clodia, whose husband, Metellus Celer, had been a visitor in his father's home. Perhaps in an attempt to forget her after she spurned him, but certainly in the hope of refilling his purse, in which he tells us spiders spun their webs, he went with Memmius, Lucretius' patron, to the province of Bithynia. Contrary to his hopes, the poet did not realize the ambition of most men setting out for a province of becoming wealthy in a short time. On his return journey he visited the grave of his brother, who had given his life in the service of Rome in arms. The tender feeling he felt for him is expressed in *The Poet at His Brother's Grave*. From the Troad he sailed to his home at Sirmio, situated on the south shore of the modern Lago di Garda. The joy he felt at that homecoming he reveals in the poem entitled *To Sirmio*. It is generally thought that he died in 54 B.C., largely because there is nothing in his work indicating a later date.

He was a man of strong feeling and a great number of his poems show that he really meant what he said when he wrote that he either loved or hated. He seems to have been merely indifferent about nothing.

His best songs tell of his love for a certain Lesbia. He is devoted to her entirely, even envying her sparrow and mourning at its death. When he found her faithless, he expressed his scorn of her in language as intense as his praise had been. He urges himself to be adamant toward her but, in spite of his vows to suffer the loss of her with constancy, one feels that he will not remain obdurate for long.

Who Lesbia was has never been definitely determined, though it is generally thought that she was Clodia, the sister of Clodius. If so, Cicero has drawn a very unflattering picture of the object of the poet's affection; some of the lines that Catullus himself wrote of her after their love had turned to hate would seem to confirm Cicero's judgment. However, since Clodius was a deadly personal enemy of the orator, it may be that his indictment of her was too harsh.

Most of Catullus' 115 poems are short, many epigrammatic. However, there are four longer pieces, one numbering some five hundred lines. With the exception of *The Marriage Song of Julia and Manlius*, describing the ceremony of a Roman marriage, these are weighed down with mythological learning and lean heavily

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of the Alexandrian school of Greek literature, particularly Callimachus.

Catullus' fame rests for the most part on his shorter pieces, especially those in which he sings of Lesbia. Other Roman poets have written in the same vein but their works are lost; indeed Catullus survived in only one manuscript. Certainly in extant Roman literature there is nothing that equals his modern romantic color and self-revelation.

THE LESBIA POEMS

TO LESBIA

Equal to Jove that youth must be —
Greater than Jove he seems to me —
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia, though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parched to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

[LI, tr. LORD BYRON]

THE ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW

Ye Graces! mourn, oh mourn!
Mourn, Cupids Venus-born!
And loveliest sons of earth, where'er ye are!
Dead is now my darling's sparrow —
Sparrow of my "winsome marrow,"
Than her very eyes, oh! dearer to her far.

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For 'twas a honeyed pet,
And knew her well as yet
A mother by her daughter e'er was known:
Never from her bosom strayed he,
Hopping hither, thither played he,
Ever piped and chirped his song to her alone.

Now to that dreary bourn
Whence none can e'er return,
Poor little sparrow wings his weary flight;
Plague on you! ye grimly-low'ring
Shades of Orcus, still devouring,
All on earth that's fair and beautiful and bright.

Ye've ravished from my sight
Her sparrow, her delight!
Oh ruthless deed of bale! woe, woe is me!
Now thy death, poor little sparrow,
Doth her heart with anguish harrow,
And her swollen eyes are red with tears for thee.

[III, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

INVITATION TO LOVE

Live we, love we, Lesbia dear,
And the stupid saws austere,
Which your sour old dotards prate,
Let us at a farthing rate!
When the sun sets, 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But, when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
Give me then a thousand kisses,
Add a hundred to my blisses,
Then a thousand more, and then
Add a hundred once again.
Crown me with a thousand more,
Give a hundred as before,
Then kiss on without cessation,
Till we lose all calculation,
And no envy mar our blisses,
Hearing of such heaps of kisses.

[V, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

TO LESBIA KIND

Dost thou, Lesbia, ask that I
Say how many of thy kisses
Would my craving satisfy,
Yea, would surfeit me with blisses?

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Count the grains of sand besprent
  O'er Cyrene's spicy plain,
'Twixt old Battus' monument,
  And the sweltering Hammon's fane.

Count the silent stars of night,
  That be ever watching, when
Lovers tasting stol'n delight
  Dream not of their silent ken.

When these numbers thou hast told,
  And hast kisses given as many,
Then I may, perchance, cry Hold!
  And no longer wish for any.

But, my love, there's no amount
  For a rage like mine too vast,
Which a curious fool may count,
  Or with tongue malignant blast.

[VII, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

TO LESBIA

Or, if I thine eyes might kiss,
  And my kisses were not crimes,
I would snatch that honeyed bliss
  Full three hundred thousand times!

Nor should these a surfeit bring,
  Not though that sweet crop should yield
Kisses far outnumbering
  Corn-ears in the harvest-field.

[XLVIII, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

FORMIAN'S GIRL-FRIEND

Girl-friend, to deadbeat Formian true,
Yours isn't a tiny nose — or shoe;
Your eyes are not as dark as night,
Nor are your fingers tapering, white,
Nor your lips dry. In fact, you drool
The while you break each grammar rule.
I can't believe sane men declare
That you with Lesbia compare.
This age has neither taste nor wit
Nor judgment, not the slightest bit!

[XLIII, tr. KEVIN GUINAGH]

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SHE LOVES ME

Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me, she never fails,
Now, hang me, but for all her art
I find that I have gained her heart.
My proof is this: I plainly see
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

[XCII, tr. JONATHAN SWIFT]

TO LESBIA

No nymph among the much-loved few
  Is loved as thou art loved by me:
No love was e'er so fond, so true,
  As my fond love, sweet maid, for thee!

Yes, e'en thy faults, bewitching dear!
  With such delights my soul possess,
That whether faithless or sincere,
  I cannot love thee more, nor less!

[LXXV, tr. ANON.]

TO LESBIA

ON HER FALSEHOOD

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
  That I had all that heart of thine;
That ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
  Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!
  Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
  But loved, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;—
  I know thee now — and though these eyes
Dote on thee wildly as before,
  Yet, ev'n in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress — mad as it may seem —
  With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion ev'n outlives esteem,
  And I at once adore — and scorn thee.

[LXXII, tr. THOMAS MOORE]

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I LOATHE AND LOVE

I loathe and love, but why I cannot tell.
I simply feel that way and suffer hell.
[LXXXV, tr. KEVIN GUINAGH]

CATULLUS TO HIMSELF

Ah, poor Catullus, learn to put away
Thy childish things.
The lost is lost, be sure; the task essay
That manhood brings.

Fair shone the skies on thee when thou to fare
Wast ever fain
Where the girl beckon'd, lov'd as girl shall ne'er
Be lov'd again.

Yes, fain thou wast for merry mirth; and she —
She ne'er said nay.
Ah, gayly then the morning smil'd on thee
Each happy day.

Now, she saith nay; but thou be strong to bear,
Harden thy heart;
Nor nurse thy grief, nor cling to her so fair,
So fixt to part.

Farewell! I've learn'd my lesson: I'll endure,
Nor try to find
Words that might wake thy ruth, or even cure
Thy poison'd mind.

Yet will the time come when thy heart shall bleed,
Accursed one,
When thou shalt come to eld with none to heed,
Unwooed, unwon.

Who then will seek thee? Who will call thee fair?
Call thee his own?
Whose kisses and whose dalliance wilt thou share?
Be stone, my heart, be stone.
[VIII, tr. R. Y. TYRRELL]

THE LOVER'S PETITION

TO HIMSELF

If virtuous deeds, if honour ever fair,
Pleasure the memory and console the mind;
And faith preserved, and pious vows that ne'er
Attested heaven to deceive mankind;

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Then great the bliss that waits your future day,
From thy past passion for this thankless maid;
For all that tenderest love could do or say
By thee, Catullus, has been done and said.

'Twas vain; false Lesbia's breast forgot it all.
Why on this rack thy heart then longer stretch?
Cast off, undauntedly, your slothful thrall,
And cease, in spite of heaven, to be a wretch.

'Tis hard to lay long-cherish'd love aside;
'Tis hard at once. But 'tis your only plan;
'Tis all your hope. This love must be defied;
Nor think you cannot, but assert you can.

Ye gods, if pity's yours, if e'er ye raise
The wretch who sinks by hovering death oppress,
Oh! look on me.—If I have lived with praise,
Root out this plague and fury from my breast;

Which, like a torpor creeping through my frame,
Have peace and pleasure from my heart displaced.
I ask not that she should return my flame,
Or, what e'en ye could never give, be chaste:

I ask to have my life again mine own,
Eased of the languid load that on me weighs.
Oh, grant me this, ye gods; with this alone
Repay my piety, and bless my days.

[LXXVI, tr. GEORGE LAMB]

LAST WORD TO LESBIA

O Furius and Aurelius! comrades sweet!
Who to Ind's farthest shore with me would roam,
Where the far-sounding Orient billows beat
Their fury into foam;

Or to Hyrcania, balm-breathed Araby,
The Sacian's or the quivered Parthian's land,
Or where seven-mantled Nile's swoll'n waters dye
The sea with yellow sand;

Or cross the lofty Alpine fells, to view
Great Caesar's trophied fields, the Gallic Rhine,
The paint-smeared Briton race, grim-visaged crew,
Placed by earth's limit line;

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To all prepared with me to brave the way,
To dare whate'er the eternal gods decree —
These few unwelcome words to her convey
Who once was all to me.

Still let her revel with her godless train,
Still clasp her hundred slaves to passion's thrall,
Still truly love not one, but ever drain
The life-blood of them all.

Nor let her more my once fond passion heed,
For by her faithlessness 'tis blighted now,
Like flow'ret on the verge of grassy mead
Crushed by the passing plow.

[XI, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

TRIP TO BITHYNIA

FAREWELL TO BITHYNIA

A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
Nicaea's fields with wealth of golden grain,
And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
Of eager hope, that longs to be away,
Already 'neath the light of other suns
My feet, new-winged for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
Who side by side went forth from home, farewell!
How far apart the paths shall carry you
Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

[XLVI, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

THE POET AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

Brother! o'er many lands and oceans borne,
I reach thy grave, death's last sad rite to pay;
To call thy silent dust in vain, and mourn,
Since ruthless fate has hurried thee away:
Woe's me! yet now upon thy tomb I lay,

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All soak'd with tears for thee, thee loved so well,
What gifts our fathers gave the honour'd clay
Of valued friends; take them, my grief they tell:
And now, for ever hail! for ever fare-thee-well!

[CI, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

TO SIRMIO

Gem of all isthmuses and isles that lie,
  Fresh or salt water's children, in clear lake
Or ampler ocean: with what joy do I
  Approach thee, Sirmio! Oh! am I awake,
Or dream that once again mine eye beholds
Thee, and has looked its last on Thracian wolds?
  Sweetest of sweets to me that pastime seems,
When the mind drops her burden: when — the pain
Of travel past — our own cot we regain,
  And nestle on the pillow of our dreams!
'Tis this one thought that cheers us as we roam.
  Hail, O fair Sirmio! Joy, thy lord is here!
  Joy too, ye waters of the Golden Mere!
And ring out, all ye laughter-peals of home!

[XXXI, tr. C. S. CALVERLEY]

THE IMPORTUNATE LADY

Varus, whom I chanced to meet
The other evening in the street,
Engaged me there, upon the spot,
To see a mistress he had got.
She seemed, as far as I can gather,
Lively and smart, and handsome rather.
There, as we rested from our walk,
We entered into different talk —
As how much might Bithynia bring?
And had I found it a good thing?
I answered, as it was the fact,
The province had been stripped and sacked,
That there was nothing for the praetors,
And still less for us wretched creatures,
His poor companions and toad-eaters.
"At least," says she, "you bought some fellows
To bear your litter; for they tell us
Our only good ones come from there — "

I choose to give myself an air; —
"Why, truly with my poor estate,
The difference wasn't quite so great

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Between a province, good or bad,
That where a purchase could be had,
Eight lusty fellows, straight and tall,
I shouldn't find the wherewithal
To buy them." But it was a lie;
For not a single wretch had I:
No single cripple fit to bear
A broken bedstead or a chair.
She, like a strumpet, pert and knowing,
Said — "Dear Catullus, I am going
To worship at Serapis shrine:
Do lend me pray, those slaves of thine!"
I answered — "It was idly said;
They were a purchase Cinna made
(Caius Cinna, my good friend) —
It was the same thing in the end,
Whether a purchase or a loan,
I always used them as my own;

Only the phrase was inexact;
He bought them for himself in fact.
But you have caught the general vice
Of being too correct and nice,
Over curious and precise;
And seizing with precipitation
The slight neglects of conversation."

[x, tr. J. H. Frere]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

TO VERANIUS

Dearest of all, Veranius! Oh my friend!
Hast thou come back from thy long pilgrimage,
With brothers twin in soul thy days to spend,
And by thy hearthfire cheer thy mother's age?

And art thou truly come? Oh welcome news!
And I shall see thee safe, and hear once more
Thy tales of Spain, its tribes, its feats, its views,
Flow as of old from thy exhaustless store.

And I shall gaze into thine eyes again!
And I again shall fold thee to my breast!
Oh you, who deem yourselves most blest of men,
Which of you all like unto me is blest?

[ix, tr. Theodore Martin]

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TO A GUEST WHO STOLE HIS NAPKINS

Marrucinus Asinius, you ply your left hand
In a fashion that gentlemen don't understand;
Their napkins you steal, when the rest of the guests
Are intent on the flow of the wine and the jests.
You fancy this fun? Why, you goose, don't you know
That this sort of thing is unseemly and low?
You think, I'm no judge? But that you'll scarce say
Of Pollio, your brother, a talent who'd pay,
Yourself of these pilfering habits to free,
For who knows so well, what is true fun, as he?
So I give you your choice. Send my napkin, and soon,
Or expect to be lashed by whole yards of lampoon.
'Tis not for its value I prize it — don't sneer!
But as a memento of friends who are dear.
'Tis one of a set that Fabullus from Spain
And Veranius sent me — a gift from the twain;
So the napkins, of course, are as dear to Catullus
As the givers, Veranius himself and Fabullus.

[XII, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

AN INVITATION TO DINNER

If the gods will, Fabullus mine,
With me right heartily you'll dine.
Bring but good cheer — that chance is thine
  Some days hereafter;
Mind, a fair girl too, wit, and wine,
  And merry laughter.

Bring these — you'll feast on kingly fare;
But bring them — for my purse I swear
The spiders have been weaving there;
  But thee I'll favor
With a pure love, or what's more rare,
  More sweet of savor,

An unguent I'll before you lay
The Loves and Graces t'other day
Gave to my girl — smell it — you'll pray
  The gods, Fabullus,
To make you turn all nose straightway.
  Yours aye, Catullus.

[XIII, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

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TO VARUS

Suffenus, whom so well you know,
My Varus, as a wit and beau,
Of smart address and smirking smile,
Will write you verses by the mile.
You cannot meet with daintier fare
Than title-page and binding are;
But when you once begin to read
You find it sorry stuff indeed,
And you are ready to cry out
Upon this beau — "O what a lout!"
No man on earth so proud as he
Of his own precious poetry,
Or knows such perfect bliss as when
He takes in hand that nibbled pen.

Have we not all some faults like these?
Are we not all Suffenuses?
In others the defect we find,
But cannot see our sack behind.

[XXII, tr. W. S. LANDOR]

ON ACME AND SEPTIMIUS

Septimius clasped unto his breast
His Acme — his delight —
"My Acme," he the maid addressed,
And thus his faith did plight:

"If mine be not a desperate love,
That through all after years will prove
Unchanged, unchilled while life remains,
May I alone on Libya's plains,
Or scorching India's arid land,
Before the green-eyed lion stand."
To hear him, Love, as ever, pleased,
From left to right approval sneezed.

His Acme then, in loving guise,
Back gently bent her head,
Kissed her sweet boy's love-drunken eyes
With rosy lip, and said:
"So, Septimillus! life! mine own!
Be ever thou my lord alone,
And mine the more, as still more dire
In my soft marrow burns love's fire."
To hear her, Love, as ever, pleased,
From left to right approval sneezed.

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With mutual love beloved, the pair
Start on life's path with omens fair,
The love-sick youth prefers her smile
To Syria's realms and Britain's isle;
In him alone his Acme true
Finds joys and pleasures ever new.
Who e'er hath seen, the world around,
A love with happier auspice crowned?

[XLV, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

TO CICERO

Tully, most eloquent of all the line
Of Romulus, past, present, or to be,
Catullus sends sincerest thanks to thee,
Poorest of bards — as far the poorest he
As thou art first in eloquence divine.

[XLIX, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

ON ARRIUS

Arrius *commodious* aye *chommodious* called,
And for *insidious* out *hinsidious* bawled,
And then he thought his accent wondrous good
When he had mouthed them rough as e'er he could.
His mother, and his uncle Liber, too,
And their good parents thus, methinks, would do.
He went to Syria, — all our ears had then
A sweet repose, — smooth flowed the words again,
Vanished the fears that put us nigh distraught,
When, suddenly, the direful news was brought,
That Arrius, when in Syria, said that he
Just came from crossing the *Hionian* Sea.

[LXXXIV, tr. JAMES CRANSTOUN]

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CICERO

(106–43 B.C.)

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at Arpinum of substantial equestrian parents, who, realizing his talent, gave him every opportunity to develop it. At sixteen, on receiving the toga of manhood, he was put under the tutelage of Quintus Mucius Scaevola the Augur. Two years later, like every young Roman who was physically fit, he became a soldier, serving for a short time in the brief revolt of the Italian allies (90–88 B.C.). Once his first military service was over, he studied rhetoric and philosophy at Rome. In 81, his able defense of Sextus Roscius was so displeasing to Sulla that the young orator felt it wiser to pursue his studies at Athens and Rhodes until the dictator died. In 76, Cicero was elected quaestor for Sicily, where he earned a reputation for honest dealing that he maintained throughout his long public career. In 63, at the earliest age permitted by law, he served as consul, a great personal triumph, since he was a "new man"—that is, none of his ancestors had been an aristocrat. It was during this year that he crushed the conspiracy of Catiline. After being saluted by the senate as "father of his country" for his courageous conduct in that connection, the long fall from his high position began. Clodius, with the help of Cicero's political rivals, forced him into exile where he remained until nearly a year later, when it suited Pompey's purposes that he be recalled. In the civil war between Caesar and Pompey, he sided with the latter, though taking no part in the battle at Pharsalus in which Pompey was defeated. Caesar generously permitted Cicero to return to the capital where he lived rather unhappily under the dictatorship, as his letters reveal. He had no part in Caesar's assassination but applauded the deed after the fact. In the turmoil that succeeded the Ides of March, Cicero composed fourteen orations against Antony, known as Philippics, because they recall Demosthenes' denunciation of Philip of Macedon. When the members of the Second Triumvirate came to an understanding, Antony demanded the death of the man who had inveighed against him in the Senate. The order was quickly carried out; a band of soldiers came upon Cicero while he was being carried in a sedan by his slaves. When ordered, he stretched forth his head to meet the sword that ended his life. The head and hands of Rome's greatest orator were sent to the capital where they were displayed over the rostra from which orators were accustomed to speak.

Cicero regarded himself primarily as an orator, and fifty-eight of his speeches attest his excellence in this field. These were the product of his active political life and breathe a spirit of patriotism as well as a fearlessness in denouncing such men as Verres, Catiline, and Antony. *The First Oration against Catiline,* one of four ora-

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tions he delivered against that conspirator, will serve as an illustration of his courage and love of country.

It was only natural that a man of Cicero's scholarly attainments should be interested in the theory of the subject he practiced with such success. His education had been centered in a curriculum that had for its aim the formation of an orator. After years of forensic experience, he gave a great deal of his time to the composition of works on rhetoric. He rightly thought very well of one entitled *On the Orator*. This is cast in the form of a dialogue, presented as taking place in 91 B.C., in which two orators, then famous, Lucius Licinius Crassus and Marcus Antonius, the grandfather of the triumvir, set forth their differing views on the education of an ideal orator for the benefit of two ambitious younger men, Gaius Aurelius Cotta and Publius Sulpicius Rufus. Crassus expressed the conviction of Cicero, that the orator should take all learning for his province, while Antonius advised concentration on oratory itself, especially in the matter of practice. In the selection taken from this dialogue Crassus outlined the rules traditionally laid down by the teachers of rhetoric and revealed the practical methods he used to perfect himself in his art, laying particular stress on the importance of writing as much as possible.

Cicero had a lifelong interest in philosophy and sought to communicate that interest to his fellow Romans, even though the study was not in honor at Rome. Earlier it had been viewed with suspicion as a phase of the Hellenizing movement. Philosophers like Carneades, who could cleverly debate first in favor of justice and then against it, were regarded by the stoical Roman fathers as a corrupting influence on traditional morality. Moreover, Romans were naturally practical and had no time for spinning Greek abstractions. Cicero had to contend with this apathy on the part of many, whereas those who were interested in philosophy could read Greek in the first place, and there was no purpose in translating such works for them. But he himself had been comforted by philosophy in his numerous misfortunes and desired to bring these same remedies to his fellow countrymen. Although he disclaimed any originality, he brought the best in Greek thought to Latin readers, pouring Greek philosophy into Roman molds. One of his chief distinctions is that he invented the Latin terms for technical words in Greek philosophy.

Cicero is regarded as a follower of the New Academy. In his mind there were only two Academies, the Old and the New, but as many as five have been listed, all purporting to stem from the Academy of Plato. After the master's death, the free spirit of inquiry that had characterized his teaching gave way to dogmatism, with a special leaning toward ethical doctrine. This spirit of certitude was attacked by Arcesilas (315–240 B.C.), sometimes called the founder of the Middle Academy. Under Carneades (214–129 B.C.), the most distinguished representative of the New Academy, this

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scepticism was modified. He held that the senses were fallible and that absolute truth was therefore unattainable, but, taking an affirmative point of view, he also maintained that certain sensations were probable and that these furnished a valid basis for a wise man's conduct.

As a follower of the New Academy, Cicero was not sworn to upholds any elaborate philosophical system, such as those of the Stoics and Epicureans. The liberal tendencies of this school encouraged the examination of all teachings, since only in this way could truer conclusions be reached. This relieved Cicero of the obligation of being consistent. He was aware of his inconsistencies and claimed that he was entitled to change his point of view in the light of additional investigation — a great convenience for a lawyer, who, in defending a client, might feel called upon to praise what he had formerly censured. Though the New Academy opposed the dogmatism of the Stoics, still the moral fervor of the latter attracted Cicero, and he brought to Latin literature much Stoic philosophy. In his treatise *On Duties,* written for the benefit of his son Marcus, who was wasting his time in Athens instead of studying, he is much indebted to the Stoic philosopher Panaetius. In general, Cicero's point of view may be termed eclectic, since he chose whatever he thought worth while and useful to his purpose. A defense of his interest in philosophy and something of the doctrine of the followers of the New Academy may be found in the opening chapters of the dialogue *On the Nature of the Gods.* His political philosophy is set forth in *The Republic* and *The Laws,* dialogues that were inspired by Plato's works bearing the same titles. Unfortunately, neither has survived entirely. In *The Republic* Scipio leads the discussion of the ideal state, which should embody the advantages of monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic governments, the proper admixture of which is found in the Roman Republic, ruled by representatives of all three types of government, the consuls, the senate, and the popular assemblies. Of this dialogue we possess one notable fragment, *The Dream of Scipio,* which comes at the very end of the work and is evidently inspired by the *Vision of Er,* at the end of Plato's *Republic.** The inclusion of this episode in his work would seem to indicate that Cicero regarded the idea of the soul's immortality as probable. He must have felt that he himself was a noble statesman and that the reward Scipio had received would also be his. It has been called the final and most hopeful pagan word in favor of the soul's immortality.

Cicero was a prolific letter writer. Of these letters nearly eight hundred survive. They were written during the last twenty-five years of his life and are invaluable not only as a record of his private life but also as a commentary on the history of the times. Some he knew would be read by others than his correspondents, and these he polished as carefully as his orations; others were

* See above, pp. 564-570.

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dashed off in a hurry and were preserved only through the industry of his freedman Tiro.

The pre-eminence of Cicero's literary position is revealed by the fact that the first period of the Golden Age of Roman letters (70–43 B.C.) is named after him, an honor he deserves in view of the volume and content of his work, the versatility of his talent, and the vigor and grace of his style.

THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

How far, I ask, will you try our patience, Catiline? How long will this madness of yours make sport of us? To what length will this unbridled insolence vaunt itself? Have you in no way been disturbed by the night guard on the Palatine, the city watch, the fear of the people, the gathering of all loyal citizens, the convening of the Senate in this highly fortified place, and the expression on the faces of these senators? Do you not perceive that your plans are manifest, do you not see that your conspiracy is already throttled by its being known to all these men? Who of us do you think does not know what you did last night, what the night before that, where you were, whom you called together, what plans you made? O the morals of these times! The Senate understands these facts, the consul sees, but this fellow lives. Lives? Why, indeed he even comes into the Senate, he becomes a participant in public deliberation, he marks and designates, as he looks about, each one of us for slaughter. But we, brave men, seem to do enough for the Republic if we avoid his madness and his weapons. Long ago, Catiline, you should have been led to death by order of the consul, long ago the destruction which you have been plotting for us all should have been visited upon you. As a matter of fact, did not that very great man, Publius Scipio, the supreme pontiff, although a private citizen, kill Tiberius Gracchus, who was not particularly harming the condition of the Republic? Shall we, the consuls, tolerate Catiline, who desires to devastate the world by slaughter and fire? For I pass over those other instances as too ancient, when Gaius Servilius Ahala killed with his own hand Spurius Maelius, who was striving to incite a revolution. There was, there was once in this Republic such virtue that brave men punished a harmful citizen with harsher punishments than a most bitter enemy. We have an extremely severe decree of the Senate against you, Catiline; the counsel of the Republic and the authority of this body are not wanting. We, we, the consuls, I say it frankly, are at fault.

Once the Senate decreed that the consul, Lucius Opimius, should see to it that the Republic should suffer no harm. Not a night intervened; Gaius Gracchus, a man of most illustrious father, grandfather, and ancestors, was killed because of certain suspicions of

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[7]

...son, and Marcus Fulvius, an ex-consul, was put to death, and ...s children with him. By a similar decree of the Senate, the Re...lic was entrusted to the consuls, Gaius Marius and Lucius ...lerius. Was the death penalty of the state delayed for one day ...ereafter in the case of Lucius Saturninus, the tribune of the people, ...d Gaius Servilius, the praetor? But already for twenty days we ...ve allowed the authority of these senators to grow dull. For we ...ve such a decree of the Senate, shut up in tablets as if hidden in ...scabbard. According to this decree of the Senate it was fitting ...at you should have been killed at once. You live, and you live ...not to put aside your insolence but to strengthen it. I desire, sen...tors, to be clement, I desire in such great dangers of the Republic ...not to seem remiss, but I already condemn myself for my inactivity ...d my negligence. A camp has been pitched in Italy, in the passes ...Etruria, against the Roman people. The number of the enemy ...creases from day to day, but we see the general of that camp and ...e leader of the enemy, daily attempting some internal harm to the ...public within the walls and even in the Senate. If I presently ...der you to be seized, Catiline, if I order you to be killed, doubtless ...shall have to fear not that all good men will say "too late" but that ...me one man will say "too cruel." But for a certain reason I am ...t yet induced to do what should fittingly have been done a long ...me ago. Then finally you will be killed when nobody can be ...und so wicked, so abandoned, so like you that he will not admit ...at this has been done legally. You shall live as long as there is ...one who dares to defend you, and you shall live just as you are ...ing, surrounded by my many strong guards so that you cannot ...r against the Republic. Furthermore, although you do not per...ve it, the eyes and ears of many will be watching and guarding ...u, as they have to this moment.

And indeed, Catiline, what more is there that you can be waiting ...if neither the night with its darkness can shroud your wicked ...dertakings nor a private home with its walls keep secret the voices ...your conspiracy, if everything comes to light, if everything breaks ...rth? Change now this mind of yours, believe me, forget about ...e and slaughter. You are trapped on all sides; all your plans are ...ter to me than the light of day. Suppose we now go over these ...ther. Do you remember my saying in the Senate on October 21 ...t Gaius Manlius, the satellite and accomplice of your boldness, ...ould be in arms on a certain day, and that this day would be ...ctober 27? Was I deceived, Catiline, not only about such a great ...me, so heinous and so unbelievable, but even about the very day, ...oint that must cause greater wonder? I also said in the Senate ...at you had set the massacre of the optimates for October 28, the ...e when many leaders of the city fled from Rome not so much ...r the reason that they wished to save themselves as that they ...ched to foil your plans. Can you deny that on that very day, ...n hemmed in by my guards and my diligence, were unable to

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move against the Republic, when at the departure of the rest you kept saying that just the same you would be content with the slaughter of us who had remained? And what about this? When you were confident that you would occupy Praeneste by a night attack on the very first day of November, did you not perceive that that colony had been fortified at my command with a garrison, sentinels, and a night watch? You do nothing, you undertake nothing, you think of nothing which I not only hear about but even see and clearly perceive. [7–11

Review with me, then, that night before last; soon you will realize that I am far more keenly on the alert for the safety of the Republic than you are for its ruin. I say that you on that night came to the street of the scythemakers (I will not speak vaguely) into the home of Marcus Laeca; that in that same place many companions of your mad crime had come together. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I shall prove it, if you deny it, for I see here in the Senate certain men who were there together with you. O ye immortal gods! Where in the world are we? In what kind of city do we live, what sort of Republic do we have? Here here in our number, Senators, in this most sacred and most important council in the world, are those who plot the death of us all, who plot the ruin of this city and even of the whole world! I, the consul, see them and I call for their vote on matters of public concern, and I do not yet wound with my voice those whom it would have been fitting to put to the sword! You were, then, at Laeca's house that night, Catiline, you assigned where it suited you for each one to go, you named those whom you would leave at Rome, those whom you would take along with you, you marked off parts of the city for fires, you declared that you yourself would soon leave, you said that even now you were subject to a little delay because I was alive. Two Roman knights were found to free you of this anxiety ance, and they promised to kill me in my bed that very night a little before daylight. I discovered these facts before your meeting was hardly adjourned; I fortified and made secure my home with a greater number of guards; I kept out those, on their arrival, whom you had sent in the morning to greet me, whose coming to me at that hour I had already foretold to many very important men.

Since these things are so, Catiline, continue the journey you started; at last begone from the city. The gates are open—go. Too long has that camp of Manlius been eagerly awaiting you. And take along with you all your followers, or if not all, as many as possible; purge the city. You will free me of a great fear, if only there is a wall between you and me. You can no longer live with us; I will not bear it, I will not allow it, I will not permit it. Great thanks must be given to the immortal gods and especially to Jupiter himself, the Stayer, the most ancient guard of this city, because we have escaped so many times already this loathsome, this horrible, this deadly plague of the Republic. Not too often must the supreme

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[7–15]

ty of the Republic be risked in the hands of one man. As often
you insidiously attacked me when I was consul elect, I defended
self not with public help but with private diligence. When at
the last consular election you wished to kill me and your competitors
the Campus Martius, I put down your wicked attempts with the
support of bands of friends without arousing any public tumult.
finally as often as you attacked me, I resisted you personally, al-
though I saw that injury to me was coupled with great misfortune
the State. But now you attack the entire Republic openly and
involve the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the
the lives of us all, and finally all Italy in ruin and destruction.
Therefore since I do not yet dare to do that which should come
that which would be in conformity with this nation's power
the discipline of our ancestors, I shall do what is more gentle
point of severity and more useful to the common good. For if
order you to be killed, the rest of the band of conspirators will
main behind in the Republic, but if you go out, as I have been
ing you for a long time, a great cesspool of harm in the State,
cesspool made up of your followers, will be drained out of the
What do you say to this, Catiline? You do not shrink from
ing at my command what you were already proposing to do of
own accord? The consul orders an enemy to leave the city.
ask me, if into exile; I do not order it, but if you ask my
ice, I urge it.

For what is there, Catiline, that can still delight you in this city
which there is no one, if we except your gang of abandoned
who does not fear you, no one who does not hate you? What
kind of domestic wickedness is not burned into your life, what
grace of private life does not cling to your reputation, what lust
ever been absent from your eyes, what crime from your hands,
what shame from your whole body? To what youth whom you
caught with the snare of your allurements, have you not held
either the sword for boldness or the torch for lust? But what
this? When recently at the death of your former wife you
cleared out your home for a new marriage, did you not pile
on top of that other unbelievable crime, which I pass over and
willingly allow to be left unuttered lest it seem that in this city there
existed cruelty capable of committing so great a crime or that
went unavenged? I pass over the ruin of your fortune, all of
which you will see threatening you on the coming Ides, and I come
those matters which pertain not to the private disgrace of your
not to your domestic difficulties and degradation but to the
preme welfare of the Republic and to the life and safety of us
Can this light of day or breath of the heavens be pleasing to
when you know that there is not one of those here present who
unaware that on the last day of December during the consulship
Lepidus and Tullus, you stood armed in the assembly, that you
ganized a gang to kill the consuls and leaders of the State, and that

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[15–18

not any attitude of mind or fear on your part but the fortune of the Roman people stood in your way? And now I shall pass over those matters (for your later crimes are neither unknown nor few); but how often did you try to kill me the consul elect, how often have you tried to kill me as consul! How often have I escaped your thrusts, so directed that it seemed impossible to avoid them, by a hair's breadth, as they say! You accomplish nothing and yet you will not stop trying and hoping. How often has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands, how often has it fallen down and slipped from you by some accident! Indeed I do not know by what rites it has been consecrated and vowed by you that you think it necessary to bury it in the body of the consul.

Well now, what sort of life is this of yours? I am going to talk with you now in such a way that I shall seem not motivated by hatred, as I should be, but by mercy, which is not due you. A little while ago you came into the Senate. Who of this throng, including so many of your friends and relatives, greeted you? If within the memory of man this has never happened to anybody, are you waiting for them to speak their insults when you are already overwhelmed by the most heavy judgment of silence? What do you think of this that at your coming these benches were left unoccupied, that as soon as you sat down all the ex-consuls, whom you had very often slated for destruction, left this section of the seats bare and empty? In what state of mind do you think you ought to take this? Heavens! if my servants feared me the way all your fellow citizens fear you, I should think I ought to leave home. Do you not think that you should leave the city? If I saw that I was unjustly made the object of such grave suspicion and dislike by my fellow citizens, I should prefer to be deprived of the sight of them rather than be viewed by the hostile eyes of all. And you, when you recognize in the consciousness of your crimes that the hatred of all is just and already due you for a long time, do you hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those whose minds and sensibilities you wound? If your parents feared and hated you, and you could not pacify them in any way, I imagine you would go where they would not see you. Now the fatherland, which is the common parent of us all, hates and fears you, and judges that for a long time you have been thinking of nothing except its destruction. Will you not respect its authority, not follow its verdict, not fear its force? The fatherland thus pleads with you, Catiline, and though silent, seems to speak thus: "For some years now no crime has existed except through you, no disgrace apart from you. The murder of many citizens, the harassing and plundering of the allies have gone unpunished and free in your case alone. You have been able not only to disregard the laws and the courts but also to overturn and utterly destroy them. Those former acts of yours although they should not have been tolerated, I nevertheless bore

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[15-21]

well as I could. Now it must not be tolerated that all of me should be in fear because of you alone, that Catiline be feared if there is the least noise, that it seems impossible for any plot to be entered into against me unless it has a touch of your criminality. Wherefore depart and relieve me of this fear; if it is true, that I may not be overcome, if false that I may finally cease to fear."

If the fatherland should say these things to you, as I have spoken them, should it not obtain its request, even if it cannot employ threats? But what of this? You handed yourself over to custody because you said that you wished to live at the home of Manius Lepidus to avoid suspicion. When you were not received by him, you actually dared to come to me and asked that I should keep you at my home. After you had received that reply from me also, namely that I could in no way be safe under the same roof with you, since I was in great danger because we were within the same city walls, you came to Quintus Metellus, the Praetor. Turned down by him, you resorted to your bosom friend, a very fine man, Marcus Metellus. Evidently you thought that he would be most diligent in guarding, most shrewd in suspecting, and most brave in avenging. But how far away from prison and chains does it seem that a man should be who has already judged himself worthy of custody? Since these things are so, Catiline, do you hesitate, if you cannot die with equanimity, to go into some other land and entrust to flight and solitude that life of yours, snatched from many justly due punishments?

You say: "Bring the matter before the Senate" — for that is what you demand; and if this body decrees that it is its pleasure that you go into exile, you say that you will obey. I will not put the matter before the Senate, a thing that is inconsistent with my character, but nevertheless I will take measures to make you understand what these senators think of you. Leave the city, Catiline, free the Republic of fear, go into exile, if that is the word you are waiting for. What is the matter, Catiline? Are you not observing at all, do you not notice the silence of these men? They are passive, they are silent. Why are you awaiting a spoken command from men whose will you perceive in their silence? But if I had said this same thing to this splendid youth, Publius Sestius, or to that very brave man, Marcus Marcellus, the Senate would already have laid violent hands on me, the consul, in this very temple — and with perfect right. But, Catiline, when they are silent about you, they approve; when they are passive, they decide; when they are quiet, they shout, and not only these senators whose authority is evidently dear to you and whose lives very cheap, but also those Roman knights, just, honorable, and good men, and those other very brave citizens who stand about the Senate, whose number you could see, whose will you could perceive and whose voices you could hear a little while ago. I shall easily induce these same men, whose hands and

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weapons I have for a long time scarcely kept from you, to accom- [21–26
pany you to the gates, as you leave this city which for so long you have been striving to destroy.

And yet what is the use of talking? As if anything could break you, anything correct you, as if you were meditating any such thing as flight or considering any such thing as exile! If only the immortal gods would give you that frame of mind! And yet I see that if, terrified by my voice, you make up your mind to go into exile, a mighty storm of unpopularity threatens me, if not in the present, while the remembrance of your crimes is fresh, at any rate in future generations. But it is worth while if this calamity shall affect only an individual and shall be separate from danger to the Republic. But it must not be expected that you be moved by your vices, that you fear the punishments of the laws, that you bow to the exigencies of the nation. Nor are you such a man that shame has ever recalled you from wickedness, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Wherefore, as I have often said already, set out and, if you wish to excite unpopularity against your enemy, as you say you do, go straight into exile. I shall hardly bear the criticism of men if you do so; I shall hardly sustain the weight of this unpopularity if you go into exile at the command of the consul. But if you, on the other hand, prefer to serve my praise and glory, set out with your cruel gang of criminals, betake yourself to Manlius, arouse desperate citizens, separate yourself from good men, wage war against the fatherland, exult in your impious brigandage so that it may seem that you have gone not as though exiled to strangers but rather invited to your own. And yet, why should I invite you when I know that you have already sent armed men ahead to wait at the town of Forum Aurelium, when I know that a day has already been set and agreed upon with Manlius, when I know that that famous silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and all your followers and for which you had a shrine set up in your home, has been sent on ahead? How much longer can you be without that eagle which you were accustomed to venerate as you set out for slaughter and from whose altar you often lifted that impious hand of yours to the murder of citizens?

At last you will go whither your unbridled and mad passion has long been hurrying you. But this prospect does not cause you sorrow but a certain unbelievable pleasure. Nature produced you for just this madness, your will strengthened you, and good luck preserved you. Never have you desired, not to mention peace and quiet, not even war unless it was wicked. You have got together a gang of reprobates, recruited from abandoned men and those bereft not only of all their fortune but even of hope. What happiness you will really enjoy here, in what delights you will rejoice, in what great pleasure you will revel when in such a great number of your followers you will neither hear nor see any good man! In the interest of this sort of life, those boasted labors of yours were

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[27–29]

of death, lying on the ground not only to accomplish your lewdness but also to effect your wickedness, keeping awake as you hatched plots not only against the sleep of husbands but also against the possessions of the unwary. You have a chance to show your famous endurance of hunger and cold and the need of everything, and by these you will shortly realize you are undone. I accomplished this much when I kept you from the consulship, that you could as an exile assail rather than as consul harass the Republic, and that what was wickedly undertaken by you should be called brigandage rather than war.

Now, senators, to ward off and avert a certain almost justified complaint of the fatherland, listen carefully, I beseech you, to what I say and let it make a deep impression on your minds and souls. For if the fatherland, which is much dearer to me than life itself, if all Italy, if the entire commonwealth were to speak to me, it would say: "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? Will you permit him to leave whom you have discovered to be an enemy, who you see is going to be a leader of a war, who you realize is waited for as commander in the camp of the enemy, an author of crime, an originator of a conspiracy, a recruiter of slaves and abandoned citizens, so that you seem not to have expelled him from the city but to have let him loose against it? Will you not order that he be led off to prison, hurried off to his death, and punished with the supreme penalty? What, pray, hinders you? Ancestral custom? For very often even private individuals in this State have punished wicked citizens with death. Or do the laws that have been passed concerning the punishment of Roman citizens hinder you? But never in this city have those who failed the Republic held the rights of citizens. Or do you fear the detestation of posterity? Indeed you are making a splendid return to the Roman people who so highly raised you, a man known only through yourself, without any recommendation of ancestry, to the highest power, through all the gradations of public office, if, because of unpopularity or fear of some danger, you neglect the safety of your fellow citizens. But if there is any fear of unpopularity, the unpopularity resulting from firmness and bravery must not be feared as much as that resulting from inactivity and baseness. Or when Italy will be laid waste in war, when cities will be overrun and homes will be afire, do you not think that you will burn in the fire of unpopularity?"

To these most sacred words of the Republic and to the judgment of those men who feel the same way, I shall reply briefly. If I judged this the best course to follow, that Catiline be given the death penalty, I would not have given this gladiator here the enjoyment of one hour of life. And indeed, if the finest men and the most famous citizens not only did not contaminate themselves but have honored themselves by shedding the blood of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many other men of former times, certainly I should not have to fear that, after this murderer of citizens had

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been killed, any unpopularity with posterity would result. But [29–33
if this should threaten me ever so much, I would consider un-
popularity born of courage to be glory, not unpopularity. And
yet there are some in this body who either do not see what
threatens or feign not to see, those who have nursed the hopes of
Catiline with soft decisions and have strengthened the conspiracy
in its infancy by not believing. By reason of the authority of these
men many, not only the wicked but also the inexperienced, would
say that I had acted like a tyrant and a king, if I had punished him.
Now I know, if this fellow goes to the camp of Manlius whither
he intends to go, that there will be nobody so stupid as not to see
that a conspiracy has been formed, nobody so wicked as not to
admit it. I am aware, however, that after the death of this one
man, this pest of the Republic can be checked for a little while, but
not put down permanently. But if he banishes himself and takes
his followers with him, if he brings together all the other derelicts,
rounded up from all sides, not only this far-advanced destruction
of the Republic but even the root and seed of all evils will be
removed and destroyed. In fact, senators, for a long time now
we have been living in these insidious dangers of conspiracy, but
I do not know how it is, somehow or other, that the fulness of all
crimes, of ancient fury and boldness, has broken out at the time of
my consulship. But if, from such a gang of brigands, this one
fellow here will be removed, perhaps for a certain brief period we
shall seem to be relieved of worry and fear, but the danger will
remain and be buried deep in the veins and vitals of the Republic.
As oftentimes men, ill with a serious disease, when they toss with
a high temperature, if they have drunk cold water, at first seem to
be relieved, and then are afflicted much more seriously and violently,
so this disease in the Republic, if checked by the punishment of
this man, will grow worse in a frightful way as long as the rest
are alive. Wherefore, let the wicked depart, let them separate
themselves from good citizens, let them assemble in one place,
and finally, as I have often said before, let them be separated from
us by the city wall. Let them cease their treacherous attacks against
the consul in his own home, let them cease standing around the
tribunal of the city praetor, loafing about the senate-house with
swords, let them cease procuring fire-darts and brands to burn the
city. Finally, let it be written on the forehead of everyone what
he thinks about the Republic. I promise you this, senators, that
there will be such diligence in us, the consuls, such great authority
among you, such great valor among the Roman knights, such great
agreement among all loyal citizens that at the departure of Catiline
you will see all his plotting not only uncovered and brought to
light but also suppressed and avenged.

With these omens, Catiline, for the supreme safety of the Repub-
lic, for your own destruction and disaster, and the ruin of those
who have joined themselves with you in every sort of crime and

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[I. 136]

reason, go forth to your unholy civil war. And thou, O Jupiter, who wert established under the same auspices as this city was by Romulus, thou whom we rightly call the Stayer of this city and the empire, thou wilt ward off this man and his fellows from thine and the other temples, from the homes and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of the citizens, and thou wilt punish these enemies of all loyal citizens, these foes of the fatherland, these robbers of Italy, united in a pact of crime and by a wicked organization, with eternal punishments, both in life and in death.

[tr. KEVIN GUINAGH]

ON THE ORATOR

THE TRAINING OF THE ORATOR

"Let us please change our topic of conversation and finally talk in our own style, not like rhetoricians," [Crassus concluded].

"By no means," said Cotta, "for now we must entreat you, since you keep us at this study of oratory and do not send us off to some other art, to explain to us your power in public speaking, whatever you say it is; for we are not too grasping: we are content with what you call your mediocre eloquence, and we ask you (so that we may not rise higher than the low level you say you have reached in public speaking) what more you think we should acquire, since you say that we are not too deficient in those endowments that must come from nature."

XXX. "What more do you think, Cotta," Crassus said smiling, except enthusiasm and an ardor approaching that of love? Since without these qualities no man ever accomplishes anything in the affairs of life, certainly the same is true in what you are striving for. From my point of view, this zeal does not have to be urged upon you, who are, I perceive, already too much inflamed with ambition, since you are troublesome even to me. Yet certainly mere enthusiasm in reaching any point is of no avail unless you know what brings and directs you to that place toward which you are striving. Since, then, you impose upon me a rather light burden and do not question me about the art of the orator but about my own ability, however slight it is, I shall give you an idea, not too recondite or difficult or magnificent or weighty, of the method which I was once accustomed to use when as a youth I was privileged to spend my time at this study."

Then Sulpicius broke in: "O day, so long awaited by us, Cotta! For what I was never able to realize by entreaty, trickery, or spying since I was not permitted to see what Crassus was doing by way of preparation or practice but only to suspect from Diphilus, his copyist and reader) this I hope we have gained, and I hope, too, that we shall learn from the man himself everything we have long desired to know."

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XXXI. Then Crassus replied: "But I think, Sulpicius, that when you hear, you will not marvel at what I say as much as you will think that there was no basis for your desire when you wanted to hear about my method. For I shall say nothing profound, nothing worthy of your expectation, nothing you have not heard, nothing new to anyone. For at the outset, I shall not deny that, as befits a well-born man with a liberal education, I learned those generally accepted and trite precepts: first, that it is the business of the orator to speak in a style suited to persuasion; then, that every speech should treat of a question either on a general topic not designating persons or times or about a subject limited by definite persons and times; in both cases, however, whatever the subject of controversy, the investigation usually centers about whether the action really took place, or if it did take place, what is its nature or name, or, as some add, whether it seems justifiable; in addition, that controversies arise from the interpretation of a document in which there is some ambiguity or contradiction, or some statement different from the expressed opinion: in all these disputes certain arguments are proper. But of the cases that have no connection with ordinary investigation, some have to do with trials, some with deliberations; there was also a third class, dealing with the praise or censure of men. There were certain passages which we were to use in trials in which equity was sought; other passages which we were to use in deliberations, all of which were intended for the use of those to whom we might give counsel: there were other passages we were to use in eulogies, in which everything was referred to the dignity of individuals. And since all the power and ability of an orator is arranged under five heads: how he should first find out what to say; then dispose and arrange his discoveries not only in an orderly way but with judgment as to their weight; then dress and embellish them with speech; afterwards commit them to memory, and finally plead with dignity and grace — those maxims, as I say, I had known; and I had learned that before we spoke on a subject, the minds of our listeners should be won over; then that the issue should be stated; next the points of difference established; then our contention proved; afterwards that should be refuted which was advanced against our position; at the end of the speech the arguments on our side should be amplified and strengthened while those favoring our adversaries should be weakened and broken down.

XXXII. "I had also heard what was handed down about the embellishment of the oration itself: that we should speak, in the first place in pure, elegant Latin; then with simplicity and clearness; next with elegance; afterwards with fitness and a kind of decorum, according to the dignity of the material. I had been acquainted with the precepts for each of these matters. Furthermore, I had seen art employed in support of those gifts which were the peculiar properties of nature: for about gestures and memory I had had a

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use of certain precepts, which, though brief, demanded much practice.

"Almost all the learning of your instructors has to do with rules such as these; were I to say that this learning is of no help, I should be guilty of falsehood. For it has certain values in warning the orator, as it were, to what point he should direct everything, and looking at this, he may stray less from whatever goal he has set before himself. Indeed I understand that this virtue is in all maxims, not that orators who followed them have won the laurels of eloquence but that certain men have noted and collected those principles which eloquent men naturally put into practice. Thus in my opinion eloquence is not born of art but art is born of eloquence. This art, as I have said before, I do not reject: for even if it is not necessary for good speaking, still it is not without its cultural value in the matter of learning. You must undertake certain exercises; still you are already well on your way; but those must undertake exercises who are just entering the race and who are now by training, as it were for the games, learn in advance and meditate on what must be done in the forum, as if they were in the battle line."

"This very training," said Sulpicius, "is what we want to know; however, we desire to hear these very rules which you have set down briefly about the art, although they are not entirely strange to our ears. But let those matters come later; now we want to know what your feeling is about the training itself."

XXXIII. "Indeed I approve," Crassus said, "of what you are accustomed to do, when, imagining some case like those that are brought into the courts, you hold forth in a manner approaching as closely as possible a real situation. But in this business many exercise only their voices — not wisely either — and their physical powers, and they urge their tongues to greater speed and find delight in their volubility. They are deceived by the saying they have heard that by speaking men usually turn out to be speakers. As a matter of fact, it is also said that by speaking badly men very easily become bad speakers. For that reason in these very exercises of yours, although it is often useful to speak extemporaneously, it is more useful to speak with greater preparation and accuracy after taking time for thought. However, this is the principal thing (which, to tell the truth, we do least of all, for it is a matter of great toil, which many avoid) — to write as much as possible. 'The pen is the best, the most noted moulder and teacher of eloquence;' nor is this wrong. For if a chance, extemporaneous speech is easily surpassed by one given after meditation and thought, certainly such an oration will in turn be surpassed by one written with care and diligence. For all kinds of points in the topic we are writing about, whether they have to do with the art of oratory or a person's talents and wisdom, rise in the mind or occur to us when we investigate and meditate with all the keenness of our

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ability; and all the ideas and the words that are especially brilliant in every category must necessarily come to the point of the pen and find their place; then the very position and pattern of the words are worked out not in poetic meter but in a kind of measured oratorical cadence.

"These are the things which call forth shouts of admiration for good orators; nor will anyone ever attain this applause unless he writes much for a long period of time, even though he has exercised himself with the greatest earnestness in these extemporaneous speeches; and he who comes to public speaking with the writing habit brings this advantage, that even if he speaks on the spur of the moment, still what he speaks seems to be like written material, moreover, if at times he introduces something written into the speech, when he leaves off the reading, the rest of the oration will follow along in a similar style. Just as, after a vessel has been brought to a high speed, if the oarsmen have ceased rowing, the ship itself still retains its movement and course, even though the impetus and beat of the oars has stopped: so in a continued discourse, when the written material comes to an end, the rest of the speech still holds an even course because of the similarity to the written section and the force that was set in motion.

However, in my daily exercises as a youth, I was accustomed to practice most of all what I knew that old enemy of mine, Gaius Carbo, was accustomed to do, that is, after placing before myself the most serious verses I could find or reading some oration that I could keep in mind, I recited what I had read, choosing as different words as possible. But later I noticed that this system had this fault, that those words which were especially fitting in each case and which were the most ornate and really the best had been anticipated already either by Ennius, if I were practicing with his verses, or by Gracchus, if by chance I had set myself the task of studying an oration of his. So, if I used the same words, there was no value in the exercise; if I used other words, it was even harmful, since I became accustomed to using less suitable words. Afterwards I found pleasure in the practice, and at a later period of my youth I followed it, of translating the Greek orations of the greatest orators. I gained from these readings this, that, on turning into Latin what I had read in Greek, I not only used the best words, still in current use, but I also invented through imitation certain words which were new to us, though at the same time useful.

"The use and training of the voice, of breathing, of the entire body, and of the tongue itself do not need art so much as effort; in these matters we must give careful consideration as to whom we ought to imitate, whom we should like to copy. We must observe orators and actors so that we do not take on any uncouthness or impropriety by forming bad habits. The memory should also be exercised by learning verbatim as much as possible of our own

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writing and that of others. And by the way, in that exercise it does not at all displease me to make use, even of that memory system of places and images, which is handed down in our art. Speaking, then, must be led from this private, secluded training into the midst of battle array, into the dust and hubbub of the camp, into the forensic battle line. Public discussion must be faced and the powers of talent tested; and that sheltered study must be brought into the light of reality. One must read the poets, become acquainted with history, read and re-read the writers and teachers of all the good arts, and, for the sake of practice, one should praise, explain, correct, censure, and refute them. The opposite point of view should be taken in everything just for the sake of argument, and whatever seems at all probable ought to be drawn out and treated; one ought to learn the civil law thoroughly, become acquainted with the statutes, understand all antiquity, know senatorial precedents, the science of government, the rights of the allies, treaties, agreements, and the business of empire; a certain good-humored wit should be taken from every kind of refinement, with which the entire speech should be sprinkled, as if with salt.

"I have poured out all my opinions for you; perhaps any gray-beard you might have cornered would have given the same answers to your questions."

[I. 133–159, tr. Kevin Guinagh]

ON THE LAWS

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF LAW

Marcus. Before taking up particular laws, let us once more look at the meaning and nature of law so that, since everything must be referred to it, we do not get off the subject and ignore the very power of reason by which we must define laws.

Quintus. Yes, indeed; that is the correct method of explaining the matter.

M. Well, as I see it, this has been the opinion of the wisest men—that law is not the result of human genius or any ordinance of nations but something eternal that rules the entire world by wise commands and prohibitions. So they used to say that the mind of God, ordering or forbidding all things by reason, was the first and final law; wherefore, that law which the gods have given the human race has been rightly praised. Certainly the reasoning mind of a wise man is suited to the issuing of commands and prohibitions.

Q. Several times already you have touched on this matter, but before you come to a discussion of man-made laws, explain the nature of this heavenly law, if you please, lest the tide of habit swallow us up and draw us out into the customary common talk.

M. To be sure, Quintus, we have learned from childhood to

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call, "If anyone hail another into court," and other expressions of this kind, laws. But as a matter of fact these ought to be regarded in this light: both this and other commands and prohibitions recognized by peoples have the power of calling to right action and away from evil-doing. This power is not only older than the age of people and states but it is coeval with that god who watches over and rules the heavens and the earth. Certainly the divine mind cannot exist without reason, and divine reason must of necessity have the power of ordaining what is right and wrong. Because it was nowhere written in the law that one man on a bridge should oppose all the forces of the enemy and order that the bridge be cut down behind him, we shall not on that account think that the famous Cocles performed a less heroic deed in accordance with the unwritten law of bravery. If during the reign of Lucius Tarquinius there was at Rome no written law on rape, did not Sextus Tarquinius offer violence to Lucretia, the daughter of Tricipitinus, against that same eternal law? Certainly reason arose in the very nature of things, impelling men to right action and calling them away from crime, and this reason did not begin to be law when it was finally written down but when it began; it began, however, at the same time as the divine mind. Wherefore, the true and the first law enjoining commands and prohibitions is the right reason of supreme Jupiter.

Q. I agree, brother, that whatever is right and true is also everlasting, and does not begin or end with the passing of these enactments.

M. Therefore, as the divine mind is the supreme law, so when human reason is perfected, laws find expression in the mind of a wise man; however, those that are set down for nations in various ways and for a certain period of time enjoy the name of laws by courtesy rather than by reason of their nature. For it is maintained that every law that rightly can be called a law is praiseworthy because of some such arguments as these: it is certainly clear that laws have been established for the safety of the citizens, the protection of states, and the quiet and happy life of men, and that those who first enacted decrees of this kind proved to nations that they intended to pass and uphold those rulings by which, if they were accepted and obeyed, they could live honorably and happily, and these were so agreed upon and established that they evidently called them laws. From this it is rightly inferred that those who issued orders that were harmful and unjust to nations, thus acting contrary to what they promised and maintained publicly, set up anything you will but not laws; so that it is quite possibly clear that in the very derivation of the word "law" there is the force and the idea of choosing what is just and true. I therefore ask you, Quintus: if the state is without some thing, is it to be considered as worth nothing for the very reason that it lacks this, and is this something to be regarded as a good?

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Q. Certainly, among the greatest.

M. But is a state without law for that very reason to be considered as nonexistent?

Q. No other answer is possible.

M. Of necessity, then, law must be considered among the very best things.

Q. I agree with you completely.

M. But what do you say to the many harmful, the many baleful decrees which are enacted among nations and which no more deserve the name of law than if robbers passed certain rulings in their meeting. For if ignorant and inexperienced men laid down certain deadly prescriptions as health-giving, these could not rightly be called the rules of physicians; nor in a nation can a pernicious regulation be considered as law, no matter what its nature, even if the nation has accepted it. Therefore, law is a separation of what is just from what is unjust, expressed according to that most ancient and first of all things, nature, to which the laws of men, punishing the wicked and defending and watching over the good, are directed.

Q. I understand perfectly, and indeed I do not now think that anything else ought even to be called law, let alone considered as such.

[II. 8–13, tr. Kevin Guinagh]

ON THE REPUBLIC

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO

When I went into Africa with the consul Manius Manilius, holding the rank, as you are aware, of military tribune of the fourth legion, nothing lay nearer to my heart than to meet Masinissa, a king who, for good reasons, was on the most friendly terms with our family. When I had come to him, the old man embraced me with tears, and then looking up to heaven, said: — "I give thanks to thee, O supremest Sol, and to you, ye inhabitants of heaven! that before I depart this life I behold in my dominions, and under this roof, Publius Cornelius Scipio, by whose very name I am refreshed: so never passes away from my mind the memory of that best and most invincible hero. Thereupon I made inquiries of him as to the state of his own kingdom, and he of me as to our republic; and with many words uttered on both sides, we spent the whole of that day.

Moreover, after partaking of a repast prepared with royal magnificence, we prolonged the conversation late into the night. The old man would speak of nothing but Africanus, and remembered not only all his deeds, but likewise his sayings. After we parted to go to bed, a sounder sleep than usual fell upon me, partly on account of weariness occasioned by the journey, and partly because

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I had stayed up to a late hour. Then Africanus appeared to me, I think in consequence of what we had been talking about; for it often happens that our thoughts and speeches bring about in sleep something of that illusion of which Ennius writes in regard to himself and Homer, of which poet he was very often accustomed to think and speak while awake. Africanus showed himself to me in that form which was better known to me from his ancestral image than from my recollection of his person. As soon as I recognized him I was seized with a fit of terror; but he thereupon said: —

"Be of good courage, O Scipio! Lay aside fear, and commit to memory these things which I am about to say. Do you see that State which, compelled by me to submit to the Roman people, renews its former wars, and cannot endure to remain at peace?" At these words, from a certain lustrous and bright place, very high and full of stars, he pointed out to me Carthage. "To fight against that city thou now comest in a rank but little above that of a private soldier; but in two years from this time thou shalt as consul utterly overthrow it, and in consequence shalt gain by thine own exertions that very surname of Africanus which up to this time thou hast inherited from us. But when thou shalt have destroyed Carthage, shalt have had the honor of a triumph, and shalt have been censor, thou shalt during thine absence be chosen consul for a second time, shalt put an end to a great war, and lay Numantia in ruins. But when thou shalt be carried in thy triumphal chariot to the capitol, thou wilt find the republic disturbed by the designs of my grandson. Then, O Scipio! it will be necessary that thou exhibit the purity and greatness of thy heart, thy soul, and thy judgment. But I see at that time a double way disclose itself, as if the Fates were undecided; for when thy life shall have completed eight times seven revolutions of the sun, and these two numbers (each one of which is looked upon as perfect; the one for one reason, the other for another) shall have accomplished for thee by their natural revolution the fatal product, to thee alone and to thy name the whole State shall turn; upon thee the Senate, upon thee all good men, upon thee the allies, upon thee the Latins, will fasten their eyes; thou wilt be the one upon whom the safety of the State shall rest; and in short, as dictator, it will be incumbent on thee to establish and regulate the republic, if thou art successful in escaping the impious hands of kinsmen."

At this point, Laelius uttered an exclamation of sorrow, and the rest groaned more deeply; but Scipio, slightly smiling, said, Keep silence, I beg of you. Do not awake me from my dream, and hear the rest of his words: —

"But, O Africanus! that thou mayest be the more zealous in the defense of the republic, know this: For all who have preserved, who have succored, who have aggrandized their country, there is in heaven a certain fixed place, where they enjoy an eternal life

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blessedness. For to that highest God who governs the whole
and there is nothing which can be done on earth more dear than
the combinations of men and unions, made under the sanction of
which are called States. The rulers and preservers of them
from this place, and to it they return."

I had been filled with terror, not so much at the fear of death
at the prospect of treachery on the part of those akin to me;
nevertheless at this point I had the courage to ask whether my
father Paulus was living, and others whom we thought to be
annihilated. "Certainly," said he: "they alone live who have been
free from the fetters of the body, as if from prison; for that
which you call your life is nothing but death. Nay, thou mayest
even behold thy father Paulus coming towards thee."

No sooner had I seen him than I burst into a violent fit of tears;
he thereupon, embracing and kissing me, forbade my weeping.
As soon as I had checked my tears and was able again to speak,
I said to him, "Tell me, I beseech thee, O best and most sacred
father! since this is life, as I hear Africanus say, why do I tarry
on earth? Why shall I not hasten to go to you?" — "Not so,"
said he; "not until that God, whose temple is all this which thou
sees, shall have freed thee from the bonds of the body, can any
entrance lie open to thee here. For men are brought into the
world with this design, that they may protect and preserve that
globe which thou seest in the middle of this temple, and which is
called 'Earth.' To them a soul is given from these everlasting fires
which you name constellations and stars, which, in the form of
globes and spheres, run with incredible rapidity the rounds of their
orbits under the impulse of divine intelligences. Wherefore by
me, O Publius! and by all pious men, the soul must be kept in the
guardianship of the body; nor without the command of Him by
whom it is given to you can there be any departure from this mortal
life, lest you seem to have shunned the discharge of that duty as
man which has been assigned to you by God. But, O Scipio! like
thy grandfather who stands here, like as I who gave thee life,
cherish the sense of justice and loyal affection; which latter, in
however great measure due to thy parents and kinsmen, is most
of all due to thy country. Such a life is the way to heaven, and to
the congregation of those who have ended their days on earth, and
freed from the body, dwell in that place which you see, — that
place which, as you have learned from the Greeks, you are in the
habit of calling the Milky Way."

This was a circle, shining among the celestial fires with a most
brilliant whiteness. As I looked from it, all other things seemed
magnificent and wonderful. Moreover, they were such stars as we
have never seen from this point of space, and all of such magnitude
we have never even suspected. Among them, that was the least
which, the farthest from heaven, and the nearest to earth, shone
with a borrowed light. But the starry globes far exceeded the size

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of the earth: indeed the earth itself appeared to me so small that I had a feeling of mortification at the sight of our empire, which took up what seemed to be but a point of it.

As I kept my eyes more intently fixed upon this spot, Africanus said to me: — "How long, I beg of thee, will thy spirit be chained down to earth? Seest thou not into what a holy place thou hast come? Everything is bound together in nine circles, or rather spheres, of which the farthest is the firmament, which embraces the rest, is indeed the supreme God himself, confining and containing all the others. To that highest heaven are fixed those orbits of the stars which eternally revolve. Below it are seven spheres, which move backward with a motion contrary to that of the firmament. One of these belongs to that star which on earth they call Saturn; then follows that shining orb, the source of happiness and health to the human race, which is called Jupiter; then the red planet, bringing terror to the nations, to which you give the name of Mars; then, almost directly under the middle region, stands the sun, — the leader, the chief, the governor of the other luminaries, the soul of the universe, and its regulating principle, of a size so vast that it penetrates and fills everything with its own light. Upon it, as if they were an escort, follow two spheres, — the one of Venus, the other of Mercury; and in the lowest circle revolves the moon, illuminated by the rays of the sun. Below it there is nothing which is not mortal and transitory, save the souls which are given to mankind by the gift of the gods; above the moon, all things are eternal. For that ninth sphere, which is in the middle, is the earth; it has no motion; it is the lowest in space; and all heavy bodies are borne toward it by their natural downward tendency."

I looked at these, lost in wonder. As soon as I had recovered myself I said, "What is this sound, so great and so sweet, which fills my ears?" — "This," he replied, "is that music which, composed of intervals unequal, but divided proportionately by rule, is caused by the swing and movement of the spheres themselves, and by the proper combination of acute tones with grave, creates with uniformity manifold and diverse harmonies. For movements so mighty cannot be accomplished in silence; and it is a law of nature that the farthest sphere on the one side gives forth a base tone, the farthest on the other a treble; for which reason the revolution of that uppermost arch of the heaven, the starry firmament, whose motion is more rapid, is attended with an acute and high sound, while that of the lowest, or lunar arch, is attended with a very deep and grave sound. For the ninth sphere, the earth, embracing the middle region of the universe, stays immovably in one fixed place. But those eight globes between, two of which have the same essential action, produce tones, distinguished by intervals, to the number of seven; which number indeed is the knot of almost all things. Men of skill, by imitating the result on the strings of the lyre, or by means of the human voice, have laid open for themselves a way

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[VI, 18–22]

return to this place, just as other men of lofty souls have done the same by devoting themselves during their earthly life to the of what is divine. But the ears of men, surfeited by this many have become deaf to it; nor is there in you any duller just as, at that cataract which is called Catadupa, — where Nile rushes down headlong from the lofty mountain-tops, — the who dwell in that neighborhood have lost the sense of in consequence of the magnitude of the sound. So likewise harmony, produced by the excessively rapid revolution of the universe, is so great that the ears of men are not able to it in, in the same manner as you are not able to look the sun the eye, and your sight is overcome by the power of its rays." ough I was filled with wonder, nevertheless I kept turning my from time to time to the earth.

"I perceive," then said Africanus, "that thou still continuest to emplate the habitation of the home of man. If that seems to as small as it really is, keep then thine eyes fixed on these enly objects; look with contempt on those of mortal life. For notoriety that lives in the mouths of men, or what glory is worthy of being sought after, art thou able to secure? Thou that the earth is inhabited in a few small localities, and that een those inhabited places — spots as it were on the surface — desert regions lie spread out; and that those who inhabit the are not only so isolated that no communication can pass among from one to another, but that some dwell in an oblique direc- as regards you, some in a diagonal, and some stand even tly opposite you. From these you are certainly not able to for any glory.

Moreover, thou observest that this same earth is surrounded, as it were, girdled, by certain zones, of which thou seest that — the farthest apart, and resting at both sides on the very poles the sky — are stiffened with frost; and that, again, the central largest one is burnt up with the heat of the sun. Two are table: of these the southern one, in which dwell those who their footprints opposite yours, is a foreign world to your But even this other one, which lies to the north, which you upy, — see with how small a part of it you come into contact! all the land which is cultivated by you, very narrow at the emities but wider at the sides, is only a small island surrounded that water which on earth you call the Atlantic, or the great or the ocean. But though its name is so high-sounding, yet beholdest how small it is. From these cultivated and well- own regions can either thy name or the name of any of us mount and pass this Caucasus which thou seest, or cross yonder od of the Ganges? Who in the farthest remaining regions of rising and the setting sun, or on the confines of the north and south, will hear thy name? When these are taken away, thou redly perceivest how immense is the littleness of that space in

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which your reputation seeks to spread itself abroad. Moreover, even those who speak of us, for how long a time will they speak?

"Nay, even if the generations of men were desirous, one after the other, to hand down to posterity the praises of any one of us heard from their fathers, nevertheless, on account of the changes in the earth, — wrought by inundations and conflagration, which are sure to recur at certain fixed epochs, — we are not simply unable to secure for ourselves a glory which lasts forever, but are even unable to gain a glory which lasts for a long time. Moreover, of what value is it that the speech of those who are to be born hereafter shall be about thee, when nothing has been said of thee by all those who were born before, who were neither fewer in number and were unquestionably better men; especially when no one is able to live in the memory of those very persons by whom one's name can be heard, for the space of one year?

"For men commonly measure the year by the return to its place of the sun alone, — that is, of one star; but when all the stars shall have returned to that same point from which they once set out, and after a long period of time have brought back the same relative arrangement of the whole heaven, that, then, can justly be called the complete year. In it I hardly dare say how many ages of human life are contained. For once in the past the sun seemed to disappear from the eyes of men and to be annihilated at the time when the soul of Romulus made its way into this very temple. When, from the same region of the sky and at the same moment of time, the sun shall have again vanished, then be sure that all constellations and stars have come back to the position they had in the beginning, and that the perfect year is completed. Of that year know that now not even the twentieth part has passed.

"Wherefore, if thou givest up the hope of a return to this place in which all things exist for lofty and pre-eminent souls, yet of how much value is that human glory which can hardly endure for even the small part of a single year? But if, as I was saying, thou wishest to look on high, and to fix thy gaze upon this abode of the blest and this eternal home, never give thyself up to the applause of the vulgar, nor rest the recompense of thy achievements in the rewards which can be bestowed upon thee by men. It is incumbent on thee that Virtue herself shall draw thee by her own charm to true glory. As for the way in which others talk about thee, let them take care of that themselves; yet without doubt they will talk. But all such renown is limited to the petty provinces of the regions which thou seest: nor in the case of any one is it everlasting; for it both dies with the death of men and is buried in oblivion by the forgetfulness of posterity."

When he had said these things, "O Africanus!" I replied, "if the path that leads to the entrance of heaven lies open to those who have rendered great service to their country, although, in following from my boyhood in thy footsteps and in those of my father, I have

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[VI. 26–29]

failed in sustaining the honor derived from you, yet henceforth shall toil with far more zeal, now that so great a reward has been put out before me." — "Do thou indeed," said he, "continue to strive; and bear this in mind, that thou thyself art not mortal, but the body of thine. For thou art not the one which that form of mine proclaims thee to be: but the soul of any one, that alone is not that external shape which can be pointed out with the finger. Therefore know thyself to be a god, if that is essentially god which feels, which remembers, which foresees, which rules and regulates and moves that body over which it is put in authority, as the Supreme Being governs this universe. And as the eternal God moves the world, which in a certain point of view is perishable, so the incorruptible soul moves the corruptible body. For what always moves itself is eternal; but that which communicates to anything a motion which it has itself received from another source, must necessarily have an end of life when it has an end of motion: therefore that alone never ceases to move which moves itself, for the reason that it is never deserted by itself. This indeed is the well-spring: this the beginning of motion to all other things that are moved. But to a beginning there is no birth; for all things are born from the beginning. But it itself cannot be born of anything; for that would not be a beginning which sprang from some other source. And just as it is never begotten, so it never dies; for a beginning annihilated could neither itself be brought back to life nor anything else, nor could it create anything else out of itself, since it is necessary that all things should come from a beginning. So it results that the beginning of motion is in itself, because it is self-moved. And this can neither be born nor die, for if it did, the heavens would fall to ruin, and all nature would stand still; nor could it come into the possession of any power by the original impulse of which it might be put into motion.

"Since therefore it is clear that what is self-moved is eternal, who can deny that this essential characteristic has been imparted to the soul? For everything which is moved by a foreign impulse is without a soul; but that which lives is made to go by an inward motion of its own, for this is the special nature and power of the soul. But if it is the one thing among all which is self-moved, then certainly it has had no beginning, and is eternal. Do thou, then, employ it in the noblest duties. But those are the loftiest cares which are concerned with the well-being of our native land. The soul that is inspired by these, and occupied with them, will hasten the quicker into this its real home and habitation. So much the more speedily indeed will it do this, if while it is shut up in the body it shall pass beyond its limits, and by the contemplation of those things which are outside of it shall withdraw itself as far as possible from the body. For the souls of those who have given themselves up to sensual pleasures, and have made themselves as it were ministers to these, and who under the pressure of desires

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which are subservient to these pleasures have violated the laws of God and man, when they shall have parted from the body, will go about the earth itself, nor will return to this place until they shall have suffered torments for many ages." He departed. I awoke from my sleep.

[VI. 29–I. 3

[VI. 9–29, tr. T. R. Lounsbury]

ON THE NATURE OF THE GODS

While there are many problems in philosophy that are by no means sufficiently disentangled, the question about the nature of the gods, so very important for an understanding of the soul and so necessary for the direction of religion, is, as you well know, Brutus, especially difficult and obscure. On this subject the opinions of the most learned men are so various and dissenting as to offer a strong argument that the cause and the source of philosophy is ignorance and that the Academic school wisely withheld assent from what was not certain: for what is more unseemly than rash judgment or what so rash and so unworthy of the gravity and stability of a wise man as thinking what is false or upholding without any hesitation what is not sufficiently considered and understood from all angles?

Now with regard to this question, many have held that there are gods — a view that is extremely probable and one to which we all come if we follow nature as our guide. Protagoras, however, doubted this, while Diagoras of Melos as well as Theodorus of Cyrene held that there were no gods at all. Indeed those who maintain that gods exist are so varied and conflicting in their opinions that it would be tedious to enumerate them. In fact, on the form of the gods, their location and shrines, and the activity of their lives much has been said. About these matters there is the widest diversion of opinion among the philosophers, but the very heart and cause of the dispute lies especially in this: whether they do nothing, accomplish nothing, are unconcerned about the care and control of the universe, or, on the other hand, whether all things have been created and established by them from the beginning and whether everything is ruled and moved by them for all eternity — herein most of all is the greatest disagreement. Unless this is settled, man must needs live in the greatest error and ignorance concerning matters of supreme importance.

For there are and have been philosophers who maintain that the gods have no interest at all in human affairs. If their opinion is true, what becomes of piety, of sanctity, of religion? Certainly all these honors must be purely and piously shown to the power of the gods if they take note of these marks of respect and if the immortal gods bestow favors upon the human race. However, if the gods are neither able nor willing to help us, if they do not care at all

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take notice of what we do, if no benefit can flow from them to the life of man, why should we offer the immortal gods any worship, honors, or prayers? However, piety as well as the other virtues cannot exist under the appearance of sham and deceit, and when piety is gone, sanctity and religion must necessarily be swept away at the same time. If these virtues are absent, great disorder and confusion in life will follow, and once piety toward the gods is taken away, I hardly know whether trust, too, and social feeling among men and that most excellent virtue, justice, will not also disappear.

But there are other philosophers, and these indeed great and able, who think that the whole world is administered and ruled by the intelligence and reason of the gods, and not only this, but they also hold that the gods care and provide for human life; for these philosophers think that the fruits and the other products of the earth, that the weather, the variations in the seasons, and the changes of temperature, by which all the products of the earth grow to maturity, are given the human race by the immortal gods. These same philosophers collect much evidence (to be stated in these books) of such a nature that it would almost seem that the immortal gods have made these very things for the use of men. Against these philosophers Carneades discoursed so volubly that he excited industrious men to a desire of investigating the truth. There is certainly a theme on which the untutored as well as the learned differ so much; from their opinions, since they are so various and so discordant among themselves, one conclusion surely can be reached, namely, no one of these opinions is true, while the other conclusion is absolutely impossible, that more than one of these opinions is true. Now in this case I can quiet well-meaning rebukers and confute careful railers so that the latter will repent of ever having objected, whereas the former will be glad they have learned something; for those who admonish ought to be enlightened in a friendly way, while those who criticize in a hostile fashion must be rebuked. But I understand that much varied comment has been circulating about the many books I have written in a short time, some of which talk has come from those who are wondering how it happens that I have suddenly developed this interest in philosophy, some from those desiring to know what definite knowledge I have on all sorts of subjects. I have felt, too, that it must seem strange to many that I should approve that particular school of philosophy which would take away the light of understanding and pour out the darkness of night, as it were, over the world; that I should suddenly patronize neglected teaching that has already been abandoned for some time. However, I have not suddenly begun to study philosophy; from my very first years, I have given no little time and attention to this study. In fact, I was most interested in philosophy when I seemed least so, as is proved by my orations, filled with the opinions of philosophers, by my acquaintance with the most learned, who

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honored my home with their presence, and by those famous leaders who instructed me, Diodotus, Philo, Antiochus, and Posidonius. If all the precepts of philosophy have to do with life, I think that in public and in private life I have always espoused those principles that reason and learning have prescribed.

But if someone inquires what cause impelled me to commit these matters to writing at such a late date, there is nothing that I can explain more readily. For when I was bored with my leisure and the status of the republic was such that it was governed by the dictatorial counsel and care of one man, I felt for the first time that philosophy ought to be unfolded to our citizens for the good of the republic, thinking that it would be of great value to the honor and praise of the state if matters of such weight and importance were set down in writing; for that reason I am less inclined to regret my intention because I readily see that I encouraged the enthusiasm of many not only for learning but for writing, too. Certainly many who were learned in Greek principles were unable to communicate to their fellow citizens what they had learned because they lacked confidence in their ability to express in Latin what they had received from the Greeks. In this kind of writing it seems I have made so much progress that I was not outdone by the Greeks with all their abundance of words.

Then too, the depression of my mind, caused by the great and heavy blows of fortune, urged me to interest myself in these studies. If I could have found some greater solace, I should not have taken refuge especially in this. Now I was unable to enjoy this solace in any better way than by applying myself not only to the reading of books but to a digest of all philosophy. Indeed all its branches and all its divisions are then most easily understood when entire questions are settled in writing, for there is a certain remarkable continuation and sequence of material in philosophy so that it seems one is connected with the other and all are fitted and bound together among themselves.

But those who inquire what I myself think about every particular question are moved by too much curiosity, for in debate we ought to seek not so much the weight of authority as of reason. Really the authority of those who profess to teach is often a hindrance to those who wish to learn, for they fail to employ their own judgment and they regard that as settled which has been passed upon by the one whom they approve. Nor do I usually approve of what we have heard about the Pythagoreans, who, it is said, on being asked why they upheld a particular argument, were accustomed to reply, "He himself said so." The "he himself," of course, was Pythagoras. Prejudiced opinion was so powerful that authority prevailed even without reasoning.

To those, however, who marvel that I have followed this school in preference to all others, I have given sufficient reply, it would seem, in my four books called *Academic Questions*. Indeed I have

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undertaken the patronage of deserted and abandoned theories, the opinions of men do not pass with their death, though these need their authors' explanation. As an example consider this in philosophy of opposing every proposition, of judging no ment without reserve — a method that started with Socrates, carried on by Arcesilas and confirmed by Carneades — which survived to our time, though I understand that this system is quite abandoned even in Greece. But I do not think that this come about because of any fault of the Academy but because of slow-wittedness of mankind; for if it is a difficult matter to derstand a single system of philosophy, how much more so to derstand all of them? But this is what they would have to do propose to speak for and against all philosophers in order discover the truth. I do not profess that I have mastered such great and difficult undertaking, but I let it be known that I have Nevertheless it cannot be that those who philosophize in fashion have no principles to follow. Indeed I have discussed matter rather carefully in another place, but because certain ple are unteachable and dull-witted, they must be told, it seems, n and again. Certainly I am not one to whom nothing seems be true, but I do say that certain falsities are joined to every with such great similarity that there is in them no unerring k to direct our judgment and assent. Wherefore that noted ment has come into existence, that there are many probable gs by which, although they are not clearly perceived, still, use they have the appearance of being plain and clear, a wise n's life may well be ruled.

But now in order to free myself of all malicious charges, I shall in the views of the philosophers on the nature of the gods. ems to me that everybody ought to be brought together to this e to judge which one of these views is true; if everybody is in ement or if someone is found who has discovered the truth, n only will the Academy seem to me domineering. And so it is ing to me to cry aloud . . . that everybody be present, know and ve what opinion ought to be held about religion, piety, sanctity, monies, faith, oaths; what about temples, shrines, and solemn fices, what about those very auspices over which I preside (for these matters have to do with this question about the immortal s). Certainly such great disagreement among the learned on a ter of the greatest importance will compel those very men to who think they possess the truth.

[I. 1–14, tr. KEVIN GUINAGH]

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ON OLD AGE

And should my service, Titus, ease the weight
Of care that wrings your heart, and draw the sting
Which rankles there, what guerdon shall there be?

For I may address you, Atticus, in the lines in which Flamininus was addressed by the man,

who, poor in wealth, was rich in honour's gold,

though I am well assured that you are not, as Flamininus was,

kept on the rack of care by night and day.

For I know how well ordered and equable your mind is, and am fully aware that it was not a surname alone which you brought home with you from Athens, but its culture and good sense. And yet I have an idea that you are at times stirred to the heart by the same circumstances as myself. To console you for these is a more serious matter, and must be put off to another time. For the present I have resolved to dedicate to you an essay on Old Age. For from the burden of impending or at least advancing age, common to us both, I would do something to relieve us both, though as to yourself I am fully aware that you support and will support it, as you do everything else, with calmness and philosophy. But directly I resolved to write on old age, you at once occurred to me as deserving a gift of which both of us might take advantage. To myself, indeed, the composition of this book has been so delightful, that it has not only wiped away all the disagreeableness of old age, but has even made it luxurious and delightful too. Never, therefore, can philosophy be praised as highly as it deserves, considering that its faithful disciple is able to spend every period of his life with unruffled feelings. However, on other subjects I have spoken at large, and shall often speak again: this book which I herewith send you is on Old Age. I have put the whole discourse not, as Alisto of Cos did, in the mouth of Tithonus—for a mere fable would have lacked conviction—but in that of Marcus Cato, when he was an old man, to give my essay greater weight. I represent Laelius and Scipio at his house expressing surprise at his carrying his years so lightly, and Cato answering them. If he shall seem to shew somewhat more learning in this discourse than he generally did in his own books, put it down to the Greek literature of which it is known that he became an eager student in his old age. But what need of more? Cato's own words will at once explain all I feel about old age.

M. Cato. Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (the younger). Gaius Laelius.

Scipio. Many a time have I in conversation with my friend Gaius Laelius here expressed my admiration, Marcus Cato, of the

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ent, nay perfect, wisdom displayed by you indeed at all points, above everything because I have noticed that old age never ed a burden to you, while to most old men it is so hateful they declare themselves under a weight heavier than Aetna. Cato. Your admiration is easily excited, it seems, my dear pio and Laelius. Men, of course, who have no resources in selves for securing a good and happy life find every age burden- But those who look for all happiness from within can never anything bad which nature makes inevitable. In that gory before anything else comes old age, to which all wish to and at which all grumble when attained. Such is Folly's consistency and unreasonableness! They say that it is stealing them faster than they expected. In the first place, who com- them to hug an illusion? For in what respect did old age upon manhood faster than manhood upon childhood? In next place, in what way would old age have been less disagree- to them if they were in their eight-hundredth year than in their ieth? For their past, however long, when once it was past, ld have no consolation for a stupid old age. Wherefore, if it your wont to admire my wisdom — and I would that it were thy of your good opinion and of my own surname of *Sapiens* — ally consists in the fact that I follow Nature, the best of guides, I would a god, and am loyal to her commands. It is not likely, she has written the rest of the play well, that she has been careless the last act like some idle poet. But after all some "last" was itable, just as to the berries of a tree and the fruits of the earth comes in the fulness of time a period of decay and fall. A man will not make a grievance of this. To rebel against re — is not that to fight like the giants with the gods?

Laelius. And yet, Cato, you will do us a very great favour (I ure to speak for Scipio as for myself) if — since we all hope, least wish, to become old men — you would allow us to learn you in good time before it arrives, by what methods we may easily acquire the strength to support the burden of ad- cing age.

Cato. I will do so without doubt, Laelius, especially if, as you it will be agreeable to you both.

Laelius. We do wish very much, Cato, if it is no trouble to you, be allowed to see the nature of the bourne which you have ed after completing a long journey, as it were, upon which too are bound to embark.

Cato. I will do the best I can, Laelius. It has often been my ne to hear the complaints of my contemporaries — like will like, you know, according to the old proverb — complaints to h men like C. Salinator and Sp. Albinus, who were of consular and about my time, used to give vent. They were, first, that had lost the pleasures of the senses, without which they did regard life as life at all; and, secondly, that they were neglected

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by those from whom they had been used to receive attentions. [7–10
Such men appear to me to lay the blame on the wrong thing.
For if it had been the fault of old age, then these same misfortunes
would have befallen me and all other men of advanced years. But
I have known many of them who never said a word of complaint
against old age; for they were only too glad to be freed from the
bondage of passion, and were not at all looked down upon by their
friends. The fact is that the blame for all complaints of that kind
is to be charged to character, not to a particular time of life. For
old men who are reasonable and neither cross-grained nor churlish
find old age tolerable enough: whereas unreason and churlishness
cause uneasiness at every time of life.

Laelius. It is as you say, Cato. But perhaps some one may
suggest that it is your large means, wealth, and high position that
make you think old age tolerable: whereas such good fortune only
falls to few.

Cato. There is something in that, Laelius, but by no means all.
For instance, the story is told of the answer of Themistocles in a
wrangle with a certain Seriphian, who asserted that he owed his
brilliant position to the reputation of his country, not to his own.
"If I had been a Seriphian," said he, "even I should never have
been famous, nor would you if you had been an Athenian."
Something like this may be said of old age. For the philosopher
himself could not find old age easy to bear in the depths of poverty,
nor the fool feel it anything but a burden though he were a millionaire. You may be sure, my dear Scipio and Laelius, that the arms
best adapted to old age are culture and the active exercise of the
virtues. For if they have been maintained at every period—if one
has lived much as well as long — the harvest they produce is wonderful, not only because they never fail us even in our last days
(though that in itself is supremely important), but also because the
consciousness of a well-spent life and the recollection of many
virtuous actions are exceedingly delightful.

Take the case of Q. Fabius Maximus, the man, I mean, who
recovered Tarentum. When I was a young man and he an old
one, I was as much attached to him as if he had been my contemporary. For that great man's serious dignity was tempered by
courteous manners, nor had old age made any change in his character. True, he was not exactly an old man when my devotion to
him began, yet he was nevertheless well on in life; for his first
consulship fell in the year after my birth. When quite a stripling
I went with him in his fourth consulship as a soldier in the ranks
on the expedition against Capua, and in the fifth year after that
against Tarentum. Four years after that I was elected Quaestor,
holding office in the consulship of Tuditanus and Cethegus, in
which year, indeed, he as a very old man spoke in favour of the
Cincian law "on gifts and fees."

Now this man conducted wars with all the spirit of youth when

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[7–13]

was far advanced in life, and by his persistence gradually wearied Hannibal, when rioting in all the confidence of youth. How brilliant are those lines of my friend Ennius on him!

> For us, down beaten by the storms of fate,
> One man by wise delays restored the State.
> Praise or dispraise moved not his constant mood,
> True to his purpose, to his country's good!
> Down ever-lengthening avenues of fame
> Thus shines and shall shine still his glorious name.

Again what vigilance, what profound skill did he show in the recapture of Tarentum! It was indeed in my hearing that he made the famous retort to Salinator, who had retreated into the citadel after losing the town: "It was owing to me, Quintus Fabius, that you retook Tarentum." "Quite so," he replied with a laugh; "for had you not lost it, I should never have recovered it." Nor was he less eminent in civil life than in war. In his second consulship, though his colleague would not move in the matter, he resisted as long as he could the proposal of the tribune C. Flaminius to divide the territory of the Picenians and Gauls in free allotments in defiance of a resolution of the Senate. Again, though he was an augur, he ventured to say that whatever was done in the interests of the State was done with the best possible auspices, that any laws proposed against its interest were proposed against the auspices. He was cognisant of much that was admirable in that great man, but nothing struck me with greater astonishment than the way in which he bore the death of his son — a man of brilliant character and who had been consul. His funeral speech over him is in wide circulation, and when we read it, is there any philosopher of whom we do not think meanly? Nor in truth was he only great in the sight of day and in the sight of his fellow-citizens; he was still more eminent in private and at home. What a wealth of conversation! What weighty maxims! What a wide acquaintance with ancient history! What an accurate knowledge of the science of augury! For a Roman, too, he had a great tincture of letters. He had a tenacious memory for military history of every sort, whether of Roman or foreign wars. And I used at that time to enjoy his conversation with a passionate eagerness, as though I already divined, what actually turned out to be the case, that when he died there would be no one to teach me anything.

What then is the purpose of such a long disquisition on Maximus? It is because you now see that an old age like his cannot conscientiously be called unhappy. Yet it is after all true that everybody cannot be a Scipio or a Maximus, with stormings of cities, with battles by land and sea, with wars in which they themselves commanded, and with triumphs to recall. Besides this there is a quiet, pure, and cultivated life which produces a calm and gentle old age, such as we have been told Plato's was, who died at his

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writing-desk in his eighty-first year; or like that of Isocrates, who says that he wrote the book called *Panathenaicus* in his ninety-fourth year, and who lived for five years afterwards; while his master Gorgias of Leontini completed a hundred and seven years without ever relaxing his diligence or giving up work. When some one asked him why he consented to remain so long alive—"I have no fault," said he, "to find with old age." That was a noble answer, and worthy of a scholar. For fools impute their own frailties and guilt to old age, contrary to the practice of Ennius, whom I mentioned just now. In the lines—

> Like some brave steed that oft before
> The Olympic wreath of victory bore,
> Now by the weight of years oppressed,
> Forgets the race, and takes his rest—

he compares his own old age to that of a high-spirited and successful racehorse. And him indeed you may very well remember. For the present consuls Titus Flamininus and Manius Acilius were elected in the nineteenth year after his death; and his death occurred in the consulship of Caepio and Philippus, the latter consul for the second time: in which year I, then sixty-six years old, spoke in favour of the Voconian law in a voice that was still strong and with lungs still sound; while he, though seventy years old, supported two burdens considered the heaviest of all — poverty and old age — in such a way as to be all but fond of them.

The fact is that when I come to think it over, I find that there are four reasons for old age being thought unhappy: First, that it withdraws us from active employments; second, that it enfeebles the body; third, that it deprives us of nearly all physical pleasures; fourth, that it is the next step to death. Of each of these reasons, if you will allow me, let us examine the force and justice separately.

Old age withdraws us from active employments. From which of them? Do you mean from those carried on by youth and bodily strength? Are there then no old men's employments to be after all conducted by the intellect, even when bodies are weak? So then Q. Maximus did nothing; nor L. Aemilius—your father, Scipio, and my excellent son's father-in-law! So with other old men — the Fabricii, the Curii and Coruncanii — when they were supporting the State by their advice and influence, they were doing nothing! To old age Appius Claudius had the additional disadvantage of being blind; yet it was he who, when the Senate was inclining towards a peace with Pyrrhus and was for making a treaty, did not hesitate to say what Ennius has embalmed in the verses:

> Whither have swerved the souls so firm of yore?
> Is sense grown senseless? Can feet stand no more?

And so on in a tone of the most passionate vehemence. You know the poem, and the speech of Appius himself is extant. Now, he

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ered it seventeen years after his second consulship, there having
an interval of ten years between the two consulships, and he
been censor before his previous consulship. This will show
that at the time of the war with Pyrrhus he was a very old
Yet this is the story handed down to us.

There is therefore nothing in the arguments of those who say
old age takes no part in public business. They are like men
would say that a steersman does nothing in sailing a ship,
cause, while some of the crew are climbing the masts, others
ying up and down the gangways, others pumping out the
water, he sits quietly in the stern holding the tiller. He
not do what young men do; nevertheless he does what is
ch more important and better. The great affairs of life are
performed by physical strength, or activity, or nimbleness of
, but by deliberation, character, expression of opinion. Of
e old age is not only not deprived, but, as a rule, has them in a
ater degree. Unless by any chance I, who as a soldier in the
s, as military tribune, as legate, and as consul have been
ployed in various kinds of war, now appear to you to be idle
cause not actively engaged in war. But I enjoin upon the Senate
at is to be done, and how. Carthage has long been harbouring
l designs, and I accordingly proclaim war against her in good
. I shall never cease to entertain fears about her till I hear
her having been levelled with the ground. The glory of doing
I pray that the immortal gods may reserve for you, Scipio, so
you may complete the task begun by your grandfather, now
more than thirty-two years ago; though all years to come will
that great man's memory green. He died in the year before
censorship, nine years after my consulship, having been returned
nsul for the second time in my own consulship. If then he had
ed to his hundredth year, would he have regretted having lived
be old? For he would of course not have been practising rapid
ches, nor dashing on a foe, nor hurling spears from a distance,
using swords at close quarters — but only counsel, reason, and
torial eloquence. And if those qualities had not resided in us
tors, our ancestors would never have called their supreme council
Senate. At Sparta, indeed, those who hold the highest magis-
cies are in accordance with the fact actually called "elders." But
ou will take the trouble to read or listen to foreign history, you
find that the mightiest States have been brought into peril by
ng men, have been supported and restored by old. The question
rs in the poet Naevius's *Sport:*

> Pray, who are those who brought your State
> With such despatch to meet its fate?

ere is a long answer, but this is the chief point:

> A crop of brand-new orators we grew,
> And foolish, paltry lads who thought they knew.

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For of course rashness is the note of youth, prudence of old age. [20–21]

But, it is said, memory dwindles. No doubt, unless you keep it in practice, or if you happen to be somewhat dull by nature. Themistocles had the names of all his fellow-citizens by heart. Do you imagine that in his old age he used to address Aristides as Lysimachus? For my part, I know not only the present generation, but their fathers also, and their grandfathers. Nor have I any fear of losing my memory by reading tombstones, according to the vulgar superstition. On the contrary, by reading them I renew my memory of those who are dead and gone. Nor, in point of fact, have I ever heard of any old man forgetting where he had hidden his money. They remember everything that interests them: when to answer to their bail, business appointments, who owes them money, and to whom they owe it. What about lawyers, pontiffs, augurs, philosophers, when old? What a multitude of things they remember! Old men retain their intellects well enough, if only they keep their minds active and fully employed. Nor is that the case only with men of high position and great office: it applies equally to private life and peaceful pursuits. Sophocles composed tragedies to extreme old age; and being believed to neglect the care of his property owing to his devotion to his art, his sons brought him into court to get a judicial decision depriving him of the management of his property on the ground of weak intellect — just as in our law it is customary to deprive a paterfamilias of the management of his property if he is squandering it. Thereupon the old poet is said to have read to the judges the play he had on hand and had just composed — the *Oedipus Coloneus* — and to have asked them whether they thought that the work of a man of weak intellect. After the reading he was acquitted by the jury. Did old age then compel this man to become silent in his particular art, or Homer, Hesiod, Simonides, or Isocrates and Gorgias whom I mentioned before, or the founders of schools of philosophy, Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato, Xenocrates, or later Zeno and Cleanthes, or Diogenes the Stoic, whom you too saw at Rome? Is it not rather the case with all these that the active pursuit of study only ended with life?

But, to pass over these sublime studies, I can name some rustic Romans from the Sabine district, neighbours and friends of my own, without whose presence farm work of importance is scarcely ever performed — whether sowing, or harvesting, or storing crops. And yet in other things this is less surprising; for no one is so old as to think that he may not live a year. But they bestow their labour on what they know does not affect them in any case:

He plants his trees to serve a race to come,

as our poet Statius says in his *Comrades*. Nor indeed would a farmer, however old, hesitate to answer any one who asked him for whom he was planting: "For the immortal gods, whose will it

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[26–27]
that I should not merely receive these things from my ancestors, but should also hand them on to the next generation."
That remark about the old man is better than the following:

> If age brought nothing worse than this,
> It were enough to mar our bliss,
> That he who bides for many years
> Sees much to shun and much for tears.

Yes, and perhaps much that gives him pleasure too. Besides, as for subjects for tears, he often comes upon them in youth as well. A still more questionable sentiment in the same Caecilius is:

> No greater misery can of age be told
> Than this: be sure, the young dislike the old.

Delight in them is nearer the mark than dislike. For just as old men, if they are wise, take pleasure in the society of young men of good parts, and as old age is rendered less dreary for those who are courted and liked by the youth, so also do young men find pleasure in the maxims of the old, by which they are drawn to the pursuit of excellence. Nor do I perceive that you find my society less pleasant than I do yours. But this is enough to show you how, far from being listless and sluggish, old age is even a busy time, always doing and attempting something, of course of the same nature as each man's taste had been in the previous part of his life. Nay, do not some even add to their stock of learning? We see Solon, for instance, boasting in his poems that he grows old "daily learning something new." Or again in my own case, it was only when an old man that I became acquainted with Greek literature, which in fact I absorbed with such avidity — in my yearning to quench, as it were, a long-continued thirst — that I became acquainted with the very facts which you see me now using as precedents. When I heard what Socrates had done about the lyre I should have liked for my part to have done that too, for the ancients used to learn the lyre; but, at any rate, I worked hard at literature.
Nor, again, do I now MISS THE BODILY STRENGTH OF A YOUNG MAN (for that was the second point as to the disadvantages of old age) any more than as a young man I missed the strength of a bull or an elephant. You should use what you have, and whatever you may chance to be doing, do it with all your might. What would be weaker than Milo of Croton's exclamation? When in his old age he was watching some athletes practising in the course, he is said to have looked at his arms and to have exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "Ah well! these are now as good as dead." Not a bit more so than yourself, you trifler! For at no time were you made famous by your real self, but by chest and biceps. Sextus Aelius never gave vent to such a remark, nor, many years before him, Titus Coruncanius, nor, more recently, P. Crassus — all of them learned jurisconsults in active practice, whose knowledge of

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their profession was maintained to their last breath. I am afraid [27–32
an orator does lose vigour by old age, for his art is not a matter
of the intellect alone, but of lungs and bodily strength. Though
as a rule that musical ring in the voice even gains in brilliance to
a certain way as one grows old — certainly I have not yet lost it,
and you see my years. Yet after all the style of speech suitable to
an old man is the quiet and unemotional and it often happens that
the chastened and calm delivery of an old man eloquent secures a
hearing. If you cannot attain to that yourself, you might still
instruct a Scipio and a Laelius. For what is more charming than
old age surrounded by the enthusiasm of youth? Shall we not
allow old age even the strength to teach the young, to train and
equip them for all the duties of life? And what can be a nobler
employment? For my part, I used to think Publius and Gnaeus
Scipio and your two grandfathers, L. Aemilius and P. Africanus,
fortunate men when I saw them with a company of young nobles
about them. Nor should we think any teachers of the fine arts
otherwise than happy, however much their bodily forces may have
decayed and failed. And yet that same failure of the bodily forces
is more often brought about by the vices of youth than of old age;
for a dissolute and intemperate youth hands down the body to old
age in a worn-out state. Xenophon's Cyrus, for instance, in his
discourse delivered on his deathbed and at a very advanced age,
says that he never perceived his old age to have become weaker
than his youth had been. I remember as a boy Lucius Metellus,
who having been created Pontifex Maximus four years after his
second consulship, held that office twenty-two years, enjoying such
excellent strength of body in the very last hours of his life as not
to miss his youth. I need not speak of myself; though that indeed
is an old man's way and is generally allowed to my time of life.
Don't you see in Homer how frequently Nestor talks of his own
good qualities? For he was living through a third generation;
nor had he any reason to fear that upon saying what was true about
himself he should appear either over vain or talkative. For, as
Homer says, "from his lips flowed discourse sweeter than honey,"
for which sweet breath he wanted no bodily strength. And yet,
after all, the famous leader of the Greeks nowhere wishes to have
ten men like Ajax, but like Nestor; if he could get them, he feels
no doubt of Troy shortly falling.

But to return to my own case: I am in my eighty-fourth
year. I could wish that I had been able to make the same boast as
Cyrus; but, after all, I can say this: I am not indeed as vigorous
as I was as a private soldier in the Punic war, or as quaestor in the
same war, or as consul in Spain, and four years later when as a
military tribune I took part in the engagement at Thermopylae
under the consul Manius Acilius Glabrio; but yet, as you see, old
age has not entirely destroyed my muscles, has not quite brought
me to the ground. The Senate-house does not find all my vigour

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[27–35]

nate, nor the rostra, nor my friends, nor my clients, nor my foreign guests. For I have never given in to that ancient and much-praised proverb:

Old when young
Is old for long.

For myself, I had rather be an old man a somewhat shorter time than an old man *before* my time. Accordingly, no one up to the present has wished to see me, to whom I have been denied as engaged. But, it may be said, I have less strength than either of you. Neither have you the strength of the centurion T. Pontius: is he the more eminent man on that account? Let there be only a proper husbanding of strength, and let each man proportion his efforts to his powers. Such an one will assuredly not be possessed with any great regret for his loss of strength. At Olympia Milo is said to have stepped into the course carrying a live ox on his shoulders. Which then of the two would you prefer to have given to you—bodily strength like that, or intellectual strength like that of Pythagoras? In fine, enjoy that blessing when you have it; when it is gone, don't wish it back—unless we are to think that young men should wish their childhood back, and those somewhat older their youth! The course of life is fixed, and nature admits of its being run but in one way, and only once; and to each part of our life there is something specially seasonable; so that the feebleness of children, as well as the high spirit of youth, the soberness of maturer years, and the ripe wisdom of old age—all have a certain natural advantage which should be secured in its proper season. I think you are informed, Scipio, what your grandfather's foreign friend Masinissa does to this day, though ninety years old. When he has once begun a journey on foot he does not mount his horse at all; when on horseback he never gets off his horse. By no rain or cold can he be induced to cover his head. His body is absolutely free from unhealthy humours, and so he still performs all the duties and functions of a king. Active exercise, therefore, and temperance can preserve some part of one's former strength even in old age.

Bodily strength is wanting to old age; but neither is bodily strength demanded from old men. Therefore, both by law and custom, men of my time of life are exempt from those duties which cannot be supported without bodily strength. Accordingly not only are we not forced to do what we cannot do; we are not even obliged to do as much as we can. But, it will be said, many old men are so feeble that they cannot perform any duty in life of any sort or kind. That is not a weakness to be set down as peculiar to old age: it is one shared by ill health. How feeble was the son of P. Africanus, who adopted you! What weak health he had, or rather no health at all! If that had not been the case, we should have had in him a second brilliant light in the political

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horizon; for he had added a wider cultivation to his father's greatness of spirit. What wonder, then, that old men are eventually feeble, when even young men cannot escape it? My dear Laelius and Scipio, we must stand up against old age and make up for its drawbacks by taking pains. We must fight it as we should an illness. We must look after our health, use moderate exercise, take just enough food and drink to recruit, but not to overload, our strength. Nor is it the body alone that must be supported, but the intellect and soul much more. For they are like lamps: unless you feed them with oil, they too go out from old age. Again, the body is apt to get gross from exercise; but the intellect becomes nimbler by exercising itself. For what Caecilius means by "old dotards of the comic stage" are the credulous, the forgetful, and the slipshod. These are faults that do not attach to old age as such, but to a sluggish, spiritless, and sleepy old age. Young men are more frequently wanton and dissolute than old men; but yet, as it is not all young men that are so, but the bad set among them, even so senile folly — usually called imbecility — applies to old men of unsound character, not to all. Appius governed four sturdy sons, five daughters, that great establishment, and all those clients, though he was both old and blind. For he kept his mind at full stretch like a bow, and never gave in to old age by growing slack. He maintained not merely an influence, but an absolute command over his family: his slaves feared him, his sons were in awe of him, all loved him. In that family, indeed, ancestral custom and discipline were in full vigour. The fact is that old age is respectable just as long as it asserts itself, maintains its proper rights, and is not enslaved to any one. For as I admire a young man who has something of the old man in him, so do I an old one who has something of a young man. The man who aims at this may possibly become old in body — in mind he never will. I am now engaged in composing the seventh book of my *Origins*. I collect all the records of antiquity. The speeches delivered in all the celebrated cases which I have defended I am at this particular time getting into shape for publication. I am writing treatises on augural, pontifical, and civil law. I am, besides, studying hard at Greek, and after the manner of the Pythagoreans — to keep my memory in working order — I repeat in the evening whatever I have said, heard, or done in the course of each day. These are the exercises of the intellect, these the training grounds of the mind: while I sweat and labour on these I don't much feel the loss of bodily strength. I appear in court for my friends; I frequently attend the Senate and bring motions before it on my own responsibility, prepared after deep and long reflection. And these I support by my intellectual, not my bodily forces. And if I were not strong enough to do these things, yet I should enjoy my sofa — imagining the very operations which I was now unable to perform. But what makes me capable of doing this is my past life. For a man who is always living

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the midst of these studies and labours does not perceive when old age creeps upon him. Thus, by slow and imperceptible degrees life draws to its end. There is no sudden breakage; it just slowly goes out.

The third charge against old age is that it LACKS SENSUAL PLEASURES. What a splendid service does old age render, if it takes from us the greatest blot of youth! Listen, my dear young friends, to a speech of Archytas of Tarentum, among the greatest and most illustrious of men, which was put into my hands when as a young man I was at Tarentum with Q. Maximus. "No more deadly crime than sensual pleasure has been inflicted on mankind by nature, for gratify which our wanton appetities are roused beyond all prudence or restraint. It is a fruitful source of treasons, revolutions, secret communications with the enemy. In fact, there is no crime, no evil deed, to which the appetite for sensual pleasures does not impel us. Fornications and adulteries, and every abomination of that kind, are brought about by the enticements of pleasure and by them alone. Intellect is the best gift of nature or God: to this divine gift and endowment there is nothing so inimical as pleasure. For when appetite is our master, there is no place for self-control; for where pleasure reigns supreme can virtue hold its ground. To see this more vividly, imagine a man excited to the highest conceivable pitch of sensual pleasure. It can be doubtful to no one that such a person, so long as he is under the influence of such excitation of the senses, will be unable to use to any purpose either intellect, reason, or thought. Therefore nothing can be so execrable and so fatal as pleasure; since, when more than ordinarily violent and lasting, it darkens all the light of the soul."

These were the words addressed by Archytas to the Samnite Caius Pontius, father of the man by whom the consuls Spurius Postumius and Titus Veturius were beaten in the battle of Caudium. My friend Nearchus of Tarentum, who had remained loyal to Rome, told me that he had heard them repeated by some old men; and that Plato the Athenian was present, who visited Tarentum, I find, in the consulship of L. Camillus and Appius Claudius.

What is the point of all this? It is to show you that, if we were able to scorn pleasure by the aid of reason and philosophy, we ought to have been very grateful to old age for depriving us of all estimation for that which it was wrong to do. For pleasure hinders thought, is a foe to reason, and, so to speak, blinds the eyes of the mind. It is, moreover, entirely alien to virtue. I was sorry to have to expel Lucius, brother of the gallant Titus Flamininus, from the Senate seven years after his consulship; but I thought it imperative to affix a stigma on an act of gross sensuality. For when he was in Gaul as consul, he had yielded to the entreaties of his paramour at a dinner-party to behead a man who happened to be in prison condemned on a capital charge. When his brother Titus was censor, who preceded me, he escaped; but I and Flaccus could not

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countenance an act of such criminal and abandoned lust, especially as, besides the personal dishonour, it brought disgrace on the Government.

I have often been told by men older than myself, who said that they had heard it as boys from old men, that Gaius Fabricius was in the habit of expressing astonishment at having heard, when envoy at the headquarters of king Pyrrhus, from the Thessalian Cineas, that there was a man of Athens who professed to be a "philosopher," and affirmed that everything we did was to be referred to pleasure. When he told this to Manius Curius and Publius Decius, they used to remark that they only wished that the Samnites and Pyrrhus himself would hold the same opinion. It would be much easier to conquer them, if they had once given themselves over to sensual indulgences. Manius Curius had been intimate with P. Decius, who four years before the former's consulship had devoted himself to death for the Republic. Both Fabricius and Coruncanius knew him also, and from the experience of their own lives, as well as from the action of P. Decius, they were of opinion that there did exist something intrinsically noble and great, which was sought for its own sake, and at which all the best men aimed, to the contempt and neglect of pleasure. Why then do I spend so many words on the subject of pleasure? Why, because, far from being a charge against old age, that it does not much feel the want of any pleasures, it is its highest praise.

But, you will say, it is deprived of the pleasures of the table, the heaped-up board, the rapid passing of the wine-cup. Well, then, it is also free from headache, disordered digestion, broken sleep. But if we must grant pleasure something, since we do not find it easy to resist its charms, — for Plato, with happy inspiration, calls pleasure "vice's bait," because of course men are caught by it as fish by a hook, — yet, although old age has to abstain from extravagant banquets, it is still capable of enjoying modest festivities. As a boy I often used to see Gaius Duilius, the son of Marcus, then an old man, returning from a dinner-party. He thoroughly enjoyed the frequent use of torch and flute player, distinctions which he had assumed though unprecedented in the case of a private person. It was the privilege of his glory. But why mention others? I will come back to my own case. To begin with, I have always remained a member of a "club" — clubs, you know, were established in my quaestorship on the reception of the Magna Mater from Ida. So I used to dine at their feast with the members of my club — on the whole with moderation, though there was a certain warmth of temperament natural to my time of life; but as that advances there is a daily decrease of all excitement. Nor was I, in fact, ever wont to measure my enjoyment even of these banquets by the physical pleasures they gave more than by the gathering and conversation of friends. For it was a good idea of our ancestors to style the presence of guests at a dinner-table — seeing that it implied a com-

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quantity of enjoyment — a *convivium,* "a living together." It is a better term than the Greek words which mean "a drinking together," or "an eating together." For they would seem to give the preference to what is really the least important part of it.

For myself, owing to the pleasure I take in conversation, I enjoy even banquets that begin early in the afternoon, and not only in company with my contemporaries — of whom very few survive — but also with men of your age and with yourselves. I am thankful to old age, which has increased my avidity for conversation, while it has removed that for eating and drinking. But if any one does enjoy these — not to seem to have proclaimed war against all pleasure without exception, which is perhaps a feeling inspired by nature — I fail to perceive even in these very pleasures that old age is entirely without the power of appreciation. For myself, I take delight even in the old-fashioned appointment of master of the feast; and in the arrangement of the conversation, which according to ancestral custom is begun from the last place on the left-hand couch when the wine is brought in; as also in the cups which, as in Xenophon's banquet, are small and filled by goblets; and in the contrivance for cooling in summer, and for warming by the winter sun or winter fire. These things I keep up even among my Sabine countrymen, and every day have a full dinner-party of neighbours, which we prolong as far into the night as we can with varied conversation.

But you may urge — there is not the same tingling sensation of pleasure in old men. No doubt; but neither do they miss it so much. For nothing gives you uneasiness which you do not miss. That was a fine answer of Sophocles to a man who asked him, when in extreme old age, whether he was still a lover. "Heaven forbid!" he replied; "I was only too glad to escape from that, as though from a boorish and insane master." To men indeed who are keen after such things it may possibly appear disagreeable and uncomfortable to be without them; but to jaded appetites it is pleasanter to lack than to enjoy. However, he cannot be said to lack who does not want: my contention is that not to want is the pleasanter thing.

But even granting that youth enjoys these pleasures with more zest; in the first place, they are insignificant things to enjoy, as I have said; and in the second place, such as age is not entirely without, if it does not possess them in profusion. Just as a man gets greater pleasure from Ambivius Turpio if seated in the front row at the theatre than if he was in the last, yet, after all, the man in the last row does get pleasure; so youth, because it looks at pleasures at closer quarters, perhaps enjoys itself more, yet even old age, looking at them from a distance, does enjoy itself well enough. Why, what blessings are these — that the soul, having served its time, so to speak, in the campaigns of desire and ambition, rivalry and hatred, and all the passions, should live in its own

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thoughts, and, as the expression goes, should dwell apart! Indeed, [49–52
if it has in store any of what I may call the food of study and philosophy, nothing can be pleasanter than an old age of leisure. We were witnesses to C. Gallus — a friend of your father's, Scipio — intent to the day of his death on mapping out the sky and land. How often did the light surprise him while still working out a problem begun during the night! How often did night find him busy on what he had begun at dawn! How he delighted in predicting for us solar and lunar eclipses long before they occurred! Or again in studies of a lighter nature, though still requiring keenness of intellect, what pleasure Naevius took in his *Punic War*! Plautus in his *Truculentus* and *Pseudolus*! I even saw Livius Andronicus, who, having produced a play six years before I was born — in the consulship of Cento and Tuditanus — lived till I had become a young man. Why speak of Publius Licinius Crassus's devotion to pontifical and civil law, or of the Publius Scipio of the present time, who within these last few days has been created Pontifex Maximus? And yet I have seen all whom I have mentioned ardent in these pursuits when old men. Then there is Marcus Cethegus, whom Ennius justly called "Persuasion's Marrow" — with what enthusiasm did we see him exert himself in oratory even when quite old! What pleasures are there in feasts, games, or mistresses comparable to pleasure such as these? And they are all tastes, too, connected with learning, which in men of sense and good education grow with their growth. It is indeed an honourable sentiment which Solon expresses in a verse which I have quoted before — that he grew old learning many a fresh lesson every day. Than that intellectual pleasure none certainly can be greater.

I come now to the pleasure of the farmer, in which I take amazing delight. These are not hindered by any extent of old age, and seem to me to approach nearest to the ideal wise man's life. For he has to deal with the earth, which never refuses its obedience, nor ever returns what it has received without usury; sometimes, indeed, with less, but generally with greater interest. For my part, however, it is not merely the thing produced, but the earth's own force and natural productiveness that delight me. For having received in its bosom the seed scattered broadcast upon it, softened and broken up, she first keeps it concealed therein (hence the harrowing which accomplishes this gets its name from a word meaning "to hide"); next, when it has been warmed by her heat and close pressure, she splits it open and draws from it the greenery of the blade. This, supported by the fibres of the root, little by little grows up, and held upright by its jointed stalk is enclosed in sheaths, as being still immature. When it has emerged from them it produces an ear of corn arranged in order, and is defended against the pecking of the smaller birds by a regular palisade of spikes.

Need I mention the starting, planting, and growth of vines?

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[54–55]

I can never have too much of this pleasure — to let you into the secret of what gives my old age repose and amusement. For I say nothing here of the natural force which all things propagated from the earth possess — the earth which from that tiny grain in figs or the grape-stone in a grape, or the most minute seeds of the other cereals and plants, produces such huge trunks and boughs. Mallet-shoots, slips, cuttings, quicksets, layers — are they not enough to fill any one with delight and astonishment? The vine by nature is apt to fall, and unless supported drops down to the earth; yet in order to keep itself upright it embraces whatever it reaches with its tendrils as though they were hands. Then as it creeps on, spreading itself in intricate and wild profusion, the dresser's art prunes it with the knife and prevents it growing a forest of shoots and expanding to excess in every direction. Accordingly at the beginning of spring in the shoots which have been left there provides at each of the joints what is termed an "eye." From this the grape emerges and shows itself; which, swollen by the juice of the earth and the heat of the sun, is at first very bitter to the taste, but afterwards grows sweet as it matures; and being covered with tendrils is never without a moderate warmth, and yet is able to ward off the fiery heat of the sun. Can anything be richer in product or more beautiful to contemplate? It is not its utility only, as I said before, that charms me, but the method of its cultivation and the natural process of its growth: the rows of uprights, the cross-pieces for the tops of the plants, the tying up of the vines and their propagation by layers, the pruning, to which I have already referred, of some shoots, the setting of others. I need hardly mention irrigation, or trenching and digging the soil, which both increase its fertility. As to the advantages of manuring I have spoken in my book on agriculture. The learned Hesiod did not say a single word on this subject, though he was writing on the cultivation of the soil; yet Homer, who in my opinion was many generations earlier, represents Laertes as softening his regret for his son by cultivating and manuring his farm. Nor is it only in cornfields and meadows and vineyards and plantations that a farmer's life is made cheerful. There are the garden and the orchard, the feeding of sheep, the swarms of bees, endless varieties of flowers. Nor is it only planting out that charms: there is also grafting — clearly the most ingenious invention ever made by husbandmen.

I might continue my list of the delights of country life; but then what I have said I think is somewhat over long. However, you must pardon me; for farming is a very favourite hobby of mine, and old age is naturally rather garrulous — for I would not be thought to acquit it of all faults.

Well, it was in a life of this sort that Manius Curius, after celebrating triumphs over the Samnites, the Sabines, and Pyrrhus, spent his last days. When I look at his villa — for it is not far from my own — I never can enough admire the man's own frugality

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or the spirit of the age. As Curius was sitting at his hearth the [55–59
Samnites, who brought him a large sum of gold, were repulsed by him; for it was not, he said, a fine thing in his eyes to possess gold, but to rule those who possessed it. Could such a high spirit fail to make old age pleasant?

But to return to farmers — not to wander from my own *métier*. In those days there were senators, *i.e.* old men, on their farms. For L. Quinctius Cincinnatus was actually at the plough when word was brought him that he had been named Dictator. It was by his order as Dictator, by the way, that C. Servilius Ahala, the Master of the Horse, seized and put to death Spurius Maelius when attempting to obtain royal power. Curius as well as other old men used to receive their summonses to attend the Senate in their farm-houses, from which circumstance the summoners were called *viatores* or "travellers." Was these men's old age an object of pity who found their pleasure in the cultivation of the land? In my opinion, scarcely any life can be more blessed, not alone from its utility (for agriculture is beneficial to the whole human race), but also as much from the mere pleasure of the thing, to which I have already alluded, and from the rich abundance and supply of all things necessary for the food of man and for the worship of the gods above. So, as these are objects of *desire* to certain people, let us make our peace with pleasure. For the good and hard-working farmer's wine-cellar and oil-store, as well as his larder, are always well filled, and his whole farm-house is richly furnished. It abounds in pigs, goats, lambs, fowls, milk, cheese, and honey. Then there is the garden, which the farmers themselves call their "second flitch." A zest and flavour is added to all these by hunting and fowling in spare hours. Need I mention the greenery of meadows, the rows of trees, the beauty of vineyard and olive-grove? I will put it briefly: nothing can either furnish necessaries more richly, or present a fairer spectacle, than well-cultivated land. And to the enjoyment of that, old age does not merely present no hindrance — it actually invites and allures to it. For where else can it better warm itself, either by basking in the sun or by sitting by the fire, or at the proper time cool itself more wholesomely by the help of shade or water? Let the young keep their arms then to themselves, their horses, spears, their foils and ball, their swimming-baths and running-path. To us old men let them, out of the many forms of sport, leave dice and counters; but even that as they choose, since old age can be quite happy without them.

Xenophon's books are very useful for many purposes. Pray go on reading them with attention, as you have ever done. In what ample terms is agriculture lauded by him in the book about husbanding one's property, which is called *Oeconomicus*! But to show you that he thought nothing so worthy of a prince as the taste for cultivating the soil, I will translate what Socrates says to Critobulus in that book:

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"When that most gallant Lacedaemonian Lysander came to visit the Persian prince Cyrus at Sardis, so eminent for his character and the glory of his rule, bringing him presents from his allies, he treated Lysander in all ways with courteous familiarity and kindness, and, among other things, took him to see a certain park wonderfully planted. Lysander expressed admiration of the height of the trees and the exact arrangement of their rows in the quincunx, the careful cultivation of the soil, its freedom from weeds, and the sweetness of the odours exhaled from the flowers, and went on to say that what he admired was not the industry only, but also the skill of the man by whom this had been planned and laid out. Cyrus replied: 'Well, it was I who planned the whole thing; these rows are my doing, the laying out is all mine; many of the trees were even planted by my own hand.' Then Lysander, looking at his purple robe, the brilliance of his person, and his adornment in Persian fashion with gold and many jewels, said: 'People are quite right, Cyrus, to call you happy, since the advantages of high fortune have been joined to an excellence like yours.'"

This kind of good fortune, then, it is in the power of old men to enjoy; nor is age any bar to our maintaining pursuits of every other kind, and especially of agriculture, to the very extreme verge of old age. For instance, we have it on record that M. Valerius Corvus kept it up to his hundredth year, living on his land and cultivating it after his active career was over, though between his first and sixth consulships there was an interval of six and forty years. So that he had an official career lasting the number of years which our ancestors defined as coming between birth and the beginning of old age. Moreover, that last period of his old age was more blessed than that of his middle life, inasmuch as he had greater influence and less labour. For the crowning grace of old age is influence.

How great was that of L. Caecilius Metellus! How great that of Publius Calatinus, over whom the famous epitaph was placed, "Very many classes agree in deeming this to have been the very first man of the nation"! The line cut on his tomb is well known. It is natural, then, that a man should have had influence, in whose case the verdict of history is unanimous. Again, in recent times, what a great man was Publius Crassus, Pontifex Maximus, and his successor in the same office, M. Lepidus! I need scarcely mention Scipio or Africanus, or, as I did before, Maximus. It was not only their senatorial utterances that had weight: their least gesture had it also. In fact, old age, especially when it has enjoyed honours, has an influence worth all the pleasures of youth put together. But throughout my discourse remember that my panegyric applies to an old age that has been established on foundations laid by youth. From which may be deduced what I once said with universal applause, that it was a wretched old age that had to defend itself by speech. Neither white hairs nor wrinkles can at once claim

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influence in themselves: it is the honourable conduct of earlier days [62–66
that is rewarded by possessing influence at the last. Even things
generally regarded as trifling and matters of course — being saluted,
being courted, having way made for one, people rising when one
approaches, being escorted to and from the forum, being referred
to for advice — all these are marks of respect, observed among us
and in other States — always most sedulously where the moral tone
is highest. They say that Lysander the Spartan, whom I have
mentioned before, used to remark that Sparta was the most dignified
home for old age; for that nowhere was more respect paid to years,
nowhere was old age held in higher honour. Nay, the story is told
of how when a man of advanced years came into the theatre at
Athens when the games were going on, no place was given him
anywhere in that large assembly by his own countrymen; but when
he came near the Lacedaemonians, who as ambassadors had a fixed
place assigned to them, they rose as one man out of respect for him,
and gave the veteran a seat. When they were greeted with rounds
of applause from the whole audience, one of them remarked: "The
Athenians know what is right, but will not do it."

There are many excellent rules in our augural college, but among
the best is one which affects our subject — that precedence in speech
goes by seniority; and augurs who are older are preferred not only
to those who have held higher office, but even to those who are
actually in possession of *imperium*. What then are the physical
pleasures to be compared with the reward of influence? Those
who have employed it with distinction appear to me to have played
the drama of life to its end, and not to have broken down in the
last act like unpractised players.

But, it will be said, old men are fretful, fidgety, ill-tempered, and
disagreeable. If you come to that, they are also avaricious. But
these are faults of character, not of the time of life. And, after
all, fretfulness and the other faults I mentioned admit of some
excuse — not, indeed, a complete one, but one that may possibly
pass muster: they think themselves neglected, looked down upon,
mocked. Besides, with bodily weakness every rub is a source of
pain. Yet all these faults are softened both by good character and
good education. Illustrations of this may be found in real life
as also on the stage in the case of the brothers in the *Adelphoe*.
What harshness in the one, what gracious manners in the other!
The fact is that, just as it is not every wine, so it is not every life
that turns sour from keeping. Serious gravity I approve of in
old age, but as in other things, it must be within due limits: bitter-
ness I can in no case approve. What the object of senile avarice
may be I cannot conceive. For can there be anything more absurd
than to seek more journey money, the less there remains of the
journey?

There remains the fourth reason, which more than anything else
appears to torment men of my age and keep them in a flutter — that

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NEARNESS OF DEATH, which, it must be allowed, cannot be far from an old man. But what a poor dotard must he be who has not learnt in the course of so long a life that death is not a thing to be despised! Death, that is either to be totally disregarded, if it entirely extinguishes the soul, or is even to be desired, if it brings him where it is to exist for ever. A third alternative, at any rate, cannot possibly be discovered. Why then should I be afraid if I am destined either not to be miserable after death or even to be happy? After all, who is such a fool as to feel certain — however young he may be — that he will be alive in the evening? Nay, that time of life has many more chances of death than ours. Young men more easily contract diseases; their illnesses are more serious; their treatment has to be more severe. Accordingly, only a few arrive at old age. If that were not so, life would be conducted better and more wisely; for it is in old men that thought, reason, and prudence are to be found; and if there had been no old men, States would never have existed at all. But I return to the subject of the imminence of death. What sort of charge is this against old age, when you say that it is shared by youth? I had reason in the case of my excellent son — as you had, Scipio, in that of your brothers, who were expected to attain the highest honours — to realise that death is common to every time of life. Yes, you will say; but a young man expects to live long: an old man cannot expect to do so. Well, he is a fool to expect it. For what can be more foolish than to regard the uncertain as certain, the false as true? "An old man has nothing even to hope." Ah, but it is just there that he is in a better position than a young man, since what the latter only hopes he has obtained. The one wishes to live long; the other has lived long.

And yet, good heavens! what is "long" in a man's life? For let the utmost limit: let us expect an age like that of the king of the Tartessi. For there was, as I find recorded, a certain Agathonius of Gades who reigned eighty years and lived a hundred and twenty. But to my mind nothing seems even long in which there is any "end," for when that arrives, then all the past has slipped away — only that remains to which you have attained by virtue and righteous actions. Hours indeed, and days and months and years depart, nor does past time ever return, nor can the future be known. Whatever time each is granted for life with that he is bound to be content. An actor, in order to earn approval, is not bound to perform the play from beginning to end; let him only satisfy the audience in whatever act he appears. Nor need a wise man go on to the concluding "plaudite." For a short term of life is long enough for living well and honourably. But if you go farther, you have no more right to grumble than farmers do because the charm of the spring season is past and the summer and autumn have come. For the word "spring" in a way suggests youth, and points to the harvest to be: the other seasons are suited for the reaping and

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storing of the crops. Now the harvest of old age is, as I have often said, the memory and rich store of blessings laid up in earlier life. Again, all things that accord with nature are to be counted as good. But what can be more in accordance with nature than for old men to die? A thing, indeed, which also befalls young men, though nature revolts and fights against it. Accordingly, the death of young men seems to me like putting out a great fire with a deluge of water; but old men die like a fire going out because it has burnt down of its own nature without artificial means. Again, just as apples when unripe are torn from trees, but when ripe and mellow drop down, so it is violence that takes life from young men, ripeness from old. This ripeness is so delightful to me, that, as I approach nearer to death, I seem as it were to be sighting land, and to be coming to port at last after a long voyage.

Again, there is no fixed borderline for old age, and you are making a good and proper use of it as long as you can satisfy the call of duty and disregard death. The result of this is that old age is even more confident and courageous than youth. That is the meaning of Solon's answer to the tyrant Pisistratus. When the latter asked him what he relied upon in opposing him with such boldness, he is said to have replied, "On my old age." But that end of life is the best, when, without the intellect or senses being impaired, Nature herself takes to pieces her own handiwork which she also put together. Just as the builder of a ship or a house can break them up more easily than any one else, so the nature that knit together the human frame can also best unfasten it. Moreover, a thing freshly glued together is always difficult to pull asunder; if old, this is easily done.

The result is that the short time of life left to them is not to be grasped at by old men with greedy eagerness, or abandoned without cause. Pythagoras forbids us, without an order from our commander, that is God, to desert life's fortress and outpost. Solon's epitaph, indeed, is that of a wise man, in which he says that he does not wish his death to be unaccompanied by the sorrow and lamentations of his friends. He wants, I suppose, to be beloved by them. But I rather think Ennius says better:

> None grace me with their tears, nor weeping loud
> Make sad my funeral rites!

He holds that a death is not a subject for mourning when it is followed by immortality.

Again, there may possibly be some sensation of dying—and that only for a short time, especially in the case of an old man: after death, indeed, sensation is either what one would desire, or it disappears altogether. But to disregard death is a lesson which must be studied from our youth up; for unless that is learnt, no one can have a quiet mind. For die we certainly must, and that too without being certain whether it may not be this very day. As

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death, therefore, is hanging over our head every hour, how can a man ever be unshaken in soul if he fears it?

But on this theme I don't think I need much enlarge: when I remember what Lucius Brutus did, who was killed while defending his country; or the two Decii, who spurred their horses to a gallop and met a voluntary death; or M. Atilius Regulus, who left his house to confront a death of torture, rather than break the word which he had pledged to the enemy; or the two Scipios, who deterred to block the Carthaginian advance even with their own bodies; or your grandfather Lucius Paulus, who paid with his life for the rashness of his colleague in the disgrace at Cannae; or M. Marcellus, whose death not even the most bloodthirsty of enemies would allow to go without the honour of burial. It is enough to recall that our legions (as I have recorded in my *Origins*) have often marched with cheerful and lofty spirit to ground from which they believed that they would never return. That, therefore, which young men — not only uninstructed, but absolutely ignorant — set as of no account, shall men who are neither young nor ignorant shrink from in terror? As a general truth, as it seems to me, it is weariness of all pursuits that creates weariness of life. There are certain pursuits adapted to childhood: do young men miss them? There are others suited to early manhood: does that settled time of life called "middle age" ask for them? There are others, again, suited to that age, but not looked for in old age. There are, finally, those which belong to old age. Therefore, as the pursuits of the earlier ages have their time for disappearing, so also have those of old age. And when that takes place, a satiety of life brings on the ripe time for death.

For I do not see why I should not venture to tell you my personal opinion as to death, of which I seem to myself to have a clearer vision in proportion as I am nearer to it. I believe, Scipio and Laelius, that your fathers — those illustrious men and my dearest friends — are still alive, and that too with a life which alone deserves the name. For as long as we are imprisoned in this framework of the body, we perform a certain function and laborious work assigned us by fate. The soul, in fact, is of heavenly origin, forced down from its home in the highest, and, so to speak, buried in earth, a place quite opposed to its divine nature and its immortality. For I suppose the immortal gods to have sown souls broadcast in human bodies, that there might be some to survey the world, and while contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies to imitate in the unvarying regularity of their life. Nor is it only reason and arguments that have brought me to this belief, but the great name and authority of the most distinguished philosophers. I used to be told that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans — almost natives of our country, who in old times had been called the Italian school of philosophers — never doubted that we had souls drafted from the universal Divine Intelligence. I used besides to have pointed

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out to me the discourse delivered by Socrates on the last day of his life upon the immortality of the soul — Socrates who was pronounced by the oracle at Delphi to be the wisest of men. I need say no more. I have convinced myself, and I hold — in view of the rapid movement of the soul, its vivid memory of the past and its prophetic knowledge of the future, its many accomplishments, its vast range of knowledge, its numerous discoveries — that a nature embracing such varied gifts cannot itself be mortal. And since the soul is always in motion and yet has no external source of motion, for it is self-moved, I conclude that it will also have no end to its motion, because it is not likely ever to abandon itself. Again, since the nature of the soul is not composite, nor has in it any admixture that is not homogeneous and similar, I conclude that it is indivisible, and, if indivisible, that it cannot perish. It is again a strong proof of men knowing most things before birth, that when mere children they grasp innumerable facts with such speed as to show that they are not then taking them in for the first time, but remembering and recalling them. This is roughly Plato's argument. [78–81

Once more in Xenophon we have the elder Cyrus on his deathbed speaking as follows: —

"Do not suppose, my dearest sons, that when I have left you I shall be nowhere and no one. For even when I was with you you did not see my soul, but knew that it was in this body of mine from what I did. Believe then that it is still the same, even though you see it not. The honours paid to illustrious men had not continued to exist after their death, had the souls of these very men not done something to make us retain our recollection of them beyond the ordinary time. For myself, I never could be persuaded that souls while in mortal bodies were alive, and died directly they left them; nor, in fact, that the soul only lost all intelligence when it left the unintelligent body. I believe rather that when by being liberated from all corporeal admixture, it has begun to be pure and undefiled, it is then that it becomes wise. And again when man's natural frame is resolved into its elements by death, it is clearly seen whither each of the other elements departs: for they all go to the place from which they came: but the soul alone is invisible alike when present and when departing. Once more you see that nothing is so like death as sleep. And yet it is in sleepers that souls most clearly reveal their divine nature; for they foresee many events when they are allowed to escape and are left free. This shows what they are likely to be when they have completely freed themselves from the fetters of the body. Wherefore if these things are so, obey me as a god. But if my soul is to perish with my body, nevertheless do you from awe of the gods, who guard and govern this fair universe, preserve my memory by the loyalty and piety of your lives."

Such are the words of the dying Cyrus. I will now, with your good leave, look at home. No one, my dear Scipio, shall ever

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[84]
beside me that your father Paulus and your two grandfathers
Scipio and Africanus, or his uncle, or many other illustrious men
it necessary to mention, would have attempted such lofty deeds
to be remembered by posterity, had they not seen in their minds
the future ages concerned them. Do you suppose — to take an
man's privilege of a little self-praise — that I should have been
ly to undertake such heavy labours by day and night, at home
and abroad, if I had been destined to have the same limit to my
ory as to my life? Had it not been much better to pass an age
ease and repose without any labour or exertion? But my soul,
know not how, refusing to be kept down, ever fixed its eyes upon
future ages, as though from a conviction that it would begin to
e only when it had left the body. But had it not been the
that souls were immortal, it would not have been the souls
all the best men that made the greatest efforts after an im-
mortality of fame.

Again, is there not the fact that the wisest man ever dies with
greatest cheerfulness, the most unwise with the least? Don't
think that the soul which has the clearer and longer sight sees
it is starting for better things, while the soul whose vision is
mer does not see it? For my part, I am transported with the
re to see your fathers, who were the object of my reverence and
ction. Nor is it only those whom I knew that I long to see;
those also of whom I have been told and have read, whom I
e myself recorded in my history. When I am setting out for
there is certainly no one who will find it easy to draw me
k, or boil me up again like a second Pelias. Nay, if some god
ld grant me to renew my childhood from my present age and
e more to be crying in my cradle, I would firmly refuse; nor
ld I in truth be willing, after having, as it were, run the full
rse, to be recalled from the winning-crease to the barriers. For
t blessing has life to offer? Should we not rather say what
ur? But granting that it has, at any rate it has after all a
t either to enjoyment or to existence. I don't wish to depreciate
as many men and good philosophers have often done; nor do
gret having lived, for I have done so in a way that lets me think
I was not born in vain. But I quit life as I would an inn,
as I would a home. For nature has given us a place of enter-
ment, not of residence.

Oh glorious day when I shall set out to join that heavenly con-
e and company of souls, and depart from the turmoil and
urities of this world! For I shall not go to join only those
m I have before mentioned, but also my son Cato, than whom
better man was ever born, nor one more conspicuous for piety.
body was burnt by me, though mine ought, on the contrary,
have been burnt by him: but his spirit, not abandoning, but ever
king back upon me, has certainly gone whither he saw that I
must come. I was thought to bear that loss heroically, not

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that I really bore it without distress, but I found my own consola- [84-85]
tion in the thought that the parting and separation between us was not to be for long.

It is by these means, my dear Scipio, — for you said that you and Laelius were wont to express surprise on this point, — that my old age sits lightly on me, and is not only not oppressive but even delightful. But if I am wrong in thinking the human soul immortal, I am glad to be wrong; nor will I allow the mistake which gives me so much pleasure to be wrested from me as long as I live. But if when dead, as some insignificant philosophers think, I am to be without sensation, I am not afraid of dead philosophers deriding my errors. Again, if we are not to be immortal, it is nevertheless what a man must wish — to have his life end at its proper time. For nature puts a limit to living as to everything else. Now, old age is as it were the playing out of the drama, the full fatigue of which we should shun, especially when we also feel that we have had more than enough of it.

This is all I had to say on old age. I pray that you may arrive at it, that you may put my words to a practical test.

[tr. Evelyn S. Shuckburgh]

THE MORAL DUTIES OF MANKIND

FROM BOOK I

My Son Marcus,

1. Although, as you have for a year been studying under Cratippus, and that, too, at Athens, you ought to be well furnished with the rules and principles of philosophy, on account of the pre-eminent reputation both of the master and the city, the one of which can improve you by his learning, the other by its examples; yet as I, for my own advantage, have always combined the Latin with the Greek, not only in philosophy but even in the practice of speaking, I recommend to you the same method, that you may excel equally in both kinds of composition. In this respect, indeed, if I mistake not, I was of great service to our countrymen; so that not only such of them as are ignorant of Greek learning, but even men of letters, think they have profited somewhat by me both in speaking and reasoning.

Wherefore you shall study, nay, study as long as you desire, under the best philosopher of this age — and you ought to desire it, as long as you are not dissatisfied with the degree of your improvement; but in reading my works, which are not very different from the Peripatetic — because we profess in common to be followers both of Socrates and Plato — as to the subject matter itself, use your own judgment; but be assured you will, by reading my writings, render your Latin style more copious. I would not have it supposed that this is said in ostentation; for, while I yield the superiority in philo-

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y to many, if I claim to myself the province peculiar to an orator
hat of speaking with propriety, perspicuity, and elegance—I
, since I have spent my life in that pursuit, to lay claim to it
h a certain degree of right.

Wherefore, my dear Cicero, I most earnestly recommend that you
efully peruse not only my Orations but even my philosophical
ks, which have now nearly equalled them in extent; for there
n the former the greater force of language, but you ought to culti-
e, at the same time, the equable and sober style of the latter. And,
ered, I find that it has not happened in the case of any of the
eeks, that the same man has labored in both departments, and
sued both the former—that of forensic speaking—and the latter
ct mode of argumentation; unless, perhaps, Demetrius Phalereus
y be reckoned in that number—a refined reasoner, a not very
nated speaker, yet of so much sweetness that you might recog-
e the pupil of Theophrastus. How far I have succeeded in both,
ers must determine; certain it is that I have attempted both.
ered, I am of opinion that Plato, had he attempted forensic ora-
y, would have spoken with copiousness and power; and that had
mosthenes retained and repeated the lessons of Plato, he would
e delivered them with gracefulness and beauty. I form the same
gment of Aristotle and Isocrates, each of whom was so pleased
h his own pursuit that he neglected that of the other.

But having resolved at this time to write to you somewhat, and
great deal in time to come, I have thought proper to set out with
subject which is best adapted to your years and to my authority.
r, while many subjects in philosophy, of great weight and utility,
e been accurately and copiously discussed by philosophers, the
t extensive seems to be what they have delivered and enjoined
cerning the duties of mankind; for there can be no state of life,
dst public or private affairs, abroad or at home—whether you
sact anything with yourself or contract anything with another
hat is without its obligations. In the due discharge of that con-
s all the dignity, and in its neglect all the disgrace, of life.

This is an inquiry common to all philosophers; for where is the
who will presume to style himself a philosopher, and lay down
rules of duty? But there are certain schools which pervert all
by the ultimate objects of good and evil which they propose.
if a man should lay down as the chief good that which has no
nection wtih virtue, and measure it by his own interests, and
according to its moral merit; if such a man shall act consistently
h his own principles, and is not sometimes influenced by the
dness of his heart, he can cultivate neither friendship, justice, nor
erosity. In truth, it is impossible for the man to be brave who
nounces pain to be the greatest evil, or temperate who proposes
asure as the highest good.

Though these truths are so self-evident that they require no philo-
ical discussion, yet they have been treated by me elsewhere. I

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say, therefore, that if these schools are self-consistent, they can say nothing of the moral duties. Neither can any firm, permanent, or natural rules of duty be laid down, but by those who esteem virtue to be solely or by those who deem it to be chiefly, desirable for its own sake. The teaching of duties, therefore, is the peculiar study of the Stoics, of the Academics, and the Peripatetics; because the sentiments of Aristo, Pyrrho, and Herillus, have been long exploded. . . We shall, therefore, upon this occasion, and in this inquiry, chiefly follow the Stoics, not as their expositors, but by drawing, as usual, from their sources, at our own option and judgment, so much and in such manner as we please. I therefore think proper, as my entire argument is on moral obligation, to define what a duty is, a definition which I am surprised has been omitted by Panætius; because every investigation which is rationally undertaken concerning any subject ought to set out with a definition, that it may be understood what is the subject of discussion.

III. All questions concerning duty are of two sorts. The first relates to the final good; the second consists of those rules which are to regulate the practice of life in all its relations. Examples of the former are as follow: — Whether all duties are perfect in themselves? Whether one duty is of more importance than another? together with other questions of the same nature. Now the rules for moral duties relate, indeed, to the final good; but it is not so perceptible that they do, because they seem chiefly to refer to the regulation of ordinary life, and of them we are to treat in this book. . .

The distinguishing property of man is to search for and to follow after truth. Therefore, when relaxed from our necessary cares and concerns, we then covet to see, to hear, and to learn somewhat; and we esteem knowledge of things either obscure or wonderful to be the indispensable means of living happily. From this we understand that truth, simplicity, and candor, are most agreeable to the nature of mankind. To this passion for discovering truth is added a desire to direct; for a mind well formed by nature is unwilling to obey any man but him who lays down rules and instructions to it, or who, for the general advantage, exercises equitable and lawful government. From this proceeds loftiness of mind and contempt for worldly interests.

Neither is it a mean privilege of nature and reason that man is the only animal who is sensible of order, of decency, and of propriety, both in acting and speaking. In like manner, no other creature perceives the beauty, the gracefulness, and the harmony of parts, in those objects which are discerned by the sight. An analogous perception to which nature and reason convey from the sight to the mind; and consider that beauty, regularity, and order in counsels and actions should be still more preserved. She is cautious not to do aught that is indecent or effeminate, or to act or think wantonly in any of our deliberations or deeds. The effect and result of all this produces that *honestum* which we are now in search of; that

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tue which is honorable even without being ennobled; and of which we may truly say that even were it praised by none it would be commendable in itself.

v. My son Marcus, you here perceive at least a sketch, and, as it were, the outline of virtue; which, could we perceive her with our eyes would, as Plato says, kindle a wonderful love of wisdom. But whatever is virtuous arises from some one of those four divisions: for it consists either in sagacity and the perception of truth; or in the preservation of human society, by giving to every man his due, and by observing the faith of contracts; or in the greatness and firmness of an elevated and unsubdued mind; or in observing order and regularity in all our words and in all our actions, in which consists moderation and temperance.

Though these four divisions are connected and interwoven with one another, yet certain kinds of duties arise from each of them. As for instance, in that part which I first described, and under which is comprehend sagacity or wisdom, consists the search after and discovery of truth; and this is the characteristic function of that virtue: for the man who is most sagacious in discovering the real truth in any subject, and who can, with the greatest perspicacity and quickness, both see and explain the grounds of it, is justly esteemed a man of the greatest understanding and discernment. From hence follows that truth is, as it were, the subject matter which this faculty handles, and on which it employs itself. As to the other three virtues, they necessarily consist in acquiring and preserving those things with which the conduct of life is connected in order to preserve the community and relations of mankind and to display that excellence and greatness of soul which exhibits itself as well in acquiring resources and advantages both for ourselves and for our friends, as, still more conspicuously, in properly disregarding them. As to order, resolution, moderation, and the like, they come into that rank of virtues which require not only an operation of the mind but a certain degree of personal activity; for it is in observing order and moderation in those things which constitute the objects of active life that we shall preserve virtue and decency.

vi. Now, of the four divisions under which I have ranged the nature and essence of virtue, that which consists in the knowledge of truth principally affects the nature of man. For all of us are impelled and carried along to the love of knowledge and learning, in which we account it glorious to excel, but consider every slip, mistake, ignorance, and deception in it hurtful and shameful. In this pursuit, which is both natural and virtuous, two faults are to be avoided. The first is, regarding things which we do not know as if they were understood by us, and thence rashly giving them our assent. And he that wishes, as every man ought to wish, to avoid this error must devote both his time and his industry to the study of things. The other fault is, that some people bestow too much study and pains upon things that are obscure, difficult, and even

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immaterial in themselves. When those faults are avoided, all the pains and care a man bestows upon studies that are virtuous in themselves and worthy of his knowledge will be deservedly commended. . . Now, all our thoughts, and every motion of the mind, should be devoted either to the forming of plans for virtuous actions, and such as belong to a good and a happy life, or else to the pursuits of science and knowledge. I have now treated of at least the first source of duty.

VII. Now, as to the other three, the most extensive system is that by which the mutual society of mankind, and, as it were, the intercourse of life, is preserved. Of this there are two parts: justice, in which virtue displays itself with the most distinguished lustre and from which men are termed good; and allied to this, beneficence, which may likewise be termed benevolence, or liberality. Now, the chief province of justice is that no person injure another, unless he is provoked by suffering wrong; next, that public property be appropriated to public, and private to individual, use.

Now, by nature no property is private, but dependent either on ancient possession (as when men formerly came into unoccupied territories); or victory (as when they have taken possession of it in war); or public constitution, contract, terms, or lot. By those, the land of Arpinum is regarded as belonging to the Arpinates; the Tusculan, to the Tusculans. The like division holds with regard to matters of private property. Thus, as every man holds his own, each should possess that portion which fell to his share of those things that by nature were common; and it follows, that no man can covet another's property without violating the laws of human society.

But (as has been strikingly said by Plato) we are not born for ourselves alone, and our country claims her share, and our friends their share of us; and, as the Stoics hold, all that the earth produces is created for the use of man, so men are created for the sake of men that they may mutually do good to one another; in this we ought to take nature for our guide, to throw into the public stock the offices of general utility by a reciprocation of duties; sometimes by receiving, sometimes by giving, and sometimes to cement human society by arts, by industry, and by our resources.

Now the foundation of justice is faithfulness, which is a perseverance and truth in all our declarations and in all our promises. Let us therefore (though some people may think it overnice) imitate the Stoics, who curiously examine whence terms are derived, and consider that the word *fides,* or faithfulness, is no other than a performance of what we have promised. But there are two kinds of injustice; the first is of those who offer an injury, the second of those who have it in their power to avert an injury from those to whom it is offered, and yet do it not. For if a man, prompted either by anger or any sudden perturbation, unjustly assaults another man, such a one seems as it were to lay violent hands on one's ally; and the man who does not repel or withstand the injury, if he can, is as

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ch to blame as if he deserted the cause of his parents, his friends, his country.

Those wrongs, however, which are inflicted for the very purpose doing an injury, often proceed from fear; as for instance, when a n who is contriving to injure another is afraid that, unless he cutes what he is meditating, he may himself sustain some dis- ntage; but the great incentive to doing wrong is to obtain what e desires, and in this crime avarice is the most pervading motive.

Now riches are sought after, both for the necessary purposes life and for the enjoyment of pleasure. But in men of greater nds the coveting of money is with a view to power and to the ans of giving gratification. As M. Crassus lately used to declare, t no man who wanted to have a direction in the government had ney enough, unless by the interest of it he could maintain an army. gnificent equipages, likewise, and a style of living made up of gance and abundance give delight, and hence the desire for ney becomes boundless. Nor indeed is the mere desire to im- ve one's private fortune, without injury to another, deserving of me; but injustice must ever be avoided.

But the main cause why most men are led to a forgetfulness of ice is their falling into a violent ambition after empire, honors, d glory. For what Ennius observes, that

> "No social bonds, no public faith remains
> Inviolate;" —

a still more extensive application; for where the object of ambi- n is of such a nature as that several cannot obtain pre-eminence, contest for it is generally so violent, that nothing can be more ficult than to preserve the sacred ties of society. This was shown ly in the presumption of C. Cæsar, who, in order to obtain that ction in the government which the wildness of his imagination d planned out, violated all laws, divine and human. But what is horable in this matter is that the desire after honor, empire, power, d glory, is generally most prevalent in the greatest soul and the st exalted genius; for which reason every crime of that sort is the re carefully to be guarded against. But in every species of in- ice it is a very material question whether it is committed through me agitation of passion, which commonly is short-lived and tempo- y, or from deliberate, prepense malice; for those things which ceed from a short, sudden fit are of slighter moment than those ich are inflicted by forethought and preparation. But enough has n said concerning inflicting injury.

Various are the causes of men omitting the defence of others neglecting their duty towards them. They are either unwilling to counter enmity, toil, or expense; or, perhaps, they do it through ligence, listlessness, or laziness; or they are so embarrassed in ain studies and pursuits that they suffer those they ought to

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protect to be neglected. Hence we must take care lest Plato's observation with respect to philosophers should be falsified: "That they are men of integrity because they are solely engaged in the pursuit of truth, and despise and neglect those considerations which others value, and which mankind are wont to contend for among themselves." For, while they abstain from hurting any by the infliction of injury, they indeed assert one species of honesty or justice, but they fail in another; because, being entangled in the pursuits of learning, they abandon those they ought to protect. Some, therefore, think that they would have no concern with the government unless they were forced to it; but still, it would be more just that it should be done voluntarily; for an action which is intrinsically right is only morally good in so far as it is voluntary. There are others who, either from a desire to improve their private fortune or from some personal resentments, pretend that they mind their own affairs only that they may appear not to do wrong to another. Now such persons are free from one kind of injustice but fall into another; because they abandon the fellowship of life by employing it in none of their zeal, none of their labor, none of their abilities. Having thus stated the two kinds of dishonesty or injustice, and assigned the motives for each kind, and settled previously the considerations by which justice is limited, we shall easily (unless we are extremely selfish) be able to form a judgment of our duty on every occasion.

For, to concern ourselves in other people's affairs is a delicate matter. Yet Chremes, a character in Terence, thinks that there is nothing which has a relation to mankind in which he has not a concern. Meanwhile, because we have the quicker perception and sensation of whatever happens favorably or untowardly to ourselves than to others, which we see as it were at a greater distance, the judgment we form of them is very different from what we form of ourselves. Those therefore are wise monitors who teach us to do nothing of which we are doubtful, whether it is honest or unjust; for whatever is honest manifests itself by its own lustre, but doubt implies the entertainment of injustice. . .

XI. Certain duties are also to be observed, even towards those who have wronged you; for there is a mean even in revenge and punishments. Nay, I am not certain whether it is not sufficient for the person who has injured you to repent of the wrong done, so that he may never be guilty of the like in future, and that others may not be so forward to offend in the same manner. Now, in government the laws of war are to be most especially observed; for since there are two manners of disputing, one by debating, the other by fighting, though the former characterizes men, the latter, brutes, if the former cannot be adopted, recourse must be had to the latter. Wars, therefore, are to be undertaken for this end, that we may live in peace without being injured; but when we obtain the victory, we must preserve those enemies who behaved without cruelty or inhumanity

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ting the war: for example, our forefathers received, even as mem-
ers of their state, the Tuscans, the Æqui, the Volscians, the Sabines,
d the Hernici, but utterly destroyed Carthage and Numantia. I
unwilling to mention Corinth; but I believe they had some
ject in it, and particularly they were induced to destroy it, lest
e advantages of its situation should invite the inhabitants to make
ar in future times. In my opinion, we ought always to consult for
ace, which should have in it nothing of perfidy. Had my voice
een followed on this head, we might still have had some form of
overnment (if not the best), whereas now we have none. And,
hile we are bound to exercise consideration toward those whom we
ave conquered by force, so those should be received into our pro-
ction who throw themselves upon the honor of our general and
y down their arms, even though the battering rams should have
ruck their walls. In which matter justice was cultivated with so
uch care among our countrymen, that it was a custom among our
ncestors that they who received under their protection cities, or
ations conquered in war, became their patrons.

Now, the justice of war was most religiously pointed out by the
cial law of the Romans. From this it may be understood that no
ar is just unless it is undertaken to reclaim property or unless it is
olemnly denounced and proclaimed beforehand. Popilius, as gen-
al, held a province where Cato's son served in his army. It hap-
ened that Popilius thought proper to disband one legion; he dis-
missed, at the same time, Cato's son, who was serving in that legion.
When, however, through love of a military life, he remained in the
rmy, his father wrote to Popilius that if he suffered him to continue
the service he should, for a second time bind him by the military
th; because the obligation of the former having been annulled,
e could not lawfully fight with the enemy.

So very strict was their observance of laws in making war. There
extant a letter of old Cato to his son on this occasion, in which he
rites, "That he heard he had got his discharge from the consul,
hile he was serving as a soldier in Macedonia, during the war with
erseus. He, therefore, enjoins him to take care not to enter upon
ction; for he declares that it is not lawful for a man who is not a
ldier to fight with the enemy. . ."

When we fight for empire and when we seek glory in arms, all
ose grounds of war which I have already enumerated to be just
ses, must absolutely be in force. But wars that are founded upon
e glory of conquest alone are to be carried on with less rancor;
, as we treat a fellow citizen in a different manner as a foe, than
e do as an antagonist; — as with the latter the struggle is for glory
d power, as the former for life and reputation; — thus we fought
gainst the Celtiberians and the Cimbrians as against enemies, the
uestion being not who should command but who should exist;
t we fought for empire against the Latins, the Sabines, the Sam-
ites, the Carthaginians, and Pyrrhus. The Carthaginians, 'tis true,

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were faithless, and Hannibal was cruel, but the others were better principled. . .

XIII. Nay, if even private persons should, induced by circumstances, make a promise to the enemy, even in this fidelity should be observed. Thus Regulus, when he was made a prisoner by the Carthaginians in the first Punic war, being sent to Rome to treat of an exchange of prisoners, swore that he would return. The first thing he did when he came to Rome was to deliver his opinion in the senate that the prisoners should not be restored; and after that, when he was detained by his relations and friends, he chose to deliver himself up to a cruel death rather than to falsify his word to the enemy.

But in the second Punic war, after the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal sent ten Romans to Rome, under an oath that they would return to him unless they procured the prisoners to be ransomed; but the censors disfranchised, as long as they lived, all of them that were perjured, as well as him who had devised a fraudulent evasion of his oath. For when, by the leave of Hannibal, he had left the camp, he returned soon after, to say that he had forgotten something; and then again leaving the camp he considered himself free from the obligations of his oath, which he was with regard to the words but not the meaning of them; for in a promise, what you thought, and not what you said, is always to be considered. But our forefathers set us a most eminent example of justice towards an enemy; for when a deserter from Pyrrhus offered to the senate to despatch that prince by poison, the senate and C. Fabricius delivered the traitor up to Pyrrhus. Thus they disapproved of taking off by treachery an enemy who was powerful and was carrying on against them an aggressive war.

Enough has now been said respecting the duties connected with warfare; but we must bear in mind, that justice is due even to the lowest of mankind; and nothing can be lower than the condition and fortune of a slave. And yet those prescribe wisely who enjoin us to put them upon the same footing as hired laborers, obliging them to do their work but giving them their dues. Now, as injustice may be done two ways, by force or fraud; fraud being the property of a fox, force that of a lion; both are utterly repugnant to society, but fraud is the more detestable. But in the whole system of villainy, none is more capital than that of the men, who, when they most deceive, so manage as that they may seem to be virtuous men. Thus much, then, on the subject of justice.

XIV. Let me now, as I proposed, speak of beneficence and liberality, virtues that are the most agreeable to the nature of man, but which involve many precautionary considerations. For, in the first place, we are to take care lest our kindness should hurt both those whom it is meant to assist and others. In the next place, it ought not to exceed our abilities; and it ought to be rendered to each in proportion to his worth. This is the fundamental standard of justice to which

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all these things should be referred. And they who do kindnesses which prove of disservice to the person they pretend to oblige should not be esteemed beneficent nor generous, but injurious sycophants. And they who injure one party in order to be liberal to another are guilty of the same dishonesty as if they should appropriate to themselves what belongs to another.

Now many, and they especially who are the most ambitious after grandeur and glory, rob one party to enrich another; and account themselves generous to their friends if they enrich them by whatever means. . . Upon this principle, when Lucius Sylla and Caius Cæsar took property from its just owners and transferred it to strangers, in so doing they ought not to be accounted generous; for nothing can be generous that is not at the same time just.

Our next part of circumspection is that our generosity never should exceed our abilities. For they who are more generous than their circumstances admit of are, first, guilty in this that they wrong their relations; because they bestow upon strangers those means which they might, with greater justice, give or leave to those who are nearest to them. . .

The third head proposed was that in our generosity we should have regard to merit; and, consequently, examine both the morals of the party to whom we are generous and his disposition towards us, together with the general good of society, and how far he may have already contributed to our own interest. Could all those considerations be united, it were the more desirable; but the object in whom united the most numerous and the most important of them ought to have the greatest weight with us. . .

XVI. Now society and alliances among men would be best preserved if the greatest kindness should be manifested where there is the nearest relation. But we ought to go higher, if we are to investigate the natural principles of intercourse and community among men. The first is that which is perceived in the society of the whole human race, and of this the bond is speech and reason, which by teaching, learning, communicating, debating, and judging, conciliate men together and bind them into a kind of natural society. There is nothing in which we differ more from the nature of brutes than in this; for we very often allow them to have courage, as for instance, horses and lions; but we never admit that they possess justice, equity, and goodness; because they are void of reason and speech. Now this is the kind of society that is most extensive with mankind among themselves, and it goes through all; for here a community of all things that nature has produced for the common use of mankind is preserved, so that they may be possessed in the manner prescribed by laws and civil statutes: of which laws themselves some are to be observed in accordance with the Greek proverb, "that all things among friends are to be in common." Now this community consists of things which are of that nature which, though placed by genius under one head, may be applied to many. "He (says that

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author) who kindly shows the bewildered traveller the right road, does as it were light his lamp by his own; which affords none the less light to himself after it has lighted the other."

By this single example he sufficiently enjoins on us to perform, even to a stranger, all the service we can do without detriment to ourselves. Of which service the following are common illustrations: "That we are to debar no man from the running stream;" "That we are to suffer any who desire it to kindle fire at our fire;" "That we are to give faithful counsel to a person who is in doubt:" all which are particulars that are serviceable to the receiver without being detrimental to the bestower. We are therefore to practice them and be constantly contributing somewhat to the common good. As the means, however, of each particular person are very confined and the numbers of the indigent are boundless, our distributive generosity ought still to be bounded by the principle of Ennius—"it nevertheless gives light to one's self"—that we may still be possessed of the means to be generous to our friends. . .

Now, though virtue of every kind attracts and charms us to the love of those who possess it, yet that love is strongest that is effected by justice and generosity. For nothing is more lovely, nothing is more binding than a similarity of good dispositions; because among those whose pursuits and pleasures are the same, every man is pleased as much with another as he is with himself, and that is effected which Pythagoras chiefly contemplates in friendship, "that many become one." A strong community is likewise effected by good offices mutually conferred and received; and, provided these be reciprocal and agreeable, those among whom they happen are bound together in close association.

But when you view everything with reason and reflection, of all connections none is more weighty, none is more dear than that between every individual and his country. Our parents are dear to us; our children, our kinsmen, our friends, are dear to us; but our country comprehends alone all the endearments of us all. For which what good man would hesitate to die if he could do her service? The more execrably unnatural, therefore, are they who wound their country by every species of guilt, and who are now, and have been, employed in her utter destruction. But were a computation or comparison set up, of those objects to which our chief duty should be paid, the principal are our country and our parents, by whose services we are laid under the strongest obligations; the next are our children and entire family, who depend upon us alone, without having any other refuge; the next our agreeable kinsmen, who generally share our fortune in common. . .

It must be understood, however, at the same time, that when the four springs from which virtue and honesty arise are laid open, that which is done with a lofty spirit, and one which scorns ordinary interests, appears the most noble. Therefore the most natural of all reproaches is somewhat of the following kind:—

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Young men, ye carry but the souls of women;
That woman of a man.

On the other hand, in our praises I know not how it is, but actions performed with magnanimity, with fortitude, and virtue, we eulogize in a loftier style. From hence Marathon, Salamis, Plataea, Thermopylæ, Leuctra, have become the field of rhetoricians; and among ourselves, Cocles, the Decii, the two Scipios, Cneius and Publius, Marcus Marcellus, and a great many others. Indeed, the Roman people in general are distinguished above all by elevation of spirit; and their fondness for military glory is shown by the fact that we generally see their statues dressed in warlike habits.

[I. 1-18, tr. CYRUS EDMONDS]

LETTERS

PERSONAL GRIEF

...You wish me some relaxation of my mourning: you are kind, as usual, but you can bear me witness that I have not been wanting to myself. For not a word has been written by anyone on the subject of abating grief which I did not read at your house. But my sorrow is too much for any consolation. Nay, I have done what certainly no one ever did before me — tried to console myself by writing a book, which I will send to you as soon as my amanuenses have made copies of it. I assure you that there is no more efficacious consolation. I write all day long, not that I do any good, but for a while I experience a kind of check, or, if not quite that — for the violence of my grief is overpowering — yet I get some relaxation, and I try with all my might to recover composure, not of heart, yet, if possible, of countenance. When doing that I sometimes feel myself to be doing wrong, sometimes that I shall be doing wrong if I don't. Solitude does me some good, but it would have done me more good, if you after all had been here: and that is my only reason for quitting this place, for it does very well in such miserable circumstances. And even this suggests another cause of sorrow. For you will not be able to be to me now what you once were: everything you used to like about me is gone. I wrote to you before about Brutus's letter to me: it contained a great deal of good sense, but nothing to give me any comfort. As to his asking in his letter to you whether I should like him to come to see me — by all means: he would be sure to give me some help, considering his strong affection for me. If you have any news, pray write and tell me, especially as to when Pansa goes. I am sorry about Attica: yet I believe in Craterus. Tell Pilia not to be anxious: my sorrow is enough for us all.

Astura, 8 March, 45 B.C.

[To Atticus, XII, 14, tr. EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH]

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THE AUTHOR DISCUSSES HIS WORKS

Hilarus the copyist had just left me on the 28th, to whom I had delivered a letter for you, when your letter-carrier arrived with yours dated the day before: in which the sentence that pleased me most was, "Our dear Attica begs you not to be cast down," and that in which you say that all danger is over. To my speech for Ligarius I see that your authority has served as an excellent advertisement. For Balbus and Oppius have written to say that they like it extremely, and have therefore sent that poor little speech to Caesar. So this is what you meant by what you wrote to me before. As to Varro, I should not be influenced by the motive you mention, that is, to avoid being thought fond of great men — for my principle has always been not to include any living person among the interlocutors of my dialogues. But as you say that it is desired by Varro and that he will value it highly, I have composed the books and finished a complete review of the whole Academic philosophy in four books — how well I can't say, but with a minute care which nothing could surpass. In them the arguments so brilliantly deduced by Antiochus against the doctrine of *akatalepsia* (impossibility of attaining certainty) I have assigned to Varro. To them I answer in person. You are the third personage in our conversation. If I had represented Cotta and Varro as keeping up the argument, according to the suggestion contained in your last letter, I should have been myself a *persona muta*. This is often the case with graceful effect in ancient *dramatis personae* — for instance, Heraclides did it in many of his dialogues, and so did I in the six books of the *de Republica*. So again in my three books *de Oratore* with which I am fully satisfied. In these too the persons represented are of such a character that silence on my part was natural. For the speakers are Antonius, the veteran Catulus, Gaius Iulius, the brother of Catulus, Cotta, and Sulpicius. The conversation is represented as taking place when I was a mere boy, so that I could have no part in it. On the other hand, my writings in the present period follow the Aristotelian fashion — the conversation of the other characters is so represented as to leave him the leading part. My five books *de Finibus* were so arranged as to give L. Torquatus the Epicurean arguments, Marcus Cato the Stoic, Marcus Piso the Peripatetic. I thought that could rouse no jealousy, as all those persons were dead. This new work *Academica*, as you know, I had divided between Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius. It was quite inappropriate to their characters: for it was more learned than anything they would appear likely to have ever dreamed of. Accordingly, I no sooner read your letter about Varro than I caught at the idea as a godsend. For there could be nothing more appropriate than Varro to that school of philosophy, in which he appears to me to take the greatest pleasure, and that my part should be such as to avoid the appearance of having arranged to give my side of the

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argument the superiority. For in fact the arguments of Antiochus are very convincing. As carefully translated by me they retain all the acuteness of Antiochus, with the polish peculiar to the language of our countrymen — if there is indeed any such to be found in me. But pray consider carefully whether I ought to present these books to Varro. Certain objections occur to me — but of those when we meet.

Arpinum, 29 June, 45 B.C.

[To Atticus, XIII, 19, tr. EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH]

POLITICAL CONDITIONS AFTER THE IDES

...Now about things more "political." You defend the two Brutuses and Cassius as though I were finding fault with them: whereas the fact is I cannot praise them enough. It was the weak points in the situation, not in the individuals, that I reviewed. For though the tyrant has been removed, I see that the tyranny remains. For instance, things which Caesar never intended to do are being done: as in the case of Clodius — in regard to which I have full assurance not only that Caesar was not likely to have done it himself, but that he would have actually forbidden it. The next will be Vestorius's old foe Rufio, Victor whose name was never in Caesar's minutes, and so on with the rest — whom shall we not see restored? We could not endure being his slaves; we are the humble servants of his memorandum books.

As to the senate of the 17th of March — who was strong enough to refuse to attend? Suppose that could somehow have been done: when I did attend, could I possibly speak with freedom? Wasn't it on every ground necessary, seeing that I had nothing to protect me, to speak up for the veterans who were there with arms in their hands? You can bear me witness that I never approved of that lingering on the Capitol. Well, was that the fault of the Brutuses? Not at all, but of those other dull brutes, who think themselves cautious and wise, who thought it enough in some cases to rejoice, in others to congratulate, in none to persevere. But let us leave the past: let us bestow all our care and power of protection on our heroes, and, as you advise, let us be content with the Ides of March. Yet though they gave our friends — those inspired heroes — an entrance to heaven, they have not given the Roman people liberty. Recall your own words. Don't you remember exclaiming that all was lost if Caesar had a public funeral? Wisely said! Accordingly, you see what has been the issue of it.

So you say that on the 1st of June Antony means to bring the allotment of provinces before the senate, and to propose taking the Gauls himself. Well, will the senate be free to pass a decree? If it is, then I shall rejoice that liberty has been recovered. If not, what will that change of masters have brought me except the joy with which I feasted my eyes on the just execution of a tyrant? You mention plundering going on at the temple of Ops. I, too, was a

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witness to that at the time. Yes in truth, we have been freed by heroic champions with the result that we are not free after all! So theirs is the glory, ours the fault. And do you advise me to write history? To record the outrageous crimes of the men by whom we are still held down? Shall I be able to refrain from complimenting those very persons, who have asked you to act as their witness? And it isn't, by heaven, the petty gain that moves me; but it is painful to attack with invectives men who have shown me personal goodwill, whatever their character.

However, as you say, I shall be able to determine my whole line of conduct with greater clearness by the 1st of June. I shall attend on that day and shall strive by every means and exertion in my power — with the assistance of your influence and popularity and the essential justice of the cause — to get a decree through the senate about the Buthrotians in the sense of your letter. The plan of which you bid me think I will of course think over, though I had already in my previous letter commended it to your consideration. But here are you seeking — just as though the constitution were already recovered — to give back their just rights to your neighbours of Marseilles. These rights may possibly be restored to them by arms — though I do not know how far we can rely on them — they cannot be so by anybody's influence.

P.S. The short letter written by you afterwards was very agreeable to me — that about Brutus's letter to Antony, and also his to you. It seems possible that things may be better than they have been hitherto. But I must take measures as to my present position and as to where to go immediately.

Puteoli, 27 April 44 B.C.

[To Atticus XIV. 14, tr. EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH]

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VERGIL

(70 B.C.–19 B.C.)

Publius Vergilius Maro was born in the village of Andes, near Mantua. Though his father had only a small farm, he saw to it that his son was carefully educated, first in the nearby towns of Cremona and Milan and later at Rome and Naples. His schooling over, Vergil returned to his father's acres to develop the talent which was to bring him protection, patronage, and fame.

After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Octavian and Antony at Philippi in 42 B.C., the troops of Octavian were given, as a reward for their service, eighteen cities that had sided with Brutus. Among these was Cremona. The veterans thought the area allotted them insufficient, and they seized farms near Mantua, among them, Vergil's. Through the influence of a friend, Gaius Asinius Pollio, soldier with literary interests, his property was restored. Later, when Pollio was absent, Vergil was again dispossessed and had to journey to Rome where he successfully sought Octavian's aid in regaining his farm.

The poet, perhaps already known for some of his earlier pieces, was admitted to the literary circle patronized by Maecenas, who was at the time a kind of minister of literature for Octavian. In compensation for the loss of his inheritance, Vergil was given an estate in Campania. Freed from all concern about his living, he devoted his entire attention to literary pursuits. Little is known of his personal affairs in these years. Shortly before his death he sailed for Greece where he planned to spend three years polishing the *Aeneid,* but Augustus met him at Athens and persuaded him to return with the imperial entourage to Italy. Never healthy, he fell ill at Megara, but continued on the journey. Shortly after landing at Brundisium, he died.

About 37 B.C., his *Eclogues* or *Bucolics* appeared, owing a great deal of inspiration to the idylls of Theocritus. An imitation of an imitation, as they have been called, they picture a highly artificial world of poetic peasants, but reveal the author's love of the rural scene and a ripening literary mastery. Of these ten brief poems, the fourth, which is not a true pastoral, enjoyed great popularity throughout the Middle Ages because it was interpreted as prophetic of the coming of the Messiah.

Italian agriculture had suffered severely because of the civil strife of this period, and Octavian, being interested in reconstruction, suggested to Vergil the composition of a work that by its charm might lure men back to the land and at the same time instruct them in the ways of husbandry. Taking Hesiod's *Works and Days* as his pattern, he worked for seven years on the four books of the *Georgics.* The modern reader is likely to find little of value in his agricultural instructions and will be far more interested in his digressions. Many extravagant praises have been spoken of this

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work. Addison termed it "perfect," and Dryden maintained it was "the best poem of the best poet."

For a long time Vergil had meditated writing the great Roman epic, and Augustus, knowing that he would find an honored place in it, had urged the project upon him on more than one occasion. The poet toyed with the idea long before he began the composition and even at the time of his death thought the *Aeneid* so far from being polished that he ordered his executors to destroy the manuscript, an order that Augustus rescinded. In the first six books, Vergil, in imitation of the *Odyssey*, tells of Aeneas' long wanderings by sea after the fall of Troy; in the second six, we have a kind of *Iliad* in which Aeneas battles on land with those forces that attempt to prevent his settling in Latium and founding the race and nation from which the Latins were to take their origin. The first half is by far the more interesting to the modern reader, as its composition must have been to the poet. Unwarlike in temper, Vergil does not revel in the gory battlefield with the joy of Homer. The latter was content to tell his tale, for the joy of the telling, but Vergil had a purpose in writing his epic. He wished to instill piety and patriotism in the Romans by linking their origin with the gods and showing from what a worthy hero the race had sprung. When Augustus ruled the world from Rome, it was no slight support to his pride and position to have Vergil point out that he was descended from Aeneas and that the Romans had the blood of the gods in their veins.

No work in Latin literature can compare with the *Aeneid* in the combination of interest and artistry, and no Latin author has exercised so universal an appeal from his own day to our own upon readers and authors alike. His fame shone clearly through the Middle Ages; especially in Dante's *Divine Comedy* is his influence apparent.

To arrest the readers' attention, Vergil begins his epic in the midst of events when the fleet of the hero Aeneas, sailing the sea between Sicily and Carthage, is suddenly overcome by a storm caused by the goddess Juno, the enemy of the Trojans from the day when Trojan Paris spurned her power and chose the beauty of Venus instead. After Neptune quiets the sea, the Trojans reach the shore near Carthage and are hospitably received by Queen Dido. Vergil then takes up the earlier events of the story by having Aeneas, at the insistence of the Queen, tell of the defeat of the Trojans by the Greeks. The third book, containing the latter half of Aeneas' narrative, is not included in the following pages. This deals with the wanderings of Aeneas after the fall of Troy and the hardships he encountered in trying to find a permanent settlement in accordance with the vaguely expressed will of the gods. This omission does not destroy interest in the plot; nor is the forward movement of the story retarded by the omission of the fifth book.

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THE ÆNEID

BOOK I

Arms and the man I sing, who at the first from Troy's shores the
le of destiny, won his way to Italy and her Latian coast — a man
ch buffeted on land and on the deep by violence from above, to
the unforgetting wrath of Juno the cruel — much scourged too
war, as he struggled to build him a city, and find his gods a home
Latium — himself the father of the Latian people, and the chiefs
Alba's houses, and the walls of high towering Rome.

Bring to my mind, O Muse, the causes — for what treason against
godhead, or what pain received, the queen of heaven drove a
n of piety so signal to turn the wheel of so many calamities, to
the brunt of so many hardships! Can heavenly natures hate
fiercely and so long?

Of old there was a city, its people emigrants from Tyre, Carthage,
r against Italy and Tiber's mouth, yet far removed — rich and
ghty, and formed to all roughness by war's iron trade — a spot
re Juno, it was said, loved to dwell more than in all the world
side, Samos holding but the second place. Here was her armor,
e her chariot — here to fix by her royal act the empire of the
ions, could Fate be brought to assent, was even then her aim, her
rished scheme. But she had heard that the blood of Troy was
ring the seed of a race to overturn one day those Tyrian towers —
m that seed a nation, monarch of broad realms and glorious in
, was to bring ruin on Libya — such the turning of Fate's
el. With these fears Saturn's daughter, and with a lively
mory of that old war which at first she had waged at Troy for
loved Argos' sake — nor indeed had the causes of that feud and
bitter pangs they roused yet vanished from her mind — no,
ed up in her soul's depths remains the judgment of Paris, and
wrong done to her slighted beauty, and the race abhorred from
womb, and the state enjoyed by the ravished Ganymede. With
s fuel added to the fire, the Trojans, poor remnants of Danaan
oc and Achilles' ruthless spear, she was tossing from sea to sea,
keeping far away from Latium; and for many long years they
e wandering, with destiny still driving them, the whole ocean
nd. So vast the effort it cost to build up the Roman nation!

Scarce out of sight of the land of Sicily were they spreading their
s merrily to the deep, and scattering with their brazen prows the
y spray, when Juno, the everlasting wound still rankling in her
t's core, thus communed with herself: "And am I to give up
at I have taken in hand, baffled, nor have power to prevent the
g of the Teucrians from reaching Italy — because, forsooth, the
es forbid me? What! was Pallas strong enough to burn up
rly the Grecian fleet, and whelm the crews in the sea, for the

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offense of a single man, the frenzy of Ajax, Oileus' son? Aye, she [I. 41-89
with her own hand launched from the clouds Jove's winged fire, dashed the ships apart, and turned up the sea-floor with the wind — him, gasping out the flame which pierced his bosom, she caught in the blast, and impaled on a rock's point — while I, who walk the sky as its queen, Jove's sister and consort both, am battling with a single nation these many years. And are there any found to pray to Juno's deity after this, or lay on her altar a suppliant's gift?"

With such thoughts sweeping through the solitude of her en-kindled breast, the goddess comes to the storm-cloud's birthplace, the teeming womb of fierce southern blasts, Æolia. Here, in a vast cavern, King Æolus is bowing to his sway struggling winds and howling tempests, and bridling them with bond and prison. They, in their passion, are raving at the closed doors, while the huge rock roars responsive: Æolus is sitting aloft in his fortress, his sceptre in his hand, soothing their moods and allaying their rage; were he to fail in this, why sea and land, and the deep of heaven, would all be forced along by their blast, and swept through the air. But the almighty sire has buried them in caverns dark and deep, with this fear before his eyes, and placed over them giant bulk and tall mountains, and given them a king who, by the terms of his compact, should know how to tighten or slacken the reins at his patron's will. To him it was that Juno then, in these words, made her humble request: —

"Æolus — for it is to thee that the sire of gods and king of men has given it with the winds now to calm, now to rouse the billows — there is a race which I love not now sailing the Tyrrhene sea, carrying Ilion into Italy and Ilion's vanquished gods; do thou lash the winds to fury, sink and whelm their ships, or scatter them apart, and strew the ocean with their corpses. Twice seven nymphs are of my train, all of surpassing beauty; of these her whose form is fairest, Deiopea, I will unite to thee in lasting wedlock, and con-secrate her thine own, that all her days, for service so great, she may pass with thee, and make thee father of a goodly progeny."

Æolus returns: "Thine, great Queen, is the task to search out on what thou mayest fix thy heart; for me to do thy bidding is but right. Thou makest this poor realm mine, mine the sceptre and Jove's smile; thou givest me a couch at the banquets of the gods, and makest me lord of the storm-cloud and of the tempest."

So soon as this was said, he turned his spear, and pushed the hollow mountain on its side; and the winds, as though in column formed, rush forth where they see an outlet, and sweep over the earth in hurricane. Heavily they fall on the sea, and from its very bottom crash down the whole expanse — one and all, east and south and south-west, with his storms thronging at his back, and roll huge billows shoreward. Hark to the shrieks of the crew, and the creaking of the cables! In an instant the clouds snatch sky and daylight from the Teucrians' eyes — night lies on the deep, black and heavy

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130–136]

he thunders to pole; heaven flashes thick with fires, and all nature
ndishes instant death in the seaman's face. At once Æneas'
ds are unstrung and chilled — he groans aloud, and, stretching
s clasped hands to the stars, fetches from his breast words like
ese: — "O happy, thrice and again, whose lot it was, in their
thers' sight, under Troy's high walls to meet death! O thou, the
ravest of the Danaan race, Tydeus' son, why was it not mine to
n me low on Ilion's plains, and yield this fated life to thy right
nd? Aye, there it is that Hector, stern as in life, lies stretched
the spear of Æacides — there lies Sarpedon's giant bulk — there
is that Simois seizes and sweeps down her channel those many
elds and helms, and bodies of the brave!"

Such words as he flung wildly forth, a blast roaring from the
rth strikes his sail full in front and lifts the billows to the stars.
attered are the oars; then the prow turns and presents the ship's
e to the waves; down crashes in a heap a craggy mountain of
ter. Look! these are hanging on the surge's crest — to those the
ming deep is giving a glimpse of land down among the billows;
r and sand are raving together. Three ships the south catches,
d flings upon hidden rocks — rocks which, as they stand with the
ves all about them, the Italians call Altars, an enormous ridge
ge above the sea. Three the east drives from the main on to
llow sand Syrtes, a piteous sight, and dashes them on shoals,
d embanks them in mounds of sand. One in which the Lycians
re sailing, and true Orontes, a mighty sea strikes from high on
e stern before Æneas' very eyes; down goes the helmsman, washed
m his post, and topples on his head, while she is thrice whirled
nd by the billow in the spot where she lay, and swallowed at
e by the greedy gulf. You might see them here and there
mming in that vast abyss — heroes' arms, and planks, and Troy's
sures glimmering through the water. Already Ilioneus' stout
, already brave Achates', and that in which Abas sailed, and
t which carried old Aletes, are worsted by the storm; their side-
tings loosened, one and all give entrance to the watery foe, and
r failingly asunder.

Meantime the roaring riot of the ocean and the storm let loose
shed the sense of Neptune, and the still waters disgorged from
r deep beds, troubling him grievously; and casting a broad
nce over the main he raised at once his tranquil brow from the
er's surface. There he sees Æneas' fleet tossed hither and thither
r the whole expanse — the Trojans whelmed under the billows,
d the crashing ruin of the sky — nor failed the brother to read
o's craft and hatred there. East and West he calls before him,
d bespeaks them thus: — "Are ye then so wholly o'er-mastered
the pride of your birth? Have ye come to this, ye Winds, that,
hout sanction from me, ye dare to confound sea and land, and
eave these mighty mountains? ye! whom I — but it were best
talm the billows ye have troubled. Henceforth ye shall pay me

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for your crimes in far other coin. Make good speed with your flight, and give your king this message. Not to him did the lots assign the empire of the sea and the terrible trident, but to me. His sway is over those enormous rocks, where you, Eurus, dwell, and such as you; in that court let Æolus lord it, and rule in the prison-house of the winds when its doors are barred."

He speaks, and ere his words are done soothes the swelling waters, and routs the mustered clouds, and brings back the sun in triumph. Cymothoë and Triton combine their efforts to push off the vessels from the sharp-pointed rock. The god himself upheaves them with his own trident, and levels the great quicksands, and allays the sea, and on chariot-wheels of lightest motion glides along the waters top. Even as when in a great crowd tumult is oft stirred up, and the base herd waxes wild and frantic, and brands and stones are flying already, rage suiting the weapon to the hand—at that moment, should their eyes fall on some man of weight, for duty done and public worth, tongues are hushed and ears fixed in attention, while his words sway the spirit and soothe the breast—so fell all the thunders of the ocean, so soon as the great father, with the waves before him in prospect, and the clear sky all about him, guides his steeds at will, and as he flies flings out the reins freely to his obedient car.

Spent with toil, the family of Æneas labor to gain the shore that may be nearest, and are carried to the coasts of Libya. There is a spot retiring deep into the land, where an island forms a haven by the barrier of its sides, which break every billow from the main and send it shattered into the deep indented hollows. On either side of the bay are huge rocks, and two great crags rising in menace to the sky; under their summits far and wide the water is hushed in shelter, while a theatric background of waving woods, a black forest of stiffening shade, overhangs it from the height. Under the brow that fronts the deep is a cave with pendent crags; within there are fresh springs and seats in the living rock—the home of the nymphs; no need of cable here to confine the weary bark or anchor's crooked fang to grapple her to the shore. Here with seven ships mustered from his whole fleet Æneas enters; and with intense yearning for dry land the Trojans disembark and take possession of the wished-for shore, and lay their brine-drenched limbs upon the beach. And first Achates from a flint struck out a spark, and received the fire as it dropped in a cradle of leaves, and placed dry wood all about it, and spread the strong blaze among the tinder. Then their corn, soaked and spoiled as it was, and the corn-goddess's armory they bring out, sick of fortune; and make ready to parch the rescued grain at the fire, and crush it with the millstone.

Æneas meanwhile clambers up a rock, and tries to get a full view far and wide over the sea, if haply he may see aught of Antheus, driven by the gale, and the Phrygian biremes, or Capys, or high on the stern the arms of Caicus. Sail there is none in sight

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three stags he sees at distance straying on the shore; these the whole herd follows in the rear, and grazes along the hollows in long array. At once he took his stand, and caught up a bow and fleet arrows, which true Achates chanced to be carrying, and lays low first the leaders themselves, as they bear their heads aloft with tree-like antlers, then the meaner sort, and scatters with his pursuing shafts the whole rout among the leafy woods; nor stays his hand till he stretches on earth victoriously seven huge bodies, and makes the tum of them even with his ships. Then he returns to the haven and gives all his comrades their shares. The wine next, which that good Acestes had stowed in casks on the Trinacrian shore, and given them at parting with his own princely hand, he portions out, and speaks words of comfort to their sorrowing hearts:—

"Comrades! for comrades we are, no strangers to hardships already; hearts that have felt deeper wounds! for these too heaven will find a balm. Why, men, you have even looked on Scylla in her madness, and heard those yells that thrill the rocks; you have even made trial of the crags of the Cyclopes. Come, call your spirits back, and banish these doleful fears — who knows but some day this too will be remembered with pleasure? Through manifold chances, through these many perils of fortune, we are making our way to Latium, where the Fates hold out to us a quiet settlement; where Troy's empire has leave to rise again from its ashes. Bear up, and reserve yourselves for brighter days."

Such were the words his tongue uttered; heart-sick with overwhelming care, he wears the semblance of hope in his face, but has grief deep buried in his heart. They gird themselves to deal with the game, their forthcoming meal; strip the hide from the ribs, and lay bare the flesh — some cut it into pieces and impale it yet quivering on spits, others set up the caldrons on the beach, and supply them with flame. Then with food they recall their strength, and, stretched along the turf, feast on old wine and fat venison to their hearts' content. Their hunger sated by the meal, and the boards removed, they vent in long talk their anxious yearning for their missing comrades — balanced between hope and fear, whether to think of them as alive, or as suffering the last change, and deaf already to the voice that calls on them. But good Æneas' grief exceeds the rest; one moment he groans for bold Orontes' fortune, another for Amycus', and in the depth of his spirit laments for the cruel fate of Lycus; for the gallant Gyas and the gallant Cloanthus. And now at last their mourning had an end, when Jupiter from the height of ether, looking down on the sea with its fluttering sails, on the flat surface of earth, the shores, and the broad tribes of men, halted thus upon heaven's very summit, and fixed his downward gaze on Libya's realms. To him, revolving in his breast such thoughts as these, sad beyond her wont, with tears suffusing her starry eyes, speaks Venus: "O thou, who by thy everlasting laws governest the two commonwealths of men and gods, and awest them

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by thy lightning! What can my poor Æneas have done to merit thy wrath? What can the Trojans? yet they, after the many deaths they have suffered already, still find the whole world barred against them for Italy's sake. From them assuredly it was that the Romans, as years rolled on — from them were to spring those warrior chiefs, aye from Teucer's blood revived, who should rule sea and land with absolute sway — such was thy promise: how has thy purpose, O my father, wrought a change in thee? This, I know, was my constant solace when Troy's star set in grievous ruin, as I set balancing destiny against destiny. And now here is the same Fortune, pursuing the brave men she has so oft discomfited already. Mighty king, what end of sufferings hast thou to give them? Antenor, indeed, found means to escape through the midst of the Achæans, to thread in safety the windings of the Illyrian coast, and the realms of the Liburnians, up at the gulf's head, and to pass the springs of Timavus, whence through nine mouths, 'mid the rocks responsive roar, the sea comes bursting up, and deluges the fields with its thundering billows. Yet in that spot he built the city of Patavium for his Trojans to dwell in, and gave them a place and a name among the nations, and set up a rest for the arms of Troy; now he reposes, lapped in the calm of peace. Meantime we, of thine own blood, to whom thy nod secures the pinnacle of heaven, our ships, most monstrous, lost, as thou seest, all to sate the malice of one cruel heart, are given up to ruin, and severed far from the Italian shores. Is this the reward of piety? Is this to restore a king to his throne?"

Smiling on her, the planter of gods and men, with that face which calms the fitful moods of the sky, touched with a kiss his daughter's lips, then addressed her thus: "Give thy fears a respite, lady of Cythera: thy people's destiny abides still unchanged for thee; thine eyes shall see the city of thy heart, the promised walls of Lavinium; thine arms shall bear aloft to the stars of heaven thy hero Æneas; nor has my purpose wrought a change in me. Thy hero — for I will speak out, in pity for the care that rankles yet, and awaken the secrets of Fate's book from the distant pages where they slumber — thy hero shall wage a mighty war in Italy, crush its haughty tribes, and set up for his warriors a polity and a city, till the third summer shall have seen him king over Latium, and three winters in camp shall have passed over the Rutulians' defeat. But the boy Ascanius, who has now the new name of Iulus — Ilus he was, while the royalty of Ilion's state stood firm — shall let thirty of the sun's great courses fulfil their monthly rounds while he is sovereign, then transfer the empire from Lavinium's seat, and build Alba the Long, with power and might. Here for full three hundred years the crown shall be worn by Hector's line, till a royal priestess, teeming by the war-god, Ilia, shall be the mother of twin sons. Then shall there be one, proud to wear the tawny hide of the wolf that nursed him, Romulus, who will take up the sceptre, and build a new city

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e city of Mars, and give the people his own name of Roman. [To
em I assign no limit, no date of empire: my grant to them is
minion without end] Nay, Juno, thy savage foe, who now, in
y blind terror, lets neither sea, land, nor heaven rest, shall amend
r counsels and vie with me in watching over the Romans, lords
earth, the great nation of the gown. So it is willed. The time
ll come, as Rome's years roll on, when the house of Assaracus
ll bend to its yoke Phthia and renowned Mycenæ, and queen it
er vanquished Argos. [Then shall be born the child of an illus-
us line, one of thine own Trojans, Cæsar, born to extend his
pire to the ocean, his glory to the stars, — Julius, in name as in-
od the heir of great Iulus] Him thou shalt one day welcome
safety to the sky, a warrior laden with Eastern spoils; to him, as
Æneas, men shall pray and make their vows. In his days war
ll cease, and savage times grow mild. Faith with her hoary
ed and Vesta, Quirinus, and Remus his brother, shall give law
the world: grim, iron-bound, closely welded, the gates of war
ll be closed; the fiend of Discord a prisoner within, seated on a
e of arms deadly as himself, his hands bound behind his back
th a hundred brazen chains, shall roar ghastly from his throat
blood."

So saying, he sends down from on high the son of Maia, that
rthage the new, her lands and her towers, may open themselves
welcome in the Teucrians, lest Dido, in her ignorance of Fate,
uld drive them from her borders. Down flies Mercury through
e vast abyss of air, with his wings for oars, and has speedily
ighted on the shore of Libya. See! he is doing his bidding
eady: the Punic nation is resigning the fierceness of its nature at
e god's pleasure; above all the rest, the queen is admitting into her
om thoughts of peace towards the Teucrians, and a heart of
ndness.

But Æneas the good, revolving many things the whole night
rough, soon as the gracious dawn is vouchsafed, resolves to go out
d explore this new region; to inquire what shores be these on
hich the wind has driven him; who their dwellers, for he sees it
a wilderness, men or beasts; and bring his comrades back the
ews. His fleet he hides in the wooded cove under a hollow rock,
th a wall of trees and stiffening shade on each side. He moves on
th Achates, his single companion, wielding in his hands two
ear shafts, with heads of broad iron. He had reached the middle
the wood, when his way was crossed by his mother, wearing a
aiden's mien and dress, and a maiden's armor, Spartan, or even as
arpalyce of Thrace, tires steed after steed, and heads the swift
aters of her own Hebrus as she flies along. For she had a shapely
ow duly slung from her shoulders in true huntress fashion, and her
ir streaming in the wind, her knee bare, and her flowing scarf
thered round her in a knot. Soon as she sees them, "Ho! youths,"
ies she, "if you have chanced to see one of my sisters wandering

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in these parts, tell me where to find her — wandering with a quiver, and a spotted lynx hide fastened about her; or, it may be, pressing on the heels of the foaming boar with her hounds in full cry."

Thus Venus spoke, and Venus' son replied: — "No sight or hearing have we had of any sister of thine, O thou — what name shall I give thee? maiden; for thy face is not of earth, nor the tone of thy voice human: some goddess surely thou art. Phœbus' sister belike, or one of the blood of the nymphs? be gracious, whoe'er thou art, and relieve our hardship, and tell us under what sky now, on what realms of earth we are thrown. Utter strangers to the men and the place, we are wandering, as thou seest, by the driving of the wind and of the mighty waters. Do this, and many a victim shall fall to thee at the altar by this hand of mine."

Then Venus: — "Nay, I can lay claim to no such honors. Tyrian maidens, like me, are wont to carry the quiver, and tie the purple buskin high up the calf. This that you now see is the Punic realm, the nation Tyrian and the town Agenor's; but on the frontiers are the Libyans, a race ill to handle in war. The queen is Dido, who left her home in Tyre to escape from her brother. Lengthy is her tale of wrong, lengthy the windings of its course; but I will pass rapidly from point to point. Her husband was Sychæus, wealthiest of Phœnician landowners, and loved by his poor wife with fervid passion; on him her father had bestowed her in her maiden bloom, linking them together by the omens of a first bridal. But the crown of Tyre was on the head of her brother, Pygmalion, in crime monstrous beyond the rest of men. They were two, and fury came between them. Impious that he was, at the very altar of the palace, the love of gold blinding his eyes, he surprises Sychæus with his stealthy steel, and lays him low, without a thought for his sister's passion; he kept the deed long concealed, and with many a base coinage sustained the mockery of false hope in her pining love-lorn heart. But lo! in her sleep there came to her no less than the semblance of her unburied spouse, lifting up a face of strange unearthly pallor; the ruthless altar and his breast gored with the steel, he laid bare the one and the other, and unveiled from first to last the dark domestic crime. Then he urges her to speed her flight, and quit her home for ever, and in aid of her journey unseals a hoard of treasure long hid in the earth, a mass of silver and gold which none else knew. Dido's soul was stirred; she began to make ready her flight, and friends to share it. There they meet, all whose hate of the tyrant was fell or whose fear was bitter; ships, that chanced to lie ready in the harbor, they seize, and freight with gold. Away it floats over the deep, the greedy Pygmalion's wealth; and who heads the enterprise? a woman! So they came to the spot where you now see yonder those lofty walls, and the rising citadel of Carthage the new; there they bought ground, which got from the transaction the name of Byrsa, as much as they could compass round with a bull's hide. But who are you after all? What coast

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are you come from, or whither are you holding on your journey?" That question he answers thus, with a heavy sigh, and a voice fetched from the bottom of his heart: —

"Fair goddess! should I begin from the first and proceed in order, and hadst thou leisure to listen to the chronicle of our sufferings, ere would first close the Olympian gates and lay the day to sleep. For us, bound from ancient Troy, if the name of Troy has ever chanced to pass through a Tyrian ear, wanderers over divers seas already, we have been driven by a storm's wild will upon your Libyan coasts. I am Æneas, styled the good, who am bearing with me in my fleet the gods of Troy rescued from the foe; a name blazed by rumor above the stars. I am in quest of Italy, looking there for an ancestral home, and a pedigree drawn from high Jove himself. With twice ten ships I climbed the Phrygian main, with a goddess mother guiding me on my way, and a chart of oracles to follow. Scarce seven remain to me now, shattered by wind and wave. Here am I, a stranger, nay, a beggar, wandering over your Libyan deserts, driven from Europe and Asia alike." Venus could bear the complaint no longer, so she thus struck into the middle of his sorrows: —

"Whoever you are, it is not, I trow, under the frown of heavenly powers that you draw the breath of life, thus to have arrived at our Tyrian town. Only go on, and make your way straight hence to the queen's palace. For I give you news that your comrades are returned and your fleet brought back, wafted into shelter by shifting gales, unless my learning of augury was vain, and the parents who taught me cheats. Look at these twelve swans exultant in victorious column, which the bird of Jove, swooping from the height of ether, was just now driving in confusion over the wide unsheltered sky; see now how their line stretches, some alighting on the ground, others just looking down on those alighted. As they, thus rallied, ply their whirling wings in sport, spreading their train round the sky, and uttering songs of triumph, even so your vessels and your gallant crews are either safe in the port, or entering the haven with sails full spread. Only go on, and where the way leads you direct your steps."

She said, and as she turned away, flashed on their sight her neck's roseate hue; her ambrosial locks breathed from her head a heavenly fragrance; her robe streamed down to her very feet; and in her walk was revealed the true goddess. Soon as he knew his mother, he pursued her flying steps with words like these: — "Why wilt thou be cruel like the rest, mocking thy son these many times with feigned semblances? Why is it not mine to grasp thy hand in my hand, and hear and return the true language of the heart?" Such are his upbraidings, while he yet bends his way to the town. But Venus fenced them round with a dim cloud as they moved, and wrapped them as a goddess only can in a spreading mantle of mist, lest none might be able to see them, none to touch them, or put

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hindrances in their path, or ask the reason of their coming. She takes her way aloft to Paphos, glad to revisit the abode she loves, where she has a temple and a hundred altars, smoking with Sabæan incense, and fragrant with garlands ever new.

They, meanwhile, have pushed on their way, where the path guides them, and already they are climbing the hill which hangs heavily over the city, and looks from above on the towers that rise to meet it. Æneas marvels at the mass of building, once a mere village of huts; marvels at the gates, and the civic din, and the paved ways. The Tyrians are alive and on fire — intent, some on carrying the walls aloft and upheaving the citadel, and rolling stones from underneath by force of hand; some on making choice of a site for a dwelling, and enclosing it with a trench. They are ordaining the law and its guardians, and the senate's sacred majesty. Here are some digging out havens; there are others laying deep the foundations of a theatre, and hewing from the rocks enormous columns, the lofty ornaments of a stage that is to be. Such are the toils that keep the commonwealth of bees at work in the sun among the flowery meads when summer is new, what time they lead out the nation's hope, the young now grown, or mass together honey, clear and flowing, and strain the cells to bursting with its nectarous sweets, or relieve those who are coming in of their burdens, or collect a troop and expel from their stalls the drones, that lazy, thriftless herd. The work is all afire, and a scent of thyme breathes from the fragrant honey. "O happy they, whose city is rising already!" cries Æneas, as he looks upward to roof and dome. In he goes, close fenced by his cloud, miraculous to tell, threads his way through the midst, and mingles with the citizens, unperceived of all.

A grove there was in the heart of the city, most plenteous of shade — the spot where first, fresh from the buffeting of wave and wind, the Punic race dug up the token which queenly Juno had bidden them expect, the head of a fiery steed — for even thus, said she, the nation should be renowned in war and rich in sustenance for a life of centuries. Here Dido, Sidon's daughter, was building a vast temple to Juno, rich in offerings and in the goddess's especial presence; of brass was the threshold with its rising steps, clamped with brass the door-posts, the hinge creaked on a door of brass. In this grove it was that first a new object appeared, as before, to soothe away fear: here it was that Æneas first dared to hope that all was safe, and to place a better trust in his shattered fortunes. For while his eye ranges over each part under the temple's massy roof, as he waits there for the queen — while he is marvelling at the city's prosperous star, the various artist-hands vying with each other, their tasks and the toil they cost, he beholds, scene after scene, the battles of Ilion, and the war that Fame had already blazed the whole world over — Atreus's sons, and Priam, and the enemy of both, Achilles. He stopped short, and breaking into tears, "What

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"Where is there left?" he cries, "Achates, what clime on earth that is not full of our sad story? See there Priam. [Here, too, worth finds its due rewards; here, too, there are tears for human fortune, and hearts that are touched by mortality.] Be free from fear: this renown of ours will bring you some measure of safety." So speaking, he feeds his soul on the empty portraiture, with many a sigh, and lets copious rivers run down his cheeks. For he still saw how, as they battled round Pergamus, here the Greeks were flying, the Trojan youth in hot pursuit; here the Phrygians, at their heels in his car Achilles, with that dreadful crest. Not far from this he recognizes with tears the snowy canvas of Rhesus' tent, which, all surprised in its first sleep, Tydeus' son was devastating with wide carnage himself bathed in blood — see! he drives off the fiery steeds to his own camp, ere they have had time to taste the pastures of Troy or drink of Xanthus. There in another part is Troilus in flight, his arms fallen from him — unhappy boy, confronted with Achilles in unequal combat — hurried away by his horses, and hanging half out of the empty car, with his head thrown back, but the reins still in his hand; his neck and his hair are being trailed along the ground, and his inverted spear is drawing lines in the dust. Meanwhile to the temple of Pallas, not their friend, were moving the Trojan dames with locks dishevelled, carrying the sacred robe, in suppliant guise of mourning, their breasts bruised with their hands — the goddess was keeping her eyes riveted on the ground, with her face turned away. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Ilion, and was now selling for gold his body, thus robbed of breath. Then, indeed, heavy was the groan that he gave from the bottom of his heart when he saw the spoils, the car, the dry body of his friend and Priam stretching out those helpless hands. Himself, too, he recognizes in the forefront of the Achæan ranks, and the squadrons of the East, and the arms of the swarthy Memnon. There, leading the columns of her Amazons, with their crescent shields is Penthesilea in her martial frenzy, blazing out, the centre of thousands, as she loops up her protruded breast with a girdle of gold, the warrior queen, and nerves herself to the shock of combat, a maiden against men.

While these things are meeting the wondering eyes of Æneas the Dardan — while he is standing bewildered, and continues riveted in one set gaze — the queen has moved towards the temple, Dido, loveliest presence, with a vast train of youths thronging round her. Like as on Eurotas' banks, or along the ridges of Cynthus, Diana is footing the dance, while attending her, a thousand mountain nymphs are massing themselves on either side; she, her quiver on her shoulder, as she steps, towers over the whole goddess sisterhood, while Latona's bosom thrills silently with delight; such was Dido — such she bore herself triumphant through the midst to speed the work which had empire for its prospect. Then, at the doors of the goddess, under the midmost vaulting of the temple,

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with a fence of arms round her, supported high on a throne, she took her seat. There she was giving laws and judgments to her citizens and equalizing the burden of their tasks by fair partition, or draughting it by lot, when suddenly Æneas sees coming among the great crowd Antheus and Sergestus, and brave Cloanthus, and other of the Teucrians, whom the black storm had scattered over the deep and carried far away to other coasts. Astounded was he, overwhelmed, too, was Achates, all for joy and fear; eagerly were they burning to join hands with theirs but the unexplained mystery confounds their minds. They carry on the concealment, and look out from the hollow cloud that wraps them, to learn what fortune their mates have had, on what shore they are leaving their fleet, what is their errand here — for they were on their way, a deputation from all the crews, suing for grace, and were making for the temple with loud cries.

After they had gained an entrance, and had obtained leave to speak in the presence, Ilioneus, the eldest, thus began calm of soul: —

"Gracious queen to whom Jupiter has given to found a new city, and to restrain by force of law the pride of savage nations, we, hapless Trojans, driven by the winds over every sea make our prayers to you — keep off from our ships the horrors of fire, have pity on a pious race, and vouchsafe a nearer view to our affairs. We are not come to carry the havoc of the sword into the homes of Libya — to snatch booty and hurry it to the shore; such violence is not in our nature; such insolence were not for the vanquished. There is a place — the Greeks call it Hesperia — a land old in story, strong in arms and in the fruitfulness of its soil; the Œnotrians were its settlers; now report says that later generations have called the nation Italian, from the name of their leader. Thither were we voyaging, when, rising with a sudden swell, Orion lord of the storm carried us into hidden shoals and far away by the stress of reckless gales over the water the surge mastering us, and over pathless rocks scattered us here and there: a small remnant, we drifted hither on to your shores. What race of men have we here? What country is so barbarous as to sanction a native usage like this? Even the hospitality of the sand is forbidden us — they draw the sword, and will not let us set foot on the land's edge. If you defy the race of men, and the weapons that mortals wield, yet look to have to do with gods, who watch over the right and the wrong. Æneas was our king, than whom never man breathed more just, more eminent in piety, or in war and martial prowess. If the Fates are keeping our hero alive — if he is feeding on this upper air, and not yet lying down in death's cruel shade — all our fears are over, nor need you be sorry to have made the first advance in the contest of kindly courtesy. The realm of Sicily, too, has cities for us, and store of arms, and a hero-king of Trojan blood, Acestes. Give us leave but to lay up on shore our storm-beaten fleet, to

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fashion timber in your forests, and strip boughs for our oars, that, if we are allowed to sail for Italy, our comrades and king restored to us, we may make our joyful way to Italy and to Latium; or, if our safety is swallowed up, and thou, best father of the Teucrians, art the prey of the Libyan deep, and a nation's hope lives no longer in Iulus, then, at least, we may make for Sicania's straits, and the houses standing to welcome us, when we came hither, and may find a king in Acestes." Such was the speech of Ilioneus; an accordant clamor burst at once from all the sons of Dardanus.

Then briefly Dido, with downcast look, makes reply: — "Teucrians! unburden your hearts of fear, lay your anxieties aside. It is the stress of danger and the infancy of my kingdom that makes me put this policy in motion and protect my frontiers with a guard all about. The men of Æneas and the city of Troy — who can be ignorant of them? — the deeds and the doers, and all the blaze of that mighty war? Not so blunt are the wits we Punic folk carry with us, not so wholly does the sun turn his back on our Tyrian town when he harnesses his steeds. Whether you make your choice of Hesperia the great, and the old realm of Saturn, or of the borders of Eryx and their king Acestes, I will send you on your way with an escort to protect you, and will supply you with stores. Or would you like to settle along with me in my kingdom here? Look at the city I am building, it is yours, lay up your ships, Trojan and Tyrian shall be dealt with by me without distinction. Would to heaven your king were here too, driven by the gale that drove you hither — Æneas himself! For myself, I will send trusty messengers along the coast, with orders to traverse the furthest parts of Libya, in case he should be shipwrecked and wandering anywhere in forest or town."

Excited by her words, brave Achates and father Æneas, too, were burning long ere this to break out of their cloud. Achates first accosts Æneas: — "Goddess-born, what purpose now is foremost in your mind? All you see is safe, our fleet and our mates are restored to us. One is missing, whom our own eyes saw in the midst of the surge swallowed up, all the rest is even as your mother told us."

Scarce had he spoken when the cloud that enveloped them suddenly parts asunder and clears into the open sky. Out stood Æneas, and shone again in the bright sunshine, his face and his bust the image of a god, for his great mother had shed graceful tresses over her son's brow, and the glowing flush of youth, and had breathed the breath of beauty and gladness into his eyes, loveliness such as the artist's touch imparts to ivory, or when silver or Parian marble is enchased with yellow gold. Then he addresses the queen, and speaks suddenly to the astonishment of all: — "Here am I whom you are seeking, before you, — Æneas, the Trojan, snatched from the jaws of the Libyan wave. O heart that alone of all has found pity for Troy's cruel agonies — that makes us, poor remnants of Danaan fury, utterly spent by all the chances of land and sea,

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destitute of all, partners of its city, of its very palace! To pay such a debt of gratitude, Dido, is more than we can do — more than can be done by all the survivors of the Dardan nation, now scattered the wide world over. May the gods — if there are powers that regard the pious, if justice and conscious rectitude count for aught anywhere on earth — may they give you the reward you merit! What age had the happiness to bring you forth? what godlike parents gave such nobleness to the world? While the rivers run into the sea, while the shadows sweep along the mountain-sides, while the stars draw life from the sky, your glory and your name and your praise shall endure, whatever the land whose call I must obey." So saying, he stretches out his right hand to his friend Ilioneus, his left to Serestus, and so on to others, gallant Gyas and gallant Cloanthus.

Astounded was Dido, Sidon's daughter, first at the hero's presence, then at his enormous sufferings, and she bespoke him thus: — "What chance is it, goddess-born, that is hunting you through such a wilderness of perils? what violence throws you on our savage coasts? Are you, indeed, the famed Æneas, whom to Anchises the Dardan, Venus, queen of light and love, bore by the stream of Simois? Aye, I remember Teucer coming to Sidon, driven from the borders of his fatherland, hoping to gain a new kingdom by the aid of Belus. Belus, my sire, was then laying waste the rich fields of Cyprus, and ruling the isle with a conqueror's sway. Ever since that time I knew the fate of the Trojan city, and your name, and the Pelasgian princes. Foe as he was, he would always extol the Teucrians with signal praise, and profess that he himself came of the ancient Teucrian stock. Come then, brave men, and make our dwellings your home. I, too, have had a fortune like yours, which, after the buffeting of countless sufferings, has been pleased that I should find rest in this land at last. Myself no stranger to sorrow, I am learning to succor the unhappy." With these words, at the same moment she ushers Æneas into her queenly palace, and orders a solemn sacrifice at the temples of the gods. Meantime, as if this were nought, she sends to his comrades at the shore twenty bulls, a hundred huge swine with backs all bristling, a hundred fat lambs with their mothers, and the wine-god's jovial bounty.

But the palace within is laid out with all the splendor of regal luxury, and in the centre of the mansion they are making ready for the banquet; the coverlets are embroidered, and of princely purple — on the tables is massy silver, and chased on gold the gallant exploits of Tyrian ancestors, a long, long chain of story, derived through hero after hero ever since the old nation was young.

Æneas, for his fatherly love would not have his heart at rest, sends on Achates with speed to the ships to tell Ascanius the news and conduct him to the city. On Ascanius all a fond parent's anxieties are centered. Presents, moreover, rescued from the ruins of Ilion, he bids him bring — a pall stiff with figures of gold, and

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veil with a border of yellow acanthus, adornments of Argive Helen, which she carried away from Mycenæ, when she went to Troy and to her unblessed bridal, her mother Leda's marvellous gift; the sceptre, too, which Ilione had once borne, the eldest of Priam's daughters, and the string of pearls for the neck, and the double coronal of jewels and gold. With this to despatch, Achates was bending his ways to the ships.

But the lady of Cythera is casting new wiles, new devices in her breast, that Cupid, form and feature changed, may arrive in the form of the charmer Ascanius, and by the presence he brings influence the queen to madness, and turn the very marrow of her bones to fire. She fears the two-faced generation, the double-tongued sons of Tyre; Juno's hatred scorches her like a flame, and night draws on the care comes back to her. So then with these words she addresses her winged Love: — "My son, who art alone my strength and my mighty power, my son, who laughest to scorn your great father's Typhoëan thunderbolts, to thee I fly for aid, and make suppliant prayer of thy majesty. How thy brother Æneas is tossed on the ocean the whole world over by Juno's implacable rancor I need not tell thee — nay, thou hast often mingled thy grief with mine. He is now the guest of Dido, the Phœnician woman, and the spell of a courteous tongue is laid on him, and I fear what may be the end of taking shelter under Juno's wing; she will never idle at a time on which so much hangs. Thus then I am planning to be first in the field, surprising the queen by stratagem, and compassing her with fire, that no power may be able to work change in her, but that a mighty passion for Æneas may keep her love. For the way in which thou mayest bring this about, listen what I have been thinking. The young heir of royalty, at his loved father's summons, is making ready to go to this Sidonian city — my soul's darling that he is — the bearer of presents that have survived the sea and the flames of Troy. Him I will lull in deep sleep and hide him in my hallowed dwelling high on Cythera or Idalia, that by no chance he may know or mar our plot. Do thou lend for a single night, no more, artfully counterfeit his form, and put on the boy's usual look, thyself a boy, that when Dido, at the sight of her joy, shall take thee into her lap while the princely board is laden and the vine-god's liquor flowing, when she shall be caressing thee and printing her fondest kisses on thy cheek, thou secretly breathe concealed fire into her veins, and steal upon her with poison."

At once Love complies with his fond mother's words, puts off his wings, and walks rejoicing in the gait of Iulus. As for Ascanius, Venus sprinkles his form all over with the dew of gentle slumber, and carries him, as a goddess may, lapped in her bosom, into Idalia's holy groves, where a soft couch of amaracus enfolds him with its flowers, and the fragrant breath of its sweet shade. Meanwhile Cupid was on his way, all obedience, bearing the royal presents to

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the Tyrians, and glad to follow Achates. When he arrives, he finds the queen already settled on the gorgeous tapestry of a golden couch, and occupying the central place. Already father Æneas, already the chivalry of Troy are flocking in, and stretching themselves here and there on coverlets of purple. There are servants offering them water for their hands, and deftly producing the bread from the baskets, and presenting towels with shorn nap. Within are fifty maidens, whose charge is in course to pile up provisions in lasting store, and light up with fire the gods of the hearth. A hundred others there are, and male attendants of equal number and equal age, to load the table with dishes, and set on the cups. The Tyrians, too, have assembled in crowds through the festive hall, and scatter themselves as invited over the embroidered couches. There is marvelling at Æneas' presents, marvelling at Iulus, at those glowing features, where the god shines through, and those words which he feigns so well, and at the robe and the veil with the yellow acanthus border. Chief of all, the unhappy victim of coming ruin cannot satisfy herself with gazing, and kindles as she looks, the Phœnician woman, charmed with the boy and the presents alike. He, after he has hung long in Æneas' arms and round his neck, gratifying the intense fondness of the sire he feigned to be his, finds his way to the queen. She is riveted by him—riveted eye and heart, and ever and anon fondles him in her lap—poor Dido, unconscious how great a god is sitting heavy on that wretched bosom. But he, with his mind still bent on his Acidalian mother, is beginning to efface the name of Sychæus letter by letter, and endeavoring to surprise by a living passion affections long torpid and a heart long unused to love.

When the banquet's first lull was come, and the board removed, then they set up the huge bowls and wreathe the wine. A din rings to the roof — the voice rolls through those spacious halls; lamps hang from the gilded ceiling, burning brightly, and flambeau-fires put out the night. Then the queen called for a cup, heavy with jewels and gold, and filled it with unmixed wine; the same which had been used by Belus, and every king from Belus downward. Then silence was commanded through the hall. "Jupiter, for thou hast the name of lawgiver for guest and host, grant that this day may be auspicious alike for the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy, and that its memory may long live among our posterity. Be with us, Bacchus, the giver of jollity, and Juno, the queen of our blessings; and you, the lords of Tyre, may your good will grace this meeting." She said, and poured on the table an offering of the wine, and, the libation made, touched the cup first with her lips, then handed it to Bitias, rallying his slowness. Eagerly he quaffed the foaming goblet, and drenched himself deep with its brimming gold. Then came the other lords in order. Iopas, the long-haired bard, takes his gilded lyre, and fills the hall with music; he, whose teacher was the mighty Atlas. His song is of the wanderings of the

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and the agonies of the sun, whence sprung man's race and cattle, whence rain-water and fire; of Arcturus and the showery odes, and the twin Bears; why the winter suns make such haste dip in ocean, or what is the retarding cause that bids the nights ve slowly. Plaudits redouble from the Tyrians, and the Trojans low the lead. With varied talk, too, she kept lengthening out e night, unhappy Dido, drinking draughts of love long and deep, she asked much about Priam, about Hector much; now what re the arms in which Aurora's son had come to battle; now what omede's steeds were like; now how great was Achilles. "Or her, gentle guest," cries she, "tell us the story from the very s—all about the stratagems of the Danaans, and the sad fate your country, and your own wanderings — for this is now the enth summer that is wafting you a wanderer still over every land d wave."

[tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

BOOK II

Every tongue was hushed, and every eye fixed intently, when, m his high couch, father Æneas began thus:—

"Too cruel to be told, great queen, is the sorrow you bid me ive—how the power of Troy and its empire met with piteous erthrow from the Danaans — the heartrending sights which my n eyes saw, and the scenes where I had a large part to play. Who, in such recital — be he of the Myrmidons or the Dolopes, or soldier of ruthless Ulysses' band — would refrain from tears? nd now, too, night is rushing in dews down the steep of heaven, d the setting stars counsel repose. Still, if so great be your long- g to acquaint yourself with our disasters, and hear the brief tale Troy's last agony, though my mind shudders at the remembrance, d starts back in sudden anguish, I will essay the task.

"Broken by war and foiled by destiny, the chiefs of the Danaans, w that the flying years were numbering so many, build a horse mountain size, by the inspiration of Pallas' skill, and interlace ribs with planks of fir. A vow for their safe journey home the pretext: such the fame that spreads. In this they secretly close chosen men of sinew, picked out by lot, in the depth of its des, and fill every corner of those mighty caverns, the belly of the nster, with armed warriors.

"In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island of wide-spread renown, werful and rich while Priam's empire yet was, now a mere bay, treacherous roadstead for ships. Thus far they sail out, and hide rnselves on the forsaken coast. We thought them gone off with fair wind for Mycenæ. And so all Trojan land shakes off the ony of years. Open fly the gates; what pleasure to go and see e Dorian camp, and the places deserted, and the shore forsaken! s, here were the troops of the Dolopes; here the tent of that savage chilles; here the ships were drawn up; here they used to set the

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battle in array. Some of us are standing agaze at the fatal offering to the virgin goddess, and wondering at the hugeness of the horse, and Thymœtes takes the lead, urging to have it dragged within the walls, and lodged in the citadel, either with treasonable intent, or that the fate of Troy had begun to set that way. But Capys, and the men of saner judgment, bid us send this snare of the Danaans, this suspicious present, headlong into the sea, or light a fire under and burn it; or, if not that, to pierce and probe that hollow womb that might hide so much. The populace, unstable as ever, divides off into opposite factions.

"Throwing himself before all, with a great crowd at his back, Laocoon, all on fire, comes running down the steep of the citadel, crying in the distance, 'What strange madness is this, my unhappy countrymen? Think you that the enemy has sailed off, or that a Danaan could ever make a present that had no treachery in it? Is this your knowledge of Ulysses? Either the Achæans are shut up and hiding in this piece of wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to command the houses and come down on the city from above, or there is some other secret trick. Men of Troy, put no faith in the horse. Whatever it be, I fear a Greek even with a gift in his hand.' With these words he hurled a mighty spear with all his force against the beast's side, the jointed arch of its belly. It lodged, and stood quivering; the womb shook again, and an echo and a groan rang hollow from its caverns; and then, had but heaven's destiny and man's judgment been unwarped, he had led us to carry sword and havoc into the Argive lurking-place, and Troy would now be standing, and thou, Priam's tall fortress, still in being.

"Meanwhile, see! some Dardan shepherds are dragging with loud shouts before the king a young man with his hands tied behind him, who had thrown himself, a stranger, across their way, to compass this very thing, and thus let the Achæans into Troy—bold of heart, and ready for either issue, either to play off his stratagem, or to meet inevitable death. From all sides, in eager curiosity, the Trojan youth come streaming round, vying in their insults to the prisoner. Now then, listen to the tale of Danaan fraud, and from one act of guilt learn what the whole nation is. There as he stood, with all eyes bent on him, bewildered, defenceless, and looked round on the Phrygian bands, 'Alas,' he cries, 'where is there a spot of earth or sea that will give me shelter now? or what last resource is left for a wretch like me—one who has no place among the Danaans to hide my head—while the children of Dardanus no less are in arms against me, crying for bloody vengeance?' At that piteous cry our mood was changed, and every outrage checked. We encourage him to speak—to tell us what his parentage is; what his business; what he has to rest on as a prisoner. 'All, my lord, shall be avowed to you truly, whatever be the issue. I will not deny that I am an Argive by nation: this to begin with. Nor if

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fortune has made a miserable man out of Sinon, shall her base schooling make him deceiver and liar as well. If haply in talk your ears ever caught the name of Palamedes, of the house of Belus, and his wide-spread renown — his, whom under false accusation, an innocent man, charged by the blackest calumny, all because his voice was against the war, the Pelasgians sent down to death, and now, when he is laid in darkness, lament him too late — know that I was as his comrade and near kinsman I was sent by a needy father to a soldier's life in earliest youth. While he stood with his royal state unimpaired, an honored member of the kingly council, I too, enjoyed my measure of name and dignity; but after the jealousy of false Ulysses — you know the tale — removed him from his upper clime — dashed from my height, I dragged on life in darkness and sorrow, and vented to my own heart my rage at the disaster of my innocent friend. Nor did I keep silence — madman that I was! No, if ever the chance were given me — if ever I came back with glory to my native Argos — I vowed myself his avenger, and my words stirred up bitter enmity. From that time my ruin began; from that time Ulysses was ever threatening me with some new charge, ever scattering abroad words of mystery, and looking for allies to plot with. Nor did he rest till by Calchas' agency — but why recall this unwelcome story with no end to gain? Why waste your time, if you hold all Achæans alike, and to hear *that* is to hear enough? Take the vengeance you should have taken long ago. It is just what would please the Ithacan, and earn a large reward from the sons of Atreus!'

"This makes us burn, indeed, to explore and inquire into the reason of his tale, not knowing that crime could be so monstrous, and Pelasgian art so cunning. He resumes, in faltering tones, spoken from his false heart: —

"'Often have the Danaans designed to turn their back on Troy and accomplish a retreat, and abandon the war that had wearied them so long; and would they had done it! As often has the fierce inclemency of the deep barred their purpose, and the south wind frightened them from sailing. Especially, when this horse was set up at last, a compacted mass of maple planks, the thunder of the storm-clouds was heard the whole firmament over. In our perplexity we send Eurypylus to inquire of Phœbus' oracle, and this is the gloomy message that he brings from the shrine: "With blood it was ye appeased the winds, even with a maiden's slaughter, when first ye came, Danaans, to the shore of Ilion. With blood it is ye must buy your return, and propitiate heaven by the life of an Argive!" Soon as the news reached the public ear, every mind was cowed, and a cold shudder thrilled the depths of every heart. For whom has Fate a summons? Whom does Apollo demand as his prey? And now the Ithacan, with boisterous vehemence, drags forward the prophet Calchas, insists on knowing what that announcement of heaven's will may mean; and many even then were

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the prophetic mouths that warned me of the trickster's cruel villainy, and many the eyes that silently foresaw the future. Ten days the seer holds his peace, and keeps his tent, refusing to utter a word that should disclose any name or sacrifice any life. At last, goaded by the Ithacan's vehement clamor, he breaks into a concerted utterance, and dooms me to the altar. All assented, well content that the danger which each feared for himself should be directed to the extinction of one poor wretch. And now the day of horror was come; all was being ready for my sacrifice — the salt cakes for the fire, and the fillet to crown my brow — when I escaped, I own it, from death, and broke my bonds, and hid myself that night in a muddy marsh in the covert of the rushes, while they should be sailing, in the faint hope that they had sailed. My old country, I never expect to see it again, nor my darling children, and the father I have longed so for! No! they are likely to visit them with vengeance for my escape, and expiate this guilt of mine by taking their poor lives. O! by the gods above, and the powers that know when truth is spoken, if there is yet anywhere among men such a thing as unsullied faith, I conjure you, have pity on this weight of suffering, have pity on a soul that is unworthily borne down!

"Such a tearful appeal gains him his life, and our compassion too. Priam himself is first to bid them relieve the man of his manacles and the chains that bound him, and addresses him in words of kindness, 'Whoever you are, from this time forth have done with the Greeks, and forget them. I make you my man, and bid you answer truly the questions I shall put. What do they mean by setting up this huge mountain of a horse? Who was the prompter of it? What is their object? Some religious offering, or some engine of war?'

"Thus Priam: the prisoner, with all his Pelasgian craft and cunning about him, raised his unfettered hands to the stars:—

" 'You, eternal fires, with your inviolable majesty, be my witnesses; you, altars and impious swords, from which I fled; and you, hallowed fillets, which I wore for the sacrifice! I am free to break all the sacred ties that bound me to the Greeks. I am free to treat them as my foes, and disclose all their secrets to the light of day, all the claims of the land of my birth notwithstanding. Only do thou abide by thy plighted word, and preserve faith with thy preserver, land of Troy, if he tells thee true, and makes thee large returns.

" 'The strength of the Danaan hopes, and the soul of their confidence in the war they plunged into, has ever been the aid of Pallas. From the time when Tydeus's impious son and Ulysses, that coiner of villainy, dared to drag away from her hallowed temple the fateful Palladium, slaughtering the guards who watched the citadel's height, thenceforth there was an ebb and a backsliding in the Danaan hopes, their forces shattered, the goddess estranged. Nor were the portents dubious that betokened Tritonia's change

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mood. Scarce was the image lodged in the camp, when flash-
fire glowed in her uplifted eyes, and salt sweat trickled over
frame, and thrice of herself she leaped from the ground,
rellous to relate, shield and quivering lance and all. Forth-
h Calchas sounds the note for flight over the perilous deep, for
Pergamus can never be razed by Argive steel, unless they go to
s for fresh omens, and bring back the divine aid which their
ked keels bore with them aforetime over the sea. And now
their voyage home to Mycenæ is to get new forces and gods
sail with them; they will recross the deep, and come upon you
foreseen. Such is Calchas' scanning of the omens. As for this
ge, he warned them to set it up in exchange for the Palladium,
in expiation of injured deity, to atone for their fatal crime.
chas, however, bade them raise it to the vast height you see,
ting plank to plank, till it was brought near to heaven, that
ight not be admitted at the gates or dragged within the walls,
thus restore to the people the bulwark of their old worship.
if your hand should profane Minerva's offering, then (said he)
ighty destruction — may the gods turn the omen on his head
it falls on yours! — would come on the empire of Priam and
Phrygian nation; but if these hands of yours should help it to
your city's height, Asia would roll the mighty tide of invasion
the walls of Pelops, and our posterity would have to meet the
he threatened.'

'Such was the stratagem — the cursed art of perjured Sinon —
gained credence for the tale; and such the victory won over
by wiles and constrained tears — over us, whom not Tydeus'
nor Achilles or Larissa, nor ten years of war subdued, nor a
of a thousand sail.

'And now another object, greater and far more terrible, is forced
my poor countrymen, to the confusion of their unprophetic
ls. Laocoon, drawn by lot as Neptune's priest, was sacrificing a
ghty bull at the wonted altar — when behold from Tenedos,
er the still deep — I shudder as I recount the tale — two serpents
led in vast circles are seen breasting the sea, and moving side
side towards the shore. Their breasts rise erect among the
ves; their manes, of blood-red hue, tower over the water, the
of them floats behind on the main, trailing a huge undulating
gth; the brine foams and dashes about them; they are already
shore, in the plain — with their glowing eyes bloodshot and fiery,
their forked tongues playing in their hissing mouths. We fly
ways in pale terror: they, in an unswerving column, make for
coon, and first each serpent folds round one of his two sons,
ping the youthful body, and greedily devouring the poor
bs. Afterwards, as the father comes to the rescue, weapon in
nd, they fasten on him and lash their enormous spires tight round
m — and now twice folded round his middle, twice embracing
neck with their scaly length, they tower over him with up-

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lifted head and crest. He is straining with agonizing clutch to pull the knots asunder, his priestly fillets all bedewed with gore and black poison, and raising all the while dreadful cries to heaven—like the bellowing, when a wounded bull darts away from the altar, dashing off from his neck the ill-aimed axe. But the two serpents escape glidingly to the temple top, making for the height where ruthless Tritonia is enthroned, and there shelter themselves under the goddess's feet and the round of her shield. Then, indeed, every breast is cowed and thrilled through by a new and strange terror—every voice cries that Laocoon has been duly punished for his crime profaning the sacred wood with his weapon's point, and hurling his guilty lance against the back of the steed. Let the image be drawn to her temple, and let prayer be made to the goddess, is the general cry—we break through the walls and open the town within. All gird them to the work, putting wheels to run easily under its feet, and throwing lengths of hempen tie round its neck. It scales the walls, that fateful engine, with its armed brood—boys and unwedded girls, standing about it, chant sacred hymns, delighted to touch the rope. In it moves, rolling with threatening brow into the heart of the city. O my country! O Ilion, home of the gods! O ye, Dardan towers, with your martial fame! Yes—four times on the gateway's very threshold it stopped, four times the arms rattled in its womb. On, however, we press, unheeding, in the blindness of our frenzy, and lodge the ill-starred portent in our hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra unseals to speak of future fate those lips which by the god's command no Trojan ever believed—while we, alas! we, spend the day that was to be our last in crowning the temples of the gods with festal boughs the whole city through.

"Meantime round rolls the sky, and on comes night from the ocean, wrapping in its mighty shade earth and heaven and Myrmidon wiles: through the city the Trojans are hushed in careless repose, their tired limbs in the arms of sleep. Already was the Argive host on its way from Tenedos, through the friendly stillness of the quiet moon, making for the well-known shore, when see! the royal ship mounts its fire signal, and Sinon, sheltered by heaven's partial decree, stealthily sets at large the Danaans, hid in that treacherous womb, and opens the pine-wood door: they as the horse opens are restored to upper air, and leap forth with joy from the hollow timber, Thessander and Sthenelus leading the way, and the dreaded Ulysses, gliding down the lowered rope, and Achamas and Thoas, and Neoptolemus of Peleus' line, and first Machaon, and Menelaus, and the framer of the cheat himself, Epeus. They rush on the town as it lies drowned in sleep and revelry. The watchers are put to the sword, the gates thrown open, and all are welcoming their comrades, and uniting with the conspiring bands.

"It was just the time when first slumber comes to heal human

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suffering, stealing on men by heaven's blessing with balmiest in-
fluence. Lo! as I slept, before my eyes Hector, in deepest sorrow,
seemed to be standing by me, shedding rivers of tears — mangled
from dragging at the car, as I remember him of old, and black with
gory dust, and with his swollen feet bored by the thong. Ay me!
what a sight was there! what a change from that Hector of ours,
who comes back to us clad in the spoils of Achilles, or from hurling
Phrygian fire on Danaan vessels! with stiffened beard and hair
matted with blood, and those wounds fresh about him, which fell
on him so thickly round his country's walls. Methought I addressed
him first with tears like his own, fetching from my breast the
accents of sorrow — 'O light of Dardan land, surest hope that
Trojans ever had! What delay has kept you so long? From what
time is the Hector of our longings returned to us at last? O the
eyes with which, after long months of death among your people,
months of manifold suffering to Troy and her sons, spent and
weary, we look upon you now! What unworthy cause has marred
the clear beauty of those features, or why do I behold these
wounds?' He answers nought, and gives no idle heed to my vain
inquiries, but with a deep sigh, heaved from the bottom of his
heart — 'Ah! fly, goddess-born!' cries he, 'and escape from these
flames — the walls are in the enemy's hand — Troy is tumbling
from its summit — the claims of country and king are satisfied — if
Pergamus could be defended by force of hand, it would have been
defended by mine, in my day. Your country's worship and her
gods are what she entrusts to you now — take them to share your
destiny — seek for them a mighty city, which you shall one day
build when you have wandered the ocean over.' With these words
he brings out Queen Vesta with her fillets and the ever-burning
fire from the secret shrine.

'Meanwhile the city in its various quarters is being convulsed
with agony — and ever more and more, though my father
Anchises' palace was retired in the privacy of embosoming trees,
the sounds deepen, and the alarm of battle swells. I start up from
sleep, mount the sloping roof, and stand intently listening — even
as when among standing corn a spark falls with a fierce south wind
to fan it, or the impetuous stream of a mountain torrent sweeps the
fields, sweeps the joyous crops and the bullocks' toil, and drives the
woods headlong before it, in perplexed amazement a shepherd takes
the crash from a rock's tall summit. Then, indeed, all doubt
was over, and the wiles of the Danaans stood confessed. Already
Deiphobus' palace has fallen with a mighty overthrow before the
scattering fire-god — already his neighbor Ucalegon is in flames —
the expanse of the Sigean sea shines again with the blaze. Up
rises at once the shouting of men and the braying of trumpets. To
arms I rush in frenzy — not that good cause is shown for arms —
but to muster a troop for fight, and run to the citadel with my

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comrades is my first burning impulse — madness and rage drive my mind headlong, and I think how glorious to die with arms in my hand.

"But see! Panthus, escaped from an Achæan volley, Panthus, Othrys' son, priest of Phœbus in the citadel, comes dragging along with his own hand the vanquished gods of his worship and his young grandchild, and making distractedly for my door. 'How goes the day, Panthus? What hold have we of the citadel?' The words were scarcely uttered when with a groan he replies, 'It is come, the last day, the inevitable hour — on Dardan land no more Trojans; no more of Ilion, and the great renown of the sons of Teucer; Jove, in his cruelty, has carried all over to Argos; the town is on fire, and the Danaans are its masters. There, planted high in the heart of the city, the horse is pouring out armed men, and Sinon is flinging about fire in the insolence of conquest; some are crowding into the unfolded gates — thousands, many as ever came from huge Mycenæ; some are blocking up the narrow streets, with weapons pointed at all comers; the sharp steel with its gleaming blade stands drawn, ready for slaughter; hardly, even on the threshold, the sentinels of the gates are attempting resistance, in a struggle where the powers of war are blind.'

"At these words of the son of Othrys, and heaven's will thus expressed, I plunge into the fire and the battle, following the war-fiend's yell, the din of strife, and the shout that rose to the sky. There join me Rhipeus and Epytus, bravest in fight, crossing my way in the moonlight, as also Hypanis and Dymas, and form at my side; young Corœbus, too, Mygdon's son; he happened to be just then come to Troy, with a frantic passion for Cassandra, and was bringing a son-in-law's aid to Priam and his Phrygians — poor boy! to have given no heed to the warnings of his heaven-struck bride! Seeing them gathered in a mass and nerved for battle, I begin thereon: — 'Young hearts, full of unavailing valor, if your desire is set to follow a desperate man, you see what the plight of our affairs is — gone in a body from shrine and altar are the gods who upheld this our empire — the city you succor is a blazing ruin; choose we then death, and rush we into the thick of the fight. The one safety for vanquished men is to hope for none.' These words stirred their young spirits to madness: then, like ravenous wolves in night's dark cloud, driven abroad by the blind rage of lawless hunger, with their cubs left at home waiting their return with parched jaws, among javelins, among foemen, on we go with no uncertain fate before us, keeping our way through the heart of the town, while night flaps over us its dark, overshadowing wings. Who could unfold in speech the carnage, the horrors of that night, or make his tears keep pace with our suffering? It is an ancient city, falling from the height where she queened it many a year; and heaps of unresisting bodies are lying confusedly in the streets, in the houses, on the hallowed steps of temples. Nor is it on

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ucer's sons alone that bloody vengeance lights. There are times en even the vanquished feel courage rushing back to their hearts, d the conquering Danaans fall. Everywhere is relentless agony; erywhere terror, and the vision of death in many a manifestation. First of the Danaans, with a large band at his back, Androgeos sses our way, taking us for a troop of his friends in his ignorance, d hails us at once in words of fellowship: 'Come, my men, be ick. Why, what sloth is keeping you so late? Pergamus is on e, and the rest of us are spoiling and sacking it, and here are you, just disembarked from your tall ships.' He said, and instantly, no reply was forthcoming to reassure him, saw that he had en into the thick of the enemy. Struck with consternation, he w back foot and tongue. Just as a man who at unawares has den on a snake among thorns and briers in his walk, and recoils once in sudden alarm from the angry uplifted crest and the black elling neck, so Androgeos, appalled at the sight, was retiring. we rush on him, and close round, weapons in hand; and, in ignorance of the ground, and the surprise of their terror, they before us everywhere. Fortune smiles on our first encounter. eon Corœbus, flushed with success and daring, 'Come, my nds,' he cries, 'where Fortune at starting directs us to the path safety, and reveals herself as our ally, be it ours to follow on. us change shields, and see if Danaan decorations will fit us. k or strength of hand, who, in dealing with an enemy, asks ich? They shall arm us against themselves.' So saying, he puts Androgeos' crested helm, and his shield with its goodly device, fastens to his side an Argive sword. So does Rhipeus, so mas too, and all our company, with youthful exultation, each ing himself out of the new-won spoils. On we go, mixing h the Greeks, under auspices not our own, and many are the bats in which we engage in the blindness of night, many the naans whom we send down to the shades. They fly on all hands: e to the ships, making at full speed for safety on the shore; ers, in the debasement of terror, climb once more the horse's e sides, and hide themselves in the womb they knew so well. Alas! it is not for man to throw himself on the gods against r will!

Lo! there was a princess of Priam's house being dragged by her evelled hair from the temple, from the very shrine of Minerva, andra, straining her flashing eyes to heaven in vain — her s — for those delicate hands were confined by manacles. The t was too much for the infuriate mind of Corœbus: rushing to doom, he flung himself into the middle of the hostile force. e and all, we follow, close our ranks, and fall on. And now, from the temple's lofty top we are overwhelmed by a shower our own countrymen's darts, and a most piteous carnage ensues, along of the appearance of our arms and our mistaken Grecian s. Then the Danaans, groaning and enraged at the rescue of

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the maiden, rally from all sides, and fall on us. Ajax, in all his fury, and the two sons of Atreus, and the whole array of the Dolopes — even as one day when the tempest is broken loose, and wind meets wind — west, and south, and east exulting in his orient steeds — there is crashing in the woods, and Nereus, in a cloud of foam, is plying his ruthless trident, and stirring up the sea from its very bottom. Such of the foe, moreover, as in the darkness of night we had driven routed through the gloom — thanks to our stratagem — and scattered the whole city over, rally again: they are the first to recognize the imposture of shield and weapon, and to mark the different sound of our speech. All is over — we are overwhelmed by numbers: first of all, Corœbus is stretched low; his slayer Peneleos, his place of death the altar of the Goddess of Arms; slain, too, is Rhipeus, the justest and most righteous man in Troy — but heaven's will is not ours — down go Hypanis and Dymas both, shot by their friends; nor could all your acts of piety, good Panthus, shield you in your fall; no, nor the fillet of Apollo on your brow. Ye ashes of Ilion, and thou, funeral fire of those I loved, witness ye that in your day of doom I shrank from no Danaan dart, no hand-to-hand encounter; nay, that had my fate been to fall, my hand had earned it well. We are parted from the rest, Iphitus, Pelias, and I. Iphitus, a man on whom years were already pressing; Pelias, crippled by a wound from Ulysses — all three summoned by the shouting to Priam's palace.

"Here, indeed, the conflict was gigantic — just as if the rest of the war were nowhere — as if none were dying in the whole city beside: even such was the sight we saw — the war-god raging untamed, the Danaans streaming up to the roof, the door blockaded by a long penthouse of shields. The scaling ladders are clasping the walls; close to the very door men are climbing, with their left hands presenting the buckler to shelter them from darts, while with their right they are clasping the battlements. The Dardans, on their part, are tearing up from the palace turret and roof — such the weapons with which, in their dire extremity, in the last death-struggle, they make ready for their defence — gilded rafters, the stately ornaments of elder days, they are hurling down; while others, their swords drawn, are stationed at the doors at the bottom, and guarding them in close array. The fire revived within me, to bring succor to the royal roof, and relieve those brave men, and breathe new daring into the vanquished.

"A door there was, a hidden entrance, a thoroughfare through Priam's palace, a postern which you leave in the rear; by it the hapless Andromache, while yet the throne was standing, used often to repair unattended to her husband's parents, and pull the boy Astyanax into his grandsire's presence. Through it I make my way to the summit of the roof, whence the wretched Teucrians were hurling darts without avail. There was a tower standing precipitous, its roof reared high to the stars, whence could be seen

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Troy, and the Danaan fleet, and the Achæan camp; to this we
ched our weapons, just where the lofty flooring made the joining
ecure; we wrench it from its eminence, we have toppled it over —
wn it falls at once, a huge crashing ruin, and tumbles far and
de over the Danaan ranks. But others fill their place; while
nes and every kind of missile keep raining unabated.

"There in the entry, at the very gate, is Pyrrhus in his glory,
aming with spear and sword, and with all the brilliance of steel.
en as against the daylight a serpent gorged with baleful herbage,
om winter's cold of late was keeping swollen underground, now,
skin shed, in new life and in the beauty of youth, rears his breast
ct, and wreathes his shining scales, towering to the sun, and
shes in his mouth his three-forked tongue. With him gigantic
iphas and Automedon, his armor-bearer, once Achilles' char-
eer, with him the whole chivalry of Scyros press to the walls,
d hurl up fire to the roof. Himself among the foremost, a two-
ged axe in hand, is bursting through the stubborn door and
cing from their hinges the valves copper-sheathed; see! now he
s cut out a plank and delved into that stout heart of oak, and
de a wide gaping window in the middle. There is seen the
use within, and the long vista of the hall; there is seen the
ust retirement of Priam and the monarchs of past days, and
med warriors are disclosed standing in the entrance.

"But the palace within is a confused scene of shrieking and piteous
order; the vaulted chambers wail from their hollow depths with
male lamentation; the noise strikes the golden stars above. The
rror-stricken matrons are running to and fro through the spacious
urts, clinging claspingly to the gates and printing them with
sses. On presses Pyrrhus with all his father's might; neither
rrier of oak nor yet living guard can resist him; the door gives
ay under the thick strokes of the battery, and the valves are torn
m their hinges and brought down. Force finds its way; the
naans burst a passage, rush in, and slaughter those they meet,
d the whole wide space is flooded with soldiers. With far less
ry, when the river, all foam, has broken the prison of its banks
d streamed with triumphant tide over the barriers set to check
down it comes tumbling along the corn-fields, and along the
hole country sweeps away herd and stall. With my own eyes
saw Neoptolemus, mad with carnage, and the two Atridæ on the
lace-floor. I saw Hecuba and her hundred daughters-in-law, and
iam at the altar, polluting with his blood the flames he had
mself made holy. Those fifty marriage-chambers, the splendid
omise of children's children, doors gorgeous with barbaric gold
d plundered treasure, all sank in dust. Where the fire flags, the
naans are masters.

"Perhaps, too, you may be curious to hear the fate of Priam.
hen he saw his city fallen and captured, the doors of his palace
rst open, the foe in the heart of his home's sanctuary, poor old

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man! helplessly and hopelessly he puts about his shoulders, trembling with age, his armor, long disused, and girds on his unavailing sword, and is going to his doom among the thick of the foe. In the midst of the palace, under the naked height of the sky, stood a great altar, and by it a bay tree of age untold, leaning over the altar and enfolding the household gods in its shade. Here about the altar Hecuba and her daughters, all helpless, like doves driven headlong down by a murky tempest, huddled together and clinging to the statues of the gods, were sitting. But when she saw Priam — yes, Priam — wearing the arms of his youth — 'What monstrous thought,' cries she, 'my most wretched spouse, has moved you to gird on these weapons? or to what are you hurrying? It is not help like this, not protections like those you wear, that the crisis needs. No, not even if my lost Hector were now at our side. Come, join us here at last; this altar shall be a defence for us all, or we will die together.' With these words she took him to where she was, and lodged his aged frame in the hallowed resting-place.

"But, see! here is Polites, one of Priam's sons escaped from Pyrrhus' murderous hand, through showers of darts and masses of foemen, flying down the long corridors and traversing the empty courts, sore and wounded, while Pyrrhus, all on fire, is pursuing him with a deadly stroke, his hand all but grasping him his spear close upon him. Just as at last he won his way into the view and presence of his parents, down he fell and poured out his life in a gush of blood. Hereon Priam, though hemmed in by death on all sides, could not restrain himself, or control voice and passion. 'Aye,' cries he, 'for a crime, for an outrage like this, may the gods, if there is any sense of right in heaven to take cognizance of such deeds, give you the full thanks you merit, and pay you your due reward; you, who have made me look with my own eyes on my son's death, and stained a father's presence with the sight of blood. But he whom your lying tongue calls your sire, Achilles, dealt not thus with Priam his foe — he had a cheek that could crimson at a suppliant's rights, a suppliant's honor. Hector's lifeless body he gave back to the tomb, and sent me home to my realms in peace.' So said the poor old man, and hurled at him a dart unwarlike, unwounding, which the ringing brass at once shook off, and left hanging helplessly from the end of the shield's boss. Pyrrhus retorts: 'You shall take your complaint, then, and carry your news to my father, Pelides. Tell him about my shocking deeds, about his degenerate Neoptolemus, and do not forget. Now die.' With these words he dragged him to the very altar, palsied and sliding in a pool of his son's blood, wreathed his left hand in his hair, and with his right flashed forth and sheathed in his side the sword to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fortunes, such the fatal lot that fell upon him, with Troy blazing and Pergamus in ruins before his eyes — upon him, once the haughty ruler of those many nations and kingdoms, the sovereign lord of Asia! There he lies on the

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gigantic trunk, a head severed from the shoulders, a body
out a name.
Now, for the first time grim horror prisoned me round — I was
dered — there rose up the image of my dear father, as I saw the
his fellow in age, breathing out his life through that ghastly
nd. There rose up Creusa unprotected, my house, now plun-
ed, and the chance to which I had left my little Iulus. I cast
eyes back and look about to see what strength there is round
. All had forsaken me, too tired to stay; they had leapt to the
ound or, dropped helplessly into the flames. And now I was
e alone. When lodged in the temple of Vesta, and crouching
ely in its darkest recess, the daughter of Tyndareus meets my
the brilliant blaze gives light to my wandering feet and rang-
glance. Yes, she in her guilty fears, dreading at once the
ecrians whom the overthrow of Pergamus had made her foes,
the vengeance of the Danaans, and the wrath of the husband
abandoned — she, the common fiend of Troy and of her country,
hid herself away, and was sitting in hateful solitude at the
r. My spirit kindled into flame — a fury seized me to avenge
country in its fall, and to do justice on a wretch. 'So she is to
Sparta and her native Mycenæ gain in safety, and is to move as
queen in a triumph of her own? She is to look upon her lord
her old home, her children and her parents, with a crowd of
Trojan ladies and Phrygian captives to wait on her? Shall it
for this that Priam has died by the sword, that Troy has been
nt with fire, that the Dardan shore has gushed so oft with the
eat of blood? No, never — for though there are no proud mem-
s to be won by vengeance on a woman, no laurels to be reaped
m a conquest like this, yet the extinction of so base a life and the
ction of vengeance so merited will count as a praise, and it will
a joy to have glutted my spirit with the flame of revenge and
ed the thirsty ashes of those I love.' Such were the wild words
was uttering, such the impulse of my infuriate heart, when sud-
nly there appeared to me, brighter than I had ever seen her
fore, and shone forth in clear radiance through the night, my
cious mother, all her deity confessed, with the same mien and
ture by which she is known to the dwellers in heaven. She
zed me by the hand and stayed me, seconding her action with
se words from her roseate lips: 'My son, what mighty agony is
that stirs up this untamed passion? What means your frenzy?
whither has fled your care for me? Will you not first see where
u have left your father Anchises, spent with age as he is? whether
ur wife, Creusa, be yet alive, and your child, Ascanius? All
out them the Grecian armies are ranging to and fro, and were
t my care exerted to rescue them, ere this they had been snatched
the flame, devoured by the foeman's sword. It is not the hated
auty of the daughter of Tyndareus, the Spartan woman — not
reviled Paris. No, it is heaven, unpitying heaven that is over-

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turning this great empire and levelling Troy from its summit. See here — for I will take away wholly the cloud whose veil, cast over your eyes, dulls your mortal vision and darkles round you damp and thick — do you on your part shrink in naught from your mother's commands, nor refuse to obey the instructions she gives. Here, where you see huge masses rent asunder, and stones wrenched from stones, and blended torrents of smoke and dust, is Neptune with his mighty trident shaking the walls and upheaving the very foundations; here is Juno, cruellest of foes, posted at the entry of the Scæan gate, and summoning in tones of fury from the ships her confederate band, herself girt with steel like them. Look behind you — there is Tritonian Pallas, seated already on the summit of our towers, in the lurid glare of her storm-cloud and grim Gorgon's head. The great Father himself is nerving the Danaans with courage and strength for victory — himself leading the gods against our Dardan forces. Come, my son, catch at flight while you may and bring the struggle to an end. I will not leave you, till I have set you in safety at your father's door.' She had ceased, and veiled herself at once in night's thickest shadows. I see a vision of awful shapes — mighty presences of gods arrayed against Troy.

"Then, indeed, I beheld all Ilion sinking into flame, and Neptune's city, Troy, overturned from its base. Even as an ancient ash on the mountain-top, which woodmen have hacked with steel and repeated hatchet strokes, and are trying might and main to dislodge — it keeps nodding menacingly, its leafy head palsied and shaken, till at last, gradually overborne by wound after wound, it has given its death-groan, and fallen uprooted in ruined length along the hill. I come down, and, following my heavenly guide, thread my way through flames and foemen, while weapons glance aside and flames retire.

"Now when at last I had reached the door of my father's house, that old house I knew so well, my sire, whom it was my first resolve to carry away high up the hills — who was the first object I sought — refuses to survive the razing of Troy and submit to banishment. 'You, whose young blood is untainted, whose strength is firmly based and self-sustained, it is for you to think of flight. For me, had the dwellers in heaven willed me to prolong my life, they would have preserved for me my home. It is enough and more than enough to have witnessed one sack, to have once outlived the capture of my city. Here, O here as I lie, bid farewell to my corpse and begone. I will find me a warrior's death. The enemy will have mercy on me, and my spoils will tempt him. The loss of a tomb will fall on me lightly. Long, long have I been a clog on time, hated of heaven and useless to earth, from the day when the father of gods and sovereign of men blasted me with the wind of his lightning, and laid on me the finger of flame.'

"Such the words he kept on repeating and continued unshaken, while we were shedding our hearts in tears — Creusa, my wife, and

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Ascanius and my whole house, imploring my father not to be bent on dragging all with him to ruin, and lending his weight to the avalanche of destiny. But he refuses, and will not be moved from his purpose or his home. Once more I am plunging into battle, and choosing death in the agony of my wretchedness — for what could wisdom or fortune do for me now? What, my father? that I could stir a step to escape, leaving you behind? was this your expectation? could aught so shocking fall from a parent's lips? No — if it is the will of heaven that naught of this mighty city should be spared — if your purpose is fixed, and you find pleasure in throwing yourself and yours on Troy's blazing pile, the door stands open for the death you crave. Pyrrhus will be here in a moment, fresh from bathing in Priam's blood — Pyrrhus, who butchers the son before the father's face, who butchers the father at the altar. Gracious mother! was it for this that thou rescuest me from fire and sword — all that I may see the foe in the heart of my home's sanctuary — may see my Ascanius, and my father, and my Creusa by them sacrificed in a pool of each other's blood? My arms, friends, bring me my arms! the call of the day of death rings in the ears of the conquered. Give me back to the Danaans, let me return and renew the combat. Never shall this day see us all slaughtered unresisting.

"Now I gird on my sword again, and was buckling and fitting my shield to my left arm, and making my way out of the house — when lo! my wife on the threshold began to clasp and cling to my feet, holding out my little Iulus to his father. 'If it is to death you are going, then carry us with you to death and all, but if experience gives you any hope in the arms you are resuming, let your first stand be made at your home. To whom, think you, are you leaving your little Iulus — your father, and me who was once styled your wife?'

"Thus she was crying, while her moaning filled the house, when a portent appears, sudden and marvellous to relate. Even while the hands and eyes of his grieving parents were upon him, lo, a flickering tongue of flame on the top of Iulus' head was seen to shoot out light, playing round his soft curly locks with innocuous contact and pasturing about his temples. We are all hurry and alarm, shaking out his blazing hair and quenching the sacred fire with water from the spring — but Anchises my father raised his eyes in ecstasy to heaven, directing hand and voice to the stars: 'Almighty Jove, if any prayer can bow thy will, look down on us, — 'tis all I crave — and if our piety have earned requital, grant us thy succor, father, and ratify the omen we now see.' Scarce had the old man spoken, when there came a sudden peal of thunder on the left, and a star fell from heaven and swept through the gloom with a torchlike train and a blaze of light. Over the top of the house we see it pass, and mark its course along the sky till it buries itself luminously in Ida's wood — then comes a long furrowed line of

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light, and a sulphurous smoke fills the space all about. Then at length overcome, my father raises himself towards the sky, addresses the gods, and does reverence to the sacred meteor: 'No more, no more delay from me. I follow your guidance, and am already in the way by which you would lead me. Gods of my country! preserve my house, preserve my grandchild. Yours is this augury — your shield is stretched over Troy. Yes, my son, I give way, and shrink not from accompanying your flight.' He said — and by this the blaze is heard louder and louder through the streets, and the flames roll their hot volumes nearer. 'Come then, dear father, take your seat on my back, my shoulders shall support you, nor shall I feel the task a burden. Fall things as they may, we twain will share the peril, share the deliverance. Let my little Iulus walk by my side, while my wife follows our steps at a distance. You, our servants, attend to what I now say. As you leave the city there is a mound, where stands an ancient temple of Ceres all alone, and by it an old cypress, observed these many years by the reverence of our sires. This shall be our point of meeting in one place from many quarters. You, my father, take in your hand these sacred things, our country's household gods. For me, just emerged from this mighty war, with the stains of carnage fresh upon me, it were sacrilege to touch them, till I have cleansed me in the running stream.'

"So saying, I spread out my shoulders, bow my neck, cover them with a robe, a lion's tawny hide, and take up the precious burden. My little Iulus has fastened his hand in mine, and is following his father with ill-matched steps, my wife comes on behind. On we go, keeping in the shade — and I, who erewhile quailed not for a moment at the darts that rained upon me or at the masses of Greeks that barred my path, now am scared by every breath of air, startled by every sound, fluttered as I am, and fearing alike for him who holds my hand and him I carry. And now I was nearing the gates, and the whole journey seemed accomplished, when suddenly the noise of thick trampling feet came to my ear, and my father looks onward through the darkness. 'Son, son,' he cries, 'fly: they are upon us. I distinguish the flashing of their shields and the gleam of their steel.' In this alarm some unfriendly power perplexed and took away my judgment. For, while I was tracking places where no track was, and swerving from the wonted line of road, woe is me! destiny tore from me my wife Creusa. Whether she stopped, or strayed from the road, or sat down fatigued, I never knew — nor was she ever restored to my eyes in life. Nay, I did not look back to discover my loss, or turn my thoughts that way till we had come to the mound and temple of ancient Ceres; then, at last, when all were mustered, she alone was missing, and failed those who should have travelled with her, her son and husband both. Whom of gods or men did my upbraiding voice spare? what sight in all the ruin of the city made my heart bleed more?

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scanius and Anchises my father and the Teucrian household gods give to my comrades' care, and lodge them in the winding glade. repair again to the city and don my shining armor. My mind is set try every hazard again, and retrace my path through the whole Troy, and expose my life to peril once more. First I repair again the city walls, and the gate's dark entry by which I had passed I track and follow my footsteps back through the night, and verse the ground with my eye. Everywhere my sense is scared the horror, scared by the very stillness. Next I betake me home, the hope, the faint hope that she may have turned her steps The Danaans had broken in and were lodged in every ther. All is over — the greedy flame is wafted by the wind to amber. roof, the fire towers triumphant — the glow streams madly avenwards. I pass on, and look again at Priam's palace and the adel. There already in the empty cloisters, yes, in Juno's sanctu- y, chosen guards, Phœnix and Ulysses the terrible, were watching e spoil. Here are gathered the treasures of Troy torn from blaz- shrines, tables of gods, bowls of solid gold, and captive vest- ents in one great heap. Boys and mothers stand trembling all out in long array.

Nay, I was emboldened even to fling random cries through the kness. I filled the streets with shouts, and in my agony called gain and again on my Creusa with unavailing iteration. As I as thus making my search and raving unceasingly the whole city rough, the hapless shade, the spectre of my own Creusa appeared my presence — a likeness larger than the life. I was aghast, my ir stood erect, my tongue clove to my mouth, while she began address me thus, and relieve my trouble with words like these: Whence this strange pleasure in indulging frantic grief, my darling sband? It is not without Heaven's will that these things are ppening: that you should carry your Creusa with you on your urney is forbidden by fate, forbidden by the mighty ruler of aven above. You have long years of exile, a vast expanse of ean to traverse — and then you will arrive at the land of Hesperia, here Tiber, Lydia's river, rolls his gentle volumes through rich d cultured plains. There you have a smiling future, a kingdom, d a royal bride waiting your coming. Dry your tears for Creusa, ur heart's choice though she be. I am not to see the face of rmidons or Dolopes in their haughty homes, or to enter the rvice of some Grecian matron — I, a Dardan princess, daughter marriage of Venus the immortal. No, I am kept in this country heaven's mighty mother. And now farewell, and continue to ve your son and mine.' Thus having spoken, in spite of my ars, spite of the thousand things I longed to say, she left me and nished into unsubstantial air. Thrice, as I stood, I essayed to ng my arms round her neck — thrice the phantom escaped the nds that caught at it in vain — impalpable as the wind, fleeting the wings of sleep.

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"So passed my night, and such was my return to my comrades. Arrived there, I find with wonder their band swelled by a vast multitude of new companions, matrons and warriors both, an army mustered for exile, a crowd of the wretched. From every side they were met, prepared in heart as in fortune to follow me over the sea to any land where I might take them to settle. And now the morning star was rising over Ida's loftiest ridge with the day in its train — Danaan sentinels were blocking up the entry of the gates, and no hope of succor appeared. I retired at last, took up my father, and made for the mountains."

[tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

[In the third book, Aeneas continues telling Queen Dido the story of his adventures. After building twenty ships at Antandros, the Trojans sail for Thrace, intending to settle there, but they are warned by the shade of the murdered Trojan, Polydorus, to leave that accursed shore. Sailing to Delos, they learn from the oracle that they must seek the land from which their ancestors came. Anchises dimly remembers that this was Crete, and they sail to that island only to experience plague and famine. Aeneas' household gods tell him in a dream that he must direct his course to Italy. They encounter a fierce storm and land on the Strophades where they battle the Harpies. The wanderers move northward along the west coast of Greece. At Buthrotum, in Epirus, Aeneas meets Helenus, the brother of Hector, now married to Andromache. Being a prophet, Helenus counsels him on the course he is to follow. After a number of terrifying adventures, the fleet arrives at Drepanum, where the exiles are hospitably received by King Acestes. Here Anchises dies. It was after leaving Drepanum that Aeneas' fleet, sailing for the Italian shore, was overtaken by the storm that tossed them on the coast of Dido's realm.]

BOOK IV

But the queen, pierced long since by love's cruel shaft, is feeding the wound with her life-blood, and wasting under a hidden fire. Many times the hero's own worth comes back to her mind, many times the glory of his race; his every look remains imprinted on her breast, and his every word, nor will trouble let soothing sleep have access to her frame.

The dawn-goddess of the morrow was surveying the earth with Phœbus' torch in her hand, and had already withdrawn the dewy shadow from the sky, when she, sick of soul, thus bespoke the sister whose heart was one with hers: — "Anna, my sister, what dreams are these that confound and appall me! Who is this new guest that has entered our door! What a face and carriage! What strength of breast and shoulders! I do believe — it is no mere fancy — that he has the blood of gods in his veins. An ignoble soul is known by the coward's brand. Ah! by what fates he has been tossed! What wars he was recounting, every pang of them borne by himself! Were it not the fixed, immovable purpose of my mind never

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consent to join myself with any in wedlock's bands, since my
t love played me false and made me the dupe of death — had I
been weary of bridal bed and nuptial torch, perchance I might
ve stooped to this one reproach. Anna — for I will own the
th — since the fate of Sychæus, my poor husband — since the
inkling of the gods of my home with the blood my brother shed,
and he only has touched my heart and shaken my resolution till it
ters. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But first I would
ay that earth may yawn for me from her foundations, or the
powerful sire hurl me thunder-stricken to the shades, to the wan
ades of Erebus and abysmal night, ere I violate thee, my woman's
nor, or unknit the bonds thou tiest. He who first wedded me,
has carried off my heart — let him keep it all his own, and
ain it in his grave." Thus having said, she deluged her bosom
th a burst of tears.

Anna replies: — "Sweet love, dearer than the light to your sister's
, are you to pine and grieve in loneliness through life's long
ring, nor know aught of a mother's joy in her children, nor of
prizes Venus gives? Think you that dead ashes and ghosts
in the grave take this to heart? Grant that no husbands have
ched your bleeding heart in times gone by, none now in Libya,
ne before in Tyre; yes, Iarbas has been slighted, and the other
ieftains whom Africa rich in triumphs, rears as its own — will
fight against a welcome, no less than an unwelcome passion?
r does it cross your mind in whose territories you are settled?
n one side of the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war,
d the Numidians environ you, unbridled as their steeds, and the
hospitable Syrtis; on another, a region unpeopled by drought,
d the widespread barbarism of the nation of Barce. What need
talk of the war-cloud threatening from Tyre, and the menaces
our brother? It is under Heaven's auspices, I deem, and by
no's blessing, that the vessels of Ilion have made this voyage
ther. What a city, my sister, will ours become before your eyes!
at an empire will grow out of a marriage like this! With the
ms of the Teucrians at its back, to what a height will the glory
Carthage soar! Only be it yours to implore the favor of Heaven,
d having won its acceptance, give free course to hospitality and
ave a chain of pleas for delay, while the tempest is raging its
ll on the sea, and Orion, the star of rain, while his ships are still
ttered, and the rigor of the sky still unyielding." By these words
e added fresh fuel to the fire of love, gave confidence to her
avering mind, and loosed the ties of woman's honor.

First they approach the temples and inquire for pardon from altar
altar; duly they slaughter chosen sheep to Ceres the lawgiver, to
Phœbus, and to father Lyæus — above all to Juno, who makes
arriage bonds her care. Dido herself, in all her beauty, takes a
blet in her hand, and pours it out full between the horns of a
ifer of gleaming white, or moves majestic in the presence of

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the gods towards the richly-laden altars, and solemnizes the day with offerings, and gazing greedily on the victims' open breasts, consults the entrails yet quivering with life. Alas! how blind are the eyes of seers! What can vows, what can temples do for the madness of love? All the while a flame is preying on the very marrow of her bones, and deep in her breast a wound keeps noiselessly alive. She is on fire, the ill-fated Dido, and in her madness ranges the whole city through, like a doe from an arrow-shot, whom, unguarded in the thick of the Cretan woods, a shepherd, chasing her with his darts, has pierced from a distance, and left the flying steel in the wound, unknowing of his prize; she at full speed scours the forests and lawns of Dicte; the deadly reed still sticks in her side. Now she leads Æneas with her through the heart of the town, and displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city built to dwell in. She begins to speak, and stops midway in the utterance. Now, as the day fades, she seeks again the banquet of yesterday, and once more in frenzy asks to hear of the agonies of Troy, and hangs once more on his lips as he tells the tale. Afterwards, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon in turn is hiding her light, and the setting stars invite to slumber, alone she mourns in the empty hall, and presses the couch he has just left; him far away she sees and hears, herself far away; or holds Ascanius long in her lap, spellbound by his father's image, to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion. The towers that were rising rise no longer; the youth ceases to practise arms, or to make ready havens and bulwarks for safety in war; the works are broken and suspended, the giant frowning of the walls, and the engine level with the sky.

Soon as Jove's loved wife saw that she was so mastered by the plague, and that good name could not stand in the face of passion, she, the daughter of Saturn, bespeaks Venus thus: — "Brilliant truly is the praise, ample the spoils you are carrying off, you and your boy — great and memorable the fame, if the plots of two gods have really conquered one woman. No; I am not so blind either to your fears of my city, to your suspicions of the open doors of my stately Carthage. But when is this to end? or what calls now for such terrible contention? Suppose for a change we establish perpetual peace and a firm marriage bond. You have gained what your whole heart went to seek. Dido is ablaze with love, and the madness is coursing through her frame. Jointly then let us rule this nation, each with full sovereignty; let her stoop to be the slave of a Phrygian husband, and make over her Tyrians in place of dowry to your control."

To her — for she saw that she had spoken with a feigned intent, meaning to divert the Italian empire to the coast of Libya — Venus thus replied: — "Who would be so mad as to spurn offers like these, and prefer your enmity to your friendship, were it but certain that the issue you name would bring good fortune in its train? But I am groping blindly after destiny — whether it be Jupiter's will that

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e Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy should have one city — hether he would have the two nations blended and a league made etween them. You are his wife; it is your place to approach him y entreaty. Go on, I will follow." Imperial Juno rejoined hus:—"That task shall rest with me. Now, in what way our resent purpose can be contrived, lend me your attention, and I will xplain in brief. Æneas and Dido, poor sufferer! are proposing to o hunting in the forest, when first tomorrow's sun displays his ising, and with his beams uncurtains the globe. On them I will our from above a black storm of mingled rain and hail, just when e horsemen are all astir, and spreading their toils before the ood-walks, and the whole heaven shall be convulsed with thunder. The train shall fly here and there, and be lost in the thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan chief shall find themselves in the same cave. I will be there, and, if I may count on your sanction, will unite her o him in lasting wedlock, and consecrate her his for life. Thus hall Hymen give us his presence." The Queen of Cythera makes o demur, but nods assent, smiling at the trick she has found out. Meanwhile Aurora has risen, and left the ocean. Rising with e day-star, the chivalry of Carthage streams through the gates, heir woven toils, and nets, and hunting-spears tipped with broad on, and Massylian horsemen hurry along, and a force of keen-ented hounds. There are the Punic princes, waiting for the ueen, who still lingers in her chamber; there stands her palfrey, nspicuous in purple and gold, fiercely champing the foaming bit. t length she comes forth, with a mighty train attending, a Tyrian arf round her, itself surrounded by an embroidered border; her uiver of gold, her hair knotted up with gold, her purple robe astened with a golden clasp. The Phrygian train, too, are in otion, and Iulus, all exultation. Æneas himself, comely beyond l the rest, adds his presence to theirs, and joins the procession; ke Apollo, when he leaves his Lycian winter-seat and the stream f Xanthus, and visits Delos, his mother's isle, and renews the ance; while with mingled voices round the altar shout Cretans nd Dryopians, and tattooed Agathyrsians. The god in majesty alks on the heights of Cynthus, training his luxuriant hair with e soft pressure of a wreath of leaves, and twining it with gold; is arrows rattle on his shoulders. Not with less ease than he oves Æneas; such the beauty that sparkles in that peerless coun-nance. When they reach the high mountains and the pathless verts, see! the wild goats, dropping from the tops of the crags, ave run down the slopes; in another quarter the deer are scouring e open plains, massing their herds as they fly in a whirlwind of ust, and leaving the mountains. But young Ascanius is in the eart of the glens, exulting in his fiery courser. Now he passes one, ow another of his comrades at full speed, and prays that in the idst of such spiritless game he may be blest with the sight of a aming boar, or that a tawny lion may come down the hill.

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Meantime the sky begins to be convulsed with a mighty turmoil; a storm-cloud follows of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian train, all in confusion, and the chivalry of Troy, and the hope of Dardania, Venus' grandson, have sought shelter in their terror up and down the country, some here, some there. The streams run in torrents down the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief find themselves in the same cave. Earth, the mother of all, and Juno give the sign.

Lightnings blaze, and heaven flashes in sympathy with the bridal; and from mountain-tops the nymphs give the nuptial shout. That day was the birthday of death, the birthday of woe. Henceforth she has no thought for the common eye or the common tongue; it is not a stolen passion that Dido has now in her mind — no, she calls it marriage; that name is the screen of her sin.

Instantly Fame takes her journey through Libya's great cities — Fame, a monster surpassed in speed by none; her nimbleness lends her life, and she gains strength as she goes. At first fear keeps her low; soon she rears herself skyward, and treads on the ground, while her head is hidden among the clouds. Earth, her parent, provoked to anger against the gods, brought her forth, they say, the youngest of the family of Cœus and Enceladus — swift of foot and untiring of wing, a portent terrible and vast — who, for every feather on her body has an ever-wakeful eye beneath, marvellous to tell, for every eye a loud tongue and mouth, and a pricked-up ear. At night she flies midway between heaven and earth, hissing through the darkness, nor ever yields her eyes to the sweets of sleep. In the daylight she sits sentinel on a high house-top, or on a lofty turret, and makes great cities afraid; as apt to cling to falsehood and wrong as to proclaim the truth. So then she was filling the public ear with a thousand tales — things done and things never done alike the burden of her song — how that Æneas, a prince of Trojan blood, had arrived at Carthage, a hero whom lovely Dido deigned to make her husband, and now in luxurious ease they were wearing away the length of winter together, forgetful of the crowns they wore or hoped to wear, and enthralled by unworthy passion. Such are the tales the fiendlike goddess spreads from tongue to tongue. Then, in due course, she turns her steps to King Iarbas, and inflames him with her rumors, and piles his indignation high. He, the son of Ammon, from the ravished embrace of a Garamantian nymph, built within his broad realms a hundred temples to Jove, and in each temple an altar; there he had consecrated an ever-wakeful fire, the god's unsleeping sentry, a floor thick with victims' blood, and doors wreathed with parti-colored garlands. And he, frenzied in soul, and stung by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, with the majesty of Heaven all around him, to have prayed long and earnestly to Jove with upturned hands: — "Jove, the Almighty, to whom in this my reign the Moorish race, feasting on embroidered couches, pour out the offering of the vintage, seest thou this? or is our dread of thee, Father, when thou

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earlest thy lightnings, an idle panic? are those aimless fires in the clouds that appal us? have their confused rumblings no meaning? See here: a woman, who, wandering in our territories, bought leave to build a petty town, to whom we made over a strip of land for village, with its rights of lordship, she has rejected an alliance with us, and received Æneas into her kingdom, to be its lord and hers. And now that second Paris, with his emasculate following, a Mæonian cap supporting his chin and his essenced hair, is enjoying his prize, while we, forsooth, are making offerings to temples of shine, and keeping alive an idle rumor."

Thus as he prayed, his hands grasping the altar, the almighty one heard him, and turned his eyes to the queenly city and the guilty pair, lost to their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him a charge like this: — "Go, haste, my son, summon the Zephyrs, and float on thy wings; address the Dardan chief, who is now dallying in Tyrian Carthage, and giving no thought to the city which Destiny makes his own; carry him my commands through the flying air. It was not a man like that whom his beauteous mother promised us in him, and on the strength of her word twice rescued him from the sword of Greece. No, he was to be one who should govern Italy — Italy, with its brood of unborn empires, and the war-cry bursting from its heart — who should carry down a line sprung from the grand fountain-head of Teucer's blood, and should force the whole world to bow to the laws he makes. If he is fired by no spark of ambition for greatness like this, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for his own praise, is it a father's heart that grudges Ascanius the hills of Rome? What is he building? What does he look to in lingering on among a nation of enemies, with no thought for the great Ausonian family, or for the fields of Lavinium? Away with him to sea! This is our sentence; thus far be our messenger."

Jove had spoken, and Mercury was preparing to execute the great king's command: first he binds to his feet his sandals, all of gold, which carry him, uplifted by their pinions, over sea no less than land, with the swiftness of the wind that wafts him. Then he takes his rod — the rod with which he is wont to call up pale spectres from the place of death, to send others on their melancholy way to Tartarus, to give sleep or take it away, and to open the eyes when death is past. With this in hand, he drives the winds before him, and makes a path through the sea of clouds. And now in his flight he espies the crest and the tall sides of Atlas the rugged, who with his top supports the sky — Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, ever wreathed with dark clouds, is buffeted by wind and rain. A mantle of snow wraps his shoulders; rivers tumble from his hoary chin, and his grisly beard is stiff with ice. Here first Cyllene's god poised himself on his wings and rested; then from his stand stooping his whole body, he sent himself headlong to the sea, like a bird which haunting the coast and the fishy rocks flies low, close to the

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water. Even so was he flying between earth and heaven, between Libya's sandy coast and the winds that swept it, leaving his mother's father behind, himself Cyllene's progeny.

Soon as his winged feet alit among the huts of Carthage, he sees Æneas founding towers and making houses new. A sword was at his side, starred with yellow jaspers, and a mantle drooped from his shoulders, ablaze with Tyrian purple — a costly gift which Dido had made, varying the web with threads of gold. Instantly he assails him: — "And are you at a time like this laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and building, like a fond husband, your wife's goodly city, forgetting, alas! your own kingdom and the cares that should be yours? It is no less than the ruler of the gods who sends me down to you from his bright Olympus — he whose nod sways heaven and earth; it is he that bids me carry his commands through the flying air. What are you building? what do you look to in squandering your leisure in Libyan land? If you are fired by no spark of ambition for the greatness in your view, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for your own praise, think of Ascanius rising into youth, think of Iulus, your heir and your hope, to whom you owe the crown of Italy and the realm of Rome." With these words Cyllene's god quitted mortal sight ere he had well ceased to speak, and vanished away from the eye into unsubstantial air.

The sight left Æneas dumb and aghast indeed; his hair stood shudderingly erect; his speech clave to his throat. He burns to take flight and leave the land of pleasure, as his ears ring with the thunder of Heaven's imperious warning. What — ah! what is he to do? with what address can he now dare to approach the impassioned queen? what first advances can he employ? And thus he despatches his rapid thought hither and thither, hurrying it east and west, and sweeping every corner of the field. So balancing, at last he thought this judgment the best. He calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus; bids them quietly get ready the fleet, muster the crews on the shore, with their arms in their hands, hiding the reason for so sudden a change. Meantime he, while Dido, kindest of friends, is in ignorance, deeming love's chain too strong to be snapped, will feel his way, and find what are the happiest moments for speech, what the right hold to take of circumstance. At once all gladly obey his command, and are busy on the tasks enjoined.

But the queen (who can cheat a lover's senses?) scented the plot, and caught the first sound of the coming stir, alive to fear in the midst of safety. Fame, as before, the same baleful fiend, whispered in her frenzied ear that the fleet was being equipped and the voyage got ready. She storms in impotence of soul, and, all on fire, goes raving through the city, like a Mænad starting up at the rattle of the sacred emblems, when the triennial orgies lash her with the

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y of Bacchus, and Cithæron's yell calls her into the night. At
ength she thus bespeaks Æneas, unaddressed by him: —
"To hide, yes, hide your enormous crime, perfidious wretch, did
ou hope *that* might be done — to steal away in silence from my
ealm? Has our love no power to keep you? has our troth, once
plighted, none, nor she whom you doom to a cruel death, your
Dido? Nay, are you fitting out your fleet with winter's sky over-
head, and hastening to cross the deep in the face of all the northern
winds, hard-hearted as you are? Why, suppose you were not
seeking a strange clime and a home you know not — suppose old
Troy were still standing — would even Troy draw you to seek her
across a billowy sea? Flying, and from me! By the tears I shed,
and by your plighted hand, since my own act, alas! has left me
nought else to plead — by our union — by the nuptial rites thus
prefaced — if I have ever deserved well of you, or aught of mine
ever gave you pleasure — have pity on a falling house, and strip
off, I conjure you, if prayer be not too late, the mind that clothes
you. It is owing to you that the Libyan tribes and the Nomad
chiefs hate me, that my own Tyrians are estranged; owing to you,
yes, you, that my woman's honor has been put out, and that which
was my one passport to immortality, my former fame. To whom
are you abandoning a dying woman, my guest? — since the name
of husband has dwindled to that. Why do I live any longer? — to
give my brother Pygmalion time to batter down my walls, or
Iarbas the Moor to carry me away captive? Had I but borne any
offspring of you before your flight, were there some tiny Æneas to
play in my hall, and remind me of you, though but in look, I
would not then feel utterly captive and forlorn."

She ceased. He all the while, at Jove's command, was keeping
his eyes unmoved, and shutting up in his heart his great love. At
length he answers in brief: — "Fair queen, name all the claims to
gratitude you can. I shall never gainsay one, nor will the thought
of Elissa ever be unwelcome while memory lasts, while breath
animates this frame. A few words I will say, as the case admits.
I never counted — do not dream it — on stealthily concealing my
flight. I never came with a bridegroom's torch in my hand, nor
was this the alliance to which I agreed. For me, were the Fates
suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and to make
with care the terms I would, the city of Troy, first of all the dear
remains of what was mine, would claim my tendance. Priam's
roof-tree would still be standing, and my hand would have built
restored Pergamus, to solace the vanquished. But now to princely
Grynean Apollo, to Italy his Lycian oracles bid me repair.
There is my heart, there my fatherland. If you are riveted here
by the sight of your stately Carthage, a daughter of Phœnicia by a
Libyan town, why, I would ask, should jealousy forbid Teucrians to
dwell in Ausonian land? We, like you, have the right of looking

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for a foreign realm. There is my father Anchises, oft as night's dewy shades invest the earth, oft as the fiery stars arise, warning me in dreams and appalling me by his troubled presence. There is my son Ascanius, and the wrongs heaped on his dear head every day that I rob him of the crown of Hesperia, and of the land, that fate makes his. Now, too, the messenger of the gods, sent down from Jove himself (I swear by both our lives) has brought me orders through the flying air. With my own eyes I saw the god in clear daylight entering the walls, and took in his words with the ears that hear you now. Cease then to harrow up both our souls by your reproaches: my quest of Italy is not of my own motion."

Long ere he had done this speech she was glaring at him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning the whole man with her silent glances, and thus she bursts forth all ablaze:—"No goddess was mother of yours, no Dardanus the head of your line, perfidious wretch!—no, your parent was Caucasus, rugged and craggy, and Hyrcanian tigresses put their breasts to your lips. For why should I suppress aught? or for what worse evil hold myself in reserve? Did he groan when I wept? did he move those hard eyes? did he yield and shed tears, or pity her that loved him? What first? what last? Now, neither Juno, queen of all, nor Jove, the almighty Father, eyes us with impartial regard. Nowhere is there aught to trust—nowhere. A shipwrecked beggar, I welcomed him, and madly gave him a share of my realm; his lost fleet, his crews, I brought back from death's door. Ah! Fury sets me on fire, and whirls me round! Now, prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles. Now the messenger of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears his grim bidding through the air! Aye, of course, that is the employment of the powers above, those the cares that break their repose! I retain not your person, nor refute your talk. Go, chase Italy with the winds at your back; look for realms with the whole sea between you. I have hope that on the rocks midway, if the gods are as powerful as they are good, you will drain the cup of punishment, with Dido's name ever on your lips. I will follow you with murky fires when I am far away; and when cold death shall have parted soul and body, my shade shall haunt you everywhere. Yes, wretch, you shall suffer. I shall hear it—the news will reach me down among the dead." So saying, she snaps short her speech, and flies with loathing from the daylight, and breaks and rushes from his sight, leaving him hesitating, and fearing, and thinking of a thousand things to say. Her maidens support her and carry her sinking frame into her marble chamber, and lay her on her bed.

But good Æneas, though yearning to solace and soothe her agonized spirit, and by his words to check the onset of sorrow, with many a groan, his whole soul upheaved by the force of love, goes nevertheless about the commands of Heaven, and repairs to his

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feet. The Teucrians redouble their efforts, and along the whole range of the shore drag their tall ships down. The keels are screened and floated. They carry oars with their leaves still on, and timber unfashioned as it stood in the woods, so strong their eagerness to fly. You may see them all in motion, streaming from every part of the city. Even as ants when they are sacking a huge heap of wheat, provident of winter days, and laying up the plunder in their stores; a black column is seen moving through the plain, and they convey their booty along the grass in a narrow path: some are putting their shoulders to the big grains, and pushing them along; others are rallying the force and punishing the stragglers; the whole track is in a glow of work. What were your feelings then, poor Dido, at a sight like this! How deep the groans you heaved, when you looked out from your lofty tower on a beach all seething and swarming, and saw the whole sea before you deafened with that hubbub of voices! Tyrant love! what force dost thou not put on human hearts? Again she has to condescend to tears, again to use the weapons of entreaty, and bow her spirit in sufferance under love's yoke, lest she should have left aught untried, and be rushing on a needless death.

"Anna, you see there is hurrying all over the shore — they are met from every side; the canvas is already wooing the gale, and the joyful sailors have wreathed the sterns. If I have had the foresight to anticipate so heavy a blow, I shall have the power to bear it too, my sister. Yet, Anna, in my misery, perform me this one service. You, and you only, the perfidious man was wont to make his friend — aye, even to trust you with his secret thoughts. You, and you only, know the subtle approaches to his heart, and the times of essaying them. Go, then, my sister, and supplicate our haughty foe. Tell him I was no party to the Danaan league at Aulis to destroy the Trojan nation; I sent no ships to Pergamus; never disinterred his father Anchises, his dust or his spirit. Why will he not let my words sink down into his obdurate ears? Whither is he hurrying? Let him grant this last boon to her who loves him so wildly; let him wait till the way is smoothed for his flight, and there are winds to waft him. I am not asking him now to renew our old vows which he has forsworn. I am not asking him to forego his fair Latium, and resign his crown. I entreat but a few vacant hours, a respite and breathing-space for my passion, till my fortune shall have taught baffled love how to grieve. This is my last request of you — Oh, pity your poor sister! — a request which when granted shall be returned with interest in death."

Such was her appeal — such the wailing which her afflicted sister bears to him, and bears again; but no wailing moves him, no words find him a gentle listener. [Fate bars the way, and Heaven closes the hero's unrelenting ears.] Even as an aged oak, still hale and strong, which Alpine winds, blowing now here, now there, strive

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emulously to uproot — a loud noise is heard, and, as the stem rocks, heaps of leaves pile the ground; but the tree cleaves firmly to the cliff; high as its head strikes into the air, so deep its root strikes down to the abyss — even thus the hero is assailed on all sides by a storm of words: his mighty breast thrills through and through with agony; but his mind is unshaken, and tears are showered in vain.

Then at last, maddened by her destiny, poor Dido prays for death: heaven's vault is a weariness to look on. To confirm her in pursuing her intent, and closing her eyes on the sun, she saw, as she was laying her offerings on the incense-steaming altars — horrible to tell — the sacred liquor turn black, and the streams of wine curdle into loathly gore. This appearance she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover, there was in her palace a marble chapel to her former husband, to which she used to pay singular honors, wreathing it with snowy fillets and festal boughs; from it she thought she heard a voice, the accents of the dead man calling her, when the darkness of night was shrouding the earth; and on the roof a lonely owl in funereal tones kept complaining again and again, and drawing out wailingly its protracted notes; and a thousand predictions of seers of other days come back on her, terrifying her with their awful warnings. When she dreams, there is Æneas himself driving her in furious chase: she seems always being left alone to herself, always pacing companionless on a never-ending road, and looking for her Tyrians in a realm without inhabitants — like Pentheus, when in frenzy he sees troops of Furies, and two suns, and a double Thebes rising round him; or Agamemnon's Orestes rushing over the stage, as he flies from his mother, who is armed with torches and deadly snakes, while the avenging fiends sit couched on the threshold.

So when, spent with agony, she gave conception to the demon, and resolved on death, she settled with herself time and means, and thus bespoke her grieving sister, her face disguising her intent, and hope smiling on her brow: — "Dearest, I have found a way — wish me joy, as a sister should — to bring him back to me, or to loose me from the love which binds me to him. Hard by the bound of ocean and the setting sun lies the extreme Ethiopian clime, where mighty Atlas turns round on his shoulders the pole, studded with burning stars. From that clime, I have heard of a priestess of the Massylian race, once guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who used to give the dragon his food, and so preserve the sacred boughs on the tree, sprinkling for him moist honey and drowsy poppy-seed. She, by her spells, undertakes to release souls at her pleasure, while into others she shoots cruel pangs; she stops the water in the river-bed, and turns back the stars in their courses, and calls ghosts from realms of night. You will see the earth bellowing under you, and the ashes coming down from the mountain-top. By the gods I swear, dearest sister, by you and your dear life, that unwillingly I gird on the weapons of magic. Do you, in the

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ravacy of the inner court, build a pile to the open sky; lay on it
he arms which that godless man left hanging in the chamber, and
ll his doffed apparel, and the nuptial bed which was my undoing.
To destroy every memorial of the hateful wretch is my pleasure,
and the priestess's bidding." This said, she is silent — paleness
overspreads her face. Yet Anna does not dream that these strange
ices are a veil to hide her sister's death: she cannot grasp frenzy
ike that; she fears no darker day than that of their mourning for
Sychæus, and so she does her bidding.

But the queen, when the pile had been built in the heart of the
palace to the open sky, a giant mass of pine-wood and hewn oak,
spans the place with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs.
High above it on the couch she sets the doffed apparel, and the
sword that had been left, and the image of the false lover, knowing
so well what was to come. Altars rise here and there; the priestess,
with hair dishevelled, thunders out the roll of three hundred gods,
Erebus and Chaos, and Hecate with her triple form — the three
faces borne by maiden Dian. See! she has sprinkled water, brought,
so she feigns, from Avernus' spring, and she is getting green
fawny herbs, cropped by moonlight with brazen shears, whose sap
is the milk of deadly poison, and the love-charm, torn from the
brow of the new-born foal, ere the mother could snatch it. Dido
herself, with salted cake and pure hands at the altars, one foot
unshod, her vest ungirdled, makes her dying appeal to the gods
and to the stars who share Fate's counsels, begging the powers, if
any there be, that watch, righteous and unforgetting, over ill-yoked
lovers, to hear her prayer.

It was night, and overtoiled mortality throughout the earth was
enjoying peaceful slumber; the woods were at rest, and the raging
waves — the hour when the stars are rolling midway in their
smooth courses, when all the land is hushed, cattle, and gay-plumed
birds, haunters far and wide of clear waters and rough forest-
ground, lapped in sleep with stilly night overhead, their troubles
assuaged, their hearts dead to care. Not so the vexed spirit of
Phœnicia's daughter; she never relaxes into slumber, or welcomes
the night to eye or bosom; sorrow doubles peal on peal; once more
love swells, and storms, and surges, with a mighty tempest of
passion. Thus, then, she plunges into speech, and whirls her
thoughts about thus in the depth of her soul: — "What am I about?
am I to make fresh proof of my former suitors, with scorn before
me? Must I stoop to court Nomad bridegrooms, whose offered
hand I have spurned so often? Well, then, shall I follow the fleet
of Ilion, and be at the beck and call of Teucrian masters? Is it that
they think with pleasure on the succor once rendered them? that
gratitude for past kindness yet lives in their memory? But even
if I wished it, who will give me leave, or admit the unwelcome
guest to his haughty ships? Are you so ignorant, poor wretch?
do you not yet understand the perjury of the race of Laomedon?

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What then? Shall I fly alone, and swell the triumph of their crews? or shall I put to sea, with the Tyrians and the whole force of my people at my back, dragging those whom it was so hard to uproot from their Sidonian home again into the deep, and bidding them spread sail to the winds? No! — die the death you have merited, and let the sword put your sorrow to flight. You, sister, are the cause; overmastered by my tears, you heap this deadly fuel on my flame, and fling me upon my enemy. Why could I not forswear wedlock, and live an unblamed life in savage freedom, nor meddle with troubles like these? Why did I not keep the faith I vowed to the ashes of Sychæus?" Such were the reproaches that broke from that bursting heart.

Meanwhile Æneas, resolved on his journey, was slumbering in his vessel's tall stern, all being now in readiness. To him a vision of the god, appearing again with the same countenance, presented itself as he slept, and seemed to give this second warning — the perfect picture of Mercury, his voice, his blooming hue, his yellow locks, and the youthful grace of his frame — "Goddess-born, at a crisis like this can you slumber on? Do you not see the wall of danger which is fast rising round you, infatuate that you are, nor hear the favoring whisper of the western gale? She is revolving in her bosom thoughts of craft and cruelty, resolved on death, and surging with a changeful tempest of passion. Will you not haste away while haste is in your power? You will look on a sea convulsed with ships, an array of fierce torch-fires, a coast glowing with flame, if the dawn-goddess shall have found you loitering here on land. Quick! — burst through delay. A thing of moods and changes is woman ever." He said, and was lost in the darkness of night.

At once Æneas, scared by the sudden apparition, springs up from sleep, and rouses his comrades. "Wake in a moment, my friends, and seat you on the benches. Unfurl the sails with all speed. See! here is a god sent down from heaven on high, urging us again to hasten our flight, and cut the twisted cables. Yes! sacred power, we follow thee, whoever, thou art, and a second time with joy obey thy behest. Be thou with us, and graciously aid us, and let propitious stars be ascendant in the sky." So saying, he snatches from the scabbard his flashing sword, and with the drawn blade cuts the hawsers. The spark flies from man to man; they scour, they scud; they have left the shore behind; you cannot see the water for ships. With strong strokes they dash the foam, and sweep the blue.

And now Aurora was beginning to sprinkle the earth with fresh light, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch. Soon as the queen from her watch-tower saw the gray dawn brighten, and the fleet moving on with even canvas, and coast and haven forsaken, with never an oar left, thrice and again smiting her beauteous breast with her hands, and rending her golden locks, "Great Jupiter!" cries she,

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[591–639]

hall he go? Shall a chance-comer boast of having flouted our
lm? Will they not get their arms at once, and give chase
ro all the town, and pull, some of them, the ships from the docks?
way! bring fire; quick! get darts, ply oars! What am I saying?
here am I? What madness turns my brain? Wretched Dido!
o your sins sting you now? They should have done so then,
hen you were giving your crown away. What truth! what
alty!—the man who, they say, carries about with him the gods
f his country, and took up on his shoulders his old worn-out
ther! Might I not have caught and torn him piecemeal, and
attered him to the waves?—destroyed his friends, aye, and his
wn Ascanius, and served up the boy for his father's meal? But
e chance of a battle would have been doubtful. Let it have been.
was to die, and whom had I to fear? I would have flung torches
o his camp, filled his decks with flame, consumed son and sire
d the whole line, and leapt myself upon the pile. Sun, whose
ch shows thee all that is done on earth, and thou, Juno, revealer
witness of these stirrings of the heart and Hecate, whose name
velled in civic crossways by night, avenging fiends, and gods of
ing Elissa, listen to this! Let your power stoop to ills that call
it, and hear what I now pray! [If it must needs be that the
ursed wretch gain the haven and float to shore—if such the
quirement of Jove's destiny, such the fixed goal—yet grant that,
assed by the sword and battle of a warlike nation, a wanderer
m his own confines, torn from his Iulus' arms, he may pray for
ccor, and see his friends dying miserably round him.] Nor when
e has yielded to the terms of an unjust peace, may he enjoy his
wn, or the life he loves; but may he fall before his time, and lie
uried in the midst of the plain! This is my prayer—these the
accents that flow from me with my life-blood. [And you, my
rians, let your hatred persecute the race and people for all time
come. Be this the offering you send down to my ashes: never
there love or league between nation and nation. Arise from my
nes, my unknown avenger, destined with fire and sword to
rsue the Dardanian settlers, now or in after-days, whenever
ength shall be given! Let coast be at war with coast, water with
ve, army with army; fight they, and their sons, and their sons'
ns!"

Thus she said, as she whirled her thought to this side and that,
king at once to cut short the life she now abhorred. Then
ftly she spoke to Barce, Sychæus' nurse, for her own was left in
r old country, in the black ashes of the grave:—"Fetch me here,
ar nurse, my sister Anna. Bid her hasten to sprinkle herself with
ter from the stream, and bring with her the cattle and the atoning
erings prescribed. Let her come with these; and do you cover
ur brow with the holy fillet. The sacrifice to Stygian Jove, which
have duly commenced and made ready, I wish now to accomplish,

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and with it the end of my sorrows, giving to the flame the pile that pillows the Dardan head!" She said: the nurse began to quicken her pace with an old wife's zeal.

But Dido, bewildered and maddened by her enormous resolve, rolling her bloodshot eyes, her quivering cheeks stained with fiery streaks, and pale with the shadow of death, bursts the door of the inner palace, and frantically climbs the tall pile, and unsheathes the Dardan sword, a gift procured for a far different end. Then, after surveying the Trojan garments and the bed, too well known, and pausing awhile to weep and think, she pressed her bosom to the couch, and uttered her last words:—

"Relics, once darlings of mine, while Fate and Heaven gave leave, receive this my soul, and release me from these my sorrows. I have lived my life — the course assigned me by Fortune is run, and now the august phantom of Dido shall pass underground. I have built a splendid city. I have seen my walls completed. In vengeance for a husband, I have punished a brother that hated me — blest, ah! blest beyond human bliss, if only Dardan ships had never touched coast of ours!" She spoke — and kissing the couch: "Is it to be death without revenge? But be it death," she cries — "this, this is the road by which I love to pass to the shades. Let the heartless Dardanian's eyes drink in this flame from the deep, and let him carry with him the presage of my death."

She spoke, and even while she was yet speaking, her attendants see her fallen on the sword, the blade spouting blood, and her hands dabbled in it. Their shrieks rise to the lofty roof; Fame runs wild through the convulsed city. With wailing and groaning, and screams of women, the palace rings; the sky resounds with mighty cries and beating of breasts — even as if the foe were to burst the gates and topple down Carthage or ancient Tyre, and the infuriate flames were leaping from roof to roof among the dwellings of men and gods.

Her sister heard it. Breathless and frantic, with wild speed, disfiguring her cheeks with her nails, her bosom with her fists, she bursts through the press, and calls by name on the dying queen:— "Was this your secret, sister? Were you plotting to cheat me? Was this what your pile was preparing for me, your fires, and your altars? What should a lone heart grieve for first? Did you disdain your sister's company in death? You should have called me to share your fate — the same keen sword-pang, the same hour, should have been the end of both. And did these hands build the pile, this voice call on the gods of our house, that you might lie there, while I, hard-hearted wretch, was away? Yes, sister, you have destroyed yourself and me, the people and the elders of Sidon, and your own fair city. Let in the water to the wounds; let me cleanse them, and if any remains of breath be still flickering, catch them in my mouth!" As she thus spoke, she was at the top of the lofty steps, and was embracing and fondling in her bosom her dying

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ger, and stanching with her robe the black streams of blood. Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes, and sinks down again, the deep death gurgles in her breast. Thrice, with an effort, she lifted and raised herself up on her elbow; thrice, she fell back on the couch, and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky, sought for the light and groaned when she found it.

Then Juno almighty, in compassion for her lengthened agony and her trouble in dying, sent down Iris from Olympus to part the struggling soul and its prison of flesh. For, as she was dying, not in the course of fate, nor for any crime of hers, but in mere misery, before her time, the victim of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine carried off a lock of her yellow hair, and thus doomed her head to Styx and the place of death. So then Iris glides down the sky with saffron wings dew-besprent, trailing a thousand various colors in the face of the sun, and alights above her head. "This I am bidden to bear away as an offering to Pluto, and hereby set you free from the body." So saying, she stretches her hand and cuts the lock: at once all heat parts from the frame, and the life is passed into air.

[tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

[As Aeneas, once more sailing the deep, looks back toward the shores of Carthage, he sees smoke rising to the heavens. This he regards as an evil omen. A storm threatens, and he directs his course to Sicily. There he celebrates the anniversary of his father's death with funeral games, which include a boat race, a foot race, a boxing match, and an archery contest, followed by an exhibition of horsemanship. Juno stirs up such discontent among the women that they set the fleet on fire in the hope that Aeneas will found a permanent settlement and bring their wanderings to an end, but the hero's purpose is unchanged. He decides to leave the feeble and the unwilling behind. Anchises appears in a vision to his son, commending this course of action and urging that he visit him in the Elysian fields. At Venus' intercession, Neptune promises that the Trojans will finish their wanderings with but one more casualty. Palinurus, the helmsman, overcome by the god of sleep, is allowed to his death in the sea. . . . This book, the fifth, is an interesting chapter on ancient athletics, but it has little to do with the forward movement of the plot of the *Aeneid*.]

BOOK VI

So saying and weeping, he gives rope to his fleet, and in due time is wafted smoothly to Cumæ's shores of Eubœan fame. They turn their prows seaward: then the anchor with griping fang began to moor vessel after vessel, and crooked keels fringe all the coast. With fiery zeal the crews leap out on the Hesperian shore: some look for the seed of fire where it lies deep down in the veins of flint: some strip the woods, the wild beast's shaggy covert, and point with joy to the streams they find. But good Æneas repairs to the heights on which Apollo sits exalted, and the privacy of the

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dread Sibyl, stretching far away into a vast cavern — the Sibyl, into whose breast the prophet that speaks at Delos breathes his own mighty mind and soul, and opens the future to her eye. And now they are entering the groves of the Trivian goddess and the golden palace.

Dædalus, so runs the legend, flying from Minos' sceptre, dared to trust himself in air on swift wings of his own workmanship, sailed to the cold north along an unwonted way, and at last stood buoyant on the top of this Eubœan hill. Grateful to the land that first received him, he dedicated to thee, Phœbus, his feathery oarage, and raised a mighty temple. On the doors was seen Androgeos' death: there too were the sons of Cecrops, constrained — O cruel woe! — to pay in penalty the yearly tale of seven of their sons' lives: the urn is standing, and the lots drawn out. On the other side, breasting the wave, the Cnossian land frowns responsive. There is Pasiphaë's tragic passion for the bull, and the mingled birth, the Minotaur, half man, half brute, a monument of monstrous love. There is the edifice, that marvel of toiling skill, and its inextricable maze — inextricable, had not Dædalus in pity for the enthralling passion of the royal princess, himself unravelled the craft and mystery of those chambers, guiding the lover's dark steps with a clue of thread. You too, poor Icarus, had borne no mean part in that splendid portraiture, would grief have given art its way. Twice the artist essayed to represent the tragedy in gold: twice the father's hands dropped down palsied. So they would have gone on scanning all in succession, had not Achates returned from his errand, and with him the priestess of Phœbus and Diana, Deiphobe, Glaucus' daughter, who thus bespeaks the king: "Not this the time for shows like these; your present work is to sacrifice seven bullocks untouched by the yoke, seven sheep duly chosen."

This said to Æneas, whose followers swiftly perform the prescribed rites, she summons the Teucrians into the lofty temple, herself its priestess. One huge side of the Eubœan cliff has been hollowed into a cave, approached by a hundred broad avenues, a hundred mouths — from these a hundred voices are poured, the responses of the Sibyl. Just as they were on the threshold, "It is the moment to pray for the oracle," cries the maiden; "the god, the god is here." Thus as she spoke at the gate, her visage, her hue changed suddenly — her hair started from its braid — her bosom heaves and pants, her wild soul swells with frenzy — she grows larger to the view, and her tones are not of earth, as the breath of the divine presence comes on her nearer and nearer. "What! a laggard at vows and prayers? Æneas of Troy a laggard? for that is the only spell to part asunder the great closed lips of the terror-smitten shrine." She said, and was mute. A cold shudder runs through the Teucrians' iron frames, and their king pours out his very soul in prayer: "Phœbus, ever Troy's pitying friend in her cruel agonies — thou who didst level Paris' Dardan bow and string

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s Dardan arm against the vast frame of Æacides — by thy guid-
ce I have penetrated all these unknown seas that swathe mighty
ntinents. The Massylian tribes, thrust away by Nature out of
ew, and the quicksands that environ their coasts — now at last
r hands are on the flying skirts of Italy. Oh, let it suffice Troy's
rtune to have followed us thus far! Ye too may now justly
are our nation of Pergamus, gods and goddesses all, whose eyes
ere affronted by Troy and the great glories of Dardan land.
nd thou, most holy prophetess, that canst read the future as the
resent, grant me — I am asking for no crown that Fate does not
ve me — grant a settlement in Latium to the Teucrians and their
andering gods, even the travel-tost deities of Troy. Then to
hœbus and his Trivian sister I will set up a temple of solid marble,
nd appoint feast-days in Phœbus' name. For thee too an august
rine is in store in that our future realm. For there I will lodge
y oracles and the secret words of destiny which thou shalt speak
my nation, and consecrate chosen men to thy gracious service.
ly commit not thy strains to leaves, lest they float all confusedly
e sport of the whirling winds. Utter them with thine own
outh, I implore thee." So his prayer ended.

But the prophetess, not yet Phœbus' willing slave, is storming
ith giant frenzy in her cavern, as though she hoped to unseat from
er bosom the mighty god. All the more sharply he plies her
outh with his bit till its fury flags, tames her savage soul, and
oulds her to his will by strong constraint. And now the hundred
ighty doors of the chamber have flown open of their own accord,
nd are wafting through the air the voice of prophecy: "O you
hose vast perils by sea are over at length! but on land there are
avier yet in store. The sons of Dardanus shall come to the realm
f Lavinium — from this care set your mind at rest — but think
ot that they shall also have joy of their coming. War, savage war,
nd the Tiber foaming with surges of blood, is the vision I see. No
ck for you of Simois, or Xanthus, or a Dorian camp. Another
chilles is reserved for Latium, he too goddess-born — nor will
no ever be seen to quit her fastened hold on Troy — while you,
needy suppliant — what nation, what city in Italy will not have
nd you knocking at its gates! Once more will an alien bride
ring on the Teucrians all this woe — once more a foreign bed.
ut you, yield not to affliction, but go forth all the bolder to meet it,
o far as your destiny gives you leave. The first glimpse of safety,
nle as you dream it, shall dawn on you from a Grecian town."

Such are the words with which Cumæ's Sibyl from her cell
hrills forth awful mysteries and booms again from the cavern,
robing her truth in darkness — such the violence with which Apollo
hakes the bridle in her frenzied mouth and plies her bosom with
is goad. Soon as her frenzy abated and the madness of her lips
rew calm, Æneas the hero began: "No feature, awful maiden, that
uffering can show rises on my sight new or unlooked-for — I have

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foreseen all and scanned all in fancy already. I have but one prayer to make: since here it is that Fame tells of the gate of the infernal monarch, and the murky pool of Acheron's overflow, grant me to pass to the sight, to the presence of my loved father — teach the way, and unlock the sacred doors. Him I bore away through flames and a driving tempest of darts on these my shoulders and rescued him from the midst of the foe: he was the companion of my journey, and encountered with me all the waves of ocean, all the terrors of sea and sky in his own feeble frame, beyond the strength and the day of old age. Nay more — that I would kneel to thee and approach thy dwelling — this was his charge, his oft-repeated prayer. Oh, of thy grace, pity the son and the sire; for thou art all-powerful, nor is it for nought that Hecate has set thee over the groves of Avernus. If Orpheus had the power to fetch back the shade of his wife, by the help of his Thracian lyre and its sounding strings — if Pollux redeemed his brother by dying in turn with him, and went and returned on the path those many times — why talk of Theseus, why of great Alcides? my line, like theirs, is from Jove most high."

Such were his prayers, while his hands clasped the altar, when thus the prophetess began: "Heir of the blood of gods, son of Anchises of Troy, easy is the going down to Avernus — all night and all day the gate of gloomy Pluto stands unbarred; but to retrace your footsteps, and win your way back to the upper air, that is the labor, that the task. There have been a few, favorites of gracious Jove, or exalted to heaven by the blaze of inborn worth, themselves sprung from the gods, who have had the power. The whole intervening space is possessed by woods, and lapped round by the black windings of Cocytus' stream. And now, if your heart's yearning is so great, your passion so strong, twice to stem the Stygian pool, twice to gaze on the night of Tartarus — if it be your joy to give scope to a madman's striving — hear what must first be done. Deep in the shade of a tree lurks a branch, all of gold, foliage alike and limber twig, dedicated to the service of the Juno of the shades; it is shrouded by the whole labyrinth of the forest, closed in by the boskage that darkens the glens. Yet none may pierce the subterranean mystery, till a man have gathered from the tree that leafy sprout of gold, for this it is that fair Proserpine has ordained to be brought her as her own proper tribute. Pluck off one, another is there unfailing, of gold as pure, a twig burgeoning with as fine an ore. Let then your eye be keen to explore it, your hand quick to pluck it when duly found, for it will follow the touch with willingness and ease, if you have a call from Fate; if not, no strength of yours will overcome it, no force of steel tear it away. But, besides this, you have the breathless corpse of a friend lying unburied — alas! you know it not — tainting your whole fleet with the air of death, while you are asking Heaven's will, and lingering on this our threshold. Him first consign to his proper

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ace, and hide him in the grave. Lead black cattle to the altar: this the expiation to pave your way. Thus at last you shall ck on the groves of Styx and the realms untrodden of the living."
he said, and closed her lips in silence.
Æneas, with saddened face and steadfast eye, moves on, leaving he cave behind, and revolves in his mind the secrets of the future. rthates, ever faithful, walks at his side, and plants his foot with o less consciousness of care. Many were the things exchanged in heir ranging talk — who could be the dead comrade that the riestess spoke of, what the corpse that needed burial. And lo! Misenus, soon as they came, there on the dry beach they see him, atched by death that should have spared him — Misenus, son of Eolus, than whom none was mightier to stir men's hearts with his arion, and kindle with music the war-god's flame. Hector the reat had been his chief: in Hector's service he performed a arrior's part famous alike with the trumpet and the spear. But ter the conquering arm of Achilles robbed his master of life, liant hero, he made himself the comrade of the Dardan Æneas, r found the standard he followed meaner than of old. But in ose days, as he was making his hollow shell ring over the waters, fatuate mortal, challenging the gods to compete, Triton, roused jealousy, seized him, if the story be true, and plunged him in moment in the billow that laps among the rocks. So they all ood round, uttering loud shrieks; louder than the rest Æneas the ood. And then without delay they set about the Sibyl's bidding, eeping sore, and in mournful rivalry heap up the funeral pyre ith trees, and carry it into the sky.
Away they go to an ancient wood, the wild beast's tall covert — own go the pitch-trees; the holm-oak rings with the axe's blows, d so do the ashen beams; the wedge cleaves through the fissile k; they roll down from the heights huge mountain ashes. There Æneas, in this, as in other labors, the first to cheer on his comades, and wielding a weapon like theirs; and thus he ponders in e sad silence of his own breast, looking at the immeasurable wood, d thus gives utterance to his prayer: "Oh that at this moment at golden branch on the tree would reveal itself to our sight in this depth of forest! for I see that in all things the prophetess s told us of you, Misenus, alas! too truly!" Scarce had he spoken, hen, as by chance a pair of doves come flying along the sky, nder the hero's very eyes and settle on the turf at his feet. At nce the mighty chief recognizes his mother's birds and gladly eathes a second prayer: "Oh guide us on our way wherever it be, d as ye fly direct our steps into the grove where the precious ranch casts its shade on the rich ground! Thou too forsake not ur perplexity, O goddess mother!" Thus much he said, and ecked his advancing foot, watching to see what prognostics they ing, whither they aim their onward course. They, as they graze, o ever forward on the wing, as far as the eyes of the travellers can

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keep them in view. Then when they come to Avernus' noisome jaws, swiftly they soar aloft, and gliding through the clear sky, settle twain on the same tree, their chosen seat, whence there flashed through the branches the contrasted gleam of gold. Even as in the woods, in the cold of mid-winter, the mistletoe is wont to put forth new leaves a vegetable growth, but of no parent tree, and with its yellow produce to surround the tapering boles, so looked the leafy gold among the holm-oak's dark shade — so in the light breeze tinkled the foil. Æneas snatches it at once, plucks it off with eagerness overpowering its delay, and carries it to the home of the prophetic Sibyl.

Meantime, with not less zeal, the Teucrians on the shore were mourning for Misenus, and paying the last honor to the thankless ashes. First they raised a pile, unctuous with pinewood, and high-heaped with planks of oak: they wreath its sides with gloomy foliage, and set up before it funeral cypresses, and adorn it with a covering of refulgent armor. Some make ready heated water and cauldrons bubbling over the fire, and wash and anoint the cold corpse. Loud rings the wail: then, the dirge over, they place the limbs on the couch that claims them, and fling over them purple garments, the dead men's usual covering. Some put their shoulders to the heavy bier in melancholy service, and after ancestral fashion, with averted eyes, apply the torch from under. The rich heap is ablaze — offerings of incense, sacrificial viands, oil streaming from the bowl. After that the ashes were fallen in and the blaze was lulled, they drenched with wine the relics and the thirsty embers on the pyre, and Corynæus gathered up the bones, and stored them in a brazen urn. He, too, carried round pure water, and sprinkled thrice the comrades of the dead, scattering the thin drops with a branch of fruitful olive — so he expiated the company, and spoke the last solemn words. But good Æneas raises over the dead a monument of massive size, setting up for the hero his own proper arms, the oar and the trumpet, under a skyey mountain, which is now from his called Misenus, and retains from age to age the everlasting name.

This done, he hastens to execute the Sibyl's bidding. A deep cave there was, yawning wide with giant throat, rough and shingly, shadowed by the black pool and the gloom of the forest — a cave, over whose mouth no winged thing could fly unharmed, so poisonous the breath that exhaling from its pitchy jaws steamed up to the sky — whence Greece has given the spot the name *Aornos*. Here first the priestess places in sacrificial station four black-skinned bullocks, and empties wine over their brows, and plucking from between their horns the hairs of the crown, throws them into the hallowed flame, as the first fruits of worship, with loud cries on Hecate, queen in heaven and Erebus both. Others put the knife to the throat, and catch in chargers the steaming blood. With his own sword Æneas strikes down a lamb of sable fleece, for the

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Furies' mother and her mighty sister, and a barren heifer for thee, Dread Proserpine. Then to the Stygian monarch he rears altars, blazing through the darkness, and piles on the flame the bulls' carcasses entire, pouring fat oil on the entrails all aglow. When, hark! as the sun began to glimmer and dawn, the ground is bellowing under their feet, and the wood-crowned heights are nodding, and the baying of dogs sounds through the gloom, for the goddess is at hand. "Hence, hence with your unhallowed feet!" clamors the prophetess, "and rid the whole grove of your presence. And you — strike into the road, and pluck your sword from his scabbard — now is the hour for courage, Æneas, now for a stout heart." No more she said, but flung herself wildly into the cavern's mouth; and he, with no faltering step, keeps pace with his guide.

Ye gods, whose empire is the shades — spirits of silence, Chaos and Phlegethon, stretching wide in the stillness of night, suffer me to tell what has reached my ears; grant me your aid to reveal things buried underground, deep and dark.

On they went, darkling in solitary night, far into the gloom, through Pluto's void halls and ghostly realms — like a journey in a wood under the niggard beams of a doubtful moon, when Jupiter has shrouded heaven in shadow, and black Night has stolen the color from Nature's face. There before the threshold, in the very mouth of Hell, Agony and the fiends of Remorse have made their lair; there dwell wan Diseases, and woeful Age, and Terror, and Hunger that prompts to Sin, and loathly Want — shapes of hideous view — and Death, and Suffering; then comes Sleep, Death's blood-brother, and the soul's guilty joys, and deadly War couched in the gate, and the Furies' iron chambers, and frantic Strife, with bloody fillets wreathed in her snaky hair.

In the midst there stands, with boughs and aged arms outspread, a massive elm, of broad shade, the chosen seat, so Rumor tells, of bodiless dreams, which cling close to its every leaf. There, too, are a hundred monstrous shapes of wild beasts of divers kinds, Centaurs stalled in the entrance and two-formed Scyllas, and Briareus, the hundred-handed, and the portent of Lerna, hissing fearfully, and Chimæra in her panoply of flames, Gorgons, and Harpies, and the semblance of the three-bodied spectre. At once Æneas grasps his sword, in the haste of sudden alarm, and meets their advance with its drawn blade; and did not his companion warn him, of her own knowledge, that they are but thin unbodied spirits flitting in a hollow mask of substance, he would be rushing among them, and slashing shadows asunder with the steel's unavailing blows.

Hence runs the road that leads to the waters of Tartarean Acheron, whose gulfy stream, churning mud in its monstrous depths, is all aglow, and disgorges into Cocytus the whole of its sand. These waters are guarded by a grisly ferryman, frightful and foul — Charon; his chin an uncleared forest of hoary hair; his

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eyes a mass of flame; while his uncleanly garb hangs from his shoulders, gathered into a knot. With his own hand he pushes on the craft with a pole, and trims the sails, and moves the dead heavily along in his boat of iron-gray, himself already in years; but a god's old age is green and vigorous. Towards him the whole crowd was pouring to the bank: matrons and warriors, and bodies of mighty heroes discharged of life, boys and unwedded maidens, and youths laid on the pile of death in their parents' eyes — many as are the leaves that drop and fall in the woods in autumn's early cold, or many as are the birds that flock massed together from the deep to the land, when the wintry year drives them over sea to tenant a sunnier clime. There they stood, each praying that he might be the first to cross, with hands yearningly outstretched towards the further shore; but the grim boatman takes on board now these, now those, while others he drives away, and bars them from the river's brink. Æneas cries as a man perplexed and startled by the tumult: "Tell me, dread maiden, what means this concourse to the stream? Of what are the spirits in quest? What choice decides that these shall retire from the shore, while those are rowing through that leaden pool?" To him in brief returned the aged priestess: "Son of Anchises, Heaven's undoubted offspring, before you are Cocytus' depths and the marshy flood of Styx, that power by whose name the gods fear to swear in vain. The whole multitude you see here is helpless and tombless; Charon is the ferryman; those who ride the wave are the buried. He may not ferry them from the dreadful banks across that noisy current till their bones have found a place of rest. A hundred years they wander hovering about these shores; then at last they embark, and see again the flood of their longing." Anchises' son stood and paused, musing deeply, and pitying at his heart a lot so unkind. Yes, there he sees, sadly wandering without death's last tribute, Leucaspis and Orontes, the captain of Lycia's fleet: both had sailed with him from Troy over the stormy water, and the south wind whelmed them both, engulfing the vessel and its crew.

Lo! he sees his pilot, Palinurus, moving along — Palinurus, who but now, while voyaging from Libya, his eyes bent on the stars, had fallen from the stern, flung out into the wide waste of waters. So when he had at last taken knowledge of his features, now saddened, in the deep gloom, he thus accosts him first: "Who was it, Palinurus, of all the gods, that tore you from us, and whelmed you in the wide sea? Tell me who. Till now I never found him false; but in this one response Apollo has proved a cheat, fortelling that you would be unharmed on the deep, and win your way to the Ausonian frontier, and thus it is that he keeps his word!" "Nay," returned he, "my chief, Anchises' son, Phœbus' tripod has told you no lie, nor did any god whelm me in the sea. No, I chanced to fall, tearing away by main force the rudder, to which I was clinging like sentry to his post, as I guided your course, and dragging it with

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in my headlong whirl. Witness those cruel waters, I felt no for my own life like that which seized me for your ship, lest, rmed and disabled, shaken loose from her ruler's hand, she ould give way under the great sea that was rising then. Three nights of storm the south wind swept me over the vast wilder- ss of convulsed ocean. Hardly at last, at the fourth dawn, I ked out aloft upon Italy from the crest of the wave. Stroke by ke I was swimming to shore; and now I was just laying hold safety, had not the savage natives come on me, sword in hand, gged as I was with my dripping clothes, and clutching with talon gers the steep mountain-top, and deemed blindly they had found prize. Now the wave is my home, and the winds keep tossing on the beach. Oh, by heaven's pleasant sunshine and bright ht; by your father, I adjure you; by the promise growing up with ur Julus, rescue me with that unconquered arm from this cruel e: be yourself, and either spread earth upon me, for that you can ely do, and put back to Velia's haven; or, if any way there be, w that your goddess mother can reveal — for well I ween it is not thout Heaven's leave that you purpose to stem these fearful tides d the reluctant pool of Styx — stretch your hand to your poor end, and take me with you over the water, that at least I may d in death a place of rest and peace." So had he spoken, when us the priestess begins: "What demon, Palinurus, has set on you monstrous a desire? You, unburied, look on the Stygian water, d the dread river of the furies? You set foot on the bank un- dden? Cease to dream that Heaven's destiny can be swayed by ayer. Yet hear and retain a word which may console your hard t. For know that the dwellers in that fatal border, goaded far d wide through their cities by prodigies from heaven, shall pro- itiate your dust: they shall erect a tomb, and through that tomb nd down your funeral dues, and the spot shall bear for ever the me of Palinurus." These words allayed his cares, and banished r awhile grief from that sad bosom. his heart leaps to the land at is called by his name.

They accordingly continue their journey, and approach the river. oon as the boatman saw them, at the moment, from the wave of yx, moving through the stilly forest, and turning their steps to e bank, he first bespeaks them thus, and assails them unaccosted: You, whoever you are, that are making for these waters of ours n warlike trim, speak your errand from the spot where you are, nd come no nearer. This is the place for the shadows, for Sleep nd slumberous Night. The bodies of the living may not be ferried n my Stygian barque. Nay, it was not to my joy that I gave Alcides a passage over the lake, nor Theseus and Pirithoüs, born of gods though they were, and of strength unsubdued. The one laid a jailer's hand on the warder of Tartarus, even at the foot of the king's own throne, and dragged him trembling along: the others assayed to carry off the queen from Pluto's bridal chamber." To

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which the Amphrysian priestess replied in brief: "Here there are no stratagems like those; be not discomposed; these weapons are not borne for violence; the monstrous guardian of your gate is free to terrify the bloodless spectres from his den with his unending bark; Proserpine is free to keep her uncle's home as faithful wife should. This is Æneas of Troy, renowned for piety and arms alike: it is to see his father that he is going down to Erebus' lowest depth of gloom. If thou art moved in nought by the spectacle of piety so signal, yet let this branch" — and she uncovered the branch which was concealed in her robe — "claim recognition." At once the angry swell subsides, and the breast is calm. No further parley. Gazing in wonder at the sacred offering of the fated bough, last seen so long ago, he turns to them the sea-green boat, and draws near the bank. Then he dislodges other ghostly passengers who were sitting along the benches, and clears the gangways, while he takes into the vessel's hollow the mighty Æneas. The sutures of the boat cracked beneath the weight, as through its rents it drew in large draughts of marsh-water. At length priestess and prince are safe across the flood, set down amid featureless mud and blue-green rushes.

Cerberus, the monster, makes the whole realm ring with his three barking throats, as he lies in giant length fronting them in his den's mouth. The priestess, seeing the snakes already bristling on his neck, throws him a morsel steeped in the slumber of honey and medicated meal. He, in the frenzy of hunger, opens his triple jaws to catch it as it comes, and stretches his enormous back at length on the ground, till his huge bulk covers the den. Æneas masters the approach while the warder sleeps, and swiftly passes from the bank of the river without return.

At once there breaks on his ear a voice of mighty wailing, infant spirits sobbing and crying on the threshold, babes that, portionless of the sweets of life, were snatched from the breast by the black death-day's tyranny, and whelmed in untimely night. Next to them are those who were done to death by false accusation. Yet let none think that the lot of award or the judge's sentence are wanting here. There sits Minos, the president, urn in hand: he summons an assembly of the speechless, and takes cognizance of earthly lives and earthly sins.

Next to them comes the dwelling-place of the sons of sorrow, who, though guiltless, procured their own death by violence, and, for mere hatred of the sunshine flung their lives away. Oh, how gladly would they now, in the air above, bear to the end the load of poverty and the full extremity of toil! But Fate bars the way: the unlovely pool swathes them round in her doleful waters, and Styx, with her ninefold windings, keeps them fast.

Not far hence the traveller's eye sees stretching on every side the Mourning Fields: such the name they bear. Here dwell those whom cruel Love's consuming tooth has eaten to the heart, in the

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privacy of hidden walks and an enshrouding myrtle wood: their tender sorrows quit them not even in death. In this region he sees Phædra and Procris, and sad Eriphyle, pointing to the wounds of her ruthless son, and Evadne, and Pasiphaë: along with them moves Laodamia, and Cæneus, once a man, now a woman, brought back by the turn of fate to her former self. Among these was Phœnicia's daughter, Dido, fresh from her death-wound, wandering in that mighty wood: soon as the Trojan hero stood at her side, and knew her, looming dimly through the dusk — as a man sees or thinks he sees through the clouds, when the month is young, the rising moon — his tears broke forth, and he addressed her tenderly and lovingly. "Unhappy Dido! and was it then a true messenger that reached me with the tale that you were dead: that the sword had done its worst? Was it, alas, to the grave that I brought you? By the stars of heaven I swear, by the powers above, by all that is most sacred here underground, against my will, fair queen, I quitted your coast. No; it was the command of the gods; the same stern force which compels me now to pass through this realm of shade, this wilderness of squalor and abysmal night; it was that which drove me by its uttered will: nor could I have thought that my departure would bring on you such violence of grief. Stay your step, and withdraw not from the look I bend on you. Whom would you shun? the last word which fate suffers me to address you is this." With words like these, Æneas kept soothing the soul that blazed forth through those scowling eyes, and moving himself to tears. She stood with averted head and eyes on the ground, her features as little moved by the speech he essayed as if she held the station of a stubborn flint, or a crag of Marpessa. At length she flung herself away, and, unforgiving still, fled into the shadow of the wood, where her former lord Sychæus, answers her sorrows with his, and gives her full measure for her love. Yet, none the less, Æneas, thrilled through and through by her cruel fate, follows far on her track with tears, and sends his pity along with her.

Thence he turns, to encounter the appointed way. And now they were already in the furthest region, the separate place tenanted by the great heroes of war. Here there meets him Tydeus, here Parthenopæus, illustrious in arms, and the spectre of pale Adrastus. Here are chiefs of Dardan line, wailed long and loudly in the upper air as they lay low in fight. As he saw them all in long array, he groaned heavily: Glaucus and Medon, and Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, and Polyphœtes, Ceres' priest, and Idæus, with his hand still on the car, still on the armor. They surround him, right and left, the ghostly crowd; one look is not sufficient: they would fain linger on and on, and step side by side with him, and learn the cause of his coming. But the nobles of the Danaans, and the flower of Agamemnon's bands, when they saw the hero and his armor gleaming through the shade, were smitten with strange alarm: some turn their backs in flight, as erst they fled to

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the ships: others raise a feeble war-shout. The cry they essay mocks their straining throats.

Here it is that he sees Priam's son, mangled all over, Deiphobus, his face cruelly marred—face and both hands—his temples despoiled of his ears, and his nose lopped by unseemly carnage. Scarce, in truth, he recognized him, trembling as he was and trying to hide the terrible vengeance wreaked on him: unaccosted he addresses him in the tones he knew of old: "Deiphobus, mighty warrior, scion of Teucer's illustrious stock, who has had the ambition to avenge himself so cruelly? who has had his will of you thus? For me, Rumor told me on that fatal night that you had sunk down, tired with the work of slaughtering the Greeks, on a heap of undistinguished carnage. Then with my own hand, I set up an empty tomb on the Rhœtean shore, and thrice with a loud voice invoked your spirit. There are your name and your arms to keep the spot in memory: your self, dear friend, I could not see, so as to give you repose in the fatherland I was leaving." To whom the son of Priam: "Dear friend, you have failed in naught: all that Deiphobus could claim has been paid by you to him and to his shade. No; it was my own destiny and the deadly wickedness of the Spartan woman that plunged me thus deep in ill: these tokens are of her leaving. How we spent that fatal night in treacherous joyance you knew well: too good cause is there to bear it in mind. When the fateful horse at one bound surmounted the height of Pergamus, and brought a mail-clad infantry in its laden womb, she feigned a solemn dance, and led round the city Phrygian dames in Bacchic ecstasy; herself in their midst raising a mighty torch aloft, and calling to the Danaans from the top of the citadel. That hour I, spent with care and overborne with sleep, was in the hold of our ill-starred bridal chamber, weighed down as I lay, by slumber sweet and sound, the very image of the deep calm of death. Meantime, my peerless helpmate removes from the house arms of every sort: yes, my trusty sword she had withdrawn from my pillow, and now she calls Menelaus to come in, and throws wide the door, hoping, I doubt not, that the greatness of the boon would soften her lover's heart, and that the memory of her crime of old could thus be wiped from men's minds. Why make the story long? They burst into the chamber, along with them that child of Æolus, then as ever the counselor of evil. Recompense, ye gods, the Greeks in kind, if these lips, that ask for retribution, are pure and loyal. But you; what chance has brought you here in your lifetime, let me ask in turn? Are you come under the spell of ocean-wandering, or by the command of heaven? or what tyranny of fortune constrains you to visit these sad, sunless dwellings, the abode of confusion?"

In this interchange of talk, the Dawn-goddess in her flushing car, careering through the sky, had well passed the summit of the arch; and perchance they had spent all their allotted time in con-

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Hope like this, had not the Sibyl warned her companion with brief address: "Night is hastening, Æneas; and we, as we weep, are taking hours pass. This is the spot where the road parts in twain. The right, which goes under the palace-wall of mighty Dis — there is our way to Elysium; the left puts in motion the tortures of the wicked, and sends them to Tartarus, the home of crime." Deiphobus replied: "Frown not, dread priestess; I depart, to make the ghostly number complete, and plunge again in darkness. Go on your way, our nation's glory, go: may your experience of fate be more blest." He said, and, while yet speaking, turned away. Suddenly, Æneas looks back, and, under a rock on the left, sees a broad stronghold, girt by a triple wall; a fierce stream surrounds it with surges of fire, Tartarean Phlegethon, and tosses craggy fragments in thunder. Full in front is a vast gate, its pillars of solid adamant. No force of man, not even the embattled powers of heaven, could break it down. Rising in air is a turret of iron, and Tisiphone, with a gory robe girt round her, sits at the vestibule with sleepless vigilance night and day. Hence sounds of wailing meet the ear, and the crack of remorseless whips; the clank of steel follows, and the trailing of the chain. Æneas stood still, riveted by the terror of the noise. "What shapes is guilt wearing now? tell me, dread maiden. What are the torments that lie on it so hard? What mean these loud upsoaring shrieks?" The priestess returned: "Noble leader of the Teucrians, no innocent foot may tread that guilty threshold; but the day when Hecate set me over the groves of Avernus, she taught me from her own lips the punishments of Heaven, and led me through from end to end. Here rules Cnossian Rhadamanthus, a reign of iron — avenger, at once, and judge of lowering guilt, he compels a confession of what crimes soever men in upper air, blindly rejoicing in the cheat, have kept secret till the hour of death, to be expiated then. In a moment, Tisiphone the torturer, with uplifted scourge, lashes from side to side the spurned and guilty soul: and brandishing in her left hand knots of serpents, summons her unpitying sisterhood. Then at last, grating on their dread-sounding hinge, the awful gates are opened. See you what manner of sentry is seated at the entrance? what a presence is guarding the threshold? Know that a Hydra fiercer yet with fifty monstrous throats, each a yawning pit, holds her seat within. Then there is the abyss of Tartarus in sheer descent, extending under the shades, twice as far as man's skyward gaze from earth to the heaven of Olympus. Here are earth's ancient progeny, the Titan brood, hurled down by the thunderbolt to wallow in the depths of the gulf. Here too I saw the twin sons of Aloeus, frames of giant bulk, who essayed by force of hand to pluck down the mighty heavens, and dislodge Jove from his realm in the sky. I saw too Salmoneus, smitten with cruel vengeance, while mimicking the fires of Jove and the rumblings of Olympus. Borne in a four-horse car, a flaring torch in hand, he was making his triumphal progress

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through the tribes of Greece, and the midst of Elis' city, and bidding men accord him a god's homage. Madman! to counterfeit the storm-cloud and the unrivalled thunderbolt with the rattle of brass and the beat of horses' horny hoofs. But the almighty sire from the depth of his cloudy dwelling hurled his weapon — no futile firebrand his, no pinewood's smoky glare — and dashed him headlong down with that tremendous blast. Tityos, too, the foster-child of Earth's common breast, it was mine to see: his body lies extended over nine whole acres, and there is a monstrous vulture with hooked beak shearing away his imperishable liver, and reaping a harvest of suffering from his vitals, as it digs deep for its meal, and burrows in the cavern of his breast, nor gives the new-growing filaments rest or respite. What need to tell of the Lapithæ, of Ixion and Pirithoüs —men who live under a black crag, ever falling, and just in act to drop? The lofty couch is spread for the banquet, and the pillar of gold gleams underneath: the feast is before them, served in kingly luxury; but the eldest of the Furies is couched at their side: she will not let them stretch a hand to the board: she starts up with torch uplifted and thunder in her tones. Here are they who lived in hatred with their brethren while life yet was; who smote a parent or wove for a client the web of fraud; who gained a treasure and brooded over it alone, and never shared it with their kin — a mighty number these — adulterers, who were slain for their crime; citizens who followed the standard of treason; slaves who shrunk not from breaking their troth to their lords: all in prison awaiting their doom. Ask not *what* doom is theirs, what phase, what fate has whelmed them so deep. Others roll the huge stone up the hill, or hang dispread from the spokes of the wheel: there sits, as he will sit for evermore, unhappy Theseus: and Phlegyas, from the depth of his agony, keeps warning all, and proclaiming with a voice of terror through the shades: "Learn hereby to be righteous, and not to scorn the gods." This sold his country for gold, and saddled her with a tyrant; for gain he made and unmade laws: this assailed his daughter's bed, and essayed a forbidden union: all dared some monstrous crime, and enjoyed their daring. No; had I even a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, and lungs of iron, not then could I embrace all the types of crime, or rehearse the whole muster-roll of vengeance."

So spoke Apollo's aged priestess; and then resuming: "But come," she cries, "speed on your way, and fulfil the duty you have essayed: quicken we our pace. I see the walls which the Cyclopian forge raised in air, and the arched gates confronting us, where sacred rule bids us set down our offering." As she spoke, they step side by side through the dusky ways, dispatch the interval of distance, and draw near the gate. Æneas masters the approach, sprinkles his body with pure spring water, and fixes the branch on the portal's front.

And now these things done at length, and the offering to the

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ddess accomplished, they have reached the regions of bliss, green asaunces of happy groves, and the abodes of the blest. Here er clothes the plains with an ampler plenitude and a dazzling ere, and the eye beholds a sun and stars of its own. There e some, plying their limbs on the grassy wrestling-ground, con- ting in sport, and grappling each other on the yellow sand: some e beating their feet in the dance, and chanting songs. There, too, the Thracian priest in his flowing robe, singing the seven notes in son with the dancer's measure, and striking them now with his gers, now with the quill of ivory. Here are the old race of cer, a goodly family, heroes of lofty soul, born in earth's better s, Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus, founder of Troy. From he gazes wonderingly on their warrior arms and their ghostly riots. Their spears stand rooted in the ground, and their un- ed steeds graze dispersedly over the meadow. All the delight y took when alive in chariots and armor, all their pride in oming and feeding their horses, goes with them underground, animates them there. See, too, his eye rests on others regaling either hand upon the grass, and singing in chorus a joyous pæan, in a fragrant grove of bay, the source whence, welling forth into upper world, Eridanus flows in broad current between his ded banks. Here is a noble company who braved wounds in for fatherland; all the priests who kept their purity while life all the poets whose hearts were clean, and their songs worthy Phœbus' ear; all who by cunning inventions gave a grace to and whose worthy deeds made their fellows think of them with each has his brow cinctured with a snow-white fillet. Looking the multitude as it streamed around, the Sibyl bespoke them s—Musæus before all; for he stands the centre of that vast d, which looks up to him, as with rising shoulders he towers e them: "Tell us, happy spirits, and you, best of bards, which is chises' haunt? which his home? for it is to see him that we have e hither, and won our way over the mighty river of Erebus," nt the hero replied in brief: "Here there are no fixed abodes; dwellings are in shadowy groves: our settlements on the velvet e of banks and meadows fresh with running streams. But e, if you will, climb this hill with me, and I will set your feet nce on a road that will lead you." So saying, he moves on e, and from the top of the ridge points to broad fields of light, e they descend from the summit.

t father Anchises, down in the depth of the green dell, was eying with fond observance the spirits now confined there, but after to pass into the light of day, and scanning, as chance d have it, the whole multitude of his people, even his loved erity, their destinies, their warrior deeds, their ways, and their s. Soon as he saw Æneas advancing through the grass to meet he stretched out both his hands with eager movement, tears d over his cheeks, and words escaped his lips: "And are you

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come at last? has love fulfilled a father's hopes and surmounted the perils of the way? is it mine to look on your face, my son, and listen and reply as we talked of old? Yes; I was even thinking so in my own mind. I was reckoning that it would be, counting over the days. Nor has my longing played me false. Oh, the lands and the mighty seas from which you have come to my presence! the dangers, my son, that have tossed and smitten you! Oh, how I have feared lest you should come to harm in that realm of Libya!" The son replied: "Your shade it was, father, your melancholy shade, that, coming to me oft and oft, constrained me to knock at these doors: here, in the Tyrrhene deep my ships are riding at anchor. Let us grasp hand in hand: let us, my father! Oh, withdraw not from my embrace!" As he spoke, the streaming tears rolled down his face. Thrice, as he stood, he essayed to fling his arms round that dear neck: thrice the phantom escaped the hands that caught at it in vain, impalpable as the wind, fleeting as the wings of sleep.

Meanwhile Æneas sees in the retired vale a secluded grove with brakes and rustling woods, and the river of Lethe, which floats along by those abodes of peace. Round it were flying races and tribes untold: even as in the meadows when bees in calm summer-tide settle on flower after flower, and stream over the milk-white lilies, the humming fills the plain. Startled at the sudden sight, Æneas wonderingly inquires what it means, what are those waters in the distance, or who the men that are thronging the banks in crowds so vast. To him his father Anchises: "They are spirits to whom Destiny has promised new bodies, there at the side of Lethe's water, drinking the wave of carelessness, and the long draught of oblivion. In truth I have long wished to tell you of them and show them before you, to recount the long line of my kindred, that you may rejoice with me now that Italy is found." "Oh, my father! and must we think that there are souls that fly hence aloft into the upper air, and thus return to the sluggish fellowship of the body? can their longing for light be so mad as this?" "I will tell you, my son, nor hold you longer in doubt." So replies Anchises, and unfolds the story in order.

[]"Know, first, that heaven and earth, and the watery plains, and the Moon's lucid ball, and Titan's starry fires are kept alive by a spirit within; a mind pervading each limb stirs the whole frame and mingles with the mighty mass.] Hence spring the races of men and beasts, and living things with wings, and the strange forms that Ocean carries beneath his marble surface. [These particles have a fiery glow, a heavenly nature, struggling against the clogs of corrupting flesh, the dullness of limbs of clay and bodies ready to die. Hence come their fears and lusts, their joys and griefs: nor can they discern the heavenly light, prisoned as they are in night and blind dungeon walls. Nay, when life's last ray has faded from them, not even then, poor wretches, are they wholly freed from ill, freed from every plague of the flesh: those many taints must needs

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grained strangely in the being, so long as they have grown
it. So they are schooled with punishment, and pay in suffer-
for ancient ill: some are hung up and dispread to the piercing
s: others have the stain of wickedness washed out under the
ning gulf, or burnt out with fire: each is chastized in his own
: then we are sped through the breadth of Elysium, while some
remain to inhabit these happy plains, till the lapse of ages, when
's cycle is complete, has cleansed the ingrained blot and left a
residue of heavenly intelligence, the flame of essential ether.
of these, when they have rounded the circle of a thousand years,
en summons to the stream of Lethe, a mighty concourse, to
end that with memory effaced they may return to the vault
e sky, and learn to wish for a new union with the body."
nchises ended: he draws his son and the Sibyl with him into
midst of the assemblage, the heart of that buzzing crowd, and
nts an eminence, whence he might see face to face the whole of
long procession, and learn each comer's looks.
Now then, for the glories of the Dardan race from this time
ward, the posterity reserved for you in the Italian line, noble
ns, the ordained heirs of our proud name: of these I will tell
and inform you of your destiny.
He whom you see there, the youth leaning on the pointless spear,
lot is to fill the next place in light: he will be first to rise to
er day, born from the admixture of Italian blood, Silvius, that
t Alban name, your latest offspring, whom in your old age at
of life your spouse Lavinia will bear you in the woods, himself
ing and the father of kings to be: from him it is that our race
l rule over Alba the Long. Next comes mighty Procas, the
e of the people of Troy, and Capys, and Numitor, and a second
er of your name, Silvius Æneas, himself renowned alike for
y and for valor, if ever he should come to the throne of Alba.
at glorious youths! look what strength they carry in their port,
e their brows are shaded by the civic oak! These shall uprear
you, high on the mountains, Nomentum, and Gabii, and
enz's town, and the towers of Collatia, Pometii and Inuus'
p, and Bola, and Cora; names which shall one day be named:
they are mere nameless lands. Romulus, too, the child of
s, shall come along with his grandsire. Romulus, whom a
her, bearing Ilium's name, shall produce from the blood of
aracus. See you the two plumes standing on his crest, how his
marks him even now for the upper world by his own token of
or? Yes, my son, it is by his auspices that our glorious Rome
ll extend her empire to earth's end, her ambition to the skies,
embrace seven hills with the wall of a single city, blest parent
a warrior brood: even as the mighty Berecyntian mother rides
er-crowned through the towns of Phrygia, proud of the gods
have sprung from her, a hundred grandchildren at her knee,
dwellers in heaven, all lords of the lofty sky. Hither now turn

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your two rays of vision: look at this family, at Romans of your own.
[Here is Cæsar: here the whole progeny of Iulus, as it will pass one
day under heaven's mighty cope. This, this is he, the man promised
to you so often, Augustus Cæsar, true child of a god, who shall
establish again for Latium a golden age in that very region where
Saturn once reigned] while he stretches his sway alike beyond Gara-
mantian and Indian. See, the land is lying outside the stars, out-
side the sun's yearly path, where heaven-carrier Atlas turns round
on his shoulder the pole, studded with burning constellations. In
view of his approach, a shiver runs already by oracular warning
through Caspian realms and Mæotian land, and there is stir and
confusion at the mouths of sevenfold Nile. Nay, even Alcides
traversed no such length of earth, though he stalked the brazen-
footed deer, or tamed Erymanthus' savage wilds, and appalled
Lerna with his arrows: no, nor he who guides his triumphal car
with reins of ivy-leaf, Bacchus, driving his tigers down from Nysa's
lofty top. And do we still hesitate to let prowess give scope to
power, or does fear prevent our setting foot on Ausonian soil? But
who is he in the distance, conspicuous with a wreath of olive, with
sacred vessels in his hand? Ah! I know the hoary hair and beard
of the king of Rome, who shall give the infant city the support of
law, sent from his homely Cures and a land of poverty into a
mighty empire. Next shall come one doomed to break his country's
peace, and stir up with the war-cry of his name, Tullus, warriors
rusting in ease and squadrons that have forgotten their triumphs.
Ancus follows, a greater boaster, even now too ready to catch the
breath of a popular cheer. Would you look too at the kings of
Tarquin's house, at the haughty spirit of Brutus the avenger, and
the fasces retrieved? He shall be the first to take the consular
power and the axes of doom: the father will bring his rebel sons to
death, all for fair freedom's sake. Unhappy man! let after ages
speak of that deed as they will, strong over all will be patriot passion
and unmeasured thirst of praise. Look, there are the Drusi and
Decii, and Torquatus with his unpitying axe, and Camillus the
restorer of the standards. But those whom you see there, dressed
alike in gleaming armor — spirits at harmony now and so long as
they are confined in darkness — alas! how vast a war will they
wage, each with each, if they shall attain the light of day, what
arraying of hosts, what carnage will there be! Father-in-law and
son-in-law, the one coming down from Alpine ramparts and the
stronghold of Monœcus: the other drawn up against him with
the forces of the east. Do not, do not, my children, make war
like these familiar to your spirits: turn not your country's valor
against your country's vitals: and you, restrain yourself the first,
you, whose lineage is from heaven, drop the steel from your grasp,
heir of Anchises' blood. See here, a conqueror who shall drive to
the lofty Capitol the car of triumph over Corinth, glorious from
Achæan slaughter: here one who shall lay Argos in dust, and

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emnon's own Mycenæ, ay, and the heir of Æacus, with
lles' martial blood in his veins: a Roman's vengeance for his
an grandsires, and for Pallas' insulted fame. What tongue
ld leave you unpraised, great Cato, or Cossus, you? or the race
e Gracchi, or those twin thunderbolts of war, the Scipios,
's ruin, or Fabricius, princely in his poverty, or you, Serranus,
ng your own plowed fields? When, ye Fabii, will panting
e overtake you? You are in truth our greatest, the single
r of our state by delay. [Others, I doubt not, will mould the
ching brass to more fleshlike softness, and spread over marble
book of life. Others will plead better at the bar, will trace with
rod the courses of heaven, and foretell the risings of the stars.
rs, Roman, be the lesson to govern the nations as their lord:
is your destined culture, to impose the settled rule of peace, to
e the humbled, and to crush the proud."]
ther Anchises paused; and, as they wondered, went on
ay: "See how Marcellus advances in the glory of the general's
s, towering with conqueror's majesty over all the warriors near!
n the state of Rome reels under the invader's shock, he shall
it; his horse's hoofs shall trample the Carthaginian and the
ted Gaul; and he shall dedicate the third suit of armor to
rinus the sire." Hereupon Æneas, for he saw walking at
rcellus' side a youth of goodly presence and in gleaming armor,
with little joy on his brow and downcast eyes: "Who, my
er, is he that thus attends the warriors' march? his son, or one
e glorious line of his posterity? What a hum runs through
attendant train! how lofty his own mien! but the shadow of
my night hovers saddening round his head." Father Anchises
n, tears gushing forth the while: "Alas, my son! ask not of the
y grief that those of your blood must bear. Of him the fates
l give but a glimpse to earth, nor suffer him to continue longer.
powers of the sky! Rome's race would have been in your
s too strong, had a boon like this been its own forever. What
mings of the brave shall be wafted from Mars' broad field to
s' mighty town! What a funeral, father Tiber, shall thine
behold, as thou flowest past that new-built sepulchre! No child
e stock of Ilion shall raise his Latian ancestors to such heights
pe: never while time lasts shall the land of Romulus take such
e in any that she has reared. Woe for the piety, for the ancient
, for the arm unconquered in battle! Never would foeman
e met that armed presence unscathed, marched he on foot into
field or tore with bloody spur the flank of his foaming steed.
d of a nation's sorrow! were there hope of thy breaking the
ny of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus. Bring me handfuls of
, that I may strew the grave with their dazzling hues, and
n, if only with these gifts, my young descendant's shade, and
rm the vain service of sorrow." Thus they wander here and
e through the whole expanse in the broad fields of shadow and

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take note of all. Soon as Anchises had taken his son from end to end, and fired his mind with the prospect of that glorious history, he then tells the warrior of the battles that he must fight at once, and informs him of the Laurentian tribes and Latinus' town, and how to shun or stand the shock of every peril.

There are two gates of Sleep: the one, as story tells, of horn, supplying a ready exit for true spirits: the other gleaming with the polish of dazzling ivory, but through it the powers below send false dreams to the world above. Thither Anchises, talking thus, conducts his son and the Sibyl, and dismisses them by the gate of ivory. Æneas traces his way to the fleet and returns to his comrades; then sails along the shore for Caieta's haven. The anchor is cast from the prow: the keels are ranged on the beach.

[tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

[Aeneas sails north past the abode of the enchantress Circe and enters the mouth of the Tiber with favorable omens. Since Latinus, the king of the region, has no male heir, the marriage of his daughter Lavinia is a matter of extreme importance. He opposes the favored suitor, Turnus, the powerful Rutulian, because an oracle foretold that his daughter was destined to marry an illustrious stranger. Accordingly, when messengers from Aeneas arrive at the palace of Latinus and present him gifts, the king immediately regards the hero as his future son-in-law and grants him permission to settle it Latium. Juno, filled with rage at Aeneas' success, causes Alecto, the fury, to rouse up the enmity of Queen Amata and Turnus against the Trojans. An incident is created when Iulus kills a pet deer owned by the daughter of the king's ranger. Here are recorded the names of the heroes who prepare to expel the invaders. Camilla, the warrior queen of the Volscians, opposes a peaceful policy toward the strangers.

The eighth book tells of the diplomatic maneuvering of each side to gain allies before the actual fighting begins. Turnus tries to enlist Diomedes, the ancient enemy of Troy. Aeneas finds an ally in Evander, who sends Pallas, his young son, to the war, and urges the Trojan to seek the aid of the Etruscans, who had recently expelled Mezentius, their cruel king. Venus gives her son arms that had been marvelously forged by Vulcan.

In the ninth book, Turnus, at the advice of Juno, attacks the Trojans in the absence of Aeneas and would have fired their ships, if Cybele had not changed them into nymphs. In the following episode, Nisus and Euryalus attempt to pass through the enemy's lines to bring word to Aeneas that the war has started.]

BOOK IX

NISUS AND EURYALUS

The warder of the gate was Nisus, a soldier of keenest mettle, Hyrtacus' son, whom Ida the huntress sent to attend Æneas, quick with the dart and the flying arrow: and at his side Euryalus, than who was none fairer among Æneas' children, none that ever donned

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arms of Troy, a stripling whose unrazored cheeks just showed first bloom of youth. Theirs was a common love: side by they wont to rush into the battle: and even then they were ing watch at the gate in joint duty. Nisus exclaims: "Is it the Euryalus, that make men's hearts glow thus? or does each ungoverned yearning become his god? My heart has long astir to rush on war or other mighty deed, nor will peaceful content it. You see the Rutulians there, delivered up to idence in the future: their line of lights gleams brokenly: un- with sleep and wine, yonder they lie: all around is still. on, and learn on what I am brooding, and what thought is moment uppermost. 'Æneas should be recalled'—so cry ple and leaders as one man; 'messengers should be sent to tell the truth.' If they pledge themselves to what I ask for you— me the fame of the deed is sufficient—methinks under the nd yonder I could find a way to the city walls of Pallanteum." thrill of generous ambition struck wonder into Euryalus, as thus addressed his glowing friend: "And would you shrink from ing me with you, Nisus, on this high occasion? Am I to send out alone on such perilous errand? It was not thus that my er, the veteran Opheltes, reared and bred me among Argive rs and Trojan agonies, nor have such been my doings at your , since I followed our hero Æneas and his desperate fate. Here, , within me is a soul that thinks scorn of happy sunshine, and ns that the glory at which you aim were cheaply bought with " "Nay," returns Nisus, "trust me, I had no such fear of you— e such had been just: so may I return to you in triumph, by e of mighty Jove, or whosoever now looks down on us with teous eyes. But should aught—and a venture like this, you has a thousand such—should aught sway things amiss, be it nce or heaven's will, I would fain have you spared: yours is meeter age for life. Let me have one to rescue me in fight, or eem me by ransom paid, and so consign me to the burial all ive: or should Fortune grudge even that, to pay me the rites the absent, and give me the adornment of a tomb. Nor let me the cause of grief so terrible to that unhappy parent, who alone many matrons has had a heart to follow you, dear boy, nor cares the city of great Acestes." He replied: "Spinning empty pre- s is idle work: there is no change or faltering in my resolve. and despatch!" At once he rouses the guard, who take his ce and fulfil their time, while he, departing from the post, walks by side with Nisus, and they seek the prince together.

All else that breathed on earth were asleep, their load of care ound, their hearts oblivious of toil; the chief leaders of the ucrians, the flower of the host were holding council on the crisis their realm's fortune, what they should do, or who should at gth be sent with the news to Æneas. There they stand propped their long spears, their shields still in their hands, in the midst

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of camp and plain. At this moment Nisus and Euryalus eagerly crave instant admission — the affair is great, say they, and well worth the pause it claims. Iulus was the first to welcome and reassure them, and bid Nisus speak. Then began the son of Hyrtacus: "Listen, ye sons of Troy, with kindly heed, nor let these our proffers be judged by our years. The Rutulians, unnerved by sleep and wine, are hushed in silence: we have ourselves observed a place for a stealthy move, open through the passage of the gate which abuts on the sea. The line of fires is broken, and only dusky smoke rises to the sky: give us but leave to make use of fortune, and go in quest of Æneas and the walls of Pallanteum, soon shall you see us here again after a mighty carnage, laden with spoils. Nor can the way mislead us as we go: we have seen in the dimness of the vale the outskirts of the city while persevering in our hunting, and have made acquaintance with the whole river's course." Then spoke Aletes, weighty with years and ripe of understanding: "Gods of our fathers, whose constant presence watches over Troy, not yet in spite of all do ye purpose to make an utter end of us Teucrians, when such are the spirits and so steadfast the hearts ye breed in our youth." As he said this, he kept embracing the necks and hands of both, and bathing his cheeks in floods of tears. "What guerdons, gallant men, what can I fancy of worth enough to pay you for glories like these? First and richest of all will be the praise of heaven and your own hearts: next to these you will receive the rest without fail from good Æneas and young Ascanius, who will never forget a service so great." "Nay," cries Ascanius, "let me speak, me, whose safety is bound up with my sire's return: by our great household gods I adjure you, Nisus, by the deity of Assaracus' house and the shrine of reverend Vesta — all my fortune, all my trust, I place in your hands: bring back my father, let me see him again: he once restored, all grief is over. I will give you a pair of goblets wrought with silver and rough from the chasing-tool, which my father took when he conquered Arisba, a couple of tripods, two great talents of gold, and an ancient bowl, Sidonian Dido its donor. But if it be our victorious fortune to conquer Italy and attain the crown, and appoint the lot for the booty — you saw the horse which Turnus rode, the arms in which he moved all golden — that horse, that shield, and the scarlet crest I will set apart from the lot, and count it, Nisus, yours already. Moreover, my sire shall give you twelve matron captives of choicest beauty, male prisoners too, each with his armor, and, to crown all, the portion of domain held by king Latinus himself. But you, whose years are followed at nearer distance by my own, revered youth, I take at once to my heart, and fold you there, my comrade for whatever betides. Never will I seek glory for my own estate apart from you: whether I have peace or war on hand, yours shall be my utmost confidence in deed and in word." To him spoke Euryalus in reply: "No length of time shall find me false to the promise of my bold essay: let but fortune

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eed and not thwart us. But one boon I would ask of you beyond others: I have a mother of Priam's ancient house, whom not land of Ilium, not the city of king Acestes, could keep, poor soul, from going with me. Her I am now leaving, ignorant of peril, be it what it may, with no word of greeting — Night and your right hand are my witnesses — because I could not bear a parent's tears. But you, I pray, comfort her need and support her lonely age. With this trust in you to bear along with me, I shall meet all that happens with a bolder spirit." Touched to the heart, the children of Dardanus broke into tears — chief of all the fair Iulus, as the picture of his own filial love flashed upon his soul. Thus he speaks: "Assure yourself that all shall be done that your mighty deeds deserve. Yes, she shall be my own mother, nought wanting but the name to make her Creusa's self; to have borne you lays up no mean store of gratitude. Whatever the fortune that attends your endeavor, I swear by this my head, by which my father has been wont to swear, all that I promise to you in the event of your prosperous return, shall remain in its fulness assured to your mother and your house." This he says weeping, and unbelts from his shoulder a gilded sword wrought with rare art by Lycaon of Crete, and fitted for use with a scabbard of ivory. To Nisus Mnestheus gives a skin, a lion's shaggy spoils: Aletes, true of heart, makes an exchange of helmets. Their arming done they march along; and as they go, the whole band of nobles, young and old, escorts them to the gate with prayers for their safety. There too goes fair Iulus, in heart and forethought manlier than his years, giving them many a charge to carry to his father. But the winds scatter all alike, and deliver them cancelled to the clouds.

Passing through the gate, they cross the trenches, and through the midnight shade make for the hostile camp — destined, though, not to be the death of many. All about the grass they see bodies stretched at length by sleep and wine, cars tilted up on the shore, men lying among wheels and harness, with armor and pools of wine about them. First spoke the son of Hyrtacus: "Euryalus, daring hands are wanted; the occasion now calls for action; here lies our way. Do you keep watch and wide look-out, lest any hand be lifted against us from behind; I will lay these ranks waste, and give you a broad path to walk in." So saying, he checks his voice, and at once with his tyrannous sword assails Rhamnes, who, pillowed on a vast pile of rugs, was breathing from all his breast the breath of sleep — a king himself, and king Turnus' favorite augur; but his augury availed him not to ward off death. Close by he surprises three attendants, stretched carelessly among their weapons, and Remus' armor-bearer and charioteer, catching him as he lay at the horses' side: the steel shears through their drooping necks; then he lops the head of their lord, and leaves the trunk gurgling and spouting blood, while ground and couch are reeking with black streams of gore. Lamyrus too, and Lamus, and young Serranus,

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who had played long that night in the pride of his beauty, and was lying with the dream-god's hand heavy upon him; happy, had he made his play as long as the night, and pushed it into morning. Like a hungry lion making havoc through a teeming fold — for the madness of famine constrains him — he goes mangling and dragging long the feeble cattle, dumb with terror, and gnashing his bloody teeth. Nor less the carnage of Euryalus: he, too, all on fire, storms along, and slays on his road a vast and nameless crowd, Fadus and Herbesus, and Rhœtus and Abaris — unconscious these: Rhœtus was awake and saw it all, but in his fear he crouched behind a massive bowl; whence, as he rose, the conqueror plunged into his fronting breast the length of his sword, and drew it back with a torrent of death. The dying man vomits forth his crimson life, and disgorges mingled wine and blood: the foe pursues his stealthy work. And now he was making for Messapus' followers, for there he saw the flicker of dying fires, and horses tied and browsing at their ease; when thus spoke Nisus in brief, seeing him hurried on by passion and excess of slaughter: "Forbear we now; the daylight, our enemy, is at hand; we have supped on vengeance to the full; a highway is open through the foe." Many warriors' arms they leave, wrought of solid silver, many bowls and gorgeous coverlets. Euryalus lays hand on Rhamnes' trappings and his belt with golden studs, sent by wealthy Cædicus of old as a present to Remulus of Tibur, when he fain would make him his friend from a distance; he, dying, leaves them to his grandson, after whose death the Rutulians won them in battle; these he strips off, and fits them to his valiant breast, all for nought. Then he puts on Messapus' shapely helm, with its graceful crest. They leave the camp, and pass into safety.

Meanwhile a troop of horse, sent on from the town of Latium, while the rest of the force abides drawn up on the field, was on its way with a message to king Turnus, three hundred, shield-bearers all, with Volscens, their chief. They were just nearing the camp, and passing under the wall, when at distance they spy the two bending to the left, and the helmet, seen in the glimmering twilight, betrayed the heedless Euryalus, as the moonbeam flashed full upon it. The sight fell not on idle eyes. Volscens shouts from his band: "Halt, gallants; tell your errand, who you are thus armed, and whither you are going." They venture no reply, but hasten the faster to the woods, and make the night their friend. The horsemen bar each well-known passage right and left and set a guard on every outlet. The wood was shagged with thickets and dark ilex boughs; impenetrable briars filled it on every side; through the concealed tracks just gleamed a narrow path. Euryalus is hampered by the darkness of the branches, and the encumbrance of his booty, and fear makes him miss the right line of road. Nisus shoots away: and now in his forgetfulness he had escaped the foe, and gained the region afterwards called Alban from Alba's name;

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that day king Latinus had there his stately stalls; when he halted, looked back in vain for the friend he could not see. "My poor Euryalus! where have I left you? what way shall I trace you, unbreading all the tangled path of that treacherous wood?" As he speaks, he scans and retraces each step, and wanders through the silness of the brakes. He hears the horses, hears the noise and the tokens of pursuit. Pass a few moments and a shout strikes on his ear, and he sees Euryalus, who is in the hands of the whole crew, the victim of the ground and the night, bewildered by the sudden onslaught, hurried along, and making a thousand fruitless efforts. What should he do? with what force, what arms can he attempt to rescue? should he dash through the thick of their swords with death before his eyes, and hurry to a glorious end in a shower of wounds? Soon, with his arm drawn back, he poises his spear-shaft, looking up to the moon in the sky, and thus prays aloud: "Thou, goddess, be thou present, and befriend my endeavor, Latona's daughter, glory of the heavens and guardian of the woods: if ever my father Hyrtacus brought gift for me to thine altar, if after my own hunting swelled the tribute, if ever I hung an offering from thy dome or fastened it on thy hallowed summit, suffer me to confound this mass, and guide my weapons through the air." This said, with an effort of his whole frame he hurled the steel. The flying spear strikes through the shades of night, reaches the turned back of Sulmo, there snaps short, and pierces the midriff with the broken wood. Down he tumbles, disgorging from his breast the warm life-torrent that leaves him cold, and long choking gasps smite on his sides. They look round this way and that: while the same fell arm, nerved by success, is levelling, see! another weapon from the ear-tip. While all is confusion, the spear has passed through Tagus' two temples with whizzing sound, and lies warmly lodged in his cloven brain. Volscens storms with fury, yet sees nowhere the author of the wound, nor on whom to vent his rage: "You, however, shall pay both debts meanwhile with your heart's blood," cries he; and speaking, rushes with drawn sword on Euryalus. Then, indeed, in frantic agony, Nisus shouts aloud; no more care had he to hide himself in darkness, no more strength to bear grief so terrible: "Me, me! behold the doer! make me your mark, O Rutulians! mine is all the blame; he had no heart, no hand for such deeds; this heaven, these stars know that it is true; it was but that he loved his unhappy friend too well." Thus he was pleading; but the sword, driven with the arm's full force, has pierced the ribs and is rending the snowy breast. Down falls Euryalus in death; over his beauteous limbs gushes the blood, and his powerless neck sinks on his shoulders; as when a purple flower, severed by the plow, pines in death, or poppies with faint necks droop the head, when rain has chanced to weigh them down. But Nisus rushes full on the foe, Volscens his one object among them all; he cares for none but Volscens: the enemy cluster round, and

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assail him on all sides; none the less he holds on his way, whirling his lightning blade, till at last he lodges it full in the Rutulian's face, as he shrieks for aid, and dying robs his foe of life. Then he flung himself on his breathless friend, pierced through and through, and there at length slept away in peaceful death.

Happy pair! if this my song has aught of potency, no lapse of days shall efface your names from the memory of time, so long as the house of Æneas shall dwell on the Capitol's moveless rock, and a Roman father shall be the world's lord.

[176–449, tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

[Turnus renews the assault. The Trojans open the gates to make a sally against the enemy, and in the ensuing confusion Turnus is locked within the Roman camp. He handles himself manfully and when hard pressed, dives into the Tiber and escapes.

The tenth book opens with a description of the council of the gods in which Juno and Venus express their enmity for each other. Jupiter professes himself a neutral in the war between the Trojans and the Latins, and leaves the settlement of the dispute to fate. The poet now turns to the description of the battle. The landing of Aeneas and his new allies is opposed by Turnus and his army. The brief encounter between Pallas and Turnus is described in the following selection.]

BOOK X

THE DEATH OF PALLAS

Turnus meanwhile is warned by his gracious sister to come to Lausus' aid; and with his flying car he cleaves the intervening ranks. Soon as he met his comrades' eye: "You may rest from battle now; I alone am coming against Pallas. Pallas is my due, and mine alone; would that his sire were here to see us fight." He said; and his friends retired from the interdicted space. But as the Rutulians withdraw, the young warrior, marvelling at the haughty command, gazes astonished on Turnus, rolls his eyes over that giant frame, and sweeps the whole man from afar with fiery glance, and with words like these meets the words of the monarch: "I shall soon be famous either for kingly trophies won or for an illustrious death; my sire is equal to either event; a truce to menace." This said, he marches into the middle space; while the Arcadians blood chills and curdles about their hearts. Down from his car leaps Turnus, and addresses himself to fight on foot. And as when a lion has seen from a high watch-tower a bull standing at distance in the field and meditating fight, he flies to the spot, even thus looks Turnus as he bounds along.

Soon as he judged his foe would be within reach of his spear-throw, Pallas begins the combat, in hope that Fortune may help the venture of unequal powers, and utters these words to the mighty heaven: "By my sire's hospitality and the board where thou satest as a stranger, I pray thee, Alcides, stand by me in my great en-

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avor. Let Turnus see me strip the bloody arms from his dying
ame, and may his glazing eyes endure the sight of a conqueror."
Alcides heard the youth, and stifled a heavy groan deep down in
is breast, and shed forth unavailing tears. Then the Almighty
ather bespeaks his son with kindly words: "Each has his fixed
ay: short and irretrievable is the span of all men; but to propagate
lory by great deeds, this is what worth can do. Think of those
any sons of gods who fell beneath Troy's lofty walls: among
hom died even Sarpedon, my own offspring. For Turnus, too,
he call of his destiny has gone forth, and he has reached the term
f his allotted days." So he speaks, and turns away his eyes from
he Rutulian plain.

But Pallas with a mighty effort sends forth his spear, and plucks
rom the hollow scabbard his flashing sword. On flies the weapon,
trikes where the margin of the harness rises toward the shoulder,
nd, forcing its way through the buckler's edge, at last even grazed
he mighty frame of Turnus. Then Turnus, long poising his beam
ith its point of sharp steel, hurls it at Pallas, with these words:
See whether our weapon be not the keener." So he: while cleav-
ng those many plates of iron and brass, spite of the bull-hides
round oft and oft about, the point strikes through the shield's
idst with quivering impact, and pierces the corselet's barrier and
he mighty breast beyond. In vain the youth tears the reeking dart
rom the wound: as it parts, blood and life follow on its track. He
alls forward on his wound: his arms resound upon him, and with
is bloody jaws in death he bites the hostile earth. Standing over
im, Turnus began: "Men of Arcady, take heed and carry my
words to Evander: I send back Pallas handled as his sire deserves.
f there be any honor in a tomb, any solace in burial, let him take
t freely; his welcome of Æneas will be costly notwithstanding."
Then with his left foot as he spoke, he trod on the dead, tearing
way the belt's huge weight and the crime thereon engraved: that
and of youths slain foully all on one wedding night, and the
hambers dabbled with blood: Clonus Eurytides had chased it on
he broad field of gold: and now Turnus triumphs in the prize, and
exults in his winning. Blind are the eyes of man's soul to destiny
nd doom to be, nor knows it to respect the limit, when upborne
y prosperous fortune! Turnus shall see the day when he will fain
ave paid a high price for Pallas unharmed, when he will hate the
spoils and the hour he won them! But Pallas' followers, with many
groan and tear, are bearing off their chief on his shield in long
procession. Oh, vision of sorrow and great glory, soon to meet
hy father's eye! this day first gave thee to battle, this day withdraws
he gift, yet vast are the heaps thou leavest of Rutulian carnage!

[439–509, tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

[When the Trojan hero learns of the defeat of Pallas, he rages in victory over the entire field. The besieged now pour from the Trojan

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camp to aid Aeneas. At this joint Juno interferes in the struggle by saving the life of Turnus, who is made to pursue a form he thought Aeneas onto a ship which bears him far from the combat. His humiliation is so great that he would have committed suicide if he had not been restrained by Juno. While he is absent from the battlefield, Aeneas continues the slaughter, killing among others Mezentius, the Etruscan king, who had taken up the cause of Turnus.

A truce, described in the eleventh book, gives the combatants time to bury their dead. Evander's grief for his son is feelingly described. Turnus meets opposition within his own ranks and boasts that he will fight Aeneas in single combat. While these disputes are in progress, Aeneas moves up his troops to attack the allies. Camilla enters the battle and after demonstrating her prowess in arms by slaying many warriors, is herself slain. The single combat of the two heroes is delayed by the strategy of the Latins, which requires that Turnus wait in ambush in the hills.

In the last book, Turnus, despite the wishes of Latinus and Amata, decides to make good his promise that he would end the war by engaging in single combat with Aeneas. A truce is declared and the details of the encounter arranged. But Juno again interferes by urging the sister of Turnus, the nymph Juturna, to assume the guise of a noble warrior who deliberately breaks the truce by wounding one of the Trojans. While attempting to restrain his men, Aeneas is wounded. The battle is renewed, and in the absence of their leader, the Trojans suffer many losses. But Venus cures her son's wound. The epic ends with the combat of the two heroes.]

BOOK XII

THE VICTORY OF AENEAS

Meanwhile the king of almighty Olympus accosts Juno, as from a golden cloud she gazes on the battle: "Where is this to end, fair spouse? what last stroke have you in store? you know yourself, by your own confession, that Æneas has his place assured in heaven among Italia's native gods, that destiny is making him a ladder to the stars. What plan you now? what hope keeps you seated on those chilly clouds? was it right that mortal wound should harm a god, or that Turnus — for what power could Juturna have apart from you? — should receive back his lost sword and the vanquished should feel new forces? At length have done, and let my prayers bow your will. Let this mighty sorrow cease to devour you in silence: let me hear sounds of sullen disquiet less often from your lovely lips. The barrier has been reached. To toss the Trojans over land and sea, to kindle an unhallowed war, to plunge a home in mourning, to blend a dirge with the bridal song, this it has been yours to do: all further action I forbid." So spake Jupiter: and so in return Saturn's daughter with downcast look: "Even because I knew, great Jove, that such was your pleasure, have I withdrawn against my will from Turnus and from earth: else you would not see me now in the solitude of my airy throne, ex-

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sed to all that comes, meet or unmeet: armed with firebrands, I ould stand in the very line of battle, and force the Teucrians into e hands of their foes. As for Juturna, I counselled her, I own, succor her wretched brother, and warranted an unusual venture here life was at stake: but nought was said of aiming the shaft bending the bow: I swear by the inexpiable fountain-head of ys, the one sanction that binds us powers above. And now I ld indeed, and quit this odious struggle. Yet there is a boon I ould ask, a boon which destiny forefends not. I ask it for the ke of Latium, for the dignity of your own people: when at last ace shall be ratified with a happy bridal, for happy let it be: when nds of treaty shall be knit at last, let it not be thy will that the tive Latians should change their ancient name, become Trojans take the Teucrian style: let not them alter their language or their rb. Let there be Latium still: let there be centuries of Alban ngs: let there be a Roman stock, strong with the strength of alian manhood: but let Troy be fallen as she is, name and nation ke." The Father of men and nature answered with a smile: ay, you are Jove's own sister, the other branch of Saturn's line; ch billows of passion surge in your bosom! but come, let this effectual frenzy give way: I grant your wish, and submit myself willing obedience. The Ausonians shall keep their native ngue, their native customs: the name shall remain as it is: the eucrians shall merge in the nation they join — that and no more: eir rites and worship shall be my gift: all shall be Latians and eak the Latian tongue. The race that shall arise from this adixture of Ausonian blood shall transcend in piety earth and aven itself, nor shall any nation pay you such honors as they." no nodded assent, and turned her sullenness to pleasure; meanhile she departs from the sky, and quits the cloud where she sat. This done, the sire meditates a further resolve, and prepared to rt Juturna from her brother's side. There are two fiends known the Furies, whom with Tartarean Megæra dismal Night brought rth at one and the same birth, wreathing them alike with coiling rpents, and equipping them with wings that fan the air. They e seen beside Jove's throne, at the threshold of his angry sovreignty, goading frail mortality with stings of terror, oft as the onarch of the gods girds himself to send forth disease and frightl death, or appeals guilty towns with war. One of these Jove sped ith haste from heaven's summit, and bade her confront Juturna n token of his will. Forth she flies, borne earthward on the blast a whirlwind. Swift as the arrow from the string cleaves the oud, sent forth by Parthian — Parthian or Cydonian — tipped ith fell poison's gall, the dealer of a wound incurable, and skims e flying vapors hurtling and unforeseen, so went the Daughter Night and made her way to earth. Soon as she sees the forces Troy and the army of Turnus, she huddles herself suddenly into e shape of a puny bird, which oft on tombstone or lonely roof

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sitting by night screams restlessly through the gloom; in this disguise the fiend again and again flies flapping in Turnus' face, and beats with her wings on his shield. A strange chilly terror unknits his frame, his hair stands shudderingly erect, and his utterance cleaves to his jaws. But when Juturna knew from far the rustling of those Fury pinions, she rends, hapless maid, her dishevelled tresses, marring, in all a sister's agony, her face with her nails, her breast with her clenched hands: "What now, my Turnus, can your sister avail? what more remains for an obdurate wretch like me? by what expedient can I lengthen your span? can I face a portent like this? At last, at last I quit the field. Cease to appal my fluttering soul, ye birds of ill omen: I know the flapping of your wings and its deathful noise; nor fail I to read great Jove's tyrannic will. Is this his recompense for lost virginity? why gave he me life to last for ever? why was the law of death annulled? else might I end this moment the tale of my sorrows, and travel to the shades hand in hand with my poor brother. Can immortality, can aught that I have to boast give me joy without him? Oh, that earth would but yawn deep enough, and send me down, goddess though I be, to the powers of the grave!" So saying, she shrouded her head in her azure robe, with many a groan, and vanished beneath the river of her deity.

Æneas presses on, front to front, shaking his massy, treelike spear, and thus speaks in the fierceness of his spirit: "What is to be the next delay? why does Turnus still hang back? ours is no contest of speed, but of stern soldiership, hand to hand. Take all disguises you can: muster all your powers of courage or of skill: mount on wing, if you list, to the stars aloft, or hide in the cavernous depth of earth." Shaking his head, he replied: "I quail not at your fiery words, insulting foe: it is Heaven that makes me quail, and Jove my enemy.' No more he spoke: but, sweeping his eyes round, espies a huge stone, a stone ancient and huge, which chanced to be lying on the plain, set as some field's boundary, to forefend disputes of ownership: scarce could twelve picked men lift it on their shoulders, such puny frames as earth produces nowadays: he caught it up with hurried grasp and flung it at his foe, rising as he threw, and running rapidly, as hero might. And yet all the while he knows not that he is running or moving, lifting up or stirring the enormous stone: his knees totter under him, and his blood chills and freezes: and so the mass from the warrior's hand, whirled through the empty void, passed not through all the space between nor carried home the blow. Even as in dreams, at night, when heavy slumber has weighed down the eyes, we seem vainly wishing to make eager progress forward and midway in the effort fail helplessly: our tongue has no power, our wonted strength stands not our frames in stead: nor do words or utterance come at our call: so it is with Turnus: whatever means his valor tries, the fell fiend bars them of their issue. And now confused images whirl

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rough his brain: he looks to his Rutulians and to the city, and
hers with dread, and quails at the threatening spear: how to
cape he knows not, nor how to front the foe, nor sees he anywhere
s car or the sister who drives it.
Full in that shrinking face Æneas shakes his fatal weapon, taking
m with his eye, and with an effort of his whole frame hurls it
rth. Never stone flung from engine of siege roars so loud, never
eal so rending follows the thunderbolt. On flies the spear like
ark whirlwinds with fell destruction on its wing, pierces the edge
f the corselet, and the outermost circle of the seven-fold shield, and
ith a rush cleaves through the thigh. Down with his knee
ubled under him comes Turnus to earth, all his length prostrated
y the blow. Up start the Rutulians, groaning as one man: the
hole mountain round rebellows, and the depths of the forest sends
ck the sound far and wide. He in lowly suppliance lifts up eye
d entreating hand: "It is my due," he cries, "and I ask not to be
ared it: take what fortune gives you. Yet, if you *can* feel for a
rent's misery — your father, Anchises, was once in like plight —
ave mercy on Daunus's hoary hairs, and let me, or if you choose,
y breathless body, be restored to my kin. You are conqueror:
e Ausonians have seen my conquered hand outstretched: the
val bride is yours: let hatred be pressed no further." Æneas stood
ill, a fiery warrior, his eyes rolling, and checked his hand: and
ose suppliant words were working more and more on his faltering
rpose, when, alas! the ill-starred belt was seen high on the
oulder, and light flashed from the well-known studs — the belt
f young Pallas, whom Turnus conquered and struck down to
rth, and bore on his breast the badge of triumphant enmity.
oon as his eyes caught the spoil and drank in the recollection of
at cruel grief, kindled into madness and terrible in his wrath:
"What, with my friend's trophies upon you, would you escape my
and? It is Pallas, Pallas, who with this bow makes you his victim,
d gluts his vengeance with your accursed blood." With these
ords, fierce as flames, he plunged the steel into the breast that lay
fore him. That other's frame grows chill and motionless, and
e soul, resenting its lot, flies groaningly to the shades.

[791 to the end, tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

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HORACE

(65–8 B.C.)

Most of what we know about the life of Quintus Horatius Flaccus may be found in his satire *On Ambition*. Though the son of a freedman tax-collector living on a poor farm at Venusia, on the borders of Lucania and Apulia, he attained literary eminence in the Capital. For such an unusual rise, he gave credit to his father, who was so passionately devoted to the education of his son that he took him to Rome and supervised his moral and intellectual training for a period of five years.

When about eighteen, Horace went to Athens to continue his education. Here, in 43 B.C., he met Brutus, one of Caesar's assassins, who was secretly recruiting forces to fight Antony and Octavian. The student accepted a military tribuneship, involving the command of a sixth of a legion. His career as a soldier was brief, ending in the following year when Brutus and Cassius were defeated by Antony and Octavian at Philippi.

His father's farm, like the others in the same district, was confiscated by the victors to supply their veterans with land. After being pardoned by the conquerors, he worked for a time as a government clerk in Rome. Later his verse attracted the attention of Vergil and Varius, who both spoke in his behalf to Maecenas, friend of Augustus and patron of littérateurs. Eventually Maecenas admitted him into his literary coterie and later gave him a small Sabine farm, which he preferred to his residence at Rome.

Horace's earliest literary efforts were in satire, a distinctly Roman literary type, in which he imitated its inventor, Lucilius. These *sermones* (conversations), as Horace called them, were unpretentious, good-humored philosophizings, dealing with a great variety of subjects. But the theme that interests him most is the folly of mankind in yielding to avarice and ambition. He is content himself, even though his possessions are few, and in a gentle way he suggests that others may be happy if they will only follow his philosophy.

Shortly after the *Satires* his *Epodes* appeared. In these poems, cast in lyric form, he is strongly influenced by Archilochus of Paros. Some of these may have been written very early, for they betray an immaturity and grossness, contrasting sharply with his *Satires* and his later *Odes* and *Epistles*. The tone of bitterness is definite, showing that he had carefully conned the biting iambics of Archilochus. However, there is clear evidence of his lyric gifts in such poems as the epode *In Praise of Country Life*.

Six years later, he produced three books of *Odes* in which he leaned heavily for content and form on many of the Greek poets, notably Sappho and Alcaeus. Though he wrote in one of his *Epistles* that he had forsworn lyric poetry in favor of philosophy he later produced a fourth book of *Odes*. These four books cover a wide variety of subject matter. Some describe his supposed love

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fairs (*To Pyrrha, To Chloe*), but he never writes of his love with the conviction or devotion of Catullus. Some deal with his ideas of right living and the attainment of happiness (*Leuconoe, The Poet's Prayer, In Praise of Simplicity, To Dellius, The Golden Mean, Peace of Mind*). Some were written to revive the ancient patriotism of the Romans (*The Duties of Youth*) and to foster loyalty to Augustus, "a present god." There is probably no incongruency between his patriotic poetry and his own conduct in the battle of Philippi, when, he tells us, he threw away his shield and ran. He would hardly boast of his military prowess when living under a victor who had pardoned him. Very likely Horace was playfully putting himself in a class with Archilochus.*

Horace gave up the satire in favor of lyric poetry. When well advanced in middle life, he professed to give up interest in writing odes. His mind now turned to philosophic themes, which he published as epistles. He never subscribed to the tenets of any one school of thought, but he took whatever ideas of the Stoics and the Epicureans that pleased him. In his poetry he does not discuss profound issues. His principal concern is the attainment of happiness. His advice is still much the same as it was in his first satire, *On Avarice*. Happiness is to be found in living a simple natural life, content with one's position and possessions. Ambition makes one a slave, while indifference to ambition gives a man a certain amount of independence.

This subject of independence he treats several times, thus emphasizing its importance in his own thinking. Although he was indebted to his patron Maecenas and frequently mentions him in his poems, he is not obsequious. Because he was content with little and nursed no secret ambitions that wealth or power could give him, he could afford to act with a certain amount of independence. He could gently refuse when Maecenas suggested that he come to Rome or that he take up dramatic or epic writing, for which he felt he was not gifted.

The last work of his life — and the longest, though only 476 lines — was his epistle *On the Art of Poetry,* a work containing his theory of poetic art. Here the reader will find the source of many frequently quoted literary maxims. The principles he set down for literary composition are eminently sound and have exercised great influence in literary criticism and composition.

The quantity of Horace's work was rather slight in volume when we remember that writing was his sole occupation for more than twenty years, but his aim was to write exceedingly well. When we read his advice to poets to use the file in polishing verse and to keep a work at hand for nine years before giving it to the public, we can understand why his ideas are so aptly and succinctly expressed. This partly explains why his odes have attracted more translators than any other ancient author.

* See above page 139.

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ODES

TO MAECENAS

Maecenas, descendant of kings, and beside
My guide and protector, my joy and my pride,
You surely have noticed that some men there are
Who raise the Olympian dust in their car
And seem to enjoy it — while grazing the goal
With axle red hot brings delight to their soul,
And winning the palm in the race against odds
Lifts the lords of the earth to the ranks of the Gods.
One man's overjoyed if the popular vote
Of the fickle electorate raise him to note,
Another if making a corner in wheat
He can charge what he likes for what others must eat.
The man who inherits his ancestors farm,
And joyfully ploughs it, sees nothing but harm
In ploughing the ocean in Cyprian tree —
And he'll ne'er be persuaded to try it, not he.
The merchant, discouraged by storms, will pretend
That he loves his vacation and villa, no end,
But unwilling to see his expenses run on
He fits out his ships and away he is gone.
In quaffing old massic some think it no crime
In the shady green grove to spend part of their time,
Or lying at rest by the source of the stream
To list to its music, and slumber, and dream.
The life of the camp is delightful to some
Who love the alarm of trumpet and drum
That's hated by housewives; while hunters will roam
All night in the cold, leaving fond wives at home,
If their dogs but give tongue on the track of a stag,
Or the boar breaks the net and goes crash! through the flag.
To be crowned with the ivy, and bear off the prize
In letters, lifts me to the Gods in the skies.
I love the cool grove where apart from the throng
With the Nympths and the Satyrs I join in the song.
If only Euterpe will lend me her flute
Nor fair Polyhymnia's cithern be mute,
In the band of lyricists place me, and I
Will strike with my forehead the stars in the sky!

[ODES I. I, tr. FRED B. LUND]

TO SESTIUS

Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails!

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No more the ploughman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising Moon, fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces shakes the plain,
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer, in the shady grove,
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.
With equal pace impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate;
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destin'd end.
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Opprest with darkness and the fabled ghosts,
No more the dice shall there assign
To thee the jovial monarchy of wine.
No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgin's envy, and the youth's desire.

[ODES I. 4, tr. PHILIP FRANCIS]

TO PYRRHA

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seemest fair. Me in my vowed
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dripping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

[ODES I. 5, tr. JOHN MILTON]

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A WINTER PARTY

O yonder see how clearly gleams
  Soracte, white with snow;
How the fir-trees stagger beneath their load,
  Bowing to let it go;
And the river, numbed by the piercing cold,
  At length has ceased to flow.

Dissolve the rigor of the frost,
  Bright let the embers shine,
With liberal hand heap on the logs,
  And, Thaliarchus mine,
Bring forth the Sabine amphora
  Of four-years-mellowed wine.

All else abandon to the gods;
  Whatever time they will
They drive the winds from the tossing sea
  And cause them to be still,
Till never a lowland cypress stirs
  Nor old ash on the hill.

Pry not into the morrow's store;
  Thy profit doth advance
By every day that fate allots,
  So, lad, improve thy chance,—
Ere stiff old age replace thy youth,—
  To love and tread the dance.

Now in the Campus and the squares
  At the appointed hour
Let gentle whispers oft be heard
  From many a twilight bower,
Or the laugh of a lurking lass betray
  The theft of a ring or flower.

[ODES I. 9, tr. GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER]

TO LEUCONOE

Seek not to lift the veil forbidden,
Nor vainly scan the future hidden;
Nor strive with Babylonian lore
Our fate's dark secret to explore:
Far wiser is it to endure
Those ills of life we cannot cure.
What though this winter, that exhausts
The Tyrrhene surge on shattered coasts,

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Should be the last for thee and me?
It matters not, Leuconoe!
Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
Snatch thou To-day, nor trust To-morrow.
[ODES I. II, tr. STEPHEN DE VERE]

THE SHIP OF STATE

AN ANXIOUS WARNING

O Ship, fresh waves will bear you back to sea.
Ah me! what is't you do? Push on,
Make for the harbour. Do you not perceive
The oars along the side are gone?

The mast is crippled by the south wind's blast,
The yards are groaning, and the keel
Can scarcely stand, without the girdling ropes,
The seas that make the vessel reel.

The sails are torn to ribbons, nor remain
The gods, to whom you may for luck
Another time appeal when Fortune frowns.
Though Pontic pine from heel to truck,

And daughter of a famous wood, you boast
Your race and name, 'tis useless now:
The sailor in his fear holds in distrust
A painted stern. . . Take good heed thou,

Unless thou'rt doomed to be the sport of winds.
But lately anxious, ill at ease,
Now yearn I for thy safety. Shun, O shun,
The waves where gleam the Cyclades.
[ODES I. 14, tr. ALEXANDER FALCONER MURISON]

UNSULLIED HONOUR

Unsullied honour, pure from sin,
Roams the wild world, serene, secure;
The just man needs nor javelin
Nor poisoned arrows of the Moor:

Fearless where Syrtes whirl and rave;
Where frown Caucasian summits hoar;
Or where the legend-haunted wave
Of old Hydaspes laps the shore.

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Once in a lonely Sabine grove
  Forgetting bounds I careless strayed;
I sang of Lalage, my love,
  Of Lalage, my peerless maid.

A tawny wolf all dashed with gore
  Fierce from a neighb'ring thicket sprung:
He gazed; he fled; no arms I bore,
  No arms but love, and trust, and song.

Such monster Daunias never bred
  In her deep forest solitude;
Not such the realm of Juba fed,
  Stern mother of the Lion brood.

Place me where never Summer's breath
  Wakes into life the branches bare;
A cheerless clime where clouds and death
  Brood ever on the baleful air:

Place me where 'neath the fiery wheels
  Of nearer suns a desert lies,
A homeless waste that pants and reels
  Blighted and burnt by pitiless skies;

I reck not where my lot may be:
  On scorching plain, in desert isle,
I'll love and sing my Lalage,
  Her low sweet voice, her sweeter smile.

[ODES I. 22, tr. STEPHEN DE VERE]

TO VERGIL: ON THE DEATH OF QUINTILIUS

Blush not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed
For one so loved. Melpomene, inspire
  The dirge low-breathed, the sobbing lyre,
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

  Wrapped in the sleep of death
Quintilius lies. Ah, when shall spotless Faith,
And Truth, and Modesty, and Justice find
A heart so pure, so constant, and so kind?

He died bewailed by all, but most by thee,
My Vergil, who with loving piety
  Forever dost the Gods implore
Quintilius, lent not given, to restore.

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Ah, fruitless prayer! not even thy hallowed tongue,
Sweet as the magic lute by Orpheus strung
That charmed the woods, could wake the dead once more,
And through cold phantom veins the living current pour.

Hermes, he whose fatal wand
Relentless leads the shadowy band,
Mocks at our vows. What then remains?
The strength that Fate itself disdains;
The soul to Fortune's worst resigned;
The unconquered heart, and equal mind.

[ODES I. 24, tr. STEPHEN DE VERE]

THE POET'S PRAYER

What seeks the bard inspired
From Phoebus on the founding of the shrine?
What is the gift desired
As from the sacred cup he pours the wine?

He asks for no rich grain
Gathered in far Sardinia's fertile fields;
From scorched Calabrian plain
No flocks; no gold nor tusks that India yields.

Unmeant for him he deems
Those lands which silent Liris gnaws away
With smoothly-sliding streams.
As for Calenian vines, let those who may

Prune them with crooked blade;
Let wealthy merchants drain from cups of gold
Wine of the Syrian trade, —
Gods willing, thrice a year in unscathed hold

Brought from the Atlantic sea.
These riches tempt me not; I but request
Olives and chicory,
And tender mallows, easy to digest.

Latona-born, I pray
That with my lot I may be satisfied;
May mind and vigor stay,
And to my age be not the lyre denied.

[ODES I. 31, tr. GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER]

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TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

My Albius, don't pose as a martyr to grief,
  Tho' Glycera turn on your suit a cold shoulder;
Nor in piteous elegies seek for relief,
  When you find she prefers a young beau to an older.

While all Rome her pretty low forehead admires,
  Lycoris with passion for Cyrus is burning;
Cyrus fancies in Pholoë all he desires,
  While she the old sinner is cruelly spurning.

Thus the kids from the wolves in Apulia run;
  And this pleases Venus, who seeks to entangle
Her dupes in such meshes, enjoying the fun
  When an ill-mated pair in a brazen yoke wrangle.

The freedwoman Myrtale caught even me
  And kept me bound body and soul in her fetters,
Though I knew her as false as the waves of the sea,
  And my love (though I say it) was sought by her betters.

[ODES I. 33, tr. JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT]

THE SIMPLE LIFE

No Persian cumber, boy, for me;
  I hate your garlands linden-plaited;
Leave winter's rose where on the tree
  It hangs belated.
Wreath me plain myrtle; never think
  Plain myrtle either's wear unfitting,
Yours as you wait, mine as I drink
  In vine-bower sitting.

[ODES I. 38, tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS

Silver, whilst buried in the mine,
  Is lustreless and dead of hue,
And, Sallust, save with temperate use it shine,
  'Tis dross to you.

The name of Proculeius shall
  Live on through distant ages, known
For loving-kindness fatherlike to all
  His brothers shown.

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A spirit covetous subdue,
And over ampler realms you reign,
Than if the far-off lands of Libya you
Annexed to Spain.

Dropsy, self-pampered, grows: its thirst
Burns on until what bred the flame
Forsakes the veins, and those thin humours burst
That waned the frame.

The crowd may call Phraates blest,
Enthroned where Cyrus sat erewhile,
But Virtue never: she from words doth wrest
Their gloss of guile,

To him alone the diadem
Of empire giving, and the bays,
Who, passing treasure-heaps, not once on them
Turns back his gaze.

[ODES II. 2, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

TO DELLIUS

Let not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth!

Whether thy days go down
In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
Its fevers and its frets,
Stretched on the grass, with old Falernian wine
Thou giv'st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine,
And white-leaved poplar grow,
And mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
A grateful shadow throw,
Where down its broken bed the wimpling stream
Writes on its sinuous way with many a quivering gleam.

There wine, there perfumes bring,
Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins, — ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.

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Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
  Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiger's yellow tide,
  Each favourite retreat,
Thou must leave all — all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

[ODES II. 3, tr. THEODORE MARTIN]

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
  Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
  Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
  The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
  Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of winter blasts; the loftiest tower
  Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
  And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
  And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellows from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
  And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
  Expect a brighter sky.
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
  And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
  And let thy strength be seen;

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But Oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

[ODES II. 10, tr. WILLIAM COWPER]

TO A TREE

Whoever first planted thee, stump of a tree,
And with hand sacrilegious attended thy tillage,
Chose an ill-omened day and well knew thou wouldst be
Posterity's curse and the shame of the village.

There's nothing of such a man might not be said;
He has mixed Colchic poisons, — and, by the same token,
I am sure he has murdered a guest in his bed,
And his own parent's neck has remorselessly broken, —

And been guilty of every conceivable crime, —
Who transplanted thee — *thee,* ugly root of disaster,
To my fields, — with the evil intent at the time
That thou some day shouldst fall on thy innocent master.

As to what we should shun we are all in the dark, —
Every hour that passes is fraught with its danger;
But the mariner sailing in Tyrian bark
Dreads the sea, — and to all other dread is a stranger;

The soldier fears war and the cloud in the air
Of arrows the Parthian shoots in his flying;
The Parthian fears dungeons: but none are aware
How the summons will come that admits no denying.

How near have I come to the Kingdom of Night
Where Aeacus is judge and Proserpina reigning,
With the separate seats of the happy in sight,
Where flits Sappho's ghost, with her lyre, complaining

Of the Lesbian girls; and where wanders the bard,
Alcaeus, whose harp wakes a deeper emotion,
As he strikes it with golden bow, — singing how hard
Are the evils of exile, of war, and the ocean!

They both sing in strains that are worth being heard,
While listen in silence the crowd of beholders;
But by battles and upsets of tyrants are stirred
More deeply the Shades, pressing shoulder on shoulders.

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What wonder! entranced by those marvellous airs,
The attention of Cerberus' self is enlisted,
While he droops his black ears and his ravishment shares
With the snakes in the locks of the Furies entwisted;

Prometheus the peck of the vulture ignores,
And the sire of Pelops his thirst; and Orion
To the stars on the pinions of harmony soars,
Forgetting the chase of the lynx and the lion.

[ODES II. 13, tr. JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT]

TO POSTUMUS

Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,
No loving orisons repair
The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
That drop forgotten to the tomb:
Pluto's inexorable doom
Mocks at thy daily sacrifice:
Around his dreary kingdom lies
That fatal stream whose arms infold
The giant race accurst of old:
All, all alike must cross its wave,
The king, the noble, and the slave.
In vain we shun the battle roar,
And breakers dashed on Adria's shore:
Vainly we flee in terror blind
The plague that walketh on the wind:
The sluggish river of the dead,
Cocytus, must be visited,
The Danaid's detested brood,
Foul with their murdered husbands' blood,
And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
Pointing to his eternal toil.
All must be left; thy gentle wife,
Thy home, the joys of rural life:
And when thy fleeting days are gone
Th' ill-omened cypresses alone
Of all thy fondly cherished trees
Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,
Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
A lavish, but a nobler heir
Thy hoarded Caecuban shall share,
And on the tessellated floor

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The purple nectar madly pour,
Nectar more worthy of the halls
Where Pontiffs hold high festivals.
[ODES II. 14, tr. STEPHEN DE VERE]

PEACE OF MIND

When storm clouds veil the moon's pale glow, and stars
No longer shine with light serene to guide
The pilot in his course, what sailor bold . . .
The victim of an open, grasping sea . . .
Invokes not all his gods for quiet then?

For peace, Grosphus, the Thracian cries, now crazed
By war's mad strife; 'tis peace the Mede, too, craves,
Adorned with quiver, bow, and deadly dart . . .
The peace not bought with gems, nor gold, nor dyes.

To quell the tumult of the soul and drive
Away the cares from panelled doors of state
Both wealth and pow'r are far too small and weak.
He lives well in his poverty for whom
His father's silver gleams with lovely glow
On frugal table; fear and base desire
Can never rouse him from his restful sleep.

Why, then, in life which soon must end, do we
Undaunted, strive for all things known to men . . .
Or restlessly our fatherland exchange
For lands warmed by another sun? What man,
An exile from his native soil, can flee
Himself, his cares, his fears, his driving woes?
Still morbid Care will mount the ships of bronze,
Will keep her pace with throngs of horsemen fleet,
Outrun the deer, outspeed the Eastern wind.

The mind rejoicing in today's glad store
Will scorn to fret about tomorrow's cares,
And temper all its sorrows with a smile;
In all this world no perfect good exists.
Yet Nature's law of compensation works:
Achilles felt death's unexpected blow,
Tithonus lived in life a lingering death;
And what Time gives to me, perhaps it will
Deny to you, who proudly may possess
Your herds of lowing cattle, mares, and fields,
Your woolen garments dipped in purple dye.
To me, just Fate has granted one small farm,

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The tender spirit of the Grecian muse,
And pow'r to shun the malice of the mob.

[ODES II. 16, tr. ENOLA BRANDT]

THE DUTIES OF YOUTH

To suffer hardness with good cheer,
  In sternest school of warfare bred,
Our youth should learn; let steed and spear
  Make him one day the Parthian's dread;
Cold skies, keen perils, brace his life.
  Methinks I see from rampired town
Some battling tyrant's matron wife,
  Some maiden, look in terror down,—
"Ah, my dear lord, untrained in war!
  O tempt not the infuriate mood
Of that fell lion! see! from far
  He plunges through a tide of blood!"
What joy, for fatherland to die!
  Death's darts e'en flying feet o'ertake,
Nor spare a recreant chivalry,
  A back that cowers, or loins that quake.
True Virtue never knows defeat:
  Her robes she keeps unsullied still,
Nor takes, nor quits, *her* curule seat
  To please a people's veering will.
True Virtue opens heaven to worth:
  She makes the way she does not find:
The vulgar crowd, the humid earth,
  Her soaring pinion leaves behind.
Sealed lips have blessings sure to come:
  Who drags Eleusis' rite to-day,
That man shall never share my home,
  Or join my voyage: roofs give way
And boats are wrecked: true men and thieves
  Neglected Justice oft confounds:
Though Vengeance halts, she seldom leaves
  The wretch whose flying steps she hounds.

[ODES III. 2, tr. JOHN CONINGTON]

RECONCILIATION

HORACE

While, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
Nor any was preferred before me
To hug thy whitest neck: than I,
The Persian King lived not more happily.

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LYDIA

While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Cloe was of more respect;
Then Lydia, far-famed Lydia,
I flourish't more than Roman Ilia.

HORACE

Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
Skillful with the Harpe, and Melodie:
For whose affection, Lydia, I
(So Fate spares her) am well content to die.

LYDIA

My heart now set on fire is
By Ornithes sonne, young Calais;
For whose commutuall flames here I
(To save his life) twice am content to die.

HORACE

Say our first loves we should revoke,
And severed, joyne in brazed yoke:
Admit I Cloe put away,
And love again love-cast-off Lydia?

LYDIA

Though mine be brighter than the Star;
Thou lighter than the Cork by far;
Rough as the Adratick sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

[ODES III. 9, tr. ROBERT HERRICK]

TO CHLOE

That late I loved I do repent;
To maids no more bellipotent,
I now from arms and lyre abstain;
The leftward wall of Venus' fane
Shall hold the amorous armament.

Here lie the bars, the flambeaux spent,
The pliant bows that once I bent
Against the gates of her disdain
That late I loved.

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Imperial queen, that dost frequent
Cyprus, and Memphis innocent
Of Scythian snows, a boon I'd gain:
Raise once thy lash with might and main
And smite that Chloe (impudent!)
That late I loved.

[ODES III. 26, tr. GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER]

AN EVERLASTING MONUMENT

My record is more lasting than grav'd brass,
And loftier than the regal pyramids,
Safe from the touch of biting rain, beyond
The blast's mad fury; and unnumber'd years
Shall in their flight sweep over it in vain.
I shall not perish; much will 'scape the tomb,
And ever young my fame will grow with time,
Long as the Pontifex and Silent Maid
Shall go together up the Capitol.
Of me 'twill run: 'By sounding Aufidus,
Where erst king Daunus in a thirsty land
Sway'd a rude people, there, from low estate,
Sprang the first master of Æolian song
In native numbers.' Rise, Melpomene,
Anticipate thy meed of glorious praise,
And wreathe with Delphic bay thy poet's brow.

[ODES III. 30, tr. SHADWORTH H. HODGSON]

SATIRES

ON AMBITION

Although no one of the Lydians who inhabit Etruscan territory is of nobler birth than you, and although your maternal and paternal grandfathers once commanded great legions, you, [Maecenas, unlike men generally, do not turn up your nose at lowly-born men like myself, the son of a freedman father.]

When you say it makes no difference of what parents one is born, provided he is free-born, you are convinced and rightly so, that frequently before the kingship and reign of slave-born Tullius many men with parents of no social rank lived upright lives and won distinction in high public offices; and that, on the contrary, Laevinus, descendant of that Valerius by whom Tarquin the Proud was driven from his throne into exile, was never for that reason worth a penny more in the estimation even of that judge you know so well, the people, who in folly often bestow public offices on the unworthy and in their stupidity are slaves to mere renown, dazzled by honorable titles and ancestral masks.

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What ought we do, raised as we are so far, far above the common
owd? Suppose that the people would rather bestow public office
a Laevinus than on a Decius of unknown ancestry, and that the
nsor Appius would reject my name on the senatorial list because I
as not the son of a free-born father; they would be quite right in
ing this, since I didn't remain quiet within my own skin.
But ambition with her glittering car binds and drags with her
e lowly-born no less than the nobly-born. What profit is it to
u, Tillius, to wear the stripe which you once put off and become a
ribune again. Envy has increased, which would be less if you
ere a private citizen. For as soon as one is so foolish as to bind
s legs up to the middle with the black thongs of the senatorial
oe, and to let the wide stripe drape down his chest, he immediately
ears: "Who is this fellow? Born of what father?" In the same
ay that someone who is sick with that disease of Barrus' of desiring
be thought handsome would, wherever he goes, arouse the
riosity of girls to inquire about the details of what sort of face,
gs, feet, teeth, and hair he has, just so the man who promises that
will guard his citizenship, the city, Italy's empire, and the
rines of the gods will compel every mortal to be concerned about
m and to inquire of what father he was born and whether he is
dishonored by having a low-born mother. "Do you, the son of a
yrus, Dama, Dionysius, dare to hurl a citizen down from a cliff
turn him over to a Cadmus?" "But," you say, "Novius, my
lleague, sits one grade below me; for he is what my father was."
Do you, because of that, consider yourself a Paulus or a Messala?
Novius here, if two hundred wagons and three elaborate funeral
rocessions should meet in the forum, will shout loud enough to
rown out their horns and trumpets; this at least has weight
ith us."

I now return to myself, the son of a freedman father, whom
veryone disparages with "son of a freedman father," at present
ecause I am a friend of yours, Maecenas, but formerly because I
as a military tribune and commanded a Roman legion. The
rmer and latter cases are different: for, although anyone might
stly grudge me that honorable office, he should not grudge me
our friendship also, especially since you, without even the remotest
hought of base self-advantage, receive only such as are worthy.
I cannot say that I am a lucky person in that my friendship with
ou came to me by chance; for it was no mere accident that you
rossed my path. Some time ago that best of men, Vergil, and
fter him, Varius, told you what I was. When I came into your
resence, after a few incoherent words — for a shy reticence pre-
ented my saying more — I then did not tell you I was born of
a famous father, nor that I rode about the country on a Satureian
steed; I told you what I was. You answered in your usual manner
with only a few words. I went away, and nine months later you
nvited me again and asked me to be among your friends. I

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consider it a great thing that I pleased you, a man who distinguishes between the base and the honorable, not by paternal greatness, but by purity of life and heart.

And yet if my nature, except for a few mild faults, is otherwise sound — just as you might find fault with moles which spot a beautiful body — if no one will with any truth charge me with avarice, niggardliness, or lewd associations, and if I live pure and guiltless — if I so may praise myself — and am beloved of my friends, the reason for this is my father, who, though a poor man on a lean farm, did not wish to send me to the school of Flavius, where the large boys of great centurions used to go with their bags and tablets slung over their arms, bringing their small fees on the Ides of each month; but he had the courage to take me when a boy to Rome to be taught those arts which any knight or senator had his sons taught. If anyone had seen my garb and attendant slaves — the usual custom in a large city — he would have thought I met such expense from an hereditary estate. In person, as the most incorruptible guardian, he went around with me to the circles of the learned. Let me be brief. He kept me chaste — which is the first ornament of virtue — not only from actual disgraceful deeds, but also from slander. And he was not afraid that someone might criticize him if some day I should as an auctioneer, or as a collector as he had been, earn a meager income. Nor would I have complained; but, as it is, for this I owe him greater praise and gratitude.

As long as I am sane, I cannot regret having had such a father; and therefore I shall not defend myself in the way many do who say it is not their fault that they do not have free-born and famous parents. My words and judgment differ much from those: for if nature should order every man after a given age to traverse his past life again and to select according to his pride whatever parents he wished, content with mine, I should be unwilling to take those honored by the insignia of political office. To the mob I would seem mad, but to you, I hope, sane, because I refused to carry a burden to which I am not accustomed. For I would at once have to acquire greater wealth, and have to welcome more callers; I would have to take one or two companions with me so as not to start out for the country or abroad alone; I would have to keep more grooms and horses, and take larger wagons in my train. As it is now, I can go even to Tarentum, if I wish on my bob-tailed mule, with the saddle-bag galling his loins, and the rider his shoulders. No one will criticize me for niggardliness as they do you, Tillius, when, although you are a praetor, only five slaves carrying a kettle and wine-basket follow you along the Tibur highway. In this respect and in thousands of others I live more agreeably than you, illustrious senator. Whenever it is my pleasure, I stroll by myself. I inquire about the cost of greens and flour; in the evening I wander around the cheating circus and often about the forum; I stop at the fortune-teller's; and then I betake myself

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me to my plate of scallions, peas, and pancakes. My dinner served by three slaves, and a white stone supports the cups and o ladles. With these stand a cheap salt-cellar and an oil-flask d saucer of Campanian ware. Then I go to take my sleep, not oubled because I have to rise early on the morrow to meet Marsyas who says he cannot bear the face of the younger Novius. lie in bed until nine; then I take a stroll, or, having read or ritten something which gives me pleasure in my solitude, I anoint yself with olive oil, not with that which the dirty Natta steals rom lamps. But when the sun is too piercing and has warned me, ed from exercise, to go to the bath, I leave the campus and the ll game. Having lunched lightly on enough to avoid the discomfort of an empty stomach, I idle about at home.

Such is the life of those who are free from wretched and burdeme ambition; and with these thoughts I comfort myself as being stined to live more pleasantly than if my grandfather, father, and cle had been quaestors.

[I. 6, tr. OSCAR E. NYBAKKEN]

THE BORE

I happened to be strolling along the Sacred Way, reflecting in my ual custom on some trifle or other, and wholly wrapped up in et, when a fellow known to me only by name rushes up to me, zes my hand, and says, "How are things going, my dearest llow?" "Tolerably well, at present," I say, "and I wish you get ur every desire." Since he kept pressing after me, I interrupt m with, "Nothing you wish, is there?" "Yes," says he, "you must ake my acquaintance, for I am a learned man." Whereupon I ply, "Because of that I shall esteem you all the more." Dreadfully xious to get away from him, I sometimes walk fast, sometimes op and whisper something into my slave's ear, with sweat trickling my very heels. "O Bolanus, lucky are you with your hot mper!" I kept saying to myself as the fellow continued to chatter about everything, praising the streets and the city. Since I ade no move to answer him, he said, "You want dreadfully to et away; I've noticed that for some time. But it's of no avail; 'll stick right with you and follow you up wherever you're going." But there's no need for you to go out of your way; I'm going to sit a man not known to you. He lies sick far off on the other de of the Tiber near Caesar's gardens." "I've nothing to do, nd I'm not lazy; so I'll just go right with you." My little ears op down like a sullen donkey's when a load too heavy is placed n his back. Then he starts in: "If I'm not mistaken about myself ou will not consider Viscus or Varius of greater worth than me; r who can write verses in greater quantity or faster than I? Who an dance more gracefully? And I sing so that even Hermogenes envious."

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Here was an opportunity to break in: "Have you a mother or relatives who are dependent on your welfare?" "I have none; I've laid them all to rest." "Happy souls! and now I'm left. Finish me off, for now is at hand that sad fate which a Sabine prophetess, after shaking her urn, solemnly foretold me in my boyhood: 'This lad neither deadly poison nor enemy sword nor pleurisy nor cough nor crippling gout shall carry off. A chatterbox sometime shall consume him. When he comes of age he will, if he is wise, avoid the talkative.'"

We had now reached the temple of Vesta. It was midforenoon, and it happened that he had to answer a plaintiff or lose the lawsuit; so he says, "Pray, will you be so kind as to attend me here a little while?" "Be hanged, if I am able either to stand up through court proceedings or know anything about civil law; moreover, you know where I must hurry on." "I'm in doubt now," says he, "whether I shall desert my case or you." "Me, if you please!" "No, I'll not," he says, and starts on ahead. It's hard to contend with a master; so I follow.

"What relations are there between you and Maecenas?" he begins again. "He is a man of few friends and good sanity. No one has made more artful use of his luck. You'd have a good assistant to support you if you'd be willing to introduce your humble servant. Why, I'd hang if you wouldn't win over every comer!" "We do not live there in the way you imagine. No home is cleaner than that, and more foreign to such evils. It doesn't trouble me, I assure you, that so-and-so is richer or more learned than I. Every man has his proper place." "A splendid state of affairs you tell, scarcely believable!" "Yet, it's so." "You fire me with still stronger desire to get near the man." "You need only wish it; such is your courage that you'll take him by storm. He is a man who can be won, and therefore makes the first approaches difficult." "I'll not fail. I'll bribe his slaves. If I'm shut out today, I'll not give up. I'll watch for favorable opportunities: I'll meet him on the street, I'll be his escort. [Without much toil, life grants nothing to mortals.]"

While he continues thus, lo! there runs up Aristius Fuscus, a friend of mine who knew the fellow well. We stop. "Where are you coming from and where are you going?" we ask and answer each other. I begin to pull on his cloak and pinch his unresponsive arms, nodding and winking for him to rescue me. With mischievous wit he smiles and pretends not to notice. My bile grew hot. "There was, I know, something you said you wished to tell me in private." "Yes, I remember it very well, but I'll tell you at a more opportune time; today is the thirtieth Sabbath; do you want to insult the circumcised Jews?" "I have no religious scruples," say I. "But I have; I'm a bit weaker, just one of the multitude. You'll pardon me; I'll talk with you some other time."

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To think that this day's sun rose so black for me! The wicked fellow runs off and leaves me under the knife.

By a stroke of luck, his adversary meets him and cries out in loud words, "Where are you going, you infamous scoundrel?" and to me he says, "May I call you to witness the arrest?" I offer my ear in assent. He is dragged into court. On both sides there is shouting, and people gather from everywhere. Thus Apollo saved me.

[I. 9, tr. OSCAR E. NYBAKKEN]

IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE

This was among my prayers: a piece of ground not so very large, where here would be a garden and a spring of everflowing water near the house, and above these a small woodland tract. More generously and better than that have the gods done for me. I am satisfied; and nothing more do I ask, dear Mercury, except that thou make these blessings mine forever. If I have neither increased my possessions by evil means nor intend to diminish them by dissipation or neglect; if in folly I utter no prayers of this sort: "O if that nearest corner which now breaks the regularity of my small field could be added to mine! O if some good fortune would direct me to a pot of gold, as it did that man who, after he had found a treasure, bought and ploughed the very field which he had worked as a hireling, made rich through his friendship with Hercules!" If what I have satisfies my grateful soul, then I address this prayer to thee: make fat the flocks I have and all else except my wit, and, as in the past, be thou ever present as my chief guardian!

Therefore, when now I have left the city and gone to my stronghold in the mountains, what should I above everything else celebrate in the satires of my prosaic Muse? Here no tiresome social duties wear me out, nor the leaden sirocco and sickly autumn so profitable to hateful Libitina.

Father of the morning, or Janus, — if so thou rather be addressed, — with whom men take up the first labors of their daily life (for so the gods have willed it), be thou the beginning of my song! At Rome thou hurriest me off to court as a surety. "Come, hurry! lest someone else answer the call of duty before you." Whether the north wind is sweeping over the earth or winter drags on the snowy days in a narrower circle, go I must. Afterwards, when I have clearly and duly explained what would cause me loss, I have to fight my way through the crowd, even doing injury to those who are slow. An impudent fellow assails me with angry curses: "What do you mean, you madman, and what business are you about? Do you think you must knock over everything in your way, if you should be hurrying back to Maecenas, thinking of nothing but him?"

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This reference to my connection with Maecenas is as sweet as honey to me, I'll not deny. But as soon as I come to the gloomy Esquiline, a hundred affairs of other people leap about my head and sides: "Roscius begs you to meet him tomorrow before seven at the Puteal tribunal." "The clerks request you, Quintus, not to forget to return today on a new matter of great public concern." "See that Maecenas signs and seals these papers." If you say, "I'll try," he insists and adds: "If you only wish, you can."

The seventh year and most of the eighth have now gone since Maecenas began to count me in the number of his friends, merely to this extent as one whom he wished to take with him in his carriage on a trip and to whom he would entrust trifles of this sort: "What time is it?" "Is Thracian Gallina a match in the arena for Syrus?" "The morning frosts are beginning to nip, if one is careless," and such things as can safely be dropped into a leaky ear. All this time, every day and hour, our friend has been more and more an object of envy. He has watched the games and exercised in the Campus with Maecenas. "The son of Fortune!" all exclaim. A chilling rumor spreads from the Rostra around the street corners, and whoever meets me asks my advice: "My good friend,—for you must know since you are in closer touch with the gods,—you haven't heard anything about the Dacians, have you?" "Not a thing." "How you will persist in mocking us!" "But may all the gods torture me, if I've heard a thing!" "Then tell me this: is it in Sicily or in Italy that Caesar intends to give his soldiers their promised allotments?" When I swear that I know nothing, they are astonished at me as though I were the one man of all men extraordinarily and profoundly reticent.

In such trifling I waste my day in wretchedness, the while praying: My dear rural home, when shall I see you? When shall I have the freedom, now with books of the ancients, now with sleep and leisure hours, to quaff pleasant forgetfulness of life's anxieties? O when shall beans, the kin of Pythagoras, together with humble greens well larded with fat bacon be served me? O nights and feasts fit for gods! when with my friends I dine before my own hearth and feed my saucy household slaves from dishes barely tasted. According to his own fancy each guest drains cups of any size, not bound by absurd regulations, whether he is strong and equal to cups of sharp drink, or finds more enjoyment in tippling with mellow cups. And so conversation arises, not about other people's estates and homes, or whether Lepos dances well or not; but we discuss what is more important to us and which it is harmful not to know: whether wealth or virtue makes men happy, whether advantage or uprightness leads us to form friendships, and what is the nature of Good and what is its highest form.

During the conversation our neighbor Cervius rattles off old-wives' tales which are in point. For if anyone foolishly praises the care-haunted wealth of Arellius, he begins thus: "Once upon a time

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country mouse is said to have welcomed into its poor hole a city
ouse, two old friends, guest and host. The rustic lived rigorously
d was careful of what he had stored up, and yet could open his
rifty soul to guests. To make a long story short, he grudged
either the vetch which he had been saving nor the long oats, and,
ringing in his mouth a dry berry and nibbled scraps of bacon, he
t them out before his guest, wishing by the varied fare to over-
ome the urbanite's lack of appetite, who with disdainful tooth
arely touched each morsel. When the master of the house himself
retched out on fresh straw and ate spelt and cockle, leaving the
better things for his guest, the city mouse at last addressed him:
What pleasure, my friend, do you find in living and enduring
ardships on a rugged wooded ridge? Wouldn't you prefer people
d the city to these wild woods? Take my advice and go with
e; all earthly creatures are allotted mortal souls and there is no
cape of death for great or small. Therefore, good friend, while
u may, enjoy life in happy circumstances and live ever mindful
how brief your life is.' These words impressed the rustic, and
e light-heartedly leaped forth from his house. Then both continue
their journey as planned, eager to steal under the city walls
night.

And now night was holding mid-heaven, when the two set foot
a gorgeous palace where covers dyed with crimson glittered upon
ory couches, and many courses left over from yesterday's great
nquet were piled high in baskets near by. When now he had
en to it that his rustic guest was stretched out comfortably on
rple covers, the host himself bustles about as if in waiter-style,
inging on course after course and performing all duties even as
house-servant, tasting beforehand everything he serves. The
er, reclining at ease, is happy in his changed lot, and plays the
rt of a guest enjoying good cheer, when suddenly an awful
nging of doors shook them both from their couches. In terror
y run everywhere about the room, and, gasping for breath, they
came even more panic-stricken when the lofty palace echoed
th the barking of Molossian hounds. Then says the rustic, 'Not
r me is there any need of such a life, — farewell! In my wood-
d hole I shall be safe from terrorizing plots and find comfort in
e homely vetch.' "

[II. 6, tr. OSCAR E. NYBAKKEN]

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LIVY

(59 B.C.–17 A.D.)

In one of his letters, Pliny the Younger asked Nepos if he had read of the man who came from far off Cadiz to see Titus Livius and who, after seeing him, immediately returned home satisfied. This anecdote shows the fame Livy enjoyed even in his own day because of his history of the Roman people.

Livy came to Rome from Patavium, the modern Padua, and while still in his early thirties, published the first installment of his work, which, beginning with the divine origin of the race and continuing to the year 9 B.C., occupied his attention for about forty years. Of the original one hundred and forty-two books, only thirty-five remain, a hidden treasure that has kept scholars from the days of the Renaissance searching in out of the way corners of the world in the hope that some part of the history might come to light. There is now slight hope of any such good fortune, and we must be content with a very inadequate summary of all but two of the missing books.

Livy's purpose in writing his history was definitely moral. To his practical Roman mind there was little value in simply recording facts accurately for the sake of facts. He was always at pains to teach a lesson so that the corrupt citizens of his decadent age might be won to copy the stoic virtues that characterized their ancestors. Judged by the standards of modern historical research, Livy is a poor historian. Though the invasion of the Gauls at the beginning of the fourth century before Christ seems to have destroyed all official records, for the subsequent centuries the works of annalists were at his disposal. Some of these he neglected while others were given the honor of being anonymously incorporated in his work. He seems not to have troubled himself with original investigations, but was content, when differing narratives presented themselves, to choose the most pleasing or plausible or suitable to his ethical purpose, and to set it down in a style so graphic that later generations did not preserve what his superior treatment had dwarfed. As he approached his own era, which, as he tells us in the preface, is always a source of anxiety to the historian, he was in a better position to speak with authority and seems to have written with something of an independent spirit. According to Tacitus, Augustus twitted the historian for praising Pompey and for seeing any good at all in Cassius and Brutus; nor could the princeps have been pleased at Livy's suggestion that it might have been better if the divine Julius had never been born. But these statements did not break up their friendship, for Augustus realized that Livy loved Rome and that his history, voluntarily written by one outside of Maecenas' subsidized literary circle, was doubly valuable in promoting his reforms.

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THE HISTORY OF ROME

PREFACE

Whether in tracing the history of Rome from the foundation f the city I shall employ my time to good purpose, is a question hich I cannot positively determine; nor, were it possible, would I enture to announce such determination; for I am aware that the atter is of high antiquity, and has been already treated by many thers; the latest writers always supposing themselves capable either f throwing some new light on the subject or, by the superiority of eir talents for composition, of excelling the more inelegant writers ho preceded them. However that may be, I shall, at all events, erive no small satisfaction from the reflection that my best enavors have been exerted in transmitting to posterity the achievents of the greatest people in the world; and if, amid such a ultitude of writers, my name should not emerge from obscurity, shall console myself by attributing it to the eminent merit of ose who stand in my way in the pursuit of fame. It may be rther observed that such a subject must require a work of immense tent, as our researches must be carried back through a space of re than seven hundred years; that the state has, from very small ginnings, gradually increased to such a magnitude that it is now ressed by its own bulk; and that there is every reason to apprend that the generality of readers will receive but very little easure from the accounts of its first origin or of the times immeately succeeding, but will be impatient to arrive at the period in hich the powers of this overgrown state have been long employed working their own destruction. On the other hand, this much ll be derived from my labor, that, so long at least as I shall have thoughts totally occupied in investigating the transactions of ch distant ages, without being embarrassed by any of those unasant considerations in respect of later days, which, though they ght not have power to warp a writer's mind from the truth, uld yet be sufficient to create uneasiness, I shall withdraw myself m the sight of the many evils to which our eyes have been so g accustomed. As to the relations which have been handed down events prior to the founding of the city, or to the circumstances at gave occasion to its being founded, and which bear the semnce rather of poetic fictions than of authentic records of story, — these, I have no intention either to maintain or refute. tiquity is always indulged with the privilege of rendering the rigin of cities more venerable by intermixing divine with humanency; and if any nation may claim the privilege of being allowed consider its origin as sacred, and to attribute it to the operations the gods, surely the Roman people, who rank so high in military se, may well expect that, while they choose to represent Mars as

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their own parent and that of their founder, the other nations of the world may acquiesce in this, with the same deference with which they acknowledge their sovereignty. But what degree of attention or credit may be given to these and similar matters I shall not consider as very material. To the following considerations I wish every one seriously and earnestly to attend,—by what kind of men, and by what sort of conduct, in peace and war, the empire has been both acquired and extended: then, as discipline gradually declined, let him follow in his thoughts the structure of ancient morals, at first, as it were, leaning aside, then sinking farther and farther, then beginning to fall precipitate, until he arrives at the present times, when our vices have attained to such a height of enormity that we can no longer endure either the burden of them or the sharpness of the necessary remedies. This is the great advantage to be derived from the study of history; indeed the only one which can make it answer any profitable and salutary purpose; for being abundantly furnished with clear and distinct examples of every kind of conduct, we may select for ourselves and for the state to which we belong such as are worthy of imitation; and carefully noting such as, being dishonorable in their principles, are equally so in their effects, learn to avoid them. Now, either partiality to the subject of my intended work misleads me, or there never was any state either greater or of purer morals, or richer in good examples, than this of Rome; nor was there ever any city into which avarice and luxury made their entrance so late, or where poverty and frugality were so highly and so long held in honor; men contracting their desires in proportion to the narrowness of their circumstances. Of late years, indeed, opulence has introduced a greediness of gain, and the boundless variety of dissolute pleasures has created in many a passion for ruining themselves, and all around them. But let us, in the first stage at least of this undertaking, avoid gloomy reflections, which, when perhaps unavoidable, will not even then be agreeable. If it were customary with us, as it is with poets, we would more willingly begin with good omens and vows and prayers to the gods and goddesses that they would propitiously grant success to our endeavors in the prosecution of so arduous a task.

[tr. George Baker]

BOOK XXI

[The third decade of Livy's history deals with the second Punic War which the Carthaginians under Hannibal waged against the Romans. Carthage had extended her influence in Spain where she championed the cause of certain allies that had been having some differences with Saguntum. This city, after holding out for eight months against Hannibal's attack, was taken by storm. Up to this point Rome had contented herself with sending about futile embassies in support of her ally Saguntum, but after the fall of that city, she began to prepare for war.

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aving Hasdrubal, his brother, to defend Spain, Hannibal crossed the renees, and quickly marching to the Rhone, fought the Gauls who puted its passage. Publius Cornelius Scipio, landing by sea near the uth of the Rhone and hearing that Hannibal had already come so far, t a troop of cavalry to observe his movements. This encountered arger unit of Numidian horsemen, and a fierce clash ensued in which sses were about equal. Hannibal avoided further battle, wishing to e his blows for Italy. But the Alps stood in the path of such a arch.]

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL

Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted e admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated ok and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. on he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling d to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper t adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience d command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more oved by the general or the army. There was no one whom sdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and sistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the diers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil uld weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore th equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of e palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His king and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. ch times as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to t of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was far the first soldier; the first in battle, and the last to leave it en once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices: uman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false d irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no uples.

[XXI. 4, tr. ALFRED J. CHURCH and WILLIAM J. BRODRIBB]

HANNIBAL CROSSES THE ALPS

39. Hannibal, therefore, when his own resolution was fixed to ceed in his course and advance on Italy, having summoned an embly, works upon the minds of the soldiers in various ways, by roof and exhortation. He said, that "he wondered what sudden had seized breasts ever before undismayed: that through so

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many years they had made their campaigns with conquest; nor had departed from Spain before all the nations and countries which two opposite seas embrace, were subjected to the Carthaginians. That then, indignant that the Romans demanded those, whosoever had besieged Saguntum, to be delivered up to them, as on account of a crime, they had passed the Iberus to blot out the name of the Romans, and to emancipate the world. That then the way seemed long to no one, though they were pursuing it from the setting to the rising of the sun. That now, when they saw by far the greater part of their journey accomplished, the passes of the Pyrenees surmounted, amid the most ferocious nations, the Rhone, that mighty river, crossed, in spite of the opposition of so many thousand Gauls, the fury of the river itself having been overcome, when they had the Alps in sight, the other side of which was Italy, should they halt through weariness at the very gates of the enemy, imagining the Alps to be — what else than lofty mountains? That supposing them to be higher than the summits of the Pyrenees, assuredly no part of the earth reached the sky, nor was insurmountable by mankind. The Alps in fact were inhabited and cultivated; — produced and supported living beings. Were they passable by a few men and impassable to armies? That those very ambassadors whom they saw before them had not crossed the Alps borne aloft through the air on wings; neither were their ancestors indeed natives of the soil, but settling in Italy from foreign countries, had often as emigrants safely crossed these very Alps in immense bodies, with their wives and children. To the armed soldier, carrying nothing with him but the instruments of war, what in reality was impervious or insurmountable? That Saguntum might be taken, what dangers, what toils were for eight months undergone! Now, when their aim was Rome, the capital of the world, could anything appear so dangerous or difficult as to delay their undertaking? That the Gauls had formerly gained possession of that very country which the Carthaginian despairs of being able to approach. That they must, therefore, either yield in spirit and valour to that nation which they had so often during those times overcome; or look forward, as the end of their journey, to the plain which spreads between the Tiber and the walls of Rome."

31. He orders them, roused by these exhortations, to refresh themselves and prepare for the journey. Next day, proceeding upward along the bank of the Rhone, he makes for the inland part of Gaul: not because it was the more direct route to the Alps, but believing that the farther he retired from the sea, the Romans would be less in his way; with whom, before he arrived in Italy, he had no intention of engaging. After four days' march he came to the Island: there the streams of the Arar and the Rhone, flowing down from different branches of the Alps, after embracing a pretty large tract of country, flow into one. The name of the Island is

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ven to the plains that lie between them. The Allobroges dwell eat, a nation even in those days inferior to none in power and me. They were at that time at variance. Two brothers were ntending for the sovereignty. The elder, named Brancus, who d before been king, was driven out by his younger brother and party of the younger men, who, inferior in right, had more of ower. When the decision of this quarrel was most opportunely ferred to Hannibal, being appointed arbitrator of the kingdom, e restored the sovereignty to the elder, because such had been the pinion of the senate and the chief men. In return for this service, e was assisted with a supply of provisions, and plenty of all neces- ries, particularly clothing, which the Alps, notorious for extreme old, rendered necessary to be prepared. After composing the dis- nsions of the Allobroges, when he now was proceeding to the lps, he directed his course thither, not by the straight road, but rned to the left into the country of the Tricastini, thence by the treme boundary of the territory of the Vocontii he proceeded to e Tricorii; his way not being any where obstructed till he came to e river Druentia. This stream, also arising amid the Alps, is by r the most difficult to pass of all the rivers in Gaul; for though it lls down an immense body of water, yet it does not admit of ips; because, being restrained by no banks, and flowing in several d not always the same channels, and continually forming new allows and new whirlpools (on which account the passage is also certain to a person on foot), and rolling down besides gravelly nes, it affords no firm or safe passage to those who enter it; and ving been at that time swollen by showers, it created great dis- der among the soldiers as they crossed, when, in addition to other ficulties, they were of themselves confused by their own hurry d uncertain shouts.

32. Publius Cornelius the consul, about three days after Hannibal oved from the bank of the Rhone, had come to the camp of the emy, with his army drawn up in square, intending to make no lay in fighting: but when he saw the fortifications deserted, and at he could not easily come up with them so far in advance before m, he returned to the sea and his fleet, in order more easily and fely to encounter Hannibal when descending from the Alps. t that Spain, the province which he had obtained by lot, might t be destitute of Roman auxiliaries, he sent his brother Cneius cipio with the principal part of his forces against Hasdrubal, not ly to defend the old allies and conciliate new, but also to drive asdrubal out of Spain. He himself, with a very small force, turned to Genoa, intending to defend Italy with the army which as around the Po. From the Druentia, by a road that lay prin- ally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without lestation from the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, ough the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by

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which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights over head; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the widest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

33. At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly behold part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then indeed the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses in par-

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ular created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the scordant clamours which the groves and re-echoing valleys augented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, ey were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of en and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both des was broken and precipitious, this tumult threw many down to a immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts f burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some st fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hanbal however kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, est he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, hen he saw the line broken, and that there was danger that he hould bring over his army, preserved to no purpose if deprived of eir baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and ough he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at e same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that umult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by ight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was nducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in lence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of at district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his rmy for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and uring these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by e mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, or yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

34. He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous ountry, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by pen war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some ld men, governors of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, rofessing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the alamities of others, they wished rather to experience the friendship han the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, bediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept f a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the incerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them n a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly rusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might openly become nemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and nade use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining every thing around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close

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quarters and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry, facing about and directing their attack, made it very obvious, that had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction: for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protection to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear; the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

35. Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between (the two divisions) less vigorously, the forces were re-united, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting: and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the standards being moved forward at day-break, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down-hill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession." The army then began to

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vance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult an it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being enerally shorter on the side of Italy is consequently steeper; for early all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that either those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves rom falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, with men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

36. They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which, one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it, at others they broke it completely through, by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

37. At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and

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as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants could be led down it. Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger: for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage: they then descended into the plains, the country and the dispositions of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

38. In this manner chiefly they came to Italy in the fifth month (as some authors relate) after leaving New Carthage, having crossed the Alps in fifteen days. What number of forces Hannibal had when he had passed into Italy is by no means agreed upon by authors. Those who state them at the highest, make mention of a hundred thousand foot and twenty thousand horse; those who state them at the lowest, of twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse. Lucius Cincius Alimentus, who relates that he was made prisoner by Hannibal, would influence me most as an authority, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these (who, it is more probable, flocked to him afterwards, and so some authors assert), he says, that eighty thousand foot and ten thousand horse were brought into Italy; and that he had heard from Hannibal himself, that after crossing the Rhone he had lost thirty-six thousand men, and an immense number of horses, and other beasts of burden, among the Taurini, the next nation to the Gauls, as he descended into Italy. As this circumstance is agreed on by all, I am the more surprised that it should be doubtful by what road he crossed the Alps; and that it should commonly be believed that he passed over the Pennine mountain, and that thence the name was given to that ridge of the Alps. Coelius says, that he passed over the top of Mount Cremo; both which passes would have brought him, not to the Taurini, but through the Salassian mountaineers to the Libuan Gauls. Neither is it probable that these roads into Gaul were then open, especially since those which lead to the Pennine mountain would have been blocked up by nations half German; nor by Hercules (if this argument has weight with any one) do the Veragri, the inhabitants of this ridge, know of the name being given to these mountains from the passage of the Carthaginians, but from the divinity, whom the mountaineers style Penninus, worshipped on the highest summit.

[XXI. 30–38, tr. D. SPILLAN and CYRUS EDMONDS]

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[Roman arms suffered two serious defeats, at the river Ticinus and the Trebia, though they were more successful in Spain. Book XXII: Hannibal once more cut the Roman army to pieces at Lake Trasimenus. In this crisis Fabius Maximus was given dictatorial powers to prosecute the war against Hannibal, but his policy of delaying battle met opposition, headed by Marcus Minucius, chief officer of the cavalry, who succeeded in having himself appointed as equal in command to the Delayer. After engaging in battle with the Carthaginians, Minucius was saved from defeat by the help of the cautious Fabius. The next disaster for Roman arms came at Cannae in 216 B.C.]

THE BATTLE OF CANNAE

44. When the consuls, employing sufficient diligence in exploring the road in pursuit of the Carthaginian, had arrived at Cannae, where they had the enemy in the sight of them, having divided their forces, they fortify two camps with nearly the same interval as before, at Geronium. The river Aufidus, which flowed by both the camps, afforded approach to the watering parties of each, as opportunity served, though not without contest. The Romans in the lesser camp, however, which was on the other side the Aufidus, were more freely furnished with water, because the further bank had no guard of the enemy. Hannibal, entertaining a hope that the consuls would not decline a battle in this tract, which was naturally adapted to a cavalry engagement, in which portion of his forces he was invincible, formed his line, and provoked the enemy by a skirmishing attack with his Numidians. Upon this the Roman camp began again to be embroiled by a mutiny among the soldiers, and the disagreement of the consuls: since Paulus instanced to Varro the temerity of Sempronius and Flaminius; while Varro pointed to Fabius, as a specious example to timid and inactive generals. The latter called both gods and men to witness, "that no part of the blame attached to him that Hannibal had now made Italy his own, as it were, by right of possession; that he was held bound by his colleague; that the swords and arms were taken out of the hands of the indignant soldiers who were eager to fight." The former declared, "that if any disaster should befall the legions thus exposed and betrayed into an ill-advised and imprudent battle, he should be exempt from any blame, though the sharer of all the consequences. That he must take care that their hands were equally energetic in the battle whose tongues were so forward and impetuous."

45. While time is thus consumed in altercation rather than deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his troops drawn up in order of battle till late in the day, when he had led the rest of them back into the camp, sends Numidians across the river to attack a watering party of the Romans from the lesser camp. Having routed this disorderly band by shouting and tumult, before they had well reached the opposite bank, they advanced even to an outpost which

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was before the rampart, and near the very gates of the camp. It seemed so great an indignity, that now even the camp of the Romans should be terrified by a tumultuary band of auxiliaries, that this cause alone kept back the Romans from crossing the river forthwith, and forming their line, that the chief command was on that day held by Paulus. Accordingly Varro, on the following day, on which it was his turn to hold the command, without consulting his colleague, displayed the signal for battle, and forming his troops, led them across the river. Paulus followed, because he could better disapprove of the proceeding, than withhold his assistance. Having crossed the river, they add to their forces those which they had in the lesser camp, and thus forming their line, place the Roman cavalry in the right wing, which was next the river; and next them the infantry: at the extremity of the left wing the allied cavalry; within them the allied infantry, extending to the centre, and contiguous to the Roman legions. The darters, and the rest of the light-armed auxiliaries, formed the van. The consuls commanded the wings; Terentius the left, Aemilius the right. To Geminus Servilius was committed the charge of maintaining the battle in the centre.

46. Hannibal, at break of day, having sent before him the Baliares and other light-armed troops, crossed the river, and placed his troops in line of battle, as he had conveyed them across the river. The Gallic and Spanish cavalry he placed in the left wing, opposite the Roman cavalry: the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry, the centre of the line being strongly formed by the infantry, so that both extremities of it were composed of Africans, between which Gauls and Spaniards were placed. One would suppose the Africans were for the most part Romans, they were so equipped with arms captured at the Trebia, and for the greater part at the Trasimenus. The shields of the Gauls and Spaniards were of the same shape; their swords unequal and dissimilar. The Gauls had very long ones, without points. The Spaniards, who were accustomed to stab more than to cut their enemy, had swords convenient from their shortness, and with points. The aspect of these nations in other respects was terrific, both as to the appearance they exhibited and the size of their persons. The Gauls were naked above the navel: the Spaniards stood arrayed in linen vests resplendent with surprising whiteness, and bordered with purple. The whole amount of infantry standing in battle-array was forty thousand, of cavalry ten. The generals who commanded the wings were, on the left Hasdrubal, on the right Maharbal: Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, commanded the centre. The sun very conveniently shone obliquely upon both parties; the Romans facing the south, and the Carthaginians the north; either placed so designedly, or having stood thus by chance. The wind, which the inhabitants of the district call the Vulturnus, blowing violently

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front of the Romans, prevented their seeing far by rolling clouds dust into their faces.

47. The shout being raised, the auxiliaries charged, and the battle commenced in the first place with the light-armed troops: then the left wing, consisting of the Gallic and Spanish cavalry, engages with the Roman right wing, by no means in the manner of a cavalry battle; for they were obliged to engage front to front; for as on one side the river, on the other the line of infantry hemmed them in, there was no space left at their flanks for evolution, but both parties were compelled to press directly forward. At length the horses standing still, and being crowded together, man grappling with man, dragged him from his horse. The contest now came to be carried on principally on foot. The battle, however, was more violent than lasting; and the Roman cavalry being repulsed, turned their backs. About the conclusion of the contest between the cavalry, the battle between the infantry commenced. At first the Gauls and Spaniards preserved their ranks unbroken, not inferior in strength or courage: but at length the Romans, after long and repeated efforts, drove in with their even front and closely compacted line, that part of the enemy's line in the form of a wedge, which projected beyond the rest, which was too thin, and therefore deficient in strength. These men, thus driven back and hastily retreating, they closely pursued; and as they urged their course without interruption through this terrified band, as it fled with precipitation, were borne first upon the centre line of the enemy; and lastly, no one opposing them, they reached the African reserve troops. These were posted at the two extremities of the line, where it was depressed; while the center, where the Gauls and Spaniards were placed, projected a little. When the wedge thus formed being driven in, at first rendered the line level, but afterwards, by the pressure, made a curvature in the centre, the Africans, who had now formed wings on each side of them, surrounded the Romans on both sides, who incautiously rushed into the intermediate space; and presently extending their wings, enclosed the enemy on the rear also. After this the Romans, who had in vain finished one battle, leaving the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had slaughtered, in addition commence a fresh encounter with the Africans, not only disadvantageous, because being hemmed in they had to fight against troops who surrounded them, but also because, fatigued, they fought with those who were fresh and vigorous.

48. Now also in the left wing of the Romans, in which the allied cavalry were opposed to the Numidians, the battle was joined, which was at first languid, commencing with a stratagem on the part of the Carthaginians. About five hundred Numidians, who, besides their usual arms, had swords concealed beneath their

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coats of mail, quitting their own party, and riding up to the enemy under the semblance of deserters, with their bucklers behind them, suddenly leap down from their horses; and, throwing down their bucklers and javelins at the feet of their enemies, are received into their centre, and being conducted to the rear, ordered to remain there; and there they continued until the battle became general. But afterwards, when the thoughts and attention of all were occupied with the contest, snatching up the shields which lay scattered on all hands among the heaps of slain, they fell upon the rear of the Roman line, and striking their backs and wounding their hams, occasioned vast havoc, and still greater panic and confusion. While in one part terror and flight prevailed, in another the battle was obstinately persisted in, though with little hope. Hasdrubal, who was then commanding in that quarter, withdrawing the Numidians from the centre of the army, as the conflict with their opponents was slight, sends them in pursuit of the scattered fugitives, and joining the Africans, now almost weary with slaying rather than fighting the Spanish and Gallic infantry.

49. On the other side of the field, Paulus, though severely wounded from a sling in the very commencement of the battle, with a compact body of troops, frequently opposed himself to Hannibal, and in several quarters restored the battle, the Roman cavalry protecting him; who, at length, when the consul had not strength enough even to manage his horse, dismounted from their horses. And when some one brought intelligence that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount, it is said that Hannibal observed, "How much rather would I that he delivered them to me in chains." The fight maintained by the dismounted cavalry was such as might be expected, when the victory was undoubtedly on the side of the enemy, the vanquished preferring death in their places to flight; and the conquerors, who were enraged at them for delaying the victory, butchering those whom they could not put to flight. They at length, however, drove the few who remained away, worn out with exertion and wounds. After that they were all dispersed, and such as could, sought to regain their horses for flight. Cneius Lentulus, a military tribune, seeing, as he rode by the consul sitting upon a stone and covered with blood, said to him: "Lucius Aemilius! the only man whom the gods ought to regard as being guiltless of this day's disaster, take this horse, while you have any strength remaining, and I am with you to raise you up and protect you. Make not this battle more calamitous by the death of a consul. There is sufficient matter for tears and grief without this addition." In reply the consul said: "Do thou indeed go on and prosper, Cneius Servilius, in your career of virtue! But beware lest you waste in bootless commiseration the brief opportunity of escaping from the hands of the enemy. Go and tell the fathers publicly, to fortify the city of Rome, and garrison it strongly

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before the victorious enemy arrive: and tell Quintus Fabius individually, that Lucius Aemilius lived, and now dies, mindful of his injunctions. Allow me to expire amid these heaps of my slaughtered troops, that I may not a second time be accused after my consulate, or stand forth as the accuser of my colleague, in order to defend my own innocence by criminating another." While finishing these words, first a crowd of their flying countrymen, after that the enemy, came upon them; they overwhelm the consul with their weapons, not knowing who he was: in the confusion his horse rescued Lentulus. After that they fly precipitately. Seven thousand escaped to the lesser camp, ten to the greater, about two thousand to the village itself of Cannae, who were immediately surrounded by Carthalo and the cavalry, no fortifications protecting the village. The other consul, whether by design or by chance, made good his escape to Venusia with about seventy horse, without mingling with any party of the flying troops. Forty thousand foot, two thousand seven hundred horse, there being an equal number of citizens and allies, are said to have been slain. Among these both the quaestors of the consuls, Lucius Atilius and Lucius Furius Bibaculus; twenty-one military tribunes; several who had passed the offices of consul, praetor, and aedile; among these they reckon Cneius Servilius Germinus, and Marcus Minucius, who had been master of the horse on a former year, and consul some years before: moreover eighty, either senators, or who had borne those offices by which they might be elected into the senate, and who had voluntarily enrolled themselves in the legions. Three thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry are said to have been captured in that battle.

50. Such is the battle of Cannae, equal in celebrity to the defeat at the Allia: but as it was less important in respect to those things which happened after it, because the enemy did not follow up the blow, so was it more important and more horrible with respect to the slaughter of the army; for with respect to the flight at the Allia, as it betrayed the city, so it preserved the army. At Cannae, scarcely seventy accompanied the flying consul: almost the whole army shared the fate of the other who died. The troops collected in the two camps being a half-armed multitude without leaders, those in the larger send a message to the others, that they should come over to them at night, when the enemy was oppressed with sleep, and wearied with the battle, and then, out of joy, overpowered with feasting: that they would go in one body to Canusium. Some entirely disapproved of that advice. "For why," said they, "did not those who sent for them come themselves, since there would be equal facility of forming a junction? Because, evidently, all the intermediate space was crowded with the enemy, and they would rather expose the persons of others to so great a danger than their own." Others did not so much disapprove, as want courage to fulfil the advice. Publius Sempronius Tuditanus, a military tribune,

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exclaims, "Would you rather, then, be captured by the most rapacious and cruel enemy, and have a price set upon your heads, and have your value ascertained by men who will ask whether you are Roman citizens or Latin confederates, in order that from your miseries and indignities honour may be sought for another? Not you, at least, if you are the fellow-citizens of Lucius Aemilius, the consul who preferred an honourable death to a life of infamy, and of so many brave men who lie heaped around him. But, before the light overtakes us, and more numerous bodies of the enemy beset the way, let us break through those disorderly and irregular troops who are making a noise at our gates. By the sword and courage, a road may be made through enemies, however dense. In a wedge we shall make our way through this loose and disjointed band, as if nothing opposed us. Come along with me, therefore, ye who wish the safety of yourselves and the state." Having thus said, he draws his sword, and forming a wedge, goes through the midst of the enemy; and as the Numidians discharged their javelins on their right side, which was exposed, they transferred their shields to the right hand, and thus escaped, to the number of six hundred, to the greater camp; and setting out thence forthwith, another large body having joined them, arrived safe at Canusium. These measures were taken by the vanquished, according to the impulse of their tempers, which his own disposition or which accident gave to each, rather than in consequence of any deliberate plan of their own, or in obedience to the command of any one.

51. When all others, surrounding the victorious Hannibal, congratulated him, and advised that, having completed so great a battle, he should himself take the remainder of the day and the ensuing night for rest, and grant it to his exhausted troops; Maharbal, prefect of the cavalry, who was of opinion that no time should be lost, said to him, "Nay, rather, that you may know what has been achieved by this battle, five days hence you shall feast in triumph in the Capitol. Follow me: I will go first with the cavalry, that they may know that I am arrived before they know of me as approaching." To Hannibal this project appeared too full of joy, and too great for his mind to embrace it and determine upon it at the instant. Accordingly, he replied to Maharbal, that "he applauded his zeal, but that time was necessary to ponder the proposal." Upon this Maharbal observed, "Of a truth the gods have not bestowed all things upon the same person. You know how to conquer, Hannibal; but you do not know how to make use of your victory." That day's delay is firmly believed to have been the preservation of the city and the empire. On the following day, as soon as it dawned, they set about gathering the spoils and viewing the carnage, which was shocking, even to enemies. So many thousands of Romans were lying, foot and horse promiscuously, according as accident had brought them together, either in the battle or in

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the flight. Some, whom their wounds, pinched by the morning cold, had roused, as they were rising up, covered with blood, from the midst of the heaps of slain, were overpowered by the enemy. Some too they found lying alive with their thighs and hams cut, who, laying bare their necks and throats, bid them drain the blood that remained in them. Some were found with their heads plunged into the earth, which they had excavated; having thus, as it appeared, made pits for themselves, and having suffocated themselves by overwhelming their faces with the earth which they threw over them. A living Numidian, with lacerated nose and ears, stretched beneath a lifeless Roman who lay upon him, principally attracted the attention of all; for when his hands were powerless to grasp his weapon, turning from rage to madness, he had died in the act of tearing his antagonist with his teeth.

52. The spoils having been gathered for a great part of the day, Hannibal leads his troops to storm the lesser camp, and, first of all, interposing a trench, cuts it off from the river. But as the men were fatigued with toil, watching, and wounds, a surrender was made sooner than he expected. Having agreed to deliver up their arms and horses, on condition that the ransom of every Roman should be three hundred denarii, for an ally two hundred, for a slave one hundred, and that on payment of that ransom they should be allowed to depart with single garments, they received the enemy into the camp, and were all delivered into custody, the citizens and allies being kept separate. While the time is being spent there, all who had strength of spirit enough, to the number of four thousand foot and two hundred horse, quitted the greater camp and arrived at Canusium; some in a body, others widely dispersed through the country, which was no less secure a course: the camp itself was surrendered to the enemy by the wounded and timid troops, on the same terms as the other was. A very great booty was obtained; and with the exception of the men and horses, and what silver there was, which was for the most part on the trappings of the horses; for they had but very little in use for eating from, particularly in campaign; all the rest of the booty was given up to be plundered. Then he ordered the bodies of his own troops to be collected for burial. They are said to have been as many as eight thousand of his bravest men. Some authors relate, that the Roman consul also was carefully searched for and buried. Those who escaped to Canusium, being received by the people of that place within their walls and houses only, were assisted with corn, clothes, and provisions for their journey, by an Apulian lady, named Busa, distinguished for her family and riches; in return for which munificence, the senate afterwards, when the war was concluded, conferred honours upon her.

[XXII. 44–52, tr. D. SPILLAN AND CYRUS EDMONDS]

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TACITUS

(55? — 120?)

Cornelius Tacitus' own works and some of the letters of Pliny furnish us with the little we know of the life of Rome's greatest historian. It may be inferred from the various political offices he held and his marriage to the daughter of Agricola, a governor of Britain, that he belonged to an important family.

Born early in the reign of Nero, Tacitus may have been old enough to realize something of the troubles suffered by the State in the first War of the Legions (68-69). He was first honored with public office during the reign of Vespasian and advanced to the praetorship under Domitian, being able to keep to himself his opinion of that tyrant.

After the restoration of freedom, he wrote two essays, the *Agricola,* in praise of his father-in-law, and the *Germania,* in which he brought together information about the character and customs of the Germanic tribes. In his *Histories* he told the story of his own times, from Galba's rise to Domitian's death. Of the *Annals,* Rome's story from the death of Augustus to that of Nero, much has perished. What Tacitus wrote covered the eighty-two years following the death of Augustus; the two works may therefore be regarded as one narrative, since the *Histories* begin where the *Annals* leave off.

Tacitus' style, if we except his *Dialogue on Orators,* is concise, often to the point of obscurity. He is a master of epigram. In general, he criticizes Roman civilization under the Empire and looks back with approval on Republican times. His knowledge of human psychology is profound, and while many scholars are inclined to question his broad generalizations from insufficient evidence and to accuse him of being prejudiced against the rulers of the empire, especially Tiberius, there can be little doubt of the nobility of his ideals, and his high concept of the historian's obligations.

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13. *Training of the youth.* They (*i.e.*, the Germans) transact no public or private business without being armed. It is not, however, usual for any one to wear arms till the state has recognised his power to use them. Then in the presence of the council one of the chiefs, or the young man's father, or some kinsman, equips him with a shield and a spear. These arms are what the "toga" is with us, the first honour with which youth is invested. Up to this time he is regarded as a member of a household, afterwards as a member of the commonwealth. Very noble birth or great services rendered by the father secure for lads the rank of a chief; these attach themselves to men of mature strength and of long approved valour. Nor are they ashamed at being seen among their followers. Even among the followers there are gradations of rank, dependent on the choice of the chief to whom they are attached. These followers vie keenly with each other as to who shall rank first with his chief, the chiefs as to who shall have the most numerous and the bravest followers. It is an honour as well as a source of strength to be thus always surrounded by a large body of picked youths; it is an ornament in peace and a defence in war. And not only in his own tribe but also in the neighbouring states it is the renown and glory of a chief to be distinguished for the number and valour of his followers, for such a man is courted by embassies, is honoured with presents, and the very prestige of his name often settles a war.

14. *Warlike ardour of the people.* When they go into battle, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surpassed in valour, a disgrace for his followers not to equal the valour of the chief. And it is an infamy and a reproach for life to have survived the chief, and returned from the field. To defend, to protect him, to ascribe one's own brave deeds to his renown, is the height of loyalty. The chief fights for victory; his vassals fight for their chief. If their native state sinks into the sloth of prolonged peace and repose, many of its noble youths voluntarily seek those tribes which are waging some war, both because inaction is odious to their race, and because they win renown more readily in the midst of peril, and cannot maintain a numerous following except by violence and war. Indeed, men look to the liberality of their chief for their war-horse and their blood-stained and victorious lance. Feasts and entertainments, which, though inelegant, are plentifully furnished, are their only pay. The means of this bounty come from war and rapine. Nor are they as easily persuaded to plough the earth and to wait for the year's produce as to challenge an enemy and earn the honour of wounds. Nay, they actually think it tame and stupid to acquire by the sweat of toil what they might win by their blood.

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15. *Habits in time of peace.* Whenever they are not fighting, they pass much of their time in the chase, and still more in idleness, giving themselves up to sleep and to feasting, the bravest and the most warlike doing nothing, and surrendering the management of the household, of the home, and of the land, to the women, the old men, and all the weakest members of the family. They themselves lie buried in sloth, a strange combination in their nature that the same men should be so fond of idleness, so averse to peace. It is the custom of the states to bestow by voluntary and individual contribution on the chiefs a present of cattle or of grain, which, while accepted as a compliment, supplies their wants. They are especially pleased with gifts from neighbouring tribes, which are sent not only by individuals but also by the state, such as choice steeds, heavy armour, trappings, and neck-chains. We have now taught them to accept also money.

16. *Arrangement of their towns. Subterranean dwellings.* It is well known that the nations of Germany have no cities, and that they do not even tolerate closely contiguous dwellings. They live scattered and apart, just as a spring, a meadow, or a wood has attracted them. Their villages they do not arrange in our fashion, with the buildings connected and joined together, but every person surrounds his dwelling with an open space, either as a precaution against the disasters of fire, or because they do not know how to build. No use is made by them of stone or tile; they employ timber for all purposes, rude masses without ornament or attractiveness. Some parts of their buildings they stain more carefully with a clay so clear and bright that it resembles painting, or a coloured design. They are wont also to dig out subterranean caves, and pile on them great heaps of dung, as a shelter from winter and as a receptacle for the year's produce, for by such places they mitigate the rigour of the cold. And in case an enemy approaches, he lays waste the open country, while what is hidden and buried is either not known to exist, or else escapes him from the very fact that it has to be searched for.

17. *Dress.* They all wrap themselves in a cloak which is fastened with a clasp, or, if this is not forthcoming, with a thorn, leaving the rest of their persons bare. They pass whole days on the hearth by the fire. The wealthiest are distinguished by a dress which is not flowing, like that of the Sarmatae and Parthi, but is tight, and exhibits each limb. They also wear the skins of wild beasts; the tribes on the Rhine and Danube in a careless fashion, those of the interior with more elegance, as not obtaining other clothing by commerce. These select certain animals, the hides of which they strip off and vary them with the spotted skins of beasts, the produce of the outer ocean, and of seas unknown to us. The women have the same dress as the men, except that they generally wrap

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themselves in linen garments, which they embroider with purple, and do not lengthen out the upper part of their clothing into sleeves. The upper and lower arm is thus bare, and the nearest part of the bosom is also exposed.

18. *Marriage laws.* Their marriage code, however, is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife, except a very few among them, and these not from sensuality, but because their noble birth procures for them many offers of alliance. The wife does not bring a dower to the husband, but the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and pass judgment on the marriage-gifts, gifts not meant to suit a woman's taste, nor such as a bride would deck herself with, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword. With these presents the wife is espoused, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This they count their strongest bond of union, these their sacred mysteries, these their gods of marriage. Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in peace and in war. The yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the gift of arms, proclaim this fact. She must live and die with the feeling that he is receiving what she must hand down to her children neither tarnished nor depreciated, what future daughters-in-law may receive, and may be so passed on to her grandchildren.

19. Thus with their virtue protected they live uncorrupted by the allurements of public shows or the provocations of feasts. Clandestine correspondence is equally unknown to men and women. Very rare for so numerous a population is adultery, the punishment for which is prompt, and in the husband's power. Having cut off the hair of the adulteress and stripped her naked, he expels her from the house in the presence of her kinsfolk, and then flogs her through the whole village. The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence; neither beauty, age, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it the fashion to corrupt and to be corrupted. Still better is the condition of those states in which only maidens are given in marriage, and where the hopes and expectations of a bride are then finally terminated. They receive one husband, as having one body and one life, that they may have no thoughts beyond, no further-reaching desires, that they may love not so much the husband as the married state. To limit the number of their children or to destroy any of their subsequent offspring is accounted infamous, and good habits are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

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20. *Their children. Laws of succession.* In every household the children, naked and filthy, grow up with those stout frames and limbs which we so much admire. Every mother suckles her own offspring, and never entrusts it to servants and nurses. The master is not distinguished from the slave by being brought up with greater delicacy. Both live amid the same flocks and lie on the same ground till the freeborn are distinguished by age and recognised by merit. The young men marry late, and their vigour is thus unimpaired. Nor are the maidens hurried into marriage; the same age and a similar stature is required; well-matched and vigorous they wed, and the offspring reproduce the strength of the parents. Sister's sons are held in as much esteem by their uncles as by their fathers; indeed, some regard the relation as even more sacred and binding, and prefer it in receiving hostages, thinking thus to secure a stronger hold on the affections and a wider bond for the family. But every man's own children are his heirs and successors, and there are no wills. Should there be no issue, the next in succession to the property are his brothers and his uncles on either side. The more relatives he has, the more numerous his connexions, the more honoured is his old age; nor are there any advantages in childlessness.

21. *Hereditary feuds. Fines for homicide. Hospitality.* It is a duty among them to adopt the feuds as well as the friendships of a father or a kinsman. These feuds are not implacable; even homicide is expiated by the payment of a certain number of cattle and of sheep, and the satisfaction is accepted by the entire family, greatly to the advantage of the state, since feuds are dangerous in proportion to a people's freedom.

No nation indulges more profusely in entertainments and hospitality. To exclude any human being from their roof is thought impious; every German, according to his means, receives his guest with a well-furnished table. When his supplies are exhausted, he who was but now the host becomes the guide and companion to further hospitality, and without invitation they go to the next house. It matters not; they are entertained with like cordiality. No one distinguishes between an acquaintance and a stranger, as regards the rights of hospitality. It is usual to give the departing guest whatever he may ask for, and a present in return is asked with as little hesitation. They are greatly charmed with gifts, but they expect no return for what they give, nor feel any obligation for what they receive.

22. *Habits of life.* On waking from sleep, which they generally prolong to a late hour of the day, they take a bath, oftenest of warm water, which suits a country where winter is the longest of the seasons. After their bath they take their meal, each having a separate seat and table of his own. Then they go armed to busi-

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s, or no less often to their festal meetings. To pass an entire day d night in drinking disgraces no one. Their quarrels, as might expected with intoxicated people, are seldom fought out with re abuse, but commonly with wounds and bloodshed. Yet it is their feasts that they generally consult on the reconciliation of emies, on the forming of matrimonial alliances, on the choice of iefs, finally even on peace and war, for they think that at no time the mind more open to simplicity of purpose or more warmed to ble aspirations. A race without either natural or acquired cun- ing, they disclose their hidden thoughts in the freedom of the fes- ity. Thus, the sentiments of all having been discovered and laid re, the discussion is renewed on the following day, and from each asion its own peculiar advantage is derived. They deliberate hen they have no power to dissemble; they resolve when error is possible.

23. *Food.* A liquor for drinking is made out of barley or other ain, and fermented into a certain resemblance to wine. The ellers on the river-bank also buy wine. Their food is of a simple nd, consisting of wild fruit, fresh game, and curdled milk. They isfy their hunger without elaborate preparation and without deli- cies. In quenching their thirst they are not equally moderate. you indulge their love of drinking by supplying them with as uch as they desire, they will be overcome by their own vices as sily as by the arms of an enemy.

24. *Sports. Passion for gambling.* One and the same kind of ectacle is always exhibited at every gathering. Naked youths, o practise the sport, bound in the dance amid swords and lances t threaten their lives. Experience gives them skill, and skill ain gives grace; profit or pay are out of the question; however kless their pastime, its reward is the pleasure of the spectators. rangely enough they make games of hazard a serious occupation en when sober, and so venturesome are they about gaining or ing, that, when every other resource has failed, on the last and al throw they stake the freedom of their own persons. The loser es into voluntary slavery; though the younger and stronger, he ffers himself to be bound and sold. Such is their stubborn per- tency in a bad practice; they themselves call it honour. Slaves of is kind the owners part with in the way of commerce, to relieve emselves also from the scandal of such a victory.

25. *Slavery.* The other slaves are not employed after our manner ith distinct domestic duties assigned to them, but each one has e management of a house and home of his own. The master quires from the slave a certain quantity of grain, of cattle, and clothing, as he would from a tenant, and this is the limit of sub- ction. All other household functions are discharged by the wife

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and children. To strike a slave or to punish him with bonds or with hard labour is a rare occurrence. They often kill them, not in enforcing strict discipline, but on the impulse of passion, as they would an enemy, only it is done with impunity. The freedmen do not rank much above slaves, and are seldom of any weight in the family, never in the state, with the exception of those tribes which are ruled by kings. There indeed they rise above the free-born and the noble; elsewhere the inferiority of the freedman marks the freedom of the state.

26. *Occupation of land.—Tillage.* Of lending money on interest and increasing it by compound interest they know nothing,—a more effectual safeguard than if it were prohibited.

Land proportioned to the number of inhabitants is occupied by the whole community in turn, and afterwards divided among them according to rank. The partition is made easy by the wide expanse of plains. They till the fresh fields every year, and they have still more land than enough; nor does their industry at all vie with the richness and extent of the soil in planting orchards, inclosing meadows, and watering gardens. Corn is the only produce required from the earth; hence even the year itself is not divided by them into as many seasons as with us. Winter, spring, and summer have both a meaning and a name; the name and blessings of autumn are alike unknown.

27. *Funeral rites.* In their funerals there is no pomp; they simply observe the custom of burning the bodies of illustrious men with certain kinds of wood. They do not heap garments or spices on the funeral pile. The arms of the dead man, and in some cases his horse, are consigned to the fire. A turf mound forms the tomb. Monuments with their lofty and elaborate splendour they reject as oppressive to the dead. Tears and lamentations they soon dismiss; grief and sorrow but slowly. It is thought becoming for women to bewail, for men to remember, the dead.

[tr. Alfred J. Church and William J. Brodribb]

ANNALS

INTRODUCTION

Rome at the beginning was ruled by kings. Freedom and the consulship were established by Lucius Brutus. Dictatorships were held for a temporary crisis. The power of the decemvirs did not last beyond two years, nor was the consular jurisdiction of the military tribunes of long duration. The despotisms of Cinna and Sulla were brief; the rule of Pompeius and of Crassus soon yielded before Caesar; the arms of Lepidus and Antonius before Augustus; who, when the world was wearied by civil strife, subjected it to empire

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under the title of "Prince." But the successes and reverses of the old Roman people have been recorded by famous historians; and the intellects were not wanting to describe the times of Augustus, till growing sycophancy scared them away. The histories of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius, and Nero, while they were in power, were falsified through terror, and after their death were written under the irritation of a recent hatred. Hence my purpose is to relate a few facts about Augustus — more particularly his last acts, then the reign of Tiberius, and all which follows, without either bitterness or partiality, from any motives to which I am far removed.

When after the destruction of Brutus and Cassius there was no longer any army of the Commonwealth, when Pompeius was crushed in Sicily, and when, with Lepidus pushed aside and Antonius slain, even the Julian faction had only Caesar left to lead it, then, dropping the title of triumvir, and giving out that he was a Consul, and was satisfied with a tribune's authority for the protection of the people Augustus won over the soldiers with gifts, the populace with cheap corn, and all men with the sweets of repose, and so grew greater by degrees, while he concentrated in himself the functions of the Senate, the magistrates, and the laws. He was wholly unopposed, for the boldest spirits had fallen in battle, or in the proscription, while the remaining nobles, the readier they were to be slaves, were raised the higher by wealth and promotion, so that, aggrandised by revolution, they preferred the safety of the present to the dangerous past. Nor did the provinces dislike that condition of affairs, for they distrusted the government of the Senate and the people, because of the rivalries between the leading men and the rapacity of the officials, while the protection of the laws was unavailing, as they were continually deranged by violence, intrigue, and finally by corruption.

Augustus meanwhile, as supports to his despotism, raised to the pontificate and curule aedileship Claudius Marcellus, his sister's son, while a mere stripling, and Marcus Agrippa, of humble birth, a good soldier, and one who had shared his victory, to two consecutive consulships, and as Marcellus soon afterwards died, he also accepted him as his son-in-law. Tiberius Nero and Claudius Drusus, his stepsons, he honoured with imperial titles, although his own family was as yet undiminished. For he had admitted the children of Agrippa, Caius and Lucius, into the house of the Caesars; and before they had yet laid aside the dress of boyhood he had most fervently desired, with an outward show of reluctance, that they should be entitled "princes of the youth," and be consuls-elect. When Agrippa died, and Lucius Caesar as he was on his way to our armies in Spain, and Caius while returning from Armenia, still suffering from a wound, were prematurely cut off by destiny, or by their stepmother Livia's treachery, Drusus too having long been dead, Nero remained alone of the stepsons, and on him everything tended to centre. He was adopted as a son,

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as a colleague in empire and a partner in the tribunitian power, and paraded through all the armies, no longer through his mother's secret intrigues, but at her open suggestion. For she had gained such a hold on the aged Augustus that he drove out as an exile into the island of Planasia his only grandson, Agrippa Postumus, who, though devoid of worthy qualities, and having only the brute courage of physical strength, had not been convicted of any gross offence. And yet Augustus had appointed Germanicus, Drusus' offspring, to the command of eight legions on the Rhine, and required Tiberius to adopt him, although Tiberius had a son, now a young man, in his house; but he did it that he might have several safeguards to rest on. He had no war at the time on his hands except against the Germans, which was rather to wipe out the disgrace of the loss of Quintilius Varus and his army than out of an ambition to extend the empire, or for any adequate recompense. At home all was tranquil, and there were magistrates with the same titles; there was a younger generation, sprung up since the victory of Actium, and even many of the older men had been born during the civil wars. How few were left who had seen the republic!

Thus the State had been revolutionised, and there was not a vestige left of the old sound morality. Stript of equality, all looked up to the commands of a sovereign without the least apprehension for the present, while Augustus in the vigour of life, could maintain his own position, that of his house, and the general tranquillity. When in advanced old age, he was worn out by a sickly frame, and the end was near and new prospects opened, a few spoke in vain of the blessings of freedom, but most people dreaded and some longed for war. The popular gossip of the large majority fastened itself variously on their future masters. "Agrippa was savage, and had been exasperated by insult, and neither from age nor experience in affairs was equal to so great a burden. Tiberius Nero was of mature years, and had established his fame in war, but he had the old arrogance inbred in the Claudian family, and many symptoms of a cruel temper, though they were repressed, now and then broke out. He had also from earliest infancy been reared in an imperial house; consulships and triumphs had been heaped on him in his younger days; even in the years which, on the pretext of seclusion he spent in exile at Rhodes, he had had no thoughts but of wrath, hypocrisy, and secret sensuality. There was his mother too with a woman's caprice. They must, it seemed, be subject to a female and to two striplings besides, who for a while would burden, and some day rend asunder the State."

DEATH OF AUGUSTUS AND ACCESSION OF TIBERIUS

The infirmities of Augustus increased, and some suspected guilt on his wife's part. For a rumour had gone abroad that a few months before he had sailed to Planasia on a visit to Agrippa with

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knowledge of some chosen friends, and with one companion, ius Maximus; that many tears were shed on both sides, with essions of affection, and that thus there was a hope of the young being restored to the home of his grandfather. This, it was Maximus had divulged to his wife Marcia, she again to Livia. was known to Caesar, and when Maximus soon afterwards d, by a death some thought to be self-inflicted, there was heard his funeral wailings from Marcia, in which she reproached herself having been the cause of her husband's destruction. Whatever fact was, Tiberius as he was just entering Illyria was summoned me by an urgent letter from his mother, and it has not been roughly ascertained whether at the city of Nola he found gustus still breathing or quite lifeless. For Livia had surrounded house and its approaches with a strict watch, and favourable lletins were published from time to time, till, provision having en made for the demands of the crisis, one and the same report d men that Augustus was dead and that Tiberius Nero was ster of the State.

The first crime of the new reign was the murder of Postumus grippa. Though he was surprised and unarmed, a centurion of firmest resolution despatched him with difficulty. Tiberius ve no explanation of the matter to the Senate; he pretended that re were directions from his father ordering the tribune in charge the prisoner not to delay the slaughter of Agrippa, whenever he uld himself have breathed his last. Beyond a doubt, Augustus d often complained of the young man's character, and had thus ceeded in obtaining the sanction of a decree of the Senate for banishment. But he never was hard-hearted enough to destroy of his kinsfolk, nor was it credible that death was to be the tence of the grandson in order that the stepson might feel secure. was more probable that Tiberius and Livia, the one from fear, other from a stepmother's enmity, hurried on the destruction a youth whom they suspected and hated. When the centurion orted, according to military custom, that he had executed the mmand, Tiberius replied that he had not given the command, d that the act must be justified to the Senate.

As soon as Sallustius Crispus who shared the secret (he had, in t, sent the written order to the tribune) knew this, fearing that charge would be shifted on himself, and that his peril would the same whether he uttered fiction or truth, he advised Livia t to divulge the secrets of her house or the counsels of friends, any services performed by the soldiers, nor to let Tiberius weaken strength of imperial power by referring everything to the nate, for "the condition," he said, "of holding empire is that an count cannot be balanced unless it be rendered to one person." Meanwhile at Rome people plunged into slavery — consuls, nators, knights. The higher a man's rank, the more eager his pocrisy, and his looks the more carefully studied, so as neither

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to betray joy at the decease of one emperor nor sorrow at the rise of another, while he mingled delight and lamentations with his flattery. Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Apuleius, the consuls, were the first to swear allegiance to Tiberius Caesar, and in their presence the oath was taken by Seius Strabo and Caius Turranius, respectively the commander of the praetorian cohorts and the superintendent of the corn supplies. Then the Senate, the soldiers, and the people did the same. For Tiberius would inaugurate everything with the consuls, as though the ancient constitution remained, and he hesitated about being emperor. Even the proclamation by which he summoned the senators to their chamber, he issued merely with the title of tribune, which he had received under Augustus. The wording of the proclamation was brief, and in a very modest tone. "He would," it said, "provide for the honours due to his father, and not leave the lifeless body, and this was the only public duty he now claimed."

As soon, however, as Augustus was dead, he had given the watchword to the praetorian cohorts, as commander-in-chief. He had the guard under arms, with all the other adjuncts of a court; soldiers attended him to the forum; soldiers went with him to the Senate House. He sent letters to the different armies, as though supreme power was now his, and showed hesitation only when he spoke in the Senate. His chief motive was fear that Germanicus, who had at his disposal so many legions, such vast auxiliary forces of the allies, and such wonderful popularity, might prefer the possession to the expectation of empire. He looked also at public opinion, wishing to have the credit of having been called and elected by the State rather than of having crept into power through the intrigues of a wife and a dotard's adoption. It was subsequently understood that he assumed a wavering attitude, to test likewise the temper of the nobles. For he would twist a word or a look into a crime and treasure it up in his memory.

On the first day of the Senate he allowed nothing to be discussed but the funeral of Augustus, whose will, which was brought in by the Vestal Virgins, named as his heirs Tiberius and Livia. The latter was to be admitted into the Julian family with the name of Augusta; next in expectation were the grand and great-grandchildren. In the third place, he had named the chief men of the State, most of whom he hated, simply out of ostentation and to win credit with posterity. His legacies were not beyond the scale of a private citizen, except a bequest of forty-three million five hundred thousand sesterces "to the people and populace of Rome," of one thousand to every praetorian soldier, and of three hundred to every man in the legionary cohorts composed of Roman citizens.

Next followed a deliberation about funeral honours. Of these the most imposing were thought fitting. The procession was to be conducted through "the gate of triumph," on the motion of Gallus Asinius; the titles of the laws passed, the names of the

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ions conquered by Augustus were to be borne in front, on that Lucius Arruntius. Messala Valerius further proposed that the th of allegiance to Tiberius should be yearly renewed, and when berius asked him whether it was at *his* bidding that he had ought forward this motion, he replied that he had proposed it ontaneously, and that in whatever concerned the State he would e only his own discretion, even at the risk of offending. This as the only style of adulation which yet remained. The Senators nanimously exclaimed that the body ought to be borne on their oulders to the funeral pile. The emperor left the point to them ith disdainful moderation, and he then admonished the people by proclamation not to indulge in that tumultuous enthusiasm hich had distracted the funeral of the Divine Julius, or express a ish that Augustus should be burnt in the Forum instead of in s appointed resting-place in the Campus Martius.

On the day of the funeral soldiers stood round as a guard, amid uch ridicule from those who had either themselves witnessed or ho had heard from their parents of the famous day when slavery as still something fresh, and freedom had been resought in vain, hen the slaying of Caesar, the Dictator, seemed to some the vilest, others, the most glorious of deeds. "Now," they said, "an aged vereign, whose power had lasted long, who had provided his heirs ith abundant means to coerce the State, requires forsooth the efence of soldiers that his burial may be undisturbed."

[I. 1–8, tr. ALFRED J. CHURCH and WILLIAM J. BRODRIBB]

THE REIGN OF NERO

In the consulship of Caius Læcanius and Marcus Licinius [A.D. 64], Nero's passion for theatrical fame broke out with a degree vehemence not to be resisted. He had hitherto performed in ivate only, during the sports of the Roman youth, called the VENALIA; but, upon those occasions, he was confined to his own lace or his gardens; a sphere too limited for such bright ambition, d so fine a voice. He glowed with impatience to present himself fore the public eye, but had not yet the courage to make his first ppearance at Rome. Naples was deemed a Greek city, and, for at reason, a proper place to begin his career of glory. With the urels which he was there to acquire, he might pass over into reece, and after gaining, by victory in song, the glorious crown hich antiquity considered as a sacred prize, he might return to ome, with his honours blooming round him, and by his celebrity flame the curiosity of the populace. With this idea he pursued his lan. The theatre at Naples was crowded with spectators. Not nly the inhabitants of the city, but a prodigious multitude from all e municipal towns and colonies in the neighbourhood, flocked to- ther, attracted by the novelty of a spectacle so very extraordinary. ll who followed the prince, to pay their court, or as persons longing to his train, attended on the occasion. The menial

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servants, and even the common soldiers, were admitted to enjoy the pleasures of the day.

The theatre, of course, was crowded. An accident happened, which men in general considered as an evil omen: with the emperor it passed for a certain sign of the favour and protection of the gods. As soon as the audience dispersed, the theatre tumbled to pieces. No other mischief followed. Nero seized the opportunity to compose hymns of gratitude. He sung them himself, celebrating with melodious airs his happy escape from the ruin. Being now determined to cross the Adriatic, he stopped at Beneventum. At that place Vatinius entertained him with a show of gladiators. Of all the detestable characters that disgraced the court of Nero, this man was the most pernicious. He was bred up in a shoemaker's stall. Deformed in his person, he possessed a vein of ribaldry and vulgar humour, which qualified him to succeed as buffoon. In the character of a jester he recommended himself to notice, but soon forsook his scurrility for the trade of an informer; and having by the ruin of the worthiest citizens arrived at eminence in guilt, he rose to wealth and power, the most dangerous miscreant of that evil period!

Nero was a constant spectator of the sports exhibited at Beneventum; but even amidst his diversions his heart knew no pause from cruelty. He compelled Torquatus Silanus to put an end to his life, for no other reason, than because he united to the splendour of the Junian family the honour of being great-grandson to Augustus. The prosecutors, suborned for the business, alleged against him, that, having prodigally wasted his fortune in gifts and largesses, he had no resource left but war and civil commotion. With that design he retained about his person men of rank and distinction, employed in various offices: he had his secretaries, his treasurers, and paymasters, all in the style of imperial dignity, even then anticipating what his ambition aimed at. This charge being made in form, such of his freedmen as were known to be in the confidence of their master were seized, and loaded with fetters. Silanus saw that his doom was impending, and, to prevent the sentence of condemnation, opened the veins of both his arms. Nero, according to his custom, expressed himself in terms of lenity. "The guilt of Silanus," he said, "was manifest: and though, by an act of despair, he showed that his crimes admitted no defence, his life would have been spared, had he thought proper to trust to the clemency of his judge."

In a short time after, Nero, for reasons not sufficiently explained, resolved to defer his expedition into Greece. He returned to Rome, cherishing in imagination a new design to visit the eastern nations, and Egypt in particular. This project had been for some time settled in his mind. He announced it by a proclamation, in which he assured the people, that his absence would be of short duration, and, in the interval, the peace and good order of the commonwealth would be in no kind of danger. For the success of his voyage, he

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went to offer up prayers in the capitol. He proceeded thence to the temple of Vesta. Being there seized with a sudden tremor in every joint, arising either from a superstitious fear of the goddess, or from a troubled conscience, which never ceased to goad and persecute him, he renounced his enterprise altogether, artfully pretending that the love of his country, which he felt warm at his heart, was dearer to him than all other considerations. "I have seen," he said, "the dejected looks of the people; I have heard the murmurs of complaint: the idea of so long a voyage afflicts the citizens; and, indeed, how should it be otherwise, when the shortest excursion I could make was always sure to depress their spirits? The sight of their prince has, at all times, been their comfort and their best support. In private families the pledges of natural affection can soften the resolutions of a father, and mould him to their purpose: the people of Rome have the same ascendant over the mind of their sovereign. I feel their influence: I yield to their wishes." With these and such like expressions he amused the multitude. Their love of public spectacles made them eager for his presence, and, above all, they dreaded, if he left the capital, a dearth of provisions. The senate and the leading men looked on with indifference, unable to decide which was most to be dreaded, his presence in the city, or his tyranny at a distance. They agreed at length (as in alarming cases fear is always in haste to conclude), that what happened was the worst evil that could befall them.

THE FIRE AT ROME UNDER NERO'S REIGN

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance, and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Caelius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and gathering force from the winds, spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the inclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some endeavoured to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part

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dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole substance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud, that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Maecenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible despatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from Ostia, and other cities in the neighbourhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favour; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. [A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theatre, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.]

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected, by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This happened, how-

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ever, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were levelled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Aemilius. A suspicion prevailed that to build a new city and give it his own name was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses half in ruins.

The number of houses, temples, and tenements destroyed by the fire cannot be ascertained. But the most venerable monuments of antiquity, which the worship of ages had rendered sacred, were laid in ruins. Amongst these were the temple dedicated to the moon by Servius Tullius, the fane and the great altar consecrated by Evander to Hercules, the chapel of Jupiter Stator, built by Romulus, the palace of Numa, and the temple of Vesta, with the tutelary gods of Rome. With these were consumed the trophies of innumerable victories, and many precious monuments of literature and ancient genius, all at present remembered by men advanced in years, but irrevocably lost. Not even the splendour with which the new city rose out of the ruins of the old could compensate for that lamented disaster. It did not escape observation that the fire broke out on the nineteenth of July, a day remarkable for the conflagration kindled by the Senones, when those barbarians took the city of Rome by storm, and burned it to the ground. Men of reflection, who refined on everything with minute curiosity, calculated the number of years, months, and days from the foundation of Rome to its burning by the Gauls, and from that calamity to the present they found the interval of time precisely the same.

Nero did not blush to convert to his own use the public ruins of his country. He built a magnificent palace, in which the objects that excited admiration were neither gold nor precious stones. Those decorations, long since introduced by luxury, were grown stale, and hackneyed to the eye. A different species of magnificence was now consulted: expansive lakes and fields of vast extent were intermixed with pleasing variety; woods and forests stretched to an immeasurable length, presenting gloom and solitude amidst scenes of open space, where the eye wandered with surprise over an unbounded prospect. This prodigious plan was carried on under the direction of two surveyors, whose names were Severus and Celer. Bold and original in their projects, these men undertook to conquer nature, and to perform wonders even beyond the imagination and the riches of the prince. They promised to form a navigable canal from the Lake Avernus to the mouth of the Tiber. The experiment, like the genius of the men, was bold and grand; but it was to be carried over a long tract of barren land, and, in some places, through opposing mountains. The country

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round was parched and dry, without one humid spot, except the Pomptinian marsh, from which water could be expected. A scheme so vast could not be accomplished without immoderate labour, and, if practicable, the end was in no proportion to the expense and labour. But the prodigious and almost impossible had charms for the enterprising spirit of Nero. He began to hew a passage through the hills that surround the Lake Avernus, and some traces of his deluded hopes are visible at this day.

The ground, which, after marking out his own domain, Nero left to the public, was not laid out for the new city in a hurry and without judgment, as was the case after the irruption of the Gauls. A regular plan was formed; the streets were made wide and long; the elevation of the houses was defined with an open area before the doors, and porticoes to secure and adorn the front. The expense of the porticoes Nero undertook to defray out of his own revenue. He promised, besides, as soon as the work was finished, to clear the ground, and leave a clear space to every house, without any charge to the occupier. In order to excite a spirit of industry and emulation, he held forth rewards proportioned to the rank of each individual, provided the buildings were finished in a limited time. The rubbish, by his order, was removed to the marshes of Ostia, and the ships that brought corn up the river were to return loaded with the refuse of the workmen. Add to all this, the several houses, built on a new principle, were to be raised to a certain elevation, without beams or wood-work, on arches of stone from the quarries of Alba or Gabii; those materials being impervious, and of a nature to resist the force of fire. The springs of water, which had been before that time intercepted by individuals for their separate use, were no longer suffered to be diverted from their channel, but left to the care of commissioners, that the public might be properly supplied, and in case of fire have a reservoir at hand to stop the progress of the mischief.

It was also settled that the houses should no longer be contiguous, with slight party-walls to divide them, but that every house should stand detached, surrounded and insulated by its own inclosure. These regulations, it must be admitted, were of public utility, and added much to the embellishment of the new city. But still the old plan of Rome was not without its advocates. It was thought more conducive to the health of the inhabitants. The narrowness of the streets and the elevation of the buildings served to exclude the rays of the sun, whereas the more open space, having neither shade nor shelter, left men exposed to the intense heat of the day.

These several regulations were, no doubt, the best that human wisdom could suggest. The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline Books were consulted, and the consequence was that supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and to Proserpine. A band of matrons offered their prayers and sacrifices to Juno, first in the Capitol, and next on the nearest margin of the sea, where

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they supplied themselves with water to sprinkle the temple and the statue of the goddess. A select number of women, who had husbands actually living, laid the deities on their sacred beds, and kept midnight vigils with the usual solemnity. But neither these religious ceremonies nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order if possible to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished with exquisite cruelty a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians. The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea. By that event the sect of which he was the founder received a blow which for a time checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judea, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and on the evidence of such men a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed on clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person, sometimes driving a chariot, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his charioteer's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favour of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice, but it was evident that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

[ANNALS, XV, 33–44, tr. ARTHUR MURPHY]

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JUVENAL

(60? A.D.–140?)

The only literary form that the Romans did not copy from the Greeks was satire, considered the invention of Lucilius. His gifts seem to have been spent on flogging the town, on praising the good old days, and censuring the vices of his own age. In Horace's hands, the satire, at least after he mellowed a little, dropped its bitter tone of railing and adopted the more effective method of reforming by a humorous portrayal of human folly. Persius' six satires are the work of a harmless stoic, who has much to say about what he has read. But Decimus Junius Juvenalis in his sixteen satires lashes out against a long list of reprobates with unrestrained violence, more especially in the first nine, in which he is often savage. There is no relaxation of the bitter, pessimistic temper, no suggestion for reconstructing the world he scolds continuously, but only invective that makes Tertullian mild by comparison. If we had some of Cato's denunciations of the aristocrats, those diatribes might approach Juvenal's.

One of the characteristics of the Roman satire was its revelation of incidents in the life of its author. An examination of Juvenal's work will yield very little about him, and that for the most part very unimportant. He tells us that he was not denied an education, that he inherited a small estate but lived at Rome, where he had a modest house that offered hospitality to his friends. At times he visited Aquinum; once he was in Egypt. We should like to know if the author of the sixth satire, the bitterest attack on woman that was ever penned, was married, and what induced him to accuse even virtuous women because they were self-complacent. It would be interesting to know if he really was exiled to Egypt for writing a satirical piece on an actor, who was a favorite of the emperor. It would help us to understand him if we knew whether he had to battle poverty or whether he was, as is often stated, the son of a wealthy freedman.

Martial mentions him, but he says nothing of his satires. Pliny the Younger, who was acquainted with the other important literary men of this period, does not have a word to say about Juvenal. This is not difficult to understand, for they would hardly have been congenial spirits. The urbane Pliny, who prided himself on his taste, could not approve of the satirist's vulgar diatribes, and Juvenal would hardly distinguish between a man of means and his class.

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SATIRE III

ROME

Although troubled at the departure of my old friend, yet I can not but commend his intention of fixing his abode at Cumae, now desolate, and giving the Sibyl one citizen at least. It is the high road to Baiae, and has a pleasant shore; a delightful retreat. I prefer even Prochyta to the Suburra. For what have we ever looked on so wretched or so lonely, that you would not deem it worse to live in constant dread of fires, the perpetual falling-in of houses, and the thousand dangers of the cruel city, and poets spouting in the month of August. But while his whole household is being stowed in a single wagon, my friend Umbricius halted at the ancient triumphal arches and the moist Capena. Here, where Numa used to make assignations with his nocturnal mistress, the grove of the place-hallowed fountain and the temples are in our days let out to Jews, whose whole furniture is a basket and bundle of hay. For every single tree is bid to pay a rent to the people, and the Camenae having been ejected, the wood is one mass of beggars. We descended into the valley of Egeria and the grottoes, so altered from what nature made them. How much more should we feel the influence of the presiding genius of the spring, if turf inclosed the waters with its margin of green, and no marble profaned the native tufo. Here then Umbricius began:

Since at Rome there is no place for honest pursuits, no profit to be got by honest toil — my fortune is less to-day than it was yesterday, and to-morrow must again make that little less — we purpose emigrating to the spot where Daedalus put off his wearied wings, while my gray hairs are still but few, my old age green and erect; while something yet remains for Lachesis to spin, and I can bear myself on my own legs, without a staff to support my right hand. Let us leave our native land. There let Artorius and Catulus live. Let those continue in it who turn black to white; for whom it is an easy matter to get contracts for building temples, clearing rivers, constructing harbors, cleansing the sewers, the furnishing a funeral, and under the mistress-spear set up the slave to sale.

These fellows, who in former days were horn-blowers, and constant attendants on the municipal amphitheatres, and whose puffed cheeks were well known through all the towns, now themselves exhibit gladiatorial shows, and when the thumbs of the rabble are turned up, let any man be killed to court the mob. Returned from thence, they farm the public jakes.

And why not every thing? Since these are the men whom Fortune, whenever she is in a sportive mood, raises from the dust to the highest pinnacle of greatness.

What shall *I* do at Rome? I can not lie; if a book is bad, I can

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not praise it and beg a copy. I know not the motions of the stars. I neither will nor can promise a man to secure his father's death. I never inspected the entrails of a toad. Let others understand how to bear to a bride the messages and presents of the adulterer; no one shall be a thief by my co-operation; and therefore I go forth, a companion to no man, as though I were crippled and a trunk useless from its right hand being disabled.

Who now-a-days is beloved except the confidant of crime and he whose raging mind is boiling with things concealed and that must never be divulged? He that has made you the partaker of an honest secret thinks that he owes you nothing and nothing will he ever pay. He will be Verres' dear friend who can accuse Verres at any time he pleases. Yet set not thou so high a price on all the sands of shady Tagus and the gold rolled down to the sea as to lose your sleep and to your sorrow take bribes that ought to be spurned and be always dreaded by your powerful friend.

What class of men is now most welcome to our rich men, and whom I would especially shun, I will soon tell you; nor shall shame prevent me. It is that the city is become Greek, Quirites, that I can not tolerate; and yet how small the proportion even of the dregs of Greece! Syrian Orontes has long since flowed into the Tiber, and brought with it its language, morals, and the crooked harps with the flute-player, and its national tambourines, and girls made to stand for hire at the Circus. Go thither, ye who fancy a barbarian harlot with embroidered turban. That rustic of thine, Quirinus, takes his Greek supper-cloak, and wears Greek prizes on his neck besmeared with ceroma. One forsaking steep Sicyon, another Amydon, a third from Andros, another from Samos, another again from Tralles, or Alabanda, swarm to Esquiliae, and the hill called from its osiers, destined to be the very vitals and future lords of great houses. These have a quick wit, desperate impudence, a ready speech, more rapidly fluent even than Isaeus. Tell me what you fancy he is? He has brought with him whatever character you wish — grammarian, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, soothsayer, rope-dancer, physician, wizard — he knows every thing. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! He'll go. In short, it was neither Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, that took wings, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not shun these men's purple robes? Shall this fellow take precedence of me in signing his name, and recline pillowed on a more honorable couch than I, though imported to Rome by the same wind that brought the plums and figs? Does it then go so utterly for nothing, that my infancy inhaled the air of Aventine, nourished on the Sabine berry? Why add that this nation, most deeply versed in flattery, praises the conversation of an ignorant, the face of a hideously ugly friend, and compares some weak fellow's crane-like neck to the brawny shoulders of Hercules, holding Antaeus far from his mother Earth: and is in raptures at the

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squeaking voice, not a whit superior in sound to that of the cock as he bites the hen. We may, it is true, praise the same things, if we choose. But *they* are believed. Can he be reckoned a better actor, when he takes the part of Thais, or acts the wife in the play, or Doris without her robe. It is surely woman in reality that seems to speak, and not a man personifying one. You would swear it was a woman, perfect in all respects. In their country, neither Antiochus, nor Stratocles, or Demetrius and the effeminate Haemus, would call forth admiration. For there every man's an actor. Do you smile? He is convulsed with a laugh far more hearty. If he spies a tear in his friend's eye, he bursts into a flood of weeping; though in reality he feels no grief. If at the winter solstice you ask for a little fire, he calls for his thick coat. If you say, I am hot! he breaks into a sweat. Therefore we are not fairly matched; he has the best of it, who can at any time, either by night or day, assume a fictitious face; kiss his hands in ecstasy, quite ready to praise his patron's grossest acts; if the golden cup has emitted a sound, when its bottom is inverted.

Besides, there is nothing that is held sacred by these fellows, or that is safe from their lust. Neither the mistress of the house, nor your virgin daughter, nor her suitor, unbearded as yet, nor your son, heretofore chaste. If none of these are to be found, he assails his friend's grandmother. They aim at learning the secrets of the house, and from that knowledge be feared.

And since we have begun to make mention of the Greeks, pass on to their schools of philosophy, and hear the foul crime of the more dignified cloak. It was a Stoic that killed Bareas — the informer, his personal friend — the old man, his own pupil — bred on that shore on which the pinion of the Gorgonean horse lighted. There is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Dorphilus, or Hermarchus reigns supreme; who, with the common vice of his race, never shares a friend, but engrosses him entirely to himself. For when he has infused into his patron's too ready ear one little drop of the venom of his nature and his country, I am ejected from the door; all my long-protracted service goes for naught. Nowhere is the loss of a client of less account. Besides (not to flatter ourselves) what service can the *poor man* render, what merit can *he* plead, even though he be zealous enough to hasten in his toga before break of day, when the very *praetor* himself urges on his lictor, and bids him hurry on with headlong speed, since the childless matrons have been long awake, lest his colleague be beforehand with him in paying his respects to Albina and Modia. Here, by the side of a slave, if only rich, walks the son of the freeborn; for the other gives to Calvina, or Catiena (that he may enjoy her once or twice), as much as the tribunes in the legion receive; whereas you, when the face of a well-dressed harlot takes your fancy, hesitate to hand Chione from her exalted seat.

Produce me at Rome a witness of as blameless integrity as the

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host of the Idaean deity; let Numa stand forth, or he that rescued Minerva when in jeopardy from her temple all in flames: the question first put would be as to his income, that about his moral character would come last of all. "How many slaves does he keep? How many acres of public land does he occupy? With how many and what expensive dishes is his table spread?" In exact proportion to the sum of money a man keeps in his chest, is the credit given to his oath. Though you were to swear by all the altars of the Samothracian and our own gods, the poor man is believed to despise the thunder-bolts and the gods, even with the sanction of the gods themselves. Why add that this same poor man furnishes material and grounds for ridicule to all, if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his toga is a little soiled, and one shoe gapes with its upper leather burst; or if more than one patch displays the coarse fresh darning thread, where a rent has been sewn up. Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous. "Let him retire, if he has any shame left, and quit the cushions of the knights, that has not the income required by the law, and let these seats be taken by"—the sons of pimps, in whatever brothel born! Here let the son of the sleek crier applaud among the spruce youths of the gladiator, and the scions of the fencing-school. Such is the will of the vain Otho, who made the distinction between us.

Who was ever allowed at Rome to become a son-in-law if his estate was inferior, and not a match for the portion of the young lady? What *poor* man's name appears in any will? When is he summoned to a consultation even by an aedile? All Quirites that are poor, ought long ago to have emigrated in a body. Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home; but at Rome, for men like these, the attempt is still more hopeless; it is only at an exorbitant price they can get a wretched lodging, keep for their servants, and a frugal meal. A man is ashamed here to dine off pottery ware, which, were he suddenly transported to the Marsi and a Sabine board, contented there with a coarse bowl of blue earthenware, he would no longer deem discreditable. There is a large portion of Italy (if we allow the fact), where no one puts on the toga, except the dead. Even when the very majesty of festival days is celebrated in a theatre reared of turf, and the well-known farce at length returns to the stage, when the rustic infant on its mother's lap is terrified at the wide mouth of the ghastly mask, *there* you will see all costumes equal and alike, both orchestra and common people. White tunics are quite sufficient as the robe of distinction for the highest personages there, even the very aediles. Here, in Rome, the splendor of dress is carried beyond men's means; here, something more than is enough, is taken occasionally from another's chest. In this fault all participate. Here we all live with a poverty that apes our betters. Why should I detain you? Everything at Rome

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coupled with high price. What have you to give, that you may occasionally pay your respects to Cossus? that Veiento may give you a passing glance, though without deigning to open his mouth? One shaves the beard, another deposits the hair of a favorite; the house is full of venal cakes. Now learn this fact, and keep it to work within your breast. We clients are forced to pay tribute and increase the private income of these pampered slaves.

Who dreads, or ever did dread, the falling of a house at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii seated among the well-wooded hills, or simple Gabii, or the heights of sloping Tibur. We, in Rome, inhabit a city propped in great measure on a slender shore. For so the steward props up the falling walls, and when he has plastered over the old and gaping crack, bids us sleep without sense of danger while ruin hangs over our heads! I must live in a place, where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Already is Ucalegon shouting for water, already is he removing his chattels: the third story in the house you live in is already in a blaze. You are unconscious! For if the alarm begin from the bottom of the stairs, he will be the last to be burned whom a single tile protects from the rain, where the tame pigeons lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too small for his Procula, six little jugs the ornament of his sideboard, and a little can besides beneath it, and a Chiron reclining under the same marble; and a chest now grown old in the service contained his Greek books, where rude mice gnawed poems of divine inspiration. Codrus possessed nothing at all; who denies the fact? and yet all that little nothing that he had, he lost. But the climax that crowns his misery is the fact, that though he is stark naked and begging for a few scraps, no one will lend a hand to help him to bed and board. But, if the great mansion of Asturicus has fallen, the matrons appear in weeds, the senators in mourning robes, the praetor adjourns the courts. Then it is we groan for the accidents of the city; then we loathe the very name of fire. The fire is still raging, and already there runs up to him one who offers to present him with marble, and contribute toward the rebuilding. Another will present him with naked statues of Parian marble, another with a chef-d'oeuvre of Euphranor or Polycletus. Some lady will contribute some ancient ornaments of gods taken in our Asiatic victories; another, books and cases and a bust of Minerva; another, a whole bushel of silver. Persicus, the most splendid of childless men, replaces all he has lost by things more numerous and more valuable, and might with reason be suspected of having himself set his own house on fire.

If you can tear yourself away from the games in the circus, you can buy a capital house at Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, for the price at which you are now hiring your dark hole for one year. There you will have your little garden, a well so shallow as to require no rope and bucket, whence with easy draught you may water your sprouting plants. Live there, enamored of the pitch-fork, and the dresser of your trim garden, from which you could

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supply a feast to a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something to be able in any spot, in any retreat whatever, to have made one's self proprietor even of a single lizard.

Here full many a patient dies from want of sleep; but that exhaustion is produced by the undigested food that loads the fevered stomach. For what lodging-houses allow of sleep? None but the very wealthy can sleep at Rome. Hence is the source of the disease. The passing of wagons in the narrow curves of the streets, and the mutual revilings of the team-drivers brought to a standstill, would banish sleep even from Drusus and sea-calves.

If duty calls him, the rich man will be borne through the yielding crowd, and pass rapidly over their heads on the shoulders of his tall Liburnian, and, as he goes, will read or write, or even sleep inside his litter, for his sedan with windows closed entices sleep. And still he will arrive before us. In front of us, as we hurry on, a tide of human beings stops the way; the mass that follows behind presses on our loins in dense concourse; one man pokes me with his elbow, another with a hard pole; one knocks a beam against my head, another a ten-gallon cask. My legs are coated thick with mud; then, anon, I am trampled upon by great heels all round me, and the hob-nail of the soldier's caliga remains imprinted on my toe.

Do you not see with what a smoke the sportula is frequented? A hundred guests! and each followed by his portable kitchen. Even Corbulo himself could scarcely carry such a number of huge vessels, so many things piled upon his head, which, without bending his neck, the wretched little slave supports, and keeps fanning his fire as he runs along.

Tunics that have been patched together are torn asunder again. Presently, as the tug approaches, the long fir-tree quivers, other wagons are conveying pine-trees; they totter from their height, and threaten ruin to the crowd. For if that wain, that is transporting blocks of Ligustican stone, is upset, and pours its mountain-load upon the masses below, what is there left of their bodies? Who can find their limbs or bones? Every single carcass of the mob is crushed to minute atoms as impalpable as their souls. While, all this while, the family at home, in happy ignorance of their master's fate, are washing up the dishes, and blowing up the fire with their mouths, and making a clatter with the well-oiled strigils, and arranging the bathing towels with the full oil-flask. Such are the various occupations of the bustling slaves. But the master himself is at this moment seated on the banks of Styx, and, being a novice, is horrified at the grim ferry-man, and dares not hope for the boat to cross the murky stream; nor has he, poor wretch, the obol in his mouth to hand to Charon.

Now revert to other perils of the night distinct from these. What a height it is from the lofty roofs, from which a potsherd tumbles on your brains. How often cracked and chipped earthenware falls from the windows! with what a weight they dint and damage the

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flint-pavement where they strike it! You may well be accounted remiss and improvident against unforeseen accident, if you go out to supper without having made your will. It is clear that there are just so many chances of death, as there are open windows where the inmates are awake inside, as you pass by. Pray, therefore, and bear about with you this miserable wish, that they may be contented with throwing down only what the broad basins have held. One that is drunk, and quarrelsome in his cups, if he has chanced to give no one a beating, suffers the penalty by loss of sleep; he passes such a night as Achilles bewailing the loss of his friend; lies now on his face, then again on his back. Under other circumstances, he can not sleep. In some persons, sleep is the result of quarrels; but though daring from his years, and flushed with unmixed wine, he cautiously avoids him whom a scarlet cloak, and a very long train of attendants, with plenty of flambeaux and a bronzed candelabrum, warns him to steer clear of. As for me, whose only attendant home is the moon, or the glimmering light of a rushlight, whose wick I husband and eke out — he utterly despises me! Mark the prelude of this wretched fray, if fray it can be called, where he does all the beating, and I am only beaten. He stands right in front of you, and bids you stand! Obey you must. For what can you do, when he that gives the command is mad with drink, and at the same time stronger than you. "Where do you come from?" he thunders out: "With whose vinegar and beans are you blown out? What cobbler has been feasting on chopped leek or boiled sheep's head with you? Don't you answer? Speak, or be kicked! Say where do you hang out? In what Jew's begging-stand shall I look for you?" Whether you attempt to say a word or retire in silence, is all one; they beat you just the same, and then, in a passion, force you to give bail to answer for the assault. This is a poor man's liberty! When thrashed he humbly begs, and pummeled with fisticuffs supplicates, to be allowed to quit the spot with a few teeth left in his head. Nor is this yet all that you have to fear, for there will not be wanting one to rob you, when all the houses are shut up, and all the fastenings of the shops chained, are fixed and silent.

Sometimes too a footpad does your business with his knife, whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian wood are kept safe by an armed guard. Consequently they all flock thence to Rome as to a great preserve.

What forge or anvil is not weighed down with chains? The greatest amount of iron used is employed in forging fetters; so that you may well fear that enough may not be left for plowshares, and that mattocks and hoes may run short. Well may you call our great-grandsires happy, and the ages blest in which they lived, which, under kings and tribunes long ago, saw Rome contented with a single jail.

To these I could subjoin other reasons for leaving Rome, and more numerous than these; but my cattle summon me to be moving,

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and the sun is getting low. I must go. For long ago the muleteer gave me a hint by shaking his whip. Farewell then, and forget me not! and whenever Rome shall restore you to your native Aquinum, eager to refresh your strength, then you may tear me away too from Cumae to Helvine Ceres, and your patron deity Diana. Then, equipped with my caligae, I will visit your chilly regions, to help you in your satires — unless they scorn my poor assistance.

[tr. Lewis Evans]

SATIRE X

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

In all the regions which extend from Gades even to the farthest east and Ganges, there are but few that can discriminate between real blessings and those that are widely different, all the mist of error being removed. For what is there that we either fear or wish for, as reason would direct? What is there that you enter on under such favorable auspices, that you do not repent of your undertaking, and the accomplishment of your wish? The too easy gods have overthrown whole families by granting their owners' prayers. Our prayers are put up for what will injure us in peace and injure us in war. To many the copious fluency of speech, and their very eloquence, is fatal. It was owing to his strength and wondrous muscle, in which he placed his trust, that the Athlete met his death. But money heaped up with overwhelming care, and a revenue surpassing all common patrimonies as much as the whale of Britain exceeds dolphins, causes more to be strangled. Therefore it was, that in the reign of Terror, and at Nero's bidding, a whole cohort blockaded Longinus and the spacious gardens of the overwealthy Seneca, and laid siege to the splendid mansion of the Laterani. It is but rarely that the soldier pays his visit to a garret. Though you are conveying ever so few vessels of unembossed silver, entering on your journey by night, you will dread the bandit's knife and bludgeon, and tremble at the shadow of a reed as it quivers in the moonshine. The traveler with empty pockets will sing even in the robber's face.

The prayers that are generally the first put up and best known in all the temples are, that riches, that wealth may increase; that our chest may be the largest in the whole forum. But no aconite is drunk from earthenware. It is time to dread it when you quaff jeweled cups, and the ruddy Setine blazes in the broad gold. And do you not, then, now commend the fact, that of the two sages, one used to laugh whenever he had advanced a single step from his threshold; the other, with sentiments directly contrary, used to weep. But easy enough to any one is the stern censure of a sneering laugh: the wonder is how the other's eyes could ever have a sufficient supply of tears. Democritus used to shake his sides with perpetual laughter, though in the cities of those regions there

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were no praetextae, no trabeae, no fasces, no litter, no tribunal! What, had he seen the praetor standing pre-eminent in his lofty car, and raised on high in the mid dust of the circus, dressed in the tunic of Jove, and wearing on his shoulders the Tyrian hangings of the embroidered toga; and the circlet of a ponderous crown, so heavy that no single neck could endure the weight: since the official, all in a sweat, supports it, and, that the consul may not be too elated, the slave rides in the same car. Then, add the bird that rises from his ivory sceptre: on one side the trumpeters; on the other, the long train of attendant clients, that march before him, and the Quirites, all in white togas, walking by his horses' heads; men whose friendship he has won by the sportula buried deep in his chest. Even in those days *he* found subject for ridicule in every place where human beings meet, whose wisdom proves that men of the highest intellect, men that will furnish noble examples, may be born in the country of wether-sheep, and in a foggy atmosphere. He used to laugh at the cares and also the joys of the common herd; sometimes even at their tears; while he himself would bid Fortune, when she frowned, "Go hang!" and point at her his finger in scorn! Superfluous therefore, or else destructive, are all those objects of our prayers, for which we think it right to cover the knees of the gods with waxen tablets.

[Power, exposed to great envy, hurls some headlong down to ruin. The long and splendid list of their titles and honors sinks into the dust. Down come their statues, and are dragged along with ropes:] then the very wheels of the chariot are smashed by the vigorous stroke of the axe, and the legs of the innocent horses are demolished. Now the fires roar! Now that head, once worshiped by the mob, glows with the bellows and the furnace! Great Sejanus crackles! Then from the head, second only in the whole wide world, are made pitchers, basins, frying-pans, and platters! "Crown your doors with bays! Lead to Jove's Capitol a huge and milk-white ox! Sejanus is being dragged along by the hook! a glorious sight!" Everybody is delighted. "What lips he had! and what a face! If you believe me, I never could endure this man!" "But what was the charge under which he fell! Who was the accuser? what the information laid? By whose witness did he prove it?" "Nothing of the sort! a wordy and lengthy epistle came from Capreae." "That's enough! I ask no farther. But how does the mob of Remus behave!" "Why, follow Fortune, as mobs always do, and hate him that is condemned?" That self-same people, had Tuscan Nurscia smiled propitious on her countryman—had the old age of the emperor been crushed while he thought all secure—would in that very hour have saluted Sejanus as Augustus. Long ago they have thrown overboard all anxiety. For that sovereign people that once gave away military command, consulships, legions, and every thing, now bridles its desires, and limits its anxious longings to two things only—bread, and the games of the circus!

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"I hear that many are involved in his fall." "No doubt: the little furnace is a capacious one; I met my friend Brutidius at the altar of Mars looking a little pale!" "But I greatly fear that Ajax, being baffled, will wreak fearful vengeance, as having been inadequately defended. Let us rush headlong; and, while he still lies on the river-bank, trample on Caesar's foe? But take care that our slaves witness the act! lest any of them should deny it, and drag his master to trial with a halter round his neck!" Such were the conversations then about Sejanus; such the smothered whispers of the populace? Would *you* then have the same court paid to you that Sejanus had? possess as much, bestow on one the highest curule honors, give another the command of armies, be esteemed the lawful guardian of the prince that lounged away his days with his herd of Chaldaean astrologers, in the rock of Capreae that he made his palace? Would you have centuries and cohorts, and a picked body of cavalry, and praetorian bands at your beck? Why should you not covet these? Even those who have not the *will* to kill a man would gladly have the *power*. But what brilliant or prosperous fortune is of sufficient worth that your measure of evils should balance your good luck? Would you rather put on the praetexta of him that is being dragged along, or be the magistrate of Fidenae or Gabii, and give sentence about false weights, and break up scanty measures as the ragged aedile of the deserted Ulubrae? You acknowledge, therefore, that Sejanus did not know what ought to have been the object of his wishes. For he that coveted excessive honors, and prayed for excessive wealth, was but rearing up the multiplied stories of a tower raised on high, only that the fall might be the deeper, and horrible the headlong descent of his ruin once accelerated!

What overthrew the Crassi? and Pompey and his sons? and him that brought Rome's haughty citizens quailing beneath his lash? Surely it was the post of highest advancement, reached by every possible device, and prayers for greatness heard by gods who showed their malignity in granting them! Few kings go down without slaughter and wounds to Ceres' son-in-law. Few tyrants die a bloodless death!

He that as yet pays court to Minerva, purchased by a single *as*, that is followed by his little slave to take charge of his diminutive satchel, begins to long, and longs through all his quinquatrian holidays, for the eloquence and the renown of Demosthenes or Cicero. But it was through their eloquence that both of these orators perished: the copious and overflowing fount of talent gave over each to destruction; by talent, was his hand and head cut off! Nor did the Rostra ever reek with the blood of a contemptible pleader.

"O fortunate Rome, whose natal day may date from me as consul!" He might have scorned the swords of Antony, had all he uttered been such trash as this. I had rather write poems that

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[24-171]

ite only ridicule, than thee, divine Philippic of distinguished
ne! that art unrolled next to the first! Cruel was the end that
ried him off also whom Athens used to admire as his words
wed from his lips in a torrent of eloquence, and he swayed at
l the passions of the crowded theatre. With adverse gods and
onspicuous fate was he born, whom his father, blear-eyed with
e grime of the glowing mass, sent from the coal, and pincers,
d the sword-forging anvil, and sooty Vulcan, to the rhetorician's
hool!

The spoils of war, the cuirass fastened to the truncated trophy,
e cheek-piece hanging from the battered helm, the car shorn of
s pole, the streamer of the captured galley, and the sad captive
the triumphal arch-top, are held to be goods exceeding all
man blessings. For these each general, Roman, or Greek, or
rbarian, strains as his prize! Full compensation for his dangers
d his toils he sees in these! So much greater is the thirst after
me than virtue. For who would embrace virtue herself, if you
ok away the rewards of virtue? And yet, ere now, the glory of a
w has been the ruin of their native land; that longing for re-
wn, and those inscriptions that are to live on the marble that
ards their ashes; and yet to burst asunder this, the mischievous
rength of the barren fig-tree has power enough. Since even to
pulchres themselves are fates assigned. Weigh the remains of
annibal! How many pounds will you find in that most con-
mmate general! This is the man whom not even Africa, lashed
the Mauritanian ocean, and stretching even to the steaming
Nile, and then again to the races of the Aethiopes and their tall
ephants, can contain! Spain is annexed to Carthage's domain. He
unds across the Pyrenees. Nature opposed in vain the Alps with
their snows; he cleaves the rocks and rives the mountains with
negar. Now he is lord of Italy! Yet still he presses on. "Naught
achieved," he says, "unless we burst through the gates of Rome
th the soldiery of Carthage, and I plant my standard in the
art of the Suburra!" Oh what a face! and worth what a picture!
hen the huge Gaetulian beast bore on his back the one-eyed
neral? What then was the issue? Oh glory! This self-made man
conquered, and flees with head-long haste to exile, and there, a
eat and admired client sits at the king's palace until his Bithynian
ajesty be pleased to wake! To that soul, that once shook the very
orld's base, it is not sword, nor stone, nor javelin, that shall give
e final stroke; but, that which atoned for Cannae, and avenged
ch mighty carnage, a ring! Go then, madman, and hurry over the
gged Alps, that you may be the delight of boys, and furnish sub-
cts for declamations!

One world is not enough for the youth of Pella! He chafes
thin the narrow limits of the universe, poor soul, as though con-
ed in Gyarus' small rock, or scanty Seriphos. Yet when he shall
ve entered the city that the brickmakers fortified, he will be

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content with a sarcophagus! Death alone discloses how very small are the puny bodies of men! Men do believe that Athos was sailed through of yore; and all the bold assertions that lying Greeks hazard in history—that the sea was bridged over by the same fleets, and formed into a solid pavement for the transit of wheels. We believe that deep rivers failed, and streams were drunk dry when the Persian dined; and all the flights of Sostratus' song, when his wings are moistened by the god of wine. And yet, in what guise did *he* return after quitting Salamis, who, like a true barbarian as he was, used to vent his rage in scourges on Corus and Eurus, that had never suffered in this sort in Aeolus' prison; and bound in gyves Ennosigaeus himself. It was, in fact, an act of clemency that he did not think he deserved branding also. Would any of the gods choose to serve such a man as this? But how did he return? Why, in a single ship; through waves dyed with blood, and with his galley retarded by the shoals of corpses. Such was the penalty that glory, for which he had so often prayed, exacted.

"Grant length of life, great Jove, and many years!" This is your only prayer in health and sickness. But with what unremitting and grievous ills is old age crowded! First of all, its face is hideous, loathsome, and altered from its former self; instead of skin a hideous hide and flaccid cheeks; and see! such wrinkles, as, where Tabraca extends her shady dells, the antiquated ape scratches on her wizened jowl! There are many points of difference in the young; this youth is handsomer than that; and he again than a third: one is far sturdier than another. Old men's faces are all alike —limbs tottering and voice feeble, a smooth bald pate, and the second childhood of a driveling nose; the poor wretch must mumble his bread with toothless gums; so loathsome to his wife, his children, and even to himself, that he would excite the disgust even of the legacy-hunter Cossus! His palate is grown dull; his relish for his food and wine no more the same; the joys of love are long ago forgotten; and in spite of all efforts to reinvigorate them, all manly energies are hopelessly extinct. Has this depraved and hoary lechery aught else to hope? Do we not look with just suspicion on the lust that covets the sin but lacks the power?

Now turn your eyes to the loss of another sense. For what pleasure has he in a singer, however eminent a harper it may be; nay, even Seleucus himself; or those whose habit it is to glitter in a cloak of gold? What matters it in what part of the wide theatre he sits, who can scarcely hear the horn-blowers, and the general clang of trumpets? You must bawl out loud before his ear can distinguish who it is his slave says has called, or tells him what o'clock it is. Besides, the scanty blood that flows in his chill body is warmed by fever only. Diseases of every kind dance round him in full choir. If you were to ask their names, I could sooner tell you how many lovers Hippia had; how many patients Themison killed in one autumn; how many allies Basilus plundered; how

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many wards Hirrus defrauded; how many lovers long Maura received in the day; how many pupils Hamillus corrupts. I could sooner run through the list of villas owned by him now, beneath whose razor my stiff beard resounded when I was in my prime. One is weak in the shoulder; another in the loins; another in the hip. Another has lost both eyes, and envies the one-eyed. Another's bloodless lips receive their food from others' fingers. He that was wont to relax his features to a smile at the sight of his dinner, now only gapes like the young swallow to whom the parent bird, herself fasting, flies with full beak. But worse than all debility of limb is that idiocy which recollects neither the names of his slaves nor the face of the friend with whom he supped the evening before; not even those whom he begot and brought up! For by a heartless will he disinherits them; and all his property is made over to Phiale:—such power has the breath of her artful mouth, that stood for hire so many years in the brothel's dungeon.

Even though the powers of intellect retain their vigor, yet he must lead forth the funerals of his children; must gaze upon the pyre of a beloved wife, and the urns filled with all that remains of his brother and sister. This is the penalty imposed on the long-lived, that they must grow old with the death-blow in their house forever falling fresh—in oft-recurring sorrow—in unremitting mourning, and a suit of black. The king of Pylos, if you put any faith in great Homer, was an instance of life inferior in duration only to the crow's. Happy, no doubt! was he who for so many years put off his hour of death; and now begins to count his years on his right hand, and has drunk so often of the new-made wine. I pray you, lend me your ear a little space; and hear how sadly he himself complains of the decrees of fate, and too great powers of life, when he watches the blazing beard of Antilochus in his bloom, and asks of every friend that stands near, why it is he lingers on to this day; what crime he has committed to deserve so long a life! Such, too, is Peleus' strain, when he mourns for Achilles prematurely snatched from him: and that other, whose lot it was to grieve for the shipwrecked Ithacensian.

Priam would have joined the shade of Assaracus with Troy still standing, with high solemnities, with Hector and his brothers supporting his bier on their shoulders, amid the weeping Troades, so that Cassandra would lead off the wail, and Polyxena with mantle rent, had he but died at any time but that, after that Paris had begun to build his audacious ships. What then did length of days confer on him? He saw his all o'erthrown: Asia laid low by flame and sword. Then the poor tottering warrior laid down his diadem and donned his arms, and fell before the altar of supreme Jove; like some old ox that yields his attenuated and miserable neck to his owner's knife, long ago scorned by the ungrateful plow.

That was at all events the death of a human being; but his

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wife who survived him barked fiercely from the jaws of a bitch.

I hasten to our own countrymen, and pass by the king of Pontus, and Croesus whom the eloquent voice of the right-judging Solon bade look at the closing scene of a life however long. Banishment, and the jail, and the marshes of Minturnae, and his bread begged in conquered Carthage, took their rise from this. What could all nature, what could Rome, have produced more blessed in the wide world than that citizen, had he breathed forth his soul glutted with spoils, while the captive train followed around his chariot, in all the pomp and circumstances of war, when he was about to alight from his Teutonic car! Campania, in her foresight for Pompey, had given him a fever he should have prayed for. But the many cities and their public prayers prevailed. Therefore his own malignant fortune and that of Rome preserved him only that conquered he should lose his head. Lentulus escaped this torment; Cethegus paid not this penalty, but fell unmutilated; and Catiline lay with corpse entire. The anxious mother, when she visits Venus' temple, prays for beauty for her boys with subdued whisper; with louder voice for her girls, carrying her fond wishes even to the verge of trifling. "But why should you chide me?" she says; "Latona delights in the beauty of Diana." But, Lucretia forbids a face like hers to be the subject of your prayers: Virginia would gladly give her to Rutila, and receive her wen in exchange. But, a son possessed of exquisite person keeps his parents in a constant state of misery and alarm. So rare is the union of beauty with chastity. Though the house, austere in virtue, and emulating the Sabines of old, may have handed down, like an inheritance, purity of morals, and bounteous Nature with benignant hand may give, besides, a chaste mind and a face glowing with modest blood (for what greater boon can Nature bestow on a youth? Nature, more powerful than any guardian, or any watchful care!), still they are not allowed to attain to manhood. For the villainy of the corrupter, prodigal in its guilt, dares to assail with tempting offers the parents themselves. So great is their confidence in the success of bribes! No tyrant in his cruel palace ever castrated a youth that was deformed; nor did even Nero carry off a stripling if club-footed, or disfigured by wens, pot-bellied, and humpbacked! Go then, and exult in the beauty of your darling boy! Yet for whom are there greater perils in store? He will become the adulterer of the city, and dread all the punishments that angry husbands inflict. Nor will he be more lucky than the star of Mars, even though he never fall like Mars into the net. But sometimes that bitter wrath exacts even more than any law permits, to satisfy the husband's rage. One dispatches the adulterer with the sword; another cuts him in two with bloody lashes; some have the punishment of the mullet. But your Endymion, forsooth, will of course become the lover of some lady of his affections! But soon, when Servilia has bribed him, he will serve her whom he loves not, and will despoil

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her of all her ornaments. For what will any woman refuse, to get her passions gratified? whether she be an Oppia, or a Catulla. A depraved woman has all her morality concentred there. "But what harm does beauty do one that is chaste?" Nay, what did his virtuous resolve avail Hippolytus, or what Bellerophon? Surely she fired at the rejection of her suit, as though treated with indignity. Nor did Sthenobaea burn less fiercely than the Cretan; and both lashed themselves into fury. A woman is then most ruthless when shame sets sharper spurs to her hate. Choose what course you think should be recommended him to whom Caesar's wife purposes to marry herself. This most noble and most beautiful of the patrician race is hurried off, poor wretched man, a sacrifice to the lewd eyes of Messalina. She is long since seated with her bridal veil all ready: the nuptial bed with Tyrian hangings is openly prepared in the gardens, and, according to the antique rites, a dowry of a million sesterces will be given; the soothsayer and the witnesses to the settlement will be there! Do you suppose these acts are kept secret; intrusted only to a few? She will not be married otherwise than with all legal forms. Tell me which alternative you choose. If you refuse to comply, you must die before nightfall. If you *do* commit the crime, some brief delay will be afforded you, until the thing, known to the city and the people, shall reach the prince's ears. He will be the last to learn the disgrace of his house! Do you meanwhile obey her behests, if you set so high a value on a few day's existence. Whichever you hold the better and the safer course, that white and beauteous neck must be presented to the sword!

Is there then nothing for which men shall pray? If you will take advice, you will allow the deities themselves to determine what may be expedient for us, and suitable to our condition. For instead of pleasant things, the gods will give us all that is most fitting. Man is dearer to them than to himself. We, led on by the impulse of our minds, by blind and headstrong passions, pray for wedlock, and issue by our wives; but it is known to them what our children will prove; of what character our wife will be! Still, that you may have somewhat to pray for, and vow to their shrines the entrails and consecrated mincemeat of the white porker, your prayer must be that you may have a sound mind in a sound body. Pray for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death; that reckons the closing scene of life among Nature's kindly boons; that can endure labor, whatever it be; that deems the gnawing cares of Hercules, and all his cruel toils, far preferable to the joys of Venus, rich banquets, and the downy couch of Sardanapalus. I show thee what thou canst confer upon thyself. The only path that surely leads to a life of peace lies through virtue. If *we* have wise foresight, *thou*, Fortune, hast no divinity. It is we that make thee a deity, and place thy throne in heaven!

[tr. Lewis Evans]

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Several of the individual authors are not represented in the special bibliography; sufficient material on such authors can be found in various works of reference which are listed in the General Bibliographies. To save duplication of items, a number of titles are listed first which are valuable works of reference for both the Greek and Latin sections of this volume. The rest of the Bibliography follows the order of the contents.

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APPENDIX

A bibliography of works in English literature showing the influence of the Classical authors in this volume

This bibliography is designed to present a few of the most notable examples in English which show the influence of the classical works included in the translations of this volume. The Greek section of the bibliography is based on the longer bibliography in *Greek Literature in Translation*, by C. G. Osgood and F. R. B. Godolphin, to whom acknowledgments and thanks are herewith expressed. The Latin section was prepared independently by Kevin Guinagh, the editor for the Latin selections in the present volume.

Occasionally works are listed although the influence is that of the author rather than that of the specific selection included here. Every effort has been made to give complete references where possible, but in the case of English authors readily accessible in standard editions it has not been considered necessary to provide a complete bibliographical reference.

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TACITUS

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GLOSSARY

NOTES ON THE USE OF THE GLOSSARY

Since this Glossary is meant to replace for the most part the distracting footnotes which usually accompany Classical texts, every effort has been made to make it as complete as possible. None the less, in the interest of brevity, it has been found advisable to omit a certain number of names in cases where persons or places are mentioned about which nothing is known or the reader need know no more than can reasonably be inferred from the context of the passage itself.

A note should be added on the spelling of Greek proper names both in the text and in the Glossary. There are two methods of transliterating Greek names: one keeps the exact English equivalents of the Greek letters (as in the translation of the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf, and Myers), the other Latinizes the name. Thus, the same man's name may appear either as THOUKUDIDES or THUCYDIDES. Modern American and British practice is a combination of both methods; well-known names are given in the Latinized form in which they have become familiar to generations of readers, less familiar names are kept in the Greek spelling (with a few exceptions). In the text of the present volume, the editors have kept the spellings used by the translator of each particular passage; this may seem confusing at first, since the same man may appear with different spellings in different works, but it was felt that the taste and wishes of each translator should be respected, particularly in poetry. In the Glossary, however, the standard current practice has been adopted in most cases. Thus, *ai* becomes *ae*, *oi* becomes *e*, *k* becomes *c*, names ending in *-os* are usually given the Latin ending in *-er* (*e.g.*, TEUKROS becomes TEUCER). It is hoped that these variants will not trouble the reader; in some cases where the exact transliteration is too far from the Latinized version, the name has been entered under both spellings.

ABAE. An old town in Phocis, noted for its temple and oracle of Apollo.

ABYDOS. A Greek city on the Hellespont.

ACADEMY. A district near Athens, where Plato established his school. Hence the followers of Plato in philosophy were called Academics.

ACARNANIA. A region in northwest Greece.

ACESTES. A mythical king of Sicily descended from a Trojan mother. Aeneas was entertained by him when he came to Sicily in his wanderings.

ACHAEA. A district in the northwest of the Peloponnesus. In Homer, the name Achaeans is used for the Greeks in general; the tragic poets often follow the same usage. There is also a district in southern Thessaly called Achaea Phthiotis.

ACHELOÖS. 1. A small stream in Asia Minor. 2. God of the river Acheloös, a large river in northern Greece.

ACHERON. A river in the Underworld. See also HADES.

ACHERUSIAN. Of Acheron.

ACHILLES. Son of Peleus, the king of the Myrmidons, and of the sea-goddess Thetis; the greatest of the Greek warriors at Troy. The story of his anger at Agamemnon and his withdrawal from the war is the central theme of the *Iliad*. After slaying

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ACHILLES *(continued)*
Hector, he was killed by an arrow shot by Paris and directed by Apollo. According to a post-Homeric legend, when Achilles was born his mother dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable. However, she held him by the heel and for this reason that part of his body was not so protected.

ACIS. A stream in Sicily, near Mt. Aetna.

ACTIUM. A promontory on the west coast of Greece where Augustus defeated the forces of Antony and Cleopatra in 31 B.C.

ADONIS. A fair youth whom Aphrodite loved. He was gored to death by a boar but was allowed to return to the earth for half of each year. He is thus a symbol of the vegetation cycle. Festivals were celebrated in his honor in which women mourned his death.

AEA. 1. The island of Circe, called "the isle Aeaean" in the *Odyssey*. 2. The Colchian land ruled by Aeëtes, where the Argonauts sailed for the Golden Fleece.

AEACIDES. 1. A patronymic referring to Achilles, grandson of Aeacus. 2. The AEACIDAE, or descendants of Aeacus, included Peleus, Telamon, and Ajax, and were worshipped as heroes on the island of Aegina.

AEACUS. Father of Peleus and Telamon; he became one of the judges in the Underworld.

AEËTES. Son of Helios and king of the Colchians, from whom Jason took the Golden Fleece. He was the father of Medea.

AEGAE. A city in Achaea in the Peloponnesus.

AEGEUS. An early king of Athens, real or putative father of Theseus. In the *Medea* of Euripides, he appears and offers a refuge to Medea, who has just been banished from Corinth.

AEGILEIA. An island in the straits between Euboea and Attica.

AEGILUS. The eponymous hero of Aegilia in Attica, where the best figs were grown.

AEGINA. An island off the west coast of Attica.

AEGIS. The shield of Zeus, from which lightning and thunder were thought to come; it was also carried by Athene. It was pictured as blazing brightly and fringed with golden tassels; in its center was a Gorgon's head.

AEGISTHUS. Son of Thyestes, and cousin of Agamemnon. See also AGAMEMNON.

AENEADAE. Descendants of Aeneas; the Romans.

AENEAS. A Trojan hero, son of Anchises and Venus. By Creusa, his first wife, who did not survive the destruction of Troy, he had a son called Ascanius or Iulus. After the fall of Troy, Aeneas led a band of exiles over land and sea to Latium where he founded the city of Lavinium, named after Lavinia, the daughter of King Latinus, whom he married. He is regarded as the founder of the Latin race.

AEOLUS. 1. Ruler of Thessaly, eponymous ancestor of the Aeolians. 2. God of the winds.

AESON. Father of Jason.

AETNA. A volcano in the northeastern part of Sicily.

AETOLIA. A wild and mountainous region in northwest Greece.

AFRICANUS. See SCIPIO.

AGAMEMNON. King of Mycenae and leader of the Greek forces in the Trojan war. He was the son of Atreus of the House of Pelops and the brother of Menelaus whose wife, Helen, had fled with Paris to Troy under the protection of Aphrodite, whom Paris had judged the fairest of the goddesses. Before setting out for Troy, Agamemnon offended the goddess Artemis, who in her displeasure held the Greek fleet weather-bound at Aulis. He was thereupon advised by the seer Calchas to offer up his daughter Iphigenia as a sacrifice to the angry goddess in order that the Greeks might be permitted to proceed to Troy. Artemis, however, took pity on the maiden and substituted a deer for her at the altar. Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife, could not forgive her husband and accordingly killed him as well as his companion, Cassandra, when he returned from Troy. Vengeance was wrought when Orestes with the help of Electra slew both Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, her lover. By one vote, that of Pallas Athene, he was acquitted of his crime when tried before the Areopagus.

AGATHOERGI. The bodyguard of the Spartan kings.

AGATHON. A tragic poet of the fifth century B.C.

AGENOR. Son of Poseidon, king of Phoenicia, father of Cadmus.

AGON. One of the parts of an Old Attic Comedy; it consists of a formal debate between two of the characters, who represent opposing principles in the play.

AGORA. The Greek word for the market-place, the center of civic life.

AGRIPPA, MARCUS VIPSANIUS. (63 B.C.–12 B.C.) 1. A noted military commander under Augustus and one of his chief counselors. He built the Pan-

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theon. 2. Postumus Agrippa, son of the former. He was put to death early in the reign of Tiberius.

AGRIPPINA. 1. Daughter of Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa and Julia, the daughter of Augustus. She married Germanicus, by whom she had nine children. One of these, Gaius Caesar, became the Emperor Caligula (A.D. 37–41). 2. Daughter of 1. A woman of great cruelty and ambition. The Emperor Nero was born of her first marriage, to Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus. After the Emperor Claudius executed his wife Messalina, Agrippina was married to the Emperor, her uncle. She induced him to adopt Nero as his successor in place of Britannicus, his own son by Messalina. In A.D. 54 Agrippina poisoned Claudius and secured the succession for Nero, who brought about her death in A.D. 59.

AI-. Most proper names beginning with this spelling will be found under AE-.

AIANTES. The two Greek heroes named Ajax.

AIAS. See AJAX.

AIGAION. See BRIAREUS.

AINEIAS. See AENEAS.

AJAX. 1. Son of Telamon, one of the greatest Greek warriors at the siege of Troy. After the death of Achilles, Thetis offered the wonderful golden armor of her son to the best surviving hero: both Ajax and Odysseus claimed the prize, but the arms were awarded to Odysseus, and Ajax, in rage at this injustice and the slight to his honor, committed suicide. 2. Son of Oileus, a lesser Greek hero, small but swift. For dragging Cassandra from the temple of Athene, the goddess destroyed his ships.

ALBA LONGA. The most ancient city of Latium, built by Ascanius.

ALCIBIADES. A brilliant but unstable Athenian statesman, *ca.* 450–404 B.C. He was a general during the years of the uneasy truce between Athens and Sparta, 420–415. While in command of the Sicilian Expedition in 415 he was accused of profaning the Eleusinian Mysteries and went into exile to escape trial. He aided the Spartans by advising them to fortify Decelea in Attica in 413. He later returned from exile and led the Athenians in several notable victories in 410-409, but fell into disfavor and went again into exile.

ALCIDES. Hercules.

ALCINOUS. King of the Phaeacians, at whose court Odysseus told the story of his wanderings.

ALCMAEONIDAE. A noble family at Athens, descended from a mythical ancestor, Alcmaeon. The family was exiled during the tyranny of the Pisistratidae and was instrumental in driving out Hippias and establishing the democracy; but it lost the political control of Athens during the years 500–490 B.C. A curse rested on the family because of their slaughter of the partisans of Cylon, an Athenian noble who tried to make himself tyrant about 620 B.C.

ALCMENA. Wife of Amphitryon and mother by Zeus of Heracles.

ALCMEON. See ERIPHYLE.

ALEXANDER (or ALEXANDROS). See PARIS.

ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL. After the decline of Athenian power, Alexandria became the center of Greek culture. The work of the poets of this school, such as Callimachus and Theocritus, is characterized by a spirit of artificiality and pedantry. Their influence is seen in the work of Catullus and Propertius, and to a lesser degree in Ovid and Vergil.

ALLIA. A small river, flowing into the Tiber, near which the Gauls defeated the Romans in 387 B.C.

ALPHEUS. A river in the Peloponnesus, flowing through Arcadia and Elis, near Olympia.

AMASIS. A king of Egypt whose reign began 569 B.C.

AMAZONS. A legendary race of warrior women who lived without contact with men in the Caucasian regions. They made several invasions of Asia Minor and Greece, and attacked Athens in the reign of Theseus. In the Trojan War they played a late and ineffective part. They are represented as skillful archers and horseback riders.

AMBRACIA. A district in northwest Greece.

AMMON. A Libyan divinity identified by the Greeks with Zeus. There was a famous temple and oracle of the god in an oasis in the Libyan desert.

AMPHIARAUS. A famous seer and warrior who took part in the expedition of the Seven against Thebes. After his death near Thebes he was worshipped as a hero, and oracles were given at his tomb.

AMPHICTYONIC. Pertaining to an Amphictyony, an association of neighboring tribes formed for the regulation of intertribal affairs and the protection of a common sanctuary. The most famous of such groups was the Amphictyonic League of Northern Greece, which regulated the worship of Apollo at Delphi. It also met at a temple of Demeter near Thermopylae. The mythical founder of the league was Amphictyon, a son of Deucalion.

AMPHINOMUS. One of the wooers in the

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AMPHINOMUS (*continued*)
Odyssey, the most upright and likeable of the group. In Book XVIII Odysseus warned him to leave.

AMPHION. Son of Zeus by Antiope, and husband of Niobe. He and his brother Zethus built the wall around Thebes.

AMPHIPOLIS. An important city in Thrace, on the Strymon river. Originally part of the Athenian Empire, it was captured by the Spartans in 424 B.C., and remained independent, despite Athenian efforts to recover it, until 357; in this year it was attacked and captured by Philip of Macedon.

AMPHISSA. A town near Delphi; in 340 B.C. the orator Aeschines aroused the Amphictyonic Council at Delphi against the Locrians of Amphissa and succeeded in having a sacred war declared upon them. It was on the pretence of leading this sacred war that Philip of Macedon entered Greece in 339 and defeated Athens and her allies at Chaeronea the following year.

AMPHITRITE. A daughter of Nereus, wife of Poseidon. Goddess of the sea, and mother of Triton.

AMPHITRYON. Husband of Alcmena and putative father of Heracles.

AMPHRYSIAN. An epithet of Apollo, who fed the flocks of Admetus near the Amphrysus, a river in Thessaly. The Sibyl of Cumae was given the same name because she was a priestess of Apollo.

AMYNIAS. An effeminate, cowardly Athenian. He may be the same man who appears as a character in the *Clouds*.

ANAPUS. A river in Sicily near Syracuse.

ANAXAGORAS. A noted Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C. His signal contribution to thought was the introduction of the principle *Nous* (mind) as in control of all things.

ANCHISES. A Trojan, father of Aeneas and mortal husband of Aphrodite.

ANCUS MARCIUS. Fourth of the seven kings of Rome.

ANDROMACHE. Wife of Hector and mother of Astyanax. She came from Thebe in Asia Minor.

ANTAEUS. A giant, son of Poseidon and Gê (Earth). His strength lay in his contact with Earth. Hercules discovered this secret and destroyed him.

ANTEIA. Wife of Proetus, who tried to seduce Bellerophon.

ANTENOR. A Trojan noble in the *Iliad*.

ANTIGONE. One of the daughters of Oedipus and Jocasta. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles she defied the edict of her uncle Creon, who forbade honorable burial for her dead brother Polyneices; she performed the burial rites and thus brought about her own death.

ANTILOCHUS. A Greek hero in the *Iliad*, the son of Nestor.

ANTINOUS. One of the most important wooers in the *Odyssey*.

ANTONIUS, MARCUS (or MARC ANTONY). (83–30 B.C.) A member of the Second Triumvirate. He was a soldier all his life, fighting with Caesar in Gaul and at Pharsalia, with Octavian against Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and with Cleopatra against Octavian at Actium.

APHRODITE. The Greek goddess of love; famous centers of her worship were located in Cyprus, Cythera, Paphos, Idalium, and Eryx and she is often named from these places. She is variously represented as the daughter of Zeus and Dione, or as springing from the sea-foam when the severed members of Cronus were cast into the sea. In Homer she appears as the wife of Hephaestus, whom she deceived with Ares. She supported the Trojan side in the war because of Paris' award to her of the prize of beauty.

APOLLO. Son of Zeus and Leto; often called Phoebus. His chief functions are as the god of plagues and (conversely) as the god of healing; god of prophecy, especially at Delphi; god of song and music; he typifies the brighter, more rational side of Greek religion. Notable legends associated with him are: his building the Trojan walls with Poseidon; his support of Troy in the Trojan War; his unusual gift of prophecy to Cassandra.

ARCADIA. A mountainous district in the center of the Peloponnesus.

ARCTURUS. A star, whose morning rising in September indicated the vintage season, and the time when the cattle came down from their upland pastures.

ARES. Son of Zeus and Hera; the god of war. He represents the tumult, confusion, and horrors of war, and as such was hated by the other gods. According to one myth, he was the lover of Aphrodite.

ARETE. Wife of Alcinous and mother of Nausicaa.

ARETHUSA. A fountain in Sicily.

ARGEIPHONTES. Hermes.

ARGINUSAE. Scene of a famous naval battle between Athens and Sparta, in 406 B.C. The Athenians won the battle, but the generals failed to rescue the crews of the ships which had been sunk; the Assembly therefore condemned all the generals to death.

ARGIVES. In Homer this is one of several names for the Greeks.

ARGO. The ship of the Argonauts.

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ARGOS. A city in the northeast corner of the Peloponnesus; also the region in which the city was located, the Argolid. See also ARGUS.

ARGUS. A son of Earth, endowed with a hundred eyes, whom Hera set to watch over Io. He was finally slain by Hermes.

ARIADNE. Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae. She fell in love with Theseus, helped him to slay the Minotaur, eloped with him, but was deserted by him on the island of Dia or Naxos, where Dionysus found her and married her.

ARIMASPI. A people who supposedly dwelt in the north of Scythia.

ARISTIDES. A great Athenian statesman of the period of the Persian Wars. He was a bitter opponent of Themistocles and was ostracized in 483 B.C. for his opposition to the latter's naval policy. He returned to Athens in 480, when all exiles were recalled, and was later instrumental in establishing the Delian Confederacy.

ARISTO. Philosopher (*fl.* 260 B.C.); pupil of Zeno who disagreed with his master's teaching and set forth doctrines inclined toward Scepticism.

ARISTOGEITON. One of the Tyrant-slayers; see HARMODIUS.

ARISTOPHON. An Athenian general and statesman in the fourth century B.C.

ARNE. A town in Thessaly.

ARSINOË. Wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

ARTEMIS. Daughter of Zeus and Leto, twin sister of Apollo, born at Delos. A goddess of many functions and aspects: she is the virgin goddess of the hunt; she is often identified with the Moon, and hence with Hecate in the Underworld; her arrows were thought to kill women who die of disease; she was identified with Eileithyia, the goddess who presided over childbirth; at Tauris human sacrifices were offered to a goddess whom the Greeks identified with Artemis; and at Ephesus a many-breasted fertility goddess of Asia was called Artemis.

ARTEMISIUM. A cape on the northern end of Euboea, scene of a great naval battle against the Persians in 480 B.C.; although the battle was inconclusive and the Greeks were forced to withdraw, it was later represented as a great Greek victory.

ASCANIUS. See AENEAS.

ASCLEPIUS. A son of Apollo who learned to heal the sick and revive the dead. He was slain by Zeus but was later deified and became the god of medicine.

ASOPUS. A river in Boeotia.

ASSARACUS. Trojan king, son of Tros and great-grandfather of Aeneas.

ASTYANAX. Son of Hector and Andromache. The name means 'Lord of the City."

ASTYDAMAS. A tragic poet of the fourth century B.C.

ATALANTA. A heroine, distinguished for her beauty and swiftness of foot. She lived a solitary life in forests as a huntress, spurning her numerous suitors, whom she made race against her for her hand in marriage. She defeated them all until Hippomenes overcame her by rolling three golden apples in front of her during his race with her.

ATHAMAS. A mythical king of Orchomenos. In the *Athamas* of Sophocles he was led on stage to be sacrificed, wearing a chaplet like a sacrificial victim.

ATHENA (or ATHENE). Frequently called Pallas; a virgin goddess, daughter of Zeus (from whose head she sprang full-armed); the special protectress of Athens. She is the goddess of wisdom and the useful arts, as well as of war in its more civilized aspect. As such she became the patron deity of the state and other instruments of civilization. She often appears with the Aegis (*q.v.*).

ATLAS. A Titan who was condemned to hold the heavens on his shoulders. The name is also given to the mountain range of northwest Africa.

ATREIDES. A patronymic referring to Agamemnon or Menelaus, the sons of Atreus. The plural Atreidae refers to both.

ATREUS. King of Mycene, son of Pelops, father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

ATTICUS. See POMPONIUS.

AUTOLYCUS. Father of Anticleia, who was the mother of Odysseus.

AUTOMEDON. The charioteer of Achilles.

AVERNUS. A lake near Cumae on the site of an extinct volcano. Nearby was the Sibyl's cave through which Aeneas descended to the lower world.

BACCHANALS. Followers of Bacchus; revelers or carousers.

BACCHUS. God of wine. Orgiastic rites called the Bacchanalia were forbidden by the Roman Senate in 186 B.C. See DIONYSUS.

BACIS. A mythical soothsayer, to whom many prophecies current in the fifth century B.C. were ascribed.

BAIAE. A town in Campania on a small bay west of Naples, celebrated for its baths.

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BATALUS. A nickname of Demosthenes, the origin of which is unknown.

BELLEROPHON. Falsely accused by Anteia (or Sthenoboea) the wife of Proetus, of attacking her. Proetus sent him to his father-in-law, Iobates, to be put to death. The hero was sent to kill the Chimaera; this he did from a winged horse, Pegasus. Numerous other exploits followed.

BERECYNTHIA. A surname of Cybele (*q.v.*).

BERENICE. Wife of Ptolemy Soter, and mother of Arsinoë and Ptolemy Philadelphus.

BIAS. One of the Seven Wise Men of Greece; lived in Priene in Ionia in the sixth century B.C.

BIBULUS, MARCUS CALPURNIUS. Consul with Julius Caesar in 59 B.C.

BOEOTIA. A fertile region in Central Greece, allied with Sparta in the Peloponnesian War.

BOÖTES. A constellation.

BOREAS. The north wind.

BORYSTHENES. A river, the modern Dnieper.

BOSPORUS. The channel between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. There was also a strait at the Sea of Azov called the Bosporus.

BRANCHIDAE. A place near Miletus, celebrated for its temple and oracle of Apollo.

BRASIDAS. A Spartan commander who overthrew the Athenian power in Thrace during the Peloponnesian War. He died during a successful attack on the Athenians who were besieging Amphipolis.

BRIAREUS. A giant with a hundred arms, also called Aigaion.

BRISEIS. The concubine of Achilles at the Trojan War.

BRITANNICUS. Son of the Emperor Claudius and Messalina. See AGRIPPINA.

BRUTUS. An important family in Roman history. 1. Lucius Junius Brutus stirred up the Romans to expel the Tarquins, the ruling family of kings, from Rome. He held the first consulship and died fighting in the same year. 2. Marcus Junius Brutus fought on the side of Pompey at Pharsalia. Despite pardon and numerous favors from Caesar, he was one of the moving spirits in the assassination.

BUPHONIA. The ritual slaughter of a bull, which formed part of an ancient festival of Zeus Polieus ("the guardian of the city").

BUTO. A city in lower Egypt.

BYBLINE. Mythical mountains in Africa.

BYRSA. Citadel of Carthage.

BYZANTIUM. Later Constantinople, modern Istanbul. A colony of Megara, and one of the most important commercial cities of the Greek world. They were supposed to use iron money, like the early Spartans; but this tradition is dubious.

CABEIRI. An ancient mystery religion celebrated in various parts of the eastern Mediterranean, especially at Samothrace.

CADMUS. 1. The legendary founder of Thebes; father of Semele, Ino, Autonoë, and Agave. The name Cadmeans means the pre-Doric inhabitants of Boeotia. 2. In Horace, *Sat.* I, 6, an executioner.

CAENIS. A maiden changed by Neptune into a man. In the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, Caeneus (the masculine of Caenis) is represented as again restored to womanly form.

CALCHAS. The seer of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

CALENDS. The first day of the Roman month.

CALLIAS. A wealthy Athenian of the fifth century B.C., noted for his generosity to the Sophists.

CALLIMACHUS. Grammarian and poet; librarian at Alexandria toward the middle of the third century B.C. See ALEXANDRIAN SCHOOL.

CALYDON. A town in Aetolia, famed as the site of the famous boar-hunt. (See *Iliad* IX, 430-605.)

CALYPSO. The nymph who kept Odysseus for eight years (see the *Odyssey*).

CAMARINA. A town on the southern coast of Sicily.

CAMENAE. Water-nymphs to whom a grove and spring outside the Capena gate were sacred.

CAMPUS MARTIUS. The field of Mars, a plain in ancient Rome on the east bank of the Tiber where elections and games were held.

CAPENA. A town in southern Tuscany. The Capena Gate was in the eastern section of Rome.

CAPPADOCIA. A district in the center of Asia Minor.

CAPREAE. The modern island of Capri.

CARCINUS. An Athenian tragic poet of the fifth century B.C. He had three sons, all of whom also wrote tragedies.

CARIANS. The inhabitants of Caria in Asia Minor; they were believed to have held many of the Aegean islands in the prehistoric period.

CARNEIA. The great Dorian festival in honor of Apollo.

CARYSTUS. A town in Euboea.

CASSANDRA. Daughter of Priam, receiving the gift of prophecy from Apollo whose attentions she spurned. In revenge the god saw to it that her proph-

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ecies, though true, would never be believed. After the fall of Troy Agamemnon took her with him to Mycenae, where both were killed by Clytemnestra.

CASTOR. See DIOSCURI.

CATANA. A town in Sicily on the east coast, north of Syracuse.

CATO, MARCUS PORCIUS. (234–149 B.C.). Known as the Censor; an uncompromising foe of Carthage. His grandson of the same name, called the Younger, opposed Caesar and died by his own hand at Utica (46 B.C.).

CAUCASUS. A range of mountains between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

CECIDES. A very early dithyrambic poet.

CECROPS. The legendary first king of Attica. The citadel of Athens was called Cecropia after him.

CENCHREAE. A town in the Argolid.

CEOS. 1. A small island in the Aegean; birthplace of Simonides, Bacchylides, and the sophist Prodicus. 2. An unidentified place near Salamis.

CEPHALUS. A son of Hermes who was loved by Eos and became by her the father of Tithonus.

CERBERUS. The dog guarding the entrance to Hades. It is variously represented as having three, fifty, or a hundred heads.

CERCOPIANS. Two dwarfs who annoyed and robbed Heracles.

CERES. Italian goddess of generative powers of nature; mother of Proserpine. See DEMETER.

CETEIANS. A people of Mysia in Asia Minor.

CHAEREMON. An Athenian tragic poet of the fourth century B.C.

CHAEREPHON. A friend and disciple of Socrates; he had a very intense and excitable nature and was nicknamed "the bat" by the comic poets.

CHALCIS. A city in Euboea.

CHALDAEI. Astrologers from Chaldaea, a province of Babylonia, who claimed to be able to foretell the future from the stars.

CHALYBES. A people who dwelt on the south shore of the Black Sea.

CHARON. The mythical ferryman of the Styx, who carried the souls of the dead over to the Underworld.

CHARONDAS. A Sicilian legislator in the seventh century B.C.

CHARYBDIS. A whirlpool on the Sicilian side of the straits between Italy and Sicily. See SCYLLA.

CHERSONESE. The modern Gallipoli, important to Athens since it guarded the grain-route from the Black Sea.

CHILON. A Spartan ephor *ca.* 556 B.C., one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

CHIMAIRA. A fire-breathing monster, part lion, part goat, part dragon.

CHIONIDES. One of the earliest Athenian comic poets.

CHIOS. A large island in the Aegean, one of the most powerful and prosperous of Athens' allies. It was one of the many places which claimed to be Homer's birthplace, and hence Homer is often called the Poet of Chios.

CHIRON. The most famous of all the Centaurs. He was a master of art, medicine, gymnastics, hunting, and music. These he taught to such Grecian heroes as Achilles and Diomedes.

CHOENIX. A Greek measure of capacity, equal to about one quart dry measure. Four choenices equal one "semisextarius."

CHRYSE. A city in Asia Minor.

CHRYSEIS. The daughter of Chryses, Agamemnon's concubine at Troy, whom he was forced to return to her father.

CHRYSIPPUS. 1. A son of Pelops by a nymph; he was murdered by Atreus and Thyestes at the instigation of their mother. 2. A famous Stoic teacher (280–207 B.C.), who did much to develop the tenets of the school founded by Zeno.

CICONES. A Thracian people; in historic times they lived on the Hebrus. The location of Ismarus, their town in Homer, is unknown.

CILICIA. A district in the southeast of Asia Minor.

CILLA. An ancient city in Asia Minor.

CIMMERII. A people who lived near the Caspian Sea. In Homer, the Cimmerians seem to live at the western limits of the world. In the seventh century B.C. they invaded Asia Minor with great violence and sacked a number of cities.

CIMON. 1. A great Athenian statesman and general in the period after the Persian Wars; his policies were friendship with Sparta and rigorous prosecution of the war with Persia. He was ostracized shortly after 461 B.C. and Athens, led by Pericles, began her imperialistic, anti-Spartan policies. 2. Father of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, and grandfather of the above Cimon.

CIRCE. The enchantress, daughter of the Sun, who turned men into beasts.

CISSIA. A region near Persia.

CISTHENE. A mythical place on the far eastern boundary of the world.

CITHAERON. A range of mountains separating Boeotia from Megaris and Attica.

CLAZOMENE. A Greek city in Asia Minor.

CLEISTHENES. 1. The famous lawgiver

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CLEISTHENES *(continued)* and reformer at Athens after the expulsion of the tyrants in 511 B.C. 2. A noted effeminate in Athens during the Peloponnesian War.

CLEOMENES. King of Sparta, *ca.* 519–489 B.C.; he invaded Attica in 511 B.C. and drove out the tyrants. He returned the following year to interfere in the affairs of Athens, but was blockaded in the Acropolis and forced to capitulate.

CLEON. An Athenian politician during the years 428–1 B.C. His policy was vigorous prosecution of the war with Sparta and he violently opposed any attempt to make peace. When the Athenian allies in Thrace revolted in 423–2, he led an army against them and brought many of them back into the Empire. He was killed while leading a scouting party at Amphipolis, in 422 B.C.

CLEONAE. A town in the Argolid.

CLEONYMUS. A minor politician at Athens during the Peloponnesian War. He was a fat and gluttonous coward who once lost his shield in battle and thus became a constant butt of comic satire.

CLEOPHON. An Athenian tragic poet.

CLODIUS PULCHER, PUBLIUS. Cicero's personal enemy, responsible for his exile. Their hostility grew out of Cicero's volunteering court testimony when Clodius was accused of violating the sacred mysteries of the Good Goddess, a festival for women only. Although a patrician, Clodius caused himself to be adopted into a plebeian family so that he might run for the tribuneship and be in a position to exile Cicero. Clodius' profligacy was matched by that of his sister Clodia, the wife of Quintus Metellus Celer. She is generally regarded as the Lesbia of Catullus' poems.

CLYMENE. A mythical queen of Phylace in Thessaly.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Daughter of Tyndareus and Leda, and wife of Agamemnon (*q.v.*).

COCYTUS. A river in the lower world.

CODRUS. In Juvenal, *Sat.* III, a poor man who lived in a small fire trap high up under the eaves. His wife, Procula, seems to have been very small.

COESYRA. A female name frequently borne by the daughters of the Alcmaeonid family.

COEUS. A Titan who mutinied against Zeus.

COLCHIS. A country at the extreme east of the Black Sea; the home of Medea. The country of the Amazons was nearby.

COLYTTUS. A deme in Attica.

CORCYRA. An island off the west coast of Greece, modern Corfu; originally a colony of Corinth.

CORDAX. A comic dance, apparently very violent and often indecent.

CORINTH. A city in the northern part of the Peloponnesus; its situation at the Isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus to the rest of Greece gave it unrivalled commercial advantages, and the city was always noted for its great wealth and commercial power.

CORUS. The northwest wind.

CORYBANTES. Priests of Cybele, who worshipped her with orgiastic dances, clad in full armor.

COSSUS. An early consul who killed the Etruscan king of Veii in single combat.

COTHOCIDAE. A deme in Attica.

CRASSUS. 1. Lucius Licinius Crassus, a celebrated orator, one of the participants in Cicero's *On the Orator*. 2. Marcus Licinius Crassus. Triumvir in 60 B.C.; a man of great wealth. He was slain by the Parthians in 55 B.C.

CRATES. An Athenian comic poet of the early fifth century B.C.; he is supposed to have been the first Athenian to write comedies with a general plot.

CRATIPPUS. A Peripatetic philosopher at Athens in the latter half of the first century B.C.

CREON. Brother of Jocasta, father of Haemon; he appears in Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*, *Antigone*, and *Oedipus at Colonus*.

CRESPHONTES. One of the Heraclidae and conquerors of the Peloponnesus, husband of Merope; hero of a lost play of Euripides.

CREUSA. Wife of Aeneas (*q.v.*).

CRONIDES. A patronymic referring to Zeus, son of Cronus.

CRONION. Zeus, son of Cronus.

CRONUS. Son of Uranus (Heaven) and Earth; father of Hera, Poseidon, and Zeus. He was deprived of his throne by Zeus. The famous legend tells how he ate all his children, and Rhea concealed Zeus from him in a cave, while the Curetes clashed their arms to drown out the infant's cries.

CUMAE. A town in Campania, west of Naples. Here dwelt the Sibyl who led Aeneas through the Underworld.

CUPID. The god of love, son of Venus.

CYBELE. A goddess of Asia, typifying the powers of nature, known by various names such as Dindymene, because of the nearby mountain of Dindymus, sacred to her; The Great Mother; Mother of the Gods; Idaean Mother, because of the nearby Mount Ida, sacred to her. The principal seat of her worship was at Pessinus. Her eunuch priests were

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called Galli. Cybele is identified with the Greek goddess Rhea, who was attended by the Curetes. Toward the end of the second Punic War the black stone of the Great Mother was brought to Rome. When the boat bearing it ran aground in the Tiber, the soothsayers held that only a chaste woman could move it. This was done by Claudia Quinta. The Roman festival of the Megalesia was held in honor of Cybele.

CYCLADES. A group of islands in the Aegean.

CYCLOPES. One-eyed giants, assistants of Hephaestus; they were also supposed to live as shepherds in Sicily. As the Greek name indicates, they had one large, round eye.

CYDONIAN. Cretan.

CYLLENE. 1. A mountain in the Peloponnesus, sacred to Hermes. 2. A town in Elis on the coast of the Peloponnesus.

CYMOTHOË. A marine deity, one of Nereus' fifty daughters.

CYNOSARGES. A district near Athens.

CYNOSURA. A promontory on the island of Salamis.

CYNTHUS. A mountain in Delos, the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis.

CYPRIS. Aphrodite.

CYPRUS. A large island in the Mediterranean, south of Cilicia; noted for its temple to Aphrodite; hence the Cyprian is Aphrodite.

CYRSILUS. An Athenian who urged his fellow citizens to remain and submit to the invader Xerxes, after they had determined to follow Themistocles and abandon the city. He was subsequently stoned to death.

CYRUS. Founder of the Persian Empire, conqueror of the Medes, Lydians, and Babylon; ruled *ca.* 558–529 B.C.

CYTHERA. An island off the southern coast of the Peliponnesus; noted as a center of the worship of Aphrodite. Hence Cytherea is Aphrodite.

DAEDALUS. Mythical Greek genius, gifted in architecture and the crafts. He was banished from Athens for the murder of his nephew, a crime that was prompted by his jealousy of the young man's inventive talent. At Crete, he displeased Minos, but escaped by making wings for himself and his son, Icarus.

DANAË. Daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, who confined her in a brazen tower, since an oracle had told him that she would bear a child who would kill him. Zeus visited her in a shower of gold, and she gave birth to Perseus. Acrisius shut mother and child in a chest, cast it into the sea, but both were rescued.

DANAI (or DANAANS). Descendants of Danaus. Used frequently for the Greeks in general.

DANAIDS. The fifty daughters of Danaus, who was the son of Belus and a brother of Aegyptus. The daughters were betrothed to the sons of Aegyptus, but fled the marriage and came to Argos, where they were given refuge. Eventually they married the sons of Aegyptus, but on Danaus' orders killed their husbands on the wedding night, all save Hypermestra, who allowed her husband, Lynceus, to escape. According to one version of the story, Lynceus later came back to Argos and killed Danaus.

DANAUS. See DANAIDS.

DAPHNIS. See Introduction to Theocritus I.

DARDANUS. Son of Zeus and Electra, mythical ancestor of the Trojans. Hence Dardanian means Trojan.

DAULIS (or DAULIA). An ancient town in Phocis.

DECELEA. A district in Attica, in which the Spartans built a fort as a base for raids on the Attic countryside (412 B.C.). For this reason the latter part of the Peloponnesian War is often called the Decelean War.

DEIPHOBUS. Son of Priam and a brother of Hector. After the death of Paris, Helen was married to him (see *Aeneid* VI).

DELIUM. A town in Boeotia, where the Athenians suffered a major defeat by the Boeotians in 424 B.C.

DELOS. A small island in the Aegean, the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis. There was a magnificent shrine of Apollo there.

DELPHI. A town in Phocis, site of the famous oracle of Apollo and of the Pythian games.

DEMARATUS. An exiled Spartan king, who took refuge at the Persian court, and accompanied Xerxes on his invasion of Greece.

DEME. The smallest political division of Attica, corresponding to modern wards or townships. By the reforms of Cleisthenes (509 B.C.), every Athenian citizen was registered in one of these demes, and all his descendants became members of the same deme. The demes sent representatives to the Council of Five Hundred in Athens.

DEMETER. Daughter of Cronus and Rhea, goddess of Agriculture, especially of grain. Together with her daughter, Persephone, she was worshipped as the founder of law, order, and civilization. See also PROSERPINE.

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DEMOCRITUS. Of Abdera. A Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C. whose notable contribution to Greek thought was the development of the atomic theory. He is sometimes referred to as "the laughing philosopher."

DEMOSTHENES. 1. An Athenian general in the Peloponnesian War. 2. The orator; see Introduction to Oratory.

DEUCALION. A mythical hero, father of Hellen, the ancestor of the Hellenes, or Greeks.

DIA. A small island in the Aegean Sea, where, according to one account, Theseus abandoned Ariadne.

DIANA. An Italian goddess, identified with Artemis, the daughter of Zeus and Leto, and sister of Apollo.

DICTE. Mountain on the island of Crete where Zeus was reared.

DICTYNNA. Another name for Artemis.

DIOGENES. 1. Of Apollonia, an eclectic philosopher of the fifth century B.C. 2. The Cynic (*ca.* 412–323 B.C.), who was regarded by later ages of Cynics and Stoics as one of the great heroes among men.

DIOMEDES. Son of Tydeus; hence called Tydides. Leader of the soldiers from Argos at the siege of Troy. He once fought and wounded Aphrodite. Returning from the war he found his wife had been unfaithful. Thereupon he went to Aetolia. Later he was driven by a storm to the coast of Italy. In *Aeneid* XI, the Latins send an embassy to Diomedes in the hope of enlisting him in their war against the Trojans, but he declines the invitation.

DIONE. A female Titan, mother of Aphrodite.

DIONYSIA. Athenian festivals in honor of Dionysus, at which dramatic works were presented.

DIONYSIUS. 1. A native of Colophon, a painter of the fifth century B.C. 2. Tyrant of Syracuse, 405-367 B.C. 3. Son of the above, tyrant of Syracuse, 367-343 B.C.

DIONYSUS. Son of Zeus and Semele, god of wine and of the reproductive power of nature, patron of the drama at Athens.

DIOPITHES. An Athenian general. *ca.* 350-340 B.C.

DIOSCURI. Castor and Pollux, sons of Leda and Tyndareus, or, according to another tradition, of Leda and Zeus. They were hence brothers of Helen. Castor was famed for his skill in dealing with horses, and Pollux for his skill in boxing. Both were regarded as protectors of sailors. According to one legend, after their death they shared immortal life, one living one day, the other the next. As the constellation Gemini (the Twins) they guide travelers.

DIRCE. Wife of Lycus, an ancient king of Thebes. A famous fountain there took its name from her.

DITHYRAMB. A narrative choral poem, sung in honor of Dionysus.

DODONA. A town in Epirus, site of a famous oracle of Zeus.

DOLON. A Trojan spy who was killed by Odysseus and Diomedes during a night raid on the Trojan camp. (*Iliad* X).

DOLOPIANS (or DOLOPES). Inhabitants of Dolopia, a district in Northern Greece.

DORIANS. One of the three great groups of Greek peoples. They invaded Greece *ca.* 1100 B.C. and conquered Boeotia and most of the Peloponnesus. They were usually led by the Spartans.

DORISCUS. A town in Thrace which Philip of Macedonia seized in 346 B.C. during the period when he was negotiating a peace treaty with the Athenians.

DRACHMA. A unit of money, equal in purchasing power to about one day's wages; in silver value, worth about 25 cents. 100 drachmas make one mina, 6000 dr. equal one talent.

DRUENTIA. A tributary of the Rhone.

DRUSUS. In Juvenal III, 238, the reference may be to the Emperor Claudius, who was known to go asleep even on the judgment seat.

DRYAS. Father of the Thracian king Lycurgus.

DRYOPIS. An early name for Doris, a district in Central Greece.

DULICHIUM. An unidentified island near Ithaca.

DYRRACHIUM. A port town on the western coast of Macedonia, called by the Greeks Epidamnus. It is the modern Durazzo.

EARTH-SHAKER. A name of Poseidon.

ECHETUS. A legendary king of Epirus, frequently mentioned in the *Odyssey* as a man to whom slaves and criminals were sent for cruel punishments.

EETION. King of Thebe and father of Andromache.

EGERIA. A nymph with whom Numa, the second king of Rome, held converse concerning the religious rites he introduced.

ELATEA. A town in Phocis on the road from Thermopylae to Delphi. Philip's seizure and fortification of this place in 339 B.C. was a threat to Thebes and Athens.

ELECTRA. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra; after the murder of

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Agamemnon she remained in the home with Aegisthus and her mother, hoping for the return of Orestes and for vengeance on her mother. When Orestes did return, she joined with him in accomplishing the murders of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra.

ELEUSIS. A town near Athens where the Eleusinian Mysteries in honor of Demeter and Persephone were celebrated.

ELEVEN, THE. Athenian magistrates who were in charge of arresting and executing criminals.

ELIS. A district of Greece on the west coast of the Peloponnesus; it included the sacred precinct of Olympia within its borders.

ELISSA. Dido.

ELYSIUM. The place where all worthy persons were to enjoy a pleasant life after death.

EMPEDOCLES. A physical philosopher of Agrigentum in the fifth century B.C. His major work was a philosophical poem, *On Nature*, in hexameter verse.

ENCELADUS. One of the giants who attempted to overthrow the gods but were defeated and rendered powerless. He was imprisoned under Mt. Aetna.

ENDYMION. A fair youth loved by Selene. According to one story, Zeus gave him eternal life in the form of unbroken slumber.

ENETIA. A district in Illyria, inhabited by the Eneti, or Veneti, famous for its excellent horses.

ENIANIANS. Inhabitants of a district in Southern Thessaly.

ENNIUS, QUINTUS. One of the most renowned of early Roman poets, considered the father of Roman literature. Author of *Annals*.

ENYALIOS. A Homeric name for Ares.

EOS. The dawn.

EPAPHUS. Son of Zeus and Io, born in Egypt after Io's long wanderings.

EPEUS (or EPEIUS). Son of Panopeus, builder of the famous Wooden Horse which succeeded in capturing Troy.

EPHESUS. A Greek city on the west coast of Asia Minor.

EPHIALTES. See OTUS.

EPHORI. Five Spartan magistrates, elected annually; they acted as a check on the kings.

EPHYRE. Corinth.

EPICASTE. Jocasta.

EPICHARMUS. A Greek comic poet, *ca.* 540–450 B.C., who wrote farces in Doric at Megara in Sicily.

EPIDAURUS. A town in Argolis on the Saronic gulf, noted for its shrine of Asclepius.

EPIMENIDES. A Cretan religious teacher and seer, of the late seventh century B.C.; he composed several poems on religious matters.

EPISODE. A dramatic "act" in tragedy and comedy; technically, it is a scene that occurs between two complete choral songs, or *stasima*.

EREBUS. Son of Chaos. The word means "darkness"; hence it came to mean a region in the Underworld.

ERECHTHEUS. A legendary king of Athens. The Athenians were often called Erechtheidae after him.

ERETRIA. An important city in Euboea.

ERIDANUS. A river in Italy, later supposed to be the Po.

ERINYS (or ERINYES). See FURIES.

ERIPHYLE. The wife of the seer Amphiaraus. In return for a golden necklace she persuaded her husband to join the expedition of Polyneices and Adrastus against Thebes, although Amphiaraus knew he was doomed to die if he went. Her son Alcmaeon later killed her to avenge his father.

EROS. The god of love. Originally an adult, primeval deity, in later Greek ages he was represented as a youth, the son of Aphrodite.

ERYMANTHUS. A mountain in Arcadia, the haunt of the savage boar slain by Heracles.

ERYX. A city and mountain in Sicily, a famous center of the worship of Aphrodite.

ESQUILIAE. The largest of the hills of Rome.

ETEOCLES. Son of Oedipus and Jocasta. See under POLYNEICES.

ETHIOPIA. The ancients believed that Ethiopia stretched across Africa from the far east to the far west. In Homer the Ethiopians are an extremely pious folk with whom the gods delighted to feast.

ETNA. See AETNA.

EUBULUS. An Athenian statesman of the fourth century B.C., noted for his acute administration of financial matters and for his pacific policy in foreign affairs.

EUMAEUS. The loyal swineherd of Odysseus in Ithaca.

EUPHRATES. An eloquent Stoic contemporary of Epictetus.

EUPOLIS. An Athenian comic poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

EUROPA. A legendary Phoenician princess who was carried off to Crete by Zeus in the form of a bull.

EURUS. The southeast wind.

EURYALUS. Son of Mecisteus, one of the Greek warriors at Troy.

EURYBATES. One of the heralds of Agamemnon.

EURYCLEIA. The old nurse of Odysseus.

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EURYLOCHUS. A companion of Odysseus during his wanderings.

EURYMACHUS. One of the most important of the wooers in the *Odyssey*.

EURYPYLUS. 1. A Greek hero in the *Iliad*. 2. A Trojan ally, son of Telephus, slain by Neoptolemus.

EURYSTHEUS. A legendary king of Mycenae; through the favor of Hera he had dominion over Heracles, whom he forced to perform the famous twelve labors. He pursued the children of Heracles into Attica, where he was defeated in battle and slain.

EUTHYDEMUS. One of the Athenian generals at the siege of Syracuse in 413 B.C.

EUXINUS. The Black Sea.

EVANDER. A son of Hermes, said to have emigrated from Arcadia to Italy, there founding Pallantium on the Tiber.

EVENUS. A minor poet and sophist of the fifth century B.C.

EXODUS. A technical name for the last part of a drama, during which the actors and chorus left the scene.

FABIUS. A prominent name in Roman history. The most noted of the family was Quintus Fabius Maximus, who was called Cunctator, "the Delayer," because of his cautious policy in the conduct of the war against Hannibal.

FAR-DARTER. A name of Apollo. (Also FAR-WORKER.)

FATES. Three sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, called Parcae by the Romans and Moirae by the Greeks. They are constantly occupied with weaving and cutting the threads of destiny.

FAVONIUS. The west wind.

FLAMINIUS NEPOS, GAIUS. A Roman consul slain in the disastrous defeat of Roman arms at Lake Trasimenus, in 217 B.C.

FURIES. Goddesses of the nether world, who punished crimes, especially those committed within the family or clan. In Vergil they bear the names Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megaera.

GADES. Modern Cadiz, in Spain.

GAETULIA. An inland section of northern Africa.

GANYMEDES. According to one account, a son of Laomedon, who, because of his beauty, was seized by Jupiter's eagle and carried to heaven where he became Jupiter's cup-bearer.

GELA. A Greek city on the southern coast of Sicily.

GERENIA. A city in Messenia.

GERYON. A three-headed or three-bodied monster, slain by Hercules.

GLAUCUS. The leader of the Lycians in the *Iliad*.

GOLGI. A town in Cyprus.

GORGIAS. 1. Greek sophist, contemporary of Socrates. 2. A rhetorician with whom Cicero's son studied some while in Athens.

GORGONIAN HORSE. Pegasus, a winged horse that sprang from the blood of Medusa.

GORGONS. Three fabulous monsters, of whom Medusa was the most renowned. They had serpents for hair, and wings, claws, and enormous teeth.

GRAEAE. Three old women, who possessed but one eye and one tooth which they could lend to one another.

GYARUS. A small, barren island in the Aegean.

HADES. 1. Pluto, the ruler of the nether region. 2. The realm over which Pluto ruled with Proserpine, his queen. The shades of the dead were ferried across the river Styx by Charon. Other streams in the nether world were: Lethe, the river of forgetfulness; Cocytus, the river of wailing; Phlegethon, the river of fire; and Acheron, the river of woe.

HAEMON. A Theban youth, the son of Creon, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles. He was engaged to marry Antigone; when his father condemned her to death, he first tried to kill his father, and, failing in that, committed suicide.

HALIARTUS. A town in Boeotia, the scene of a battle in the Corinthian War (395-387 B.C.).

HALICARNASSUS. A Greek city in Asia Minor.

HALONNESUS. An island in the Aegean; once an Athenian possession, it was seized by Philip of Macedon some time before 346 B.C.

HALYS. A great river in Asia Minor which empties into the Black Sea.

HAMMON. See AMMON.

HARMODIUS. A noble Athenian youth of the sixth century B.C., who formed a plot with his friend Aristogeiton to slay Hippias and Hipparchus, the tyrants of Athens. The plot partially miscarried and they succeeded only in killing Hipparchus, and the tyranny of Hippias became more oppressive than ever. In later times, however, they were wrongly credited with freeing Athens from the tyrants; see the *scolion* or drinking-song, in their honor.

HARPIES. Birds sent by the gods to torture Phineus, a king in Thrace who blinded his sons and was himself so punished. In his wanderings Aeneas encountered these vile creatures at the Strophades (*q.v.*). Vergil mentions only one of these, Celaeno, by name.

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HEBE. The goddess of youth, who married Heracles after he was received among the gods.

HECATE. A goddess of widely extended powers; in heaven she is the moon (Luna, Selene), on earth Diana; in Hades, Proserpine. She is most frequently known as mistress of sorcery and witchcraft.

HECATOMB. A sacrifice to the gods.

HECTOR. Son of Priam and Hecuba, the leading hero of the Trojans.

HECUBA. Queen of Troy, the wife of Priam.

HEGEMON. A comic poet and writer of parodies, who lived in the fifth century B.C.

HEKABE. Hecuba.

HELEN. Daughter of Zeus and Leda, sister of the Dioscuri. Paris stole her from her husband, Menelaus, and thus precipitated the Trojan War.

HELENUS. Son of Priam and Hecuba, noted for his powers of prophecy.

HELICE. Arcas, son of Callisto, was translated to the heavens and made into the constellation Helice (The Bear).

HELICON. A celebrated range of mountains in Boeotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

HELIOPOLIS. An ancient city in Egypt, near the Nile Delta.

HELIOS. The god of the sun.

HELLAS. In Homer, a region in Thessaly; later the name was used for all of mainland Greece.

HELLE. See PHRIXUS.

HELLEN. Son of Deucalion, and mythical ancestor of all the Hellenes, or Greeks. Two of his sons, Dorus and Aeolus, were the eponymous ancestors of the Dorian and Aeolian branches of the Greeks.

HELLESPONT. The straits of the Dardanelles.

HELOTS. The serfs of Laconia.

HEPHAESTUS. God of fire and metallurgy, husband of Aphrodite, according to one tradition; of Charis, according to another. Associated with all volcanic regions, especially Lemnos and Aetna.

HERA (or HERE). Sister and wife of Zeus. A goddess associated with Argos, who is portrayed as jealous and hostile to all the women loved by Zeus, and to his irregular offspring. She is particularly the goddess of women and wives, and acts as the protectress of marriage. Identified by the Romans with Juno.

HERACLEIDAE. The descendants of Heracles, who led the Dorian invasion to the Peloponnesus, which they claimed as their ancestral birthright.

HERACLES. Son of Zeus and Alcmena; a famous hero, noted for his strength, courage, and endurance. He performed the famous twelve labors, which were imposed on him by Eurystheus, his cousin. The hot springs at Thermopylae were created by Athena for Heracles to bathe in after his labors.

HERACLITUS. The famous philosopher of Ephesus in the fifth century B.C., who believed that fire was the prime element in the universe and that all things were in a perpetual state of flux.

HERCULES. Heracles.

HERILLUS. Erillus. A Stoic philosopher who flourished in the middle of the third century.

HERMES. Son of Zeus and Maia, a god of many and various attributes; especially noted as the messenger of the gods, as the god of eloquence, commerce, and thieving, and as the conductor of souls to the Underworld. Identified by the Romans with Mercury.

HERMIPPUS. An Athenian comic poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

HERMOCRATES. The chief statesman and one of the generals of Syracuse at the time of the Athenian expedition.

HERODICUS. A Thracian physician, said to have been one of the teachers of the great Hippocrates.

HESIOD. An early Greek poet, author of a didactic poem on agriculture and morality entitled, *Works and Days;* supposed author of a genealogical poem on the gods, called the *Theogony*.

HESIONE. Daughter of Oceanus and wife of Prometheus.

HESPERIA. A poetical name for Italy and sometimes Spain.

HESPERIDES. Nymphs who guarded the golden apples, which Earth gave Hera (Juno) at her marriage to Zeus.

HESPERUS. The evening star.

HESTIA. Daughter of Cronus and Rhea, the goddess of the hearth, and hence the symbol of the home and the family.

HIERO. Tyrant of Syracuse, 478-467 B.C.

HIPPARCHUS. One of the sons of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens. Younger brother of Hippias (*q.v.*).

HIPPIAS. 1. Eldest son of the tyrant Pisistratus, and tyrant of Athens from 527 to 511 B.C. After the assassination of his brother Hipparchus, he ruled the Athenians most harshly until he was expelled by the Spartans under their king, Cleomenes. 2. Of Elis, a famous Sophist of the fifth century B.C., noted for his wide learning.

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HIPPOCRATES. 1. Of Cos, the great physician (*ca.* 460–360 B.C.). 2. An Athenian whose sons were noted for their stupidity.

HIPPODAMIA. Daughter of Oenomaus and wife of Pelops (*q.v.*).

HYDRA. A many-headed monster slain by Hercules.

HYMEN (or HYMENAEUS). The god of marriage.

HYPERBOLUS. An Athenian demagogue between 425 and 417 B.C.; he led the more radical democratic faction at Athens after the death of Cleon.

HYPERIA. A fountain in Pherae.

HYPERION. Father of Helios. The name is sometimes used as a patronymic, referring to Helios.

HYRCANIA. Region on the southern coast of the Caspian Sea.

HYSIAE. A town in Boeotia near Cithaeron.

IARBAS. King of the Mauretanians and suitor for the hand of Dido.

IASION. A mythical character who was loved by Demeter and was the father by Demeter of Pluto or Plutus. He was killed by Zeus.

ICARIUS. Father of Penelope.

IDA. 1. A mountain in the Troad, the scene of the judgment of Paris. 2. A mountain in Crete, scene of the birth of Zeus.

IDAIOS. A Trojan herald.

IDALIUM. A town in Cyprus, one of the sites of the worship of Aphrodite.

IDOMENEUS. A Cretan warrior at the siege of Troy.

ILION (or ILIOS). An alternate name for Troy.

IMBROS. An island near the Hellespont, an Athenian possession after 479 B.C.

INACHUS. Son of Oceanus and Tethys, the father of Io. He was the first king of Argos, and gave his name to the river Inachus there.

INO. Daughter of Cadmus, with whom Athamas had illicit relations. Hera drove him mad and he slew one of Ino's children. Ino threw herself into the sea with the other child, and was turned into a sea-goddess, Leucothea.

IO. Daughter of Inachus, who was loved by Zeus, turned into a cow, and driven by Hera's hatred over the world until she reached Egypt, where Zeus restored her to human shape.

IOLCUS (or IOLCHOS). A town in Thessaly where Pelias and Jason lived.

IONIA. A district on the west coast of Asia Minor, which had been inhabited by Greeks since *ca.* 1000 B.C. The Greeks of this region, together with the Athenians, made up the Ionian group of Greek-speaking peoples.

IOPAS. A Carthaginian poet.

IPHIANASSA. See IPHIGENIA.

IPHICLES. A mythical king of Phylace in Thessaly who possessed a large herd of cattle, which he gave to Melampus in return for some favorable prophecies.

IPHIGENIA. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. When the Greek expedition to Troy was prevented from sailing, Calchas ordered Agamemnon to sacrifice her to appease Artemis. According to one version of the legend, she actually was sacrificed; according to another story, told by Euripides in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, she was snatched away at the last minute by the goddess and was transported to the Tauric peninsula to be the priestess of Artemis there. She was eventually discovered and taken back to Greece by her brother Orestes. It is uncertain whether the Iphianassa mentioned by Homer is the same person or not.

IPHIMEDEIA. See OTUS.

IRIS. A goddess, messenger of the Olympians.

ISIS. A great female divinity of Egypt, identified by the Greeks with Demeter or (because of her appearance) with the heroine, Io.

ISMARUS. See CICONES.

ISMENUS. A river near Thebes, by the side of which was a temple of Apollo.

ISTER. The Danube.

ISTHMUS. The Isthmus of Corinth, scene of athletic games in honor of Poseidon. The Isthmian land is Corinth.

ITHACA. An island in the Ionian Sea, the home of Odysseus.

IULUS. See AENEAS.

IXION. King of the Lapithae who murdered his father-in-law. Zeus purified him, but Ixion showed his ingratitude by attempting to win the favor of Hera. He was bound to a revolving wheel in Tartarus, where he was sentenced to suffer for eternity.

JANUS. The two-faced god whose temple doors were open in time of war and closed in time of peace.

JASON. A Greek hero, son of Aeson, the leader of the Argonauts, and husband of Medea.

JOCASTA. Wife of Laius, and mother of Oedipus.

JOVE. See JUPITER.

JUNO. Wife of Jupiter, queen of the gods, and protectress of women, especially in the throes of childbirth. The Matronalia, a festival in her honor, was celebrated by women on the first of March. See HERA.

JUPITER. God of light, king of the gods and protector of Rome, called the

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Thunderer, the Lightning Hurler, the Best and Greatest, etc. See ZEUS.

K—For proper names beginning with K, see under C.

LABDACUS. A king of Thebes, the father of Laius. The name of Labdacidae is often given to his descendants.

LACEDAEMON. Sparta.

LACHESIS. See FATES.

LACONIA. A region in the southeastern Peloponnesus, the district which Sparta possessed.

LAERTES Father of Odysseus.

LAESTRYGONIANS. The location of these legendary cannibals is unknown.

LAIUS. A king of Thebes, the husband of Jocasta, and father of Oedipus by whom he was killed.

LAMOS. The founder of the city of the Laestrygonians.

LAOCOÖN. A priest of Apollo who opposed bringing the wooden horse within the walls of Troy. He and his two sons were strangled by serpents that came out of the sea.

LAODAMEIA. Daughter of Bellerophon, mother of Sarpedon by Zeus.

LAODICE. 1. A daughter of Priam and Hecuba. 2. A daughter of Agamemnon.

LAOMEDON. King of Troy, father of Priam. Apollo and Poseidon built the walls of Troy, but Laomedon refused to pay them his promised reward. Poseidon therefore sent a sea monster against the city to which the Trojans from time to time were compelled to sacrifice a maiden. Heracles killed the monster, but Laomedon again treacherously failed to pay a promised reward. Heracles therefore took an expedition against Troy, killed Laomedon, and gave his daughter to Telamon.

LAPITHAE. A mythical people of Thessaly. At the wedding of Peirithous, a bloody battle arose between the Lapithae and the Centaurs, a subject found frequently in Greek art.

LATERANI. A Roman family name. The house of the Laterani stood on the spot where St. John Lateran stands today.

LATONA. Leto.

LAVINIUM. City in Latium, founded by Aeneas and named after his wife, Lavinia.

LEDA. Wife of Tyndareus, King of Sparta, by whom or by Zeus she became the mother of the Dioscuri, Clytemnestra, and Helen. The legends record that Zeus visited her in the form of a swan.

LEMNOS. A large volcanic island in the Aegean, one of the dwelling-places ascribed to Hephaestus.

LENTULUS. One of the Catilinarian conspirators, strangled in the Tullianum, a Roman prison.

LEOGORAS. A wealthy Athenian, a gourmet and a *bon-vivant*.

LEONIDAS. The Spartan king who commanded the Greeks at Thermopylae. See Herodotus VII, 204-5.

LEONTIUM. Leontini, a Greek city in Sicily.

LERNA. A district in Argolis where Heracles slew the Hydra.

LESBIA. The poetical name of Catullus' mistress. It seems that her real name was Clodia. See CLODIUS.

LESBOS. A large island off the coast of Asia Minor, home of the lyric poets Alcaeus and Sappho.

LETHE. See HADES.

LETO (or LATO). Mother of Apollo and Artemis.

LEUCAS. An island in the Ionian Sea, off the west coast of Greece.

LEUCTRA. In Boeotia, scene of a famous battle (371 B.C.) in which the Thebans destroyed the military supremacy of Sparta.

LIBITINA. A goddess of the dead.

LIBURNIAN. Pertaining to the Liburnians, a people of Illyria. Liburnian slaves made good sedan-bearers.

LIBYA. Equivalent of Africa.

LIMNA. A seacoast town in Troezen.

LINUS. A vegetative spirit in whose honor a dirge or ritual lamentation, which was also called a Linus, was annually performed.

LIPARA. An island off Sicily, one of the homes of Hephaestus.

LOCRIS. A district in Central Greece.

LOXIAS. A name for Apollo, especially as the god of oracles and prophecy.

LUCILIUS, GAIUS. A Roman poet who flourished in the second century B.C.: regarded as the inventor of the satire.

LUCRETIA. A Roman matron who committed suicide after being attacked by Sextus Tarquinius, the son of King Tarquin the Proud. The crime led to the expulsion of kings from Rome.

LYAEUS. Bacchus.

LYCAEUS. A mountain in Arcadia.

LYCAON. 1. A legendary king of Arcadia, father of Arcas, the eponymous ancestor of all the Arcadians. 2. A son of Priam, who was killed by Achilles in the *Iliad*.

LYCEAN. "Light-bringing," an epithet of Apollo.

LYCIA. A small district in southern Asia Minor. The Lycians were allies of the Trojans in the Trojan War.

LYCURGUS. 1. A mythical king in Thrace, who persecuted Dionysus, and was driven mad by the god. 2. A semi-legendary king of Sparta, to

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LYCURGUS *(continued)* whom was attributed the institution of the Spartan laws. 3. A sixth century (B.C.) Athenian of noble birth.

LYNCEUS. 1. A mythological hero, noted for his keenness of vision. 2. See DANAIDS.

MAECENAS, GAIUS. Friend of Augustus and literary patron of Vergil, Horace, and Propertius. He himself wrote much, but it has survived only in fragments.

MAENADS. A name given to the frenzied worshippers of Dionysus.

MAENALUS. A mountain in Arcadia.

MAEONIAN. Lydian, a synonym for voluptuous.

MAEOTIS. The Sea of Azov. The Amazons lived in this area.

MAERA. A maiden loved by Zeus, by whom she became the mother of Locrus.

MAGNA MATER. See CYBELE.

MAGNES. An early comic poet at Athens.

MALEA. The cape at the southern tip of the Peloponnesus.

MALIS. A district in Central Greece.

MANTINEA. A town in Arcadia, north of Sparta; it was the site of several important battles.

MARATHON. A village in the plain on the east coast of Attica, site of the Athenian victory over the Persians in 490 B.C.

MARCELLUS. 1. Marcus Claudius. First general successful against Hannibal. 2. Gaius Claudius. Son of Gaius Claudius Marcellus and Octavia, the sister of Augustus. He was married to Julia, the daughter of Augustus, by whom he was adopted. Marcellus died in his youth. The lines in the *Aeneid,* VI, 861-87 so touched his mother, Octavia, that she swooned during their recital. Vergil was handsomely rewarded for this section of his poem.

MARGITES A satiric epic poem, which is no longer extant; believed by some of the ancients to have been composed by Homer.

MARON. Priest of Apollo, and the hero, or "patron saint" of sweet wine.

MASSILIA. Modern Marseilles, an early Greek colony.

MAVORS. Mars.

MEDEA. Daughter of Aeëtes, a Colchian princess, who after aiding the Argonauts, returned with Jason to Greece as his wife. When Jason deserted her for another wife, she killed their children.

MEDES. Usually means Persian, since the Greeks rarely distinguished between these two peoples.

MEDON. A servant of Odysseus.

MEGACLES. A name frequently borne by the men of the Alcmaeonidae, one of the noble clans of Athens.

MEGARA. 1. A small but prosperous commercial state just west of Athens. It was constantly at odds with Athens, and this friction was one of the contributing causes of the Peloponnesian War. 2. Daughter of the Theban king, Creon, and one of the wives of Heracles.

MELAMPUS. A famous mythical seer, son of Amythaon.

MELANIPPE. A daughter of Cheiron; Euripides wrote a play about her in which she was portrayed as extremely learned and philosophic.

MELANTHIUS. The disloyal goatherd of Odysseus.

MELEAGER. Son of Oeneus and Althaea, a hero of Calydon in Aetolia and slayer of the famous boar which ravaged that land. For the story of his anger against the Calydonians, see *Iliad IX,* 527-600.

MELOS. An island in the Aegean, a Dorian colony; it remained neutral in the Peloponnesian War until attacked by Athens in 416 B.C. It was the birthplace of Diagoras, a notorious atheist; hence, "the Melian" means an atheist.

MELPOMENE. Muse of tragedy.

MEMNON. A king of Aethiopia, son of the Dawn, killed at Troy by Achilles.

MEMPHIS. A famous city in Egypt.

MENANDER. 1. One of the Athenian generals at Syracuse. 2. The Athenian comic poet.

MENDES. An Egyptian divinity worshipped in the town of Mendes.

MENELAUS. King of Sparta, son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, and husband of Helen.

MENOECEUS. Father of Jocasta and Creon.

MENTOR. A noble of Ithaca, an old and faithful friend to Telemachus and Odysseus.

MERCURY. Identified with Hermes.

MERIONES. A Cretan warrior in the *Iliad.*

MEROPE. 1. Wife of Cresphontes and mother of Aepytus. When Cresphontes and his other sons were murdered, Aepytus escaped and later came back and killed the usurper of his father's throne. 2. Wife of the Corinthian king, Polybus. The foster-mother of Oedipus.

MESSALINA. Wife of the Emperor Claudius. See AGRIPPINA.

MESSALLA CORVINUS, MARCUS VALERIUS. Literary man and noted orator; friend of Horace and Tibullus.

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MESSENE. The southwestern part of the Peloponnesus, an extremely fertile plain. It was conquered by the Spartans in the eighth century B.C. and its inhabitants reduced to serfs. Some of these Messenians left the country after an unsuccessful revolt, *ca.* 460 B.C.; they were settled by the Athenians at Naupactus on the Corinthian Gulf, and fought on the Athenian side in the Peloponnesian War.

METHONE. A town on the Gulf of Therma.

MIDAS. A semi-legendary king of Phrygia, who had the famous "golden touch." Hence he became a symbol of great wealth.

MILETUS. A Greek city on the coast of Asia Minor, a great center of trade and industry, especially woolen stuffs and leather goods.

MILO. A famous wrestler.

MILTIADES. 1. Commander of the Athenian forces at Marathon; see Herodotus VI, 103–4. 2. Uncle of the same, founder of an Athenian colony in the Chersonese.

MIMAS. A mountain in Ionia, opposite Chios.

MINA. See TALENT.

MINERVA. Goddess of wisdom, the arts, and crafts; identified with Pallas Athena.

MINOS. Son of Zeus, King of Crete, husband of Pasiphaë, and father of Phaedra and Ariadne. After his death, he became one of the judges in the Underworld.

MINOTAUR. A Cretan monster, half-man and half-bull, born of a union between Pasiphae and a bull. It was finally slain by Theseus with the aid of Ariadne (*q.v.*).

MOLOSSI. A people who inhabited Epirus.

MUNYCHUS. The eponymous hero of the harbor Munychia, in the Piraeus.

MUSAEUS. A mythical singer, seer, and priest.

MYCENAE (or MYKENE). An ancient city in Argolis, Agamemnon's kingdom.

MYNDIAN. Of the city of Myndus in Asia Minor.

MYRMIDONS. A people of Thessaly, of whom Achilles was the leader.

MYSIA. A district in Asia Minor. "A Mysian prey" is a proverbial expression connoting a people in a helpless and defenceless state.

MYTILENE. The chief city of the island of Lesbos.

NAXOS. An island in the Aegean.

NELEUS. Father of Nestor, and grandfather of Antilochus.

NEMESIS. A Greek goddess, who punished those guilty of *hybris,* "overweening pride."

NEOPTOLEMUS. The son of Achilles.

NEPTUNE. Principal god of the sea; builder of the walls of Troy; identified with Poseidon (*q.v.*).

NEPTUNUS EQUESTRIS. A name given Neptune because he created the horse.

NEREIDES. The daughters of Nereus, divinities of the sea.

NEREUS. A sea-god, father of the Nereids.

NERO. See AGRIPPINA.

NESTOR. King of Pylos, son of Neleus, father of Antilochus, oldest and wisest of the Greek chiefs in the Trojan War.

NICOCHARES. An Athenian comic poet of the early fourth century B.C.

NIOBE. Daughter of Tantalus, wife of Amphion of Thebes, mother of twelve children, because of which she boasted herself superior to Leto. Apollo and Artemis slew all her offspring and she herself was turned into stone.

NISAEA. The port of Megara, captured by the Athenians during the early part of the Peloponnesian War.

NOME. A form of choral lyric poetry.

NYSA. The legendary scene of the nurture of Dionysus. There are several places which are given this name.

OBOL. The smallest unit of money in the Athenian monetary system, equal to one sixth of a drachma.

OCEANUS. 1. The water which was believed to surround the whole earth. 2. The god of those waters, husband of Tethys.

OCTAVIAN. See OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS. The name of Augustus before his adoption by Julius Caesar, after which he became Octavian.

ODYSSEUS. King of Ithaca, son of Laertes, husband of Penelope, father of Telemachus. Throughout Greek literature he is famous for his craftiness and endurance.

OECHALIA. A town in Euboea, home of Iolë, who was carried off by Heracles.

OEDIPUS. Son of Laius and Jocasta, who was doomed to kill his father and marry his mother. The name is supposed to mean "Swollen-foot."

OENEUS. Father of Meleager and Tydeus and grandfather of Diomedes.

OENOMAUS. King of Pisa in Elis. He offered his daughter Hippodamia in marriage to anyone who could beat him in a chariot race; he gave prospective suitors a head-start and when he caught up with them plunged a spear in their backs.

OETA. A mountain in southern Thessaly.

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OGYGIA. The island of Calypso in the *Odyssey*.

OI—. For names beginning with these letters, see under OE—.

OLYMPIA. A place in Elis, where the Olympian games were celebrated. A famous temple of Zeus was located there.

OLYMPUS. A mountain between Macedonia and Thessaly. In Greek mythology it is regarded as the home of the gods.

OPUS. A town in Locris on the shore of the Euboeic Gulf.

ORCHOMENUS. 1. An ancient and wealthy town in Boeotia. 2. A town in Arcadia.

ORCUS. The infernal regions; also the god of the lower world.

ORESTES. Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. After the murder of his father, he was brought up in exile; on reaching maturity he returned to Argos and killed his mother and her lover, Aegisthus, to avenge his father. He was then driven mad by the Furies, but was tried and acquitted by the court of the Areopagus in Athens; Athena presided at the trial and cast the deciding vote for the defendant.

OREUS. A town in Euboea. In 343-2 B.C., Philip of Macedon sent troops there to establish a tyrant, Philistides, friendly to his interests.

ORION. In mythology a hunter. After his death he was placed as a constellation among the stars.

OROPUS. A town on the borders of Attica and Boeotia. In 366 B.C. Themison, a tyrant of Eretria, took it from Athens and handed it over to Thebes.

ORPHEUS. A master of the lyre, who charmed even beasts with his playing. Eurydice, his wife, while fleeing Aristaeus, was bitten by a snake and died. Orpheus descended to Hades and, because of the sweetness of his music, was given permission to take his wife back to the world of light, on the condition, however, that he would not look back until he reached the upper world. When the journey was nearly ended, he forgot the admonition and looked back. As he did, Eurydice disappeared. Later, he was torn to pieces by women followers of Dionysus. A mystery religion developed out of the stories of his life and death; these are the Orphic Cults.

ORTYGIA. An ancient name of Delos.

OSIRIS. An Egyptian god, husband of Isis.

OSSA. A mountain in Thessaly.

OSTRACISM. The Athenian practice of ostracism was a kind of honorable exile inflicted on great political figures; it was originally devised to get rid of those suspected of aiming at a tyranny, but was later used to choose between opposing political leaders and their policies. The man against whom the largest number of votes was cast left Athens for ten years, but his property and his family remained unharmed.

OTHO, LUCIUS ROSCIUS. A tribune in 67 B.C., responsible for a highly unpopular law giving special seats at public games to the men of Equestrian rank.

OTUS (or OTYS). One of the Aloidae, sons of Iphimedeia (the wife of Aloeus) by Poseidon. He and his brother Ephialtes attacked the gods and attempted to mount to the heavens by piling Ossa on Olympus and Pelion on Ossa; they were therefore slain by Artemis or Apollo.

PAEAN. Originally an independent god of healing, later fused with Apollo. The term is also used for a hymn of thanksgiving addressed to Apollo.

PAEANIA. A deme in Attica, the official residence of the orator Demosthenes.

PAION. See PAEAN.

PALAESTRA. Part of the gymnasium, used for wrestling and instruction of youths in physical training.

PALAMEDES. A Greek warrior at the siege of Troy who was falsely accused of treachery by Odysseus and convicted on the evidence of a forged letter from Priam, which had previously been hidden in his tent.

PALLADIUM. Image of Pallas Athena, supposed to be a pledge of Troy's security as long as it was kept within the city. It was stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes.

PALLAS. 1. Athene. 2. A king of Arcadia, great-grandfather of Evander, whose son was also called Pallas.

PALLENE. A deme of Attica, west of Athens.

PAN. A goat-like god, supposed to haunt the mountains of Arcadia. He was supposed to be the cause of sudden panics that threw armies into confusion and rout.

PANAETIUS. A celebrated Stoic philosopher, instructor of Scipio Africanus the Younger. Cicero leaned heavily on his work in the composition of the *De Officiis*.

PANATHENAEA. Festivals at Athens in honor of Athena; the Lesser Panathenaea were held every year, the Greater Panathenaea every four years. The festivals included contests and a great procession which escorted the *peplus*, or new robe, for the ancient statue of the goddess.

PANDARUS. A Trojan warrior in the

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Iliad; in Book IV, after Menelaus had defeated Paris in single combat, Pandarus, at the instigation of Athene, violated the truce by shooting an arrow at Menelaus and wounding him.

PANDELETUS. A notorious informer at Athens.

PANOPEUS. An ancient city in Phocis.

PARABASIS. One of the characteristic parts of old comedy: after the characters have left the stage, the chorus turns and addresses the audience directly with bits of political satire, advice, and praise of the poet of the comedy.

PARCAE. The Fates.

PARIS. Son of Hecuba and Priam, who carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaus. Aphrodite promised Helen to him, if he gave her the award for beauty in her contest with Hera and Athena.

PARNASSUS. A mountain in Northern Greece, on the slope of which is the shrine of Delphi.

PARNES. A mountain in Attica.

PAROS. An island in the Aegean, birthplace of the poet Archilochus.

PARTHENIUM. A mountain in Arcadia.

PASIPHAE. Wife of Minos (*q.v.*).

PATROCLUS. A Greek hero in the Trojan War. He was Achilles' closest friend and was slain by Hector.

PAULUS. See VARRO.

PAUSON. A Greek painter (date unknown) who was apparently noted for his caricatures.

PEIRITHOUS. A son of Zeus by Dia, the wife of Ixion. He went to Hades with Theseus to abduct Persephone and was chained there for eternal punishment.

PELASGIANS. The ancients used this name to describe the earliest inhabitants of Greece; whether or not there was a single Pelasgian race or language is uncertain.

PELEIDES (or PELIDES). A patronymic referring to Achilles, son of Peleus.

PELEUS. A hero, son of Aeacus, husband of Thetis, and father of Achilles. As a youth he rejected the advances of the wife of his friend Acastus; falsely accused by the angry woman, he fled, and while wandering unarmed in the forest was given a sword by the gods with which to protect himself.

PELIAS. 1. King of Iolcus, father of Alcestis and Acastus. He sent Jason on the quest for the golden fleece. On Jason's return, Medea deceitfully persuaded Pelias' daughters that they could restore their father's youth by cutting him to pieces and boiling him. 2. A Trojan warrior.

PELION. A mountain in Thessaly.

PELLA. The capital of Macedonia, the birthplace of Alexander the Great.

PELOPS. He came to Greece as an exile from Phrygia. He married Hippodamia, daughter of Oenomaus, and was the ancestor of the house of Atreus, whose members are called Pelopidae. The Peloponnesus takes its name from him. He was the son of Tantalus, who, according to an old legend, once served up Pelops to the gods to eat; the gods immediately discovered the horrible deed and reassembled the pieces of the dead Pelops (all except his shoulder, which had already been eaten; this was replaced by an ivory shoulder) and brought him to life again. Pindar, in *Olympian* I, in his allusive way, rejects this story with disgust.

PENEUS. The chief river in Thessaly.

PEPARETHUS. An island north of Euboea; it was attacked and ravaged by Philip of Macedon in 341–0 B.C.

PERGAMOS (or PERGAMA). The citadel of Troy.

PERICLES. The leading Athenian statesman from 461 to 429 B.C. For his policies in governing Athens, see Introduction pp. xl-xli; for his conception of democracy, see the Funeral Oration in Thucydides, pp. 408-413. The reference in *The Clouds,* 859, recalls a famous story: once when giving an audit of his accounts Pericles passed over a very large expenditure by saying that he had spent it on "what was necessary." The suspicion was that he had used it to bribe the Spartan king to take his army out of Attica without attacking Athens.

PERIMEDE. Or Agamede, a mythical woman who knew the healing properties of all plants.

PERIOECI. The word, which means "dwellers round about," refers to groups who lived on the outskirts of the territory of a city-state, and had no share in the political life of the community.

PERIPATETICS. Adherents of the philosophy of Aristotle.

PERSEPHONE. The daughter of Zeus and Demeter, who became the wife of Hades and the queen of the nether world. Together with Demeter she was worshipped at the Eleusinian Mysteries. See also PROSERPINE.

PERSEUS. A mythical hero, son of Zeus and Danaë. He was the slayer of Medusa, and the ancestor of the kings who ruled Argos until the time of Atreus. One of his sons, Perses, was the eponymous ancestor of the Persians.

PHAEACIANS. A legendary people with

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PHAEACIANS *(continued)* whom Odysseus stayed on his journey homeward. Their island was later identified with Corcyra.

PHAEDRA. Daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, and wife of Theseus. See Euripides' *Hippolytus*.

PHAETHON. Son of Helios, who was allowed to drive the chariot of the sun. The youth could not control the horses, and was killed by Zeus to prevent the earth from catching fire.

PHALERUM. A harbor near Athens, which was used as the port of Athens before the development of the Piraeus.

PHASIS. A river in Colchis, flowing into the Euxine.

PHELLEUS. A mountain in Attica.

PHEMIUS. The minstrel of Odysseus in Ithaca.

PHILOCTETES. A warrior who accompanied the Greek expedition to Troy, but was abandoned (at Lemnos) because of an evil-smelling wound he received; later the Greeks found it necessary to go back and get him.

PHILOETIUS. The loyal neatherd of Odysseus.

PHILOXENUS. A noted dithyrambic poet of the late fifth century B.C.

PHLEGETHON. See HADES.

PHLIASIA. The district around Phlius, a town in the Peloponnesus, near Corinth.

PHOCAEA. A Greek settlement in Asia Minor.

PHOCIS. A district in Central Greece, north of Boeotia.

PHOCYLIDES. A gnomic, elegiac poet of Miletus; born *ca.* 560 B.C.

PHOEBUS. Apollo.

PHOINIX. The tutor of Achilles.

PHORCYS. A sea deity, father of the Graeae and the Gorgons.

PHORMIS. A Sicilian writer of comedy in the early fifth century B.C.

PHRIXOS. Son of Athamas; threatened with death as a sacrifice through the malice of his stepmother Ino, he escaped with his sister Hellé on a ram with a golden fleece. When he arrived safely in Colchis, he sacrificed the ram to Zeus and gave the fleece to King Acëtes.

PHRYGIA. A district in Asia Minor.

PHRYNICHUS. A comic poet at Athens, contemporary with Aristophanes.

PHRYNIS. A dithyrambic poet and composer of the fifth century B.C.; he is said to have added two strings to the lyre, and his music was in the complicated, "modernistic" style.

PHTHIA. Achaea Phthiotis, a district in Thessaly, the realm of Achilles.

PHYLACE. An ancient town in Thessaly.

PIERIA. A district on the southeast coast of Macedonia, an early haunt of the Muses.

PINDUS. A mountain between Thessaly and Epirus.

PIRAEUS. The port of Athens. During the fifth century it was joined to Athens by the Long Walls.

PISA. A district in Elis in the Peloponnesus; often equivalent to Olympia.

PISISTRATUS. Tyrant of Athens, *ca.* 560–527 B.C. See Herodotus I, 59-64.

PITTACUS. Tyrant of Mitylene *ca.* 600 B.C. and one of the Seven Sages.

PITTHEUS. King of Troezen, the son of Pelops, father of Aethra, and grandfather of Theseus.

PLACUS. A mountain in Asia Minor near the home of Andromache.

PLANASIA. Island between Corsica and Italy.

PLATAEA. A small town in southern Boeotia; it was constantly at odds with Thebes, the leading city of Boeotia, and allied itself to Athens. The Plataeans alone of the Greeks joined the Athenian forces at Marathon, and their territory was the site of the last great land battle of the Persian Wars, when the Greeks defeated the Persians under Mardonius in 479 B.C. At the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War Thebes attacked the city and with the help of the Spartans finally took and destroyed it. It was later restored.

PLEIADES. A constellation.

PLUTO. Supreme god of the Underworld.

POENI. The Carthaginians.

POLEMARCH. The third archon in rank at Athens; originally the Polemarch had charge of all military affairs, but by the time of Herodotus he had no military functions at all and had become a judicial magistrate.

POLLIO, GAIUS ASINIUS. Friend of Vergil and himself a poet. When in charge of Gaul beyond the river Po, he helped Vergil recover his ancestral farm. He was consul in 40 B.C. Vergil's fourth eclogue, which was addressed to him, is often referred to as "The Pollio."

POLLUX. See DIOSCURI.

POLYBUS. King of Corinth, the foster-father of Oedipus.

POLYDAMAS. 1. A Trojan warrior. He advised Hector to withdraw to Troy after the battle in which Patroclus was slain; but Hector disregarded his advice. 2. A famous athlete who won an Olympic victory in 408 B.C.

POLYDEUCES. An alternate name for Pollux.

POLYDORUS. Son of Hecuba and Priam.

POLYGNOTUS. One of the most famous of Greek painters, *fl.* 440 B.C.

POLYHYMNIA. Muse of sacred song.

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POLYNEICES. Son of Oedipus and Jocasta. He and his brother Eteocles quarreled over the throne of Thebes and Polyneices was exiled. He went to Argos and gathered together an expedition to win Thebes for himself; in the attack on Thebes he and his brother died by each other's hand.

POLYPHEMUS. 1. One of the Cyclopes. 2. A Greek warrior mentioned by Nestor in *Iliad* I.

POLYXENA. Daughter of Priam and Hecuba. According to one story she was betrothed to Achilles, who after his death demanded that she be sacrificed to him. Thereupon, Neoptolemus, Achilles' son, slew her at the tomb of his father.

POMPEIUS. Pompey the Great, the Roman general and statesman of the late Republic. See the Introduction to the Latin selections in this volume.

POMPONIUS ATTICUS, TITUS. A close friend of Cicero. Much of their correspondence is extant.

PONTUS. The Black Sea.

PORTHMUS. A port of Eretria, in Euboea, destroyed by Philip of Macedon in 342 B.C.

POSEIDON. Brother of Zeus and god of the sea; also worshipped as god of horses and of earthquakes. He is usually represented wielding a trident. With Apollo he helped to build the walls of Troy, but was deprived of the stipulated pay by Laomedon; for this reason he is hostile to the Trojans. Another important legend about him relates how he contested with Athene for the land of Attica.

POTIDAEA. A city in Chalcidice, originally a Corinthian colony; in the fifth century it was a subject-ally of Athens. About 346 B.C. it was captured by Philip of Macedon.

PRIAM. Last king of Troy, son of Laomedon and husband of Hecuba, by whom he had a numerous progeny, among others Hector, Paris, Polydorus, Deiphobus, Helenus, and Troilus. Among his daughters were Cassandra, Polyxena, and Creusa, Aeneas' wife.

PRIAPUS. A god of fertility.

PRIENE. A Greek city in Asia Minor.

PROCONNESUS. An island in the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora.

PROCRIS. Wife of Cephalus, who accidentally slew her when she, suspecting his fidelity, followed him into a forest.

PROCURATOR. An official who attended to financial affairs in the provinces of the Roman Empire.

PRODICUS. A noted sophist of the fifth century B.C.; he paid special attention to proper choice of words, and was famous for a speech on Heracles' choice between Virtue and Vice.

PROITUS. A king of Argos, founder of Tiryns.

PROMETHEUS. One of the Titans. A benefactor of man. He stole fire from heaven and brought it to earth; he also tricked Zeus into accepting inferior parts of sacrificed animals as the gods' portion. Zeus punished him by chaining him on a rock in the Caucasus and sending an eagle to gnaw at his liver. He was finally freed by Heracles.

PROSERPINE. Daughter of Ceres. She was seized by Hades, the king of the Underworld, who made her his queen. When Ceres presented her case to Jupiter, he ruled that Proserpine might return to the upper world if she had not eaten any food during her stay in the nether world. She had eaten some seeds of the pomegranate, and was obliged to spend half of the year in the realm of Hades and the other half on the earth. See PERSEPHONE.

PROTAGORAS. The most famous sophist of the fifth century B.C. He taught ethics, politics, and rhetoric, and was one of the first to treat of formal grammar.

PROTEUS. 1. The Old Man of the Sea; when captured he assumed all sorts of shapes but if his captor held on to him he returned to his original form and answered questions about the future. 2. An early king of Egypt, according to Herodotus.

PRYTANES. Fifty members of the Athenian Council of 500, all from a single tribe, who were in constant session. Each group held control for one-tenth of the official year of 360 days.

PRYTANEUM. The official meeting-place of the Prytanes. A number of public benefactors were provided with meals in the Prytaneum.

PSAMMETICHUS. A king of Egypt in the seventh century B.C., the first to open Egypt to foreigners.

PTOLEMY. Called Philadelphus, king of Egypt from 285 to 247 B.C., a great patron of arts and letters and chiefly responsible for the great galaxy of scholars that gathered at Alexandria in the third century B.C.

PYDNA. A town on the Gulf of Therma, allied to Athens in the fourth century B.C.; it was attacked and captured by Philip of Macedon.

PYLAGORAE. The deputies from the various states represented in the Amphictyonic Council.

PYLUS. 1. A district on the west coast of the Peloponnesus, the home of Nestor. 2. A site on the west coast of

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PYLUS *(continued)* the Peloponnesus seized by the Athenians under Cleon in 425 B.C.; they fortified it and used it as a base for raids in Spartan territory.

PYRIPHLEGETHON. A river in the Underworld.

PYRRHO. Founder of the Sceptical school of philosophy which maintained that certainty was unattainable and that the greatest good was a life of virtue.

PYRRHUS. 1. Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. 2. King of Epirus who in 280 B.C. and the following year, defeated the Romans in two battles so exhausting that he did not care to renew the struggle.

PYTHAGOREANS. A philosophical and religious brotherhood, founded by Pythagoras of Samos, whose traditional *floruit* is 540–510 B.C. His school believed number to be ultimate in the universe. The religious practices of the school were akin to the Orphic Cults, and they were said to have believed in the transmigration of souls.

PYTHEN. A Corinthian general who commanded the ships sent with Gylippus for the relief of Syracuse in 413 B.C.

PYTHO. An older name for Delphi.

QUIRINUS. The divinized Romulus.

QUIRITES. A word of obscure origin, signifying Roman citizens. It was not used as a term of address to Roman soldiers under arms.

REMUS. See ROMULUS.

RHADAMANTHUS. One of the judges in the nether world.

RHEA. Wife of Cronus and mother of Demeter, Hera, Hades, Poseidon, and Zeus. Later she was identified with Cybele.

RHENEA. An island in the Aegean, near Delos.

ROMULUS. Son of Mars and the Vestal Virgin, Rhea Silvia; twin brother of Remus, whom he killed in a dispute. After a rule of thirty-seven years Romulus was taken up into heaven, where he was worshipped under the name of Quirinus.

RUTULIANS. An ancient tribe of Latium. In the *Aeneid* "The Rutulian" is Turnus, the leader of the race.

SABINES. An ancient Italic people, living in central Italy. Their speech was related to that of the Sabellians. They were known for their simplicity and virtue.

SACAE (or SACIANS). An eastern people of the Persian Empire; equivalent to Scythians.

SALAMIS. An island off the coast of Attica, scene of the defeat of the Persians in 480 B.C. From the early sixth century Salamis had been subject to Athens and was treated politically as part of Attica.

SALMONEUS. Son of Aeolus and father of Tyro; the legendary founder of Salmone in Elis.

SALMYDESSUS. A town in Thrace on the shores of the Black Sea.

SAME. The Homeric name for the island of Cephallenia.

SAMOS. An island off the Ionian coast, allied to Athens. In 441 B.C. it revolted and was blockaded and reduced by the Athenians under Pericles. During the later years of the Peloponnesian War it was one of Athens' chief naval bases.

SAMOTHRACE. An island near the Thracian coast.

SARDANAPALUS. The last great king of the Assyrians, ruled about the middle of the seventh century B.C. His name became a by-word among the Greeks for Oriental luxury and effeminacy.

SARDIS. The capital of Lydia, a fabulously wealthy city.

SARMATAE. A wild race living in a vast territory north of the Black Sea.

SARONIC GULF. A bay of the Aegean Sea between Attica and Argolis.

SARPEDON. Son of Zeus, a prince of Lycia, and an ally of the Trojans during the war; he was killed by Patroclus.

SATURN. Italian god of sowing of the crops; husband of Ops by whom he became father of all the gods. Jupiter, his son, dethroned him; identified with Cronus (*q.v.*).

SATYRS. A mythological race of beings, of goat-like or horse-like nature, who formed part of the retinue of Dionysus, and symbolized the animal elements of human nature.

SCAMANDER. A famous river in the Troad.

SCHERIA. The land of the Phaeacians.

SCIPIO. The name of an illustrious patrician family, many of whose members contributed to the military glory of Rome. The two most illustrious were: 1. Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus the Elder (234–183 B.C.), known for his victory over Hannibal at Zama in 202 B.C. 2. Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus Africanus the Younger, the son of Lucius Aemilius Paulus. He was adopted by the oldest son of Africanus the Elder. Africanus the Younger utterly destroyed Carthage in 146 B.C.

SCIRON. A robber who plundered travelers on the road between Athens and Megara; he was killed by Theseus.

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The cliffs along the shore at that spot were named Scironian.

SCYLLA. Often mentioned with Charybdis. They were feared by mariners sailing the straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily. Scylla, a barking monster, lived on the Italian side. Charybdis inhabited the Sicilian coast and created whirlpools by swallowing and belching forth the water in the straits.

SCYROS. An island in the Aegean, an Athenian possession during most of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.

SCYTHIA. A district northeast of Thrace, extending into southern Russia. The Scythians were a rude, nomadic people, great horsemen and hard drinkers.

SEJANUS, AELIUS. Commander of the praetorian guard under Augustus and power behind the throne under Tiberius until he became suspicious of him. He was put to death by order of the Senate.

SELENE. The moon.

SEMELE. Daughter of Cadmus and mother of Dionysus by Zeus. She desired to see Zeus, her lover, in all his glory; he descended as a thunderbolt which killed her.

SEMPRONIUS. A Roman consul defeated by Hannibal at the river Trebia, in 218 B.C.

SERAPIS. An Egyptian god whose worship spread throughout the Roman empire.

SERIPHUS. An island in the Aegean.

SERRIUM. A town in Thrace, seized by Philip of Macedon during the peace nogotiatons with Athens in 346 B.C.

SERVIUS TULLIUS. Sixth of the seven kings of Rome.

SETINE. An Italian wine, thought the best by Augustus and Pliny the Elder.

SIBYL. The prophetess of Cumae.

SICANUS. One of the Syracusan generals at the siege of Syracuse.

SICELS. The pre-Greek inhabitants of Sicily; in historic times they still inhabited the central and southern regions.

SIDON. An ancient and wealthy city in Phoenicia.

SIMOIS. A river in the Troad.

SINIS. A robber slain by Theseus.

SIPYLUS. A mountain in Phrygia.

SIRMIO. Sermione, a promontory on the southern shore of Lake Benacus (the modern Lago di Garda, in Italy), where Catullus lived.

SISYPHUS. Son of Aeolus, king of Corinth, and founder of the royal house there. For his wickedness in life he was severely punished in the nether world, from which he once almost escaped.

SMINTHEUS. A name of Apollo, perhaps the Mouse God, referring to his activity as the sender of plagues.

SMYRNA. A town in Asia Minor.

SOLON. The famous Athenian lawgiver and poet, archon in 594 B.C. He was considered by the Athenians as the founder of the democracy.

SOLYMI. A tribe which lived in Asia Minor in early times.

SOPHRON. A Syracusan, the inventor of the literary type called the *mime; fl.* 450 (?) B.C.

SPARTA. The chief town in Laconia, head of the Peloponnesian League. Often called Lacadaemon.

SPERCHEIUS. A river in southern Thessaly.

SPHACTERIA. An island off the west coast of the Peloponnesus, where the Athenians trapped and captured a number of Spartans in 425 B.C.

SPHINX. A monster who proposed a riddle to the Thebans and killed all who could not solve it. Oedipus gave her the correct answer, whereupon she slew herself.

SPORTULA. Literally "a little basket." A term used to indicate the gifts, often very trifling, given by a Roman to his clients.

STASIMON. A complete choral ode in tragedy and comedy, without spoken dialogue inserted between strophe and antistrophe.

STATER. A gold coin worth from 20 to 28 Attic drachmas.

STENTOR. One of the heralds of the Greeks in the Trojan War; his voice was as loud as fifty men shouting together.

STHENELUS. A Greek warrior in the *Iliad*.

STHENOBOEA. Wife of Proetus; she falsely accused Bellerophon (*q.v.*).

STOICS. Members of a school of philosophy that originated with Zeno toward the end of the fourth century and was introduced into Rome by Panaetius in the second century B.C. It placed an emphasis on duty instead of pleasure, held by the Epicureans to be the greatest good. The Stoics maintained that nature was the embodiment of the mind of God and that wisdom lay in conformity with nature.

STROPHADES. Two islands west of Messenia, in the southern part of the Peloponnesus.

STRYMON. An important river in Macedonia.

STYRA. A town in Euboea.

STYX. The principal river of the nether world which the souls of the dead had to cross.

SUBURRA. A thickly inhabited section of Rome.

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SUNIUM. A cape at the southern tip of Attica.

SUSA. The winter residence of the Persian king.

SYLLA. Sulla.

SYRACUSE. The most powerful city of Sicily, a colony of Corinth.

SYZYGY. An interlocking arrangement of choral songs and spoken or chanted dialogue, the characteristic arrangement in many parts of Old Attic Comedy. In a typical iambic syzygy, an *Ode* of one stanza (sung by half the chorus) is followed by a short scene in spoken iambics; then the other semi-chorus sings an *Antode* or second stanza, and a second iambic scene follows.

TABRACA. A Numidian town on the Mediterranean.

TALENT. A unit of weight which varies from time to time; in the Attic monetary system after Solon a talent was about 57 pounds of silver, equal to 60 minae and 6000 drachmae.

TALTHYBIUS. The herald of Agamemnon at Troy.

TANAGRA. A town in Boeotia.

TANTALUS. Father of Pelops, king either of Lydia, or Argos, or Corinth. For divulging secrets entrusted to him, or for stealing ambrosia and nectar from the gods and serving them to mortals, he was punished in the Underworld with a perpetual thirst: although he stood in the midst of water, it always moved away from him when he stooped to drink.

TARENTUM. A city in southern Italy; the modern Taranto.

TARQUIN THE PROUD. Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the seven kings of Rome, exiled in 510 B.C. for his tyranny.

TARTARUS. Part of the Underworld, traditionally the place of punishment.

TAURINI. A people dwelling on the upper Po River near Turin, a city which has taken its name from the Taurini.

TAYGETUS. A lofty mountain range to the west of Sparta.

TEGEA. A city in Arcadia, north of Sparta.

TEIRESIAS. A blind Theban seer.

TELAMON. Son of Aeacus, brother of Peleus, and father of Ajax. He was one of the Argonauts.

TELEGONUS. A son of Odysseus by Circe; he is supposed to have killed his father in ignorance of his identity.

TELEMACHUS. Son of Odysseus and Penelope.

TELEPHUS. King of Mysia at the time of the Trojan War; he was wounded by Achilles during a raid on his lands, and was later cured by the same spear which had inflicted the wound. Euripides wrote a tragedy on the subject.

TELEPYLOS. The town of the Laestrygonians in the *Odyssey*.

TELMESSUS. A city in Lycia, in Asia Minor.

TENEDOS. An island off the coast of Asia Minor, near the Hellespont.

TENOS. An island in the Aegean.

TEUCER. 1. First king of Troy: hence the Trojans are often called Teucrians. 2. Son of Telamon and half-brother of the greater Ajax; he was known as the best archer among the Greeks.

TEUKROS. Teucer.

THALES. Of Miletus. He flourished early in the sixth century B.C. and was chronologically the first of the Pre-Socratic philosophers. He advanced the theory that the substratum underlying all matter was the element water. He was considered one of the Seven Wise Men, and his name became proverbial for cleverness.

THASOS. An island off the coast of Thrace.

THEBE. A city in Asia Minor, home of Andromache.

THEBES. 1. The chief city of Boeotia. 2. A famous city of Egypt.

THEMIS. A goddess, the personification of law, custom, and equity.

THEMISCYRA. A region near the Sea of Azov, where the Amazons lived.

THEMISTOCLES. The great Athenian statesman of the period of the Persian Wars; he was chiefly responsible for making Athens a great sea-power.

THEOCRINES. A notorious informer and slanderer at Athens.

THEOGNIS. An elegiac poet of the late sixth or early fifth century. His verses are filled with moral and political exhortations.

THEOPHRASTUS. Pupil of Plato and Aristotle and the latter's successor as head of the Peripatetic school of philosophy. Of his extant work his *Characters* is best known.

THERMODON. A river on whose banks the Amazons were supposed to have dwelt.

THERMOPYLAE. The pass from Thessaly into Southern Greece, the site of the famous stand of Leonidas and his Spartans. It was also one of the meeting-places of the Amphictyonic Council.

THERSITES. A warrior in the *Iliad*, noted for his ugliness and impertinence.

THESEUS. King of Attica, son of Aethra and Aegeus (or Poseidon). He was the most famous of the legendary heroes of Athens; his exploits include

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the slaying of several notorious monsters and evildoers who infested the earth. Other famous legends tell of his slaying of the Minotaur and his escape from Crete with Ariadne (*q.v.*); his attack on the Amazons and marriage to their queen Antiope; and his descent to Hades with Peirithous to try to carry off Persephone.

THESPIAE. A town in Boeotia.

THESPROTIA. A district in Epirus.

THESSALIOTIS. A district in western Thessaly.

THESSALY. A district in Northern Greece, famous for its horses.

THETIS. A sea-goddess, the wife of Peleus and mother of Achilles. According to a well-known legend, she was fated to have a son greater than his father; Zeus was planning to marry her, but discovered this important fact in time, through Prometheus, and so married her off to a mortal man.

THIRTY, THE. A group of Athenian oligarchs who seized the government in Athens in 404 B.C. with Spartan assistance; they were overthrown in 403 and the democracy was restored.

THRACE. A district in northeast Greece, extending from Macedon to the Hellespont.

THRINACIA. The island where the sacred cattle of Helios were pastured; after Homer's time it was identified with Sicily.

THURIUM. A colony in southern Italy, founded by the Greeks under the leadership of Athens in 444 B.C. It is said that the laws of the new city were drawn up by the sophist Protagoras.

THYESTES. Brother of Atreus. He quarreled with Atreus and seduced his wife; in revenge Atreus slew Thyestes' children and served them to him at a feast. Thyestes discovered the horrible trick and laid a curse on the house of Atreus.

THYMBRIS. An unidentified place near Syracuse.

TIMOTHEUS. A famous lyric poet of the early fourth century B.C.; he was noted especially for his wild dithyrambs and for his unconventional use of music.

TIRO, MARCUS TULLIUS. Freedman of Cicero and the orator's secretary.

TIRYNS. An ancient town in Argolis. Its walls were supposed to have been built by the Cyclopes.

TISIPHONE. One of the Furies.

TITANS. Giants, born of Earth and Heaven, who warred against the Olympian gods.

TITHONUS. A mythological hero who was married to Eos, the dawn; she secured immortality for him but not eternal youth, so that he all but withered away with old age.

TITYUS. An earth-born giant who offered violence to Leto and was killed by the arrows of Apollo and Artemis. His punishment in the Underworld is described in *Odyssey* XI.

TLEPOLEMUS. A legendary king of Argos who slew his uncle by mistake; there was a tragedy on the subject by Xenocles, son of Carcinus.

TRACHINIA. The region about Trachis.

TRACHIS. A town in Malis.

TRITON. God of the sea, son of Poseidon.

TRIVIA. Diana.

TROEZEN. A town in southeastern Argolis.

TROPHONIUS. A legendary hero who had an oracle in a cave at Lebadaea in Boeotia. Worshippers who descended into the cave took along a cake to appease the sacred serpent which was supposed to haunt it.

TYDEIDES. A patronymic referring to Diomedes, son of Tydeus.

TYDEUS. One of the seven champions who attacked Thebes.

TYNDAREUS. King of Sparta, husband of Leto, putative or actual father of Castor, Polydeuces, Helen, and Clytemnestra.

TYPHO (or TYPHOEUS). A many-headed monster, slain by Zeus and buried under Mt. Aetna. The adjective is Typhoean.

TYRE. A famous city in Phoenicia.

TYRO. Daughter of Salmoneus and wife of Cretheus; she was loved by Poseidon and became by him the mother of Pelias and Neleus; the children were exposed and left to die in a cradle, but were rescued and later recognized.

TYRRHENIA. An alternate name for Etruria.

ULYSSES. Odysseus.

UMBRIA. A district in central Italy.

URANUS (or OURANOS). Heaven, one of the primeval divinities, married to Mother Earth. Their offspring were the Titans, of whom Cronus was the youngest. According to Hesiod in the *Theogony*, Cronus castrated his father with a flint sickle and thus seized the supreme power.

VARIUS RUFUS, LUCIUS. Poet of the Augustan age, friend of Vergil and Horace. He was the author of epics and a tragedy *Thyestes*, which Quintilian praised extravagantly.

VARRO, TERENTIUS. Consul in 216 B.C. Against the better advice of his colleague, Lucius Aemilius Paulus, he fought Hannibal at Cannae, where the

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VARRO, TERENTIUS *(continued)*
Romans were disastrously defeated. Paulus was slain but Varro escaped.

VARUS, QUINTILIUS. 1. Publius, commander of the Roman army, routed by the Germans in the Teutoberg Forest in 9 B.C. 2. Poet and critic of Cremona, friend of Catullus and Vergil.

VENUS. Ancient Italian goddess of beauty in nature; later, as goddess of love, identified with Greek Aphrodite (*q.v.*).

VESTA. Goddess of the hearth worshipped in every Roman home. Her public shrine was the most important in the Capital.

VESTAL VIRGINS. Priestesses of Vesta, charged with certain sacred duties, among others that of keeping alive the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta. If found guilty of any offense against chastity, the Vestal was buried alive.

VIRGINIA. Daughter of a centurion who killed her to keep her free from the lust of Appius Claudius, the decemvir.

VULCAN. The god of fire, identified with Hephaestus. He is the god of the arts of the forge.

XANTHUS. A river in the Troad.

XENARCHUS. A writer of mimes in th early fourth century B.C.

XENOPHANTES. Father of Hieronymus long-haired poet at Athens.

XERXES. King of Persia 486–465 B leader of the expedition against Gre in 480.

ZACYNTHUS. An island off the we coast of the Peloponnesus, allied Athens in the fifth century B.C.

ZENO. Of Citium in Cyprus, the found of Stoicism.

ZETHUS. A Theban, the brother of Am phion.

ZEUS. King of the Olympian Gods, so of Cronus whom he ejected from th throne. Originally the god of the sk and the weather, he took over fun tions relating to all aspects of huma life: he is the guardian of moralit dispenser of justice, defender of th household and of guests, and proph of the future. His legitimate spous is Hera, his sister; but by unions wit various other goddesses and morta women he became the father of nu merous gods and heroes. Identified b the Romans with Jupiter.

ZEUXIS. A celebrated painter, *fl.* 424 B.C

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सुशील बुक बाइन्डर
मो० कड़कड़, ज्वालापुर

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